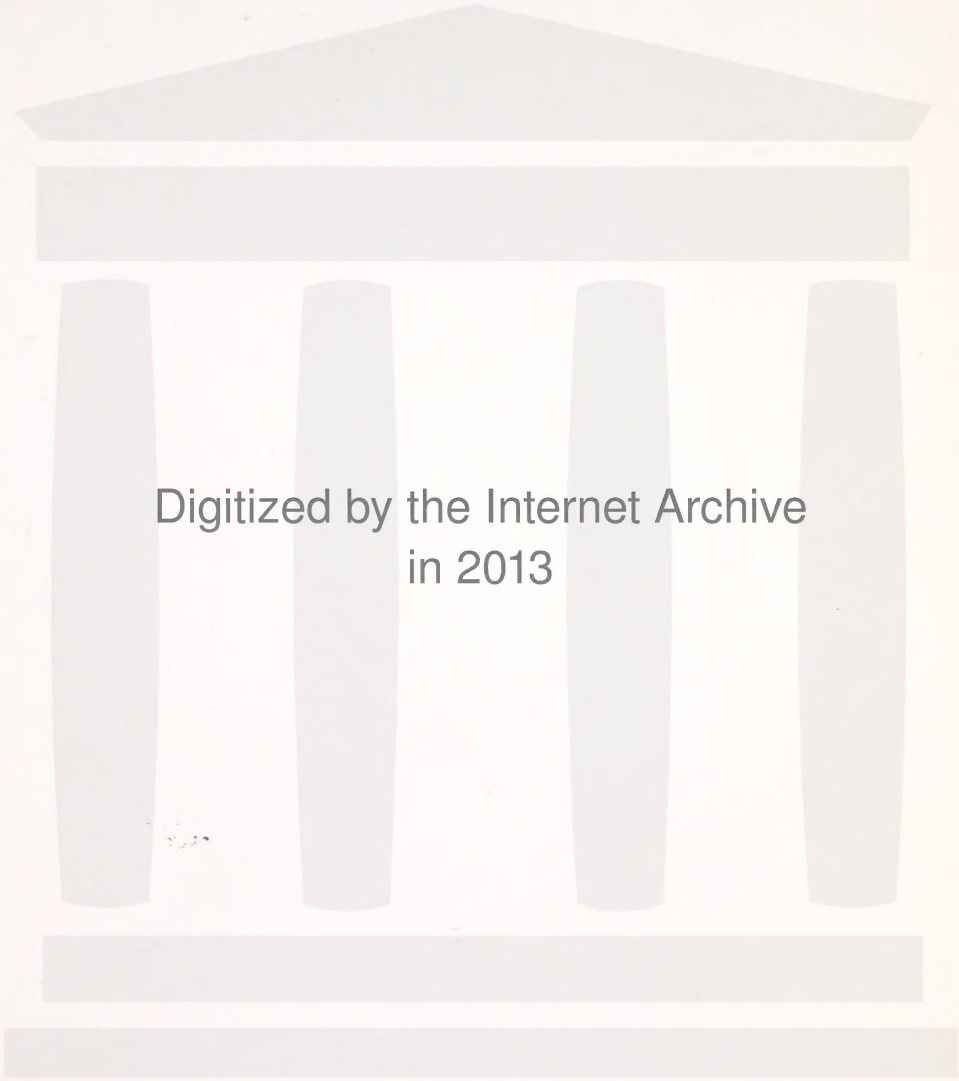
84265



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/harpersmagazine183junalde

BURLINGAME
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Burlingame, Cal.

Harper's Magazine

VOLUME 183

June, 1941 . . . . . November, 1941



84265

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1941

CONTENTS

Adler, Mortimer—"The Chicago School," 377

AERONAUTICS
Squadron 71, Scramble!, 171

AGRICULTURE
Farm Bloc and the War, 527

Akzin, Benjamin—The Jewish Question After the War, 430

ALASKA—Vilhjalmur Stefansson, 83

ALCOHOLICS, LAYMEN AND—Genevieve Parkhurst, 422

AMERICANS NEED PLAY—John R. Tunis, 200

ARMY OF A DEMOCRACY, THE—Charlotte Muret and Denis de Rougemont, 337

ATTACK ON BRAINSTORMS—George W. Gray, 366

AVILA CAMACHO OF MEXICO—John Gunther, 480

BASKET CARRY. *A Story*—Jerome Weidman, 313

Bolles, Blair—Great Defense Migration, 460

Bouck, Zeh—Our Radio Amateurs, 535

BRAINSTORMS, ATTACK ON—George W. Gray, 366

BRITAIN'S LAST CHANCE IN INDIA—Anup Singh, 358

BROADCASTING, U. S. INTERNATIONAL—Charles J. Rolo and R. Strausz-Hupé, 301

Bromley, Dorothy Dunbar—Mrs. Herrick of the Labor Board, 501
Spare Time at the Army Camps, 94
Women on the Home Front, 188

Brown, Rollo Walter—Memory as Enrichment, 19

CANADA A BREAK, WE OWE—Merrill Denison, 64

Chamberlain, John—When You Go to New England, 296

Chase, Mary Ellen—When You Go to New England, 294

"CHICAGO SCHOOL, THE"—Mortimer Adler, 377

Coffin, Robert P. Tristram—When You Go to New England, 298

COMEDY ON THE PLAINS. *A Story*—Paul Horgan, 640

Corle, Edwin—Seeing the Southwest, 490

DANCE BAND BUSINESS, THE—Irving Kolodin, 72

Daniels, Jonathan—Seeing the South, 598
When You Go to New England, 300

Davis, Elmer—Journey to England, 1941, 225

DEAR LITTLE DOVES, THE. *A Story*—Eleanor Green, 468

DEFENSE
Defense Begins to Hurt, 561
Defense Myth, The, 321
Farm Bloc and the War, The, 527
Great Defense Migration, 460
Physical Fitness and the Draft, 546
Spare Time at the Army Camps, 94
Where Are We Now?, 283
Women on the Home Front, 188

DEFENSE BEGINS TO HURT—Frank C. Hanighen, 561

DEFENSE MYTH, THE—W. F. Kernan, 321

Demarest Stuart—"What Good Will It Do Me?", 269

Denison, Merrill—We Owe Canada a Break, 64

de Rougemont, Denis—The Army of a Democracy, 337

DeVoto, Bernard—Easy Chair, 109, 221, 333, 445, 557, 669
Touring New England, 129

DR. SCOTT GOES TO WASHINGTON—Richard F. Scholz, 139

Dreher, Carl—Our Radio Amateurs, 535

DU PONT, THE FIRST—Gerald W. Johnson, 259

EASY CHAIR, THE—Bernard DeVoto, 109, 221, 333, 445, 557, 669

Eaton, Walter Prichard—"Why Do You Fear Me, Nellie?", 164

Edgell, G. H.—When You Go to New England, 295

EDUCATION
"Chicago School, The," 377
Education for Freedom, 512
Plato, Buddha and President Hutchins, 27
"What Good Will It Do Me?", 269

EDUCATION FOR FREEDOM—Robert M. Hutchins, 512

EITHER-OR—Bernard DeVoto, 333

EMPEROR NEXT DOOR, THE—Willard Price, 113

Ertz, Susan—Miss Lane, 616

EXPERIMENT IN ENGLISH, AN—Julian Green, 397

Fadiman, Clifton—The Reviewing Business, 472

FAILURE OF PROPAGANDA, THE—D. A. Saunders, 648

FARM BLOC AND THE WAR, THE—Wesley McCune, 527

FIRST DU PONT, THE—Gerald W. Johnson, 259

FORD IN THE JUNGLE, MR.—Charles Morrow Wilson, 181

FOREIGN AFFAIRS
Alaska, 83
Canada—We Owe Canada a Break, 64
Germany—German Geopolitics, 586
Great Britain—Britain's Last Chance in India, 358
Four Secrets of Empire, 36
Journey to England, 1941, 225
India—Britain's Last Chance in India, 358
Japan—The Emperor Next Door, 113
Latin America—Avila Camacho of Mexico, 480
How to Do Business with Latin America, 122
Latin America: Soil for Democracy?, 46
Mexico—Avila Camacho of Mexico, 480
Russia—Silent Soviet Revolution, 10
Switzerland—The Army of a Democracy, 337

FOUR SECRETS OF EMPIRE—Ernest O. Hauser, 35

FRANKFURTER, FELIX, CONSERVATIVE—Fred Rodell, 449

Fuess, Claude M.—When You Go to New England, 299

GALLUP POLLS MEASURE OPINION?, DO THE—Lindsay Rogers, 623

GERMAN GEOPOLITICS—H. W. Weigert, 586

GERMANY—See *Foreign Affairs*

84265

Ghost of Woodrow Wilson, The—Gerald W. Johnson, 1

Grattan, C. Hartley—There'll Be Some Changes Made, 206

Gray, George W.—The Attack on Brainstorms, 366

Great Britain—See *Foreign Affairs*

Great Defense Migration, The—Blair Bolles, 460

Green, Eleanor—The Dear Little Doves, 468

Green, Julian—An Experiment in English, 397

Gunther, John—Avila Camacho of Mexico, 480

Hanighen, Frank C.—Defense Begins to Hurt, 561
Where Are We Now?, 283

Hanke, Lewis—Latin America: Soil for Democracy?, 46

Hartman, Lee Foster, Tribute to, 647

Hauser, Ernest O.—Four Secrets of Empire, 35

Health
Americans Need Play, 200
Attack on Brainstorms, The, 366
Health Insurance Is Different, But, 275
Laymen and Alcoholics, 422
Physical Fitness and the Draft, 546
Wanted: Another Walter Reed, 607

Health Insurance Is Different, But—Nathan Sinai, 275

Herrick of the Labor Board, Mrs.—Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, 501

Horgan, Paul—Comedy on the Plains, 640

How Edith McGillcuddy Met R. L. Stevenson—John Steinbeck, 252

How to Do Business with Latin America—R. H. McClure, 122

Hutchins, Robert M.—Education for Freedom, 512

Image of Napoleon, The—Bernard DeVoto, 221

I Married An American—Katherine Sweetland, 347

I Thumb My Way to Tobruk—Peter Muir, 572

India—See *Foreign Affairs*

Industry
First du Pont, The, 259
Ford in the Jungle, Mr., 181
Plywood, 406
Synthetics Preferred, 243

Japan—See *Foreign Affairs*

Jewish Question After the War, The—Benjamin Akzin, 430

Johnson, Gerald W.—First du Pont, The, 259
Ghost of Woodrow Wilson, The, 1

Journey to England, 1941—Elmer Davis, 225

Kennerly, Byron—Squadron 71, Scramble!, 171

Kernan, W. F.—The Defense Myth, 321

Kolodin, Irving—The Dance Band Business, 72

Labor
Herrick of the Labor Board, Mrs., 501
Labor, Capital & Co., 414
Revolt on the Delta, 656

Labor, Capital & Co.—Irwin Ross, 414

LaGuardia, Fiorello—See *Let Fiorello Do It*, 633

Latin America—See *Foreign Affairs*

Latin America: Soil for Democracy—Lewis Hanke, 46

Laymen and Alcoholics—Genevieve Parkhurst, 422

Leighton, George R.—Plywood, 406
Synthetics Preferred, 243

Let Fiorello Do It—Henry F. Pringle, 633

Marshall, James—Plato, Buddha, and President Hutchins, 27

McClure, R. H.—How to Do Business with Latin America, 122

McCune, Wesley—The Farm Bloc and the War, 527

Medicine—See *Health*

Melodrama—See "Why Do You Fear Me, Nellie?", 164

Memory as Enrichment—Rollo Walter Brown, 19

Mexico—See *Foreign Affairs*

Miss Lane—Susan Ertz, 616

Morison, Samuel E.—When You Go to New England, 297

Muir, Peter—I Thumb My Way to Tobruk, 572

Muret, Charlotte—The Army of a Democracy, 337

My Pigeon Pair. *A Story*—Dorothy Thomas, 58

National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel, 139

Nicholson, Joseph L.—Plywood, 406
Synthetics Preferred, 243

No Class War—Nathaniel Peffer, 156

One Man's Meat—E. B. White, 105, 217, 329, 441, 553, 665

One Thought of Pity. *A Story*—Howard Spring, 389

Our Radio Amateurs—Carl Dreher and Zeh Bouck, 535

Parkhurst, Genevieve—Laymen and Alcoholics, 422

Parting, The. *A Story*—Thomas Sancton, 146

Peffer, Nathaniel—No Class War, 156

Physical Fitness and the Draft—Nathan Sinai, 546

Plato, Buddha, and President Hutchins—James Marshall, 27

Plywood—Joseph L. Nicholson and George R. Leighton, 406

Portico with Images—Bernard DeVoto, 557

Price, Willard—The Emperor Next Door, 113

Pringle, Henry F.—Let Fiorello Do It, 633

Propaganda, The Failure of—D. A. Saunders, 648

Radio
Our Radio Amateurs, 535
U. S. International Broadcasting, 301

Reed, Wanted: Another Walter—Charles M. Wilson, 607

Report on the Summer Quarter—Bernard DeVoto, 669

Reviewing Business, The—Clifton Fadiman, 472

Revolt on the Delta—Oren Stephens, 656

Rodell, Fred—Felix Frankfurter, Conservative, 449

Rogers, Lindsay—Do the Gallup Polls Measure Opinion?, 623

Rolo, Charles J.—U. S. International Broadcasting, 301

Ross, Irwin—Labor, Capital & Co., 414

Rubber—See *Mr. Ford in the Jungle*, 181

Russia—See *Foreign Affairs*

Sancton, Thomas—The Parting, 146
Saunders, D. A.—The Failure of Propaganda, 648
Scholz, Richard F.—Dr. Scott Goes to Washington, 139
SEEING THE SOUTH—Jonathan Daniels, 598
SEEING THE SOUTHWEST—Edwin Corle, 490
SILENT SOVIET REVOLUTION, THE—Bertram D. Wolfe, 10
Sinai, Nathan—But Health Insurance Is Different, 275
Physical Fitness and the Draft, 546
Singh, Anup—Britain's Last Chance in India, 358
SOUTH, SEEING THE—Jonathan Daniels, 598
SOUTHWEST, SEEING THE—Edwin Corle, 490
SPARE TIME AT THE ARMY CAMPS—Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, 94
Spring, Howard—One Thought of Pity, 389
SQUADRON 71, SCRAMBLE!—Byron Kennerly, 171
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur—Alaska, 83
Steinbeck, John—How Edith McGillcuddy Met R. L. Stevenson, 252
STEPHEN FOSTER'S SONGS—Bernard DeVoto, 109
Stephens, Oren—Revolt on the Delta, 656
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS—John Steinbeck, 252
Strausz-Hupé, R.—U. S. International Broadcasting, 301
Sweetland, Katherine—I Married An American, 347
SWITZERLAND—See *Foreign Affairs*
SYNTHETICS PREFERRED—Joseph L. Nicholson and George R. Leighton, 243
THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE—C. Hartley Grattan, 206
Thomas, Dorothy—My Pigeon Pair, 58
Thompson, Dorothy—Who Goes Nazi?, 237
TOBRUK, I THUMB MY WAY TO —Peter Muir, 572
TOURING NEW ENGLAND—Bernard DeVoto, 129
TRAVEL
Seeing the South, 598
Seeing the Southwest, 490
Touring New England, 129
When You Go to New England, 294
Tunis, John R.—Americans Need Play, 200
UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?—Bernard DeVoto, 445
U. S. INTERNATIONAL BROADCASTING—Charles J. Rolo and R. Strausz-Hupé, 301
WANTED: ANOTHER WALTER REED—Charles Morrow Wilson, 607
WAR
Failure of Propaganda, The, 648
German Geopolitics, 586
I Thumb My Way to Tobruk, 572
Squadron 71, Scramble!, 171
There'll Be Some Changes Made, 206
Weidman, Jerome—Basket Carry, 313
Weigert, H. W.—German Geopolitics, 586
WE OWE CANADA A BREAK—Merrill Denison, 64
"WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO ME?"—Stuart Demarest, 269
WHEN YOU GO TO NEW ENGLAND—Various Authors, 294
WHERE ARE WE NOW?—Frank C. Hanighen, 283
White, E. B.—One Man's Meat, 105, 217, 329, 441, 553, 665
WHO GOES NAZI?—Dorothy Thompson, 237
"WHY DO YOU FEAR ME, NELLIE?"—Walter Prichard Eaton, 164
Wilson, Charles Morrow—Mr. Ford in the Jungle, 181
Wanted: Another Walter Reed, 607
WILSON, THE GHOST OF WOODROW—Gerald W. Johnson, 1
Wolfe, Bertram D.—The Silent Soviet Revolution, 10
WOMEN ON THE HOME FRONT—Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, 188

VERSE

AGAINST A ROMANTIC INTERPRETATION—J. P. Chamberlain, 128
Arehart, Ethel B.—Country Noon, 282
Bickel, Nancy—The Improvident, 320
Poet Died, A, 18
Burt, Struthers—Dirge for the Century of the Young Dead, 93
Caughey, Elford—First Flight, 121
Mill, The, 429
Chamberlain, J. P.—Against a Romantic Interpretation, 128
Flushing Summer, 242
COUNTRY NOON—Ethel B. Arehart, 282
DIRGE FOR THE CENTURY OF THE YOUNG DEAD—Struthers Burt, 93
FIRST FLIGHT—Elford Caughey, 121
FLUSHING SUMMER—J. P. Chamberlain, 242
Frost, Frances—Mid-Century, 421
Tune for Carrousels, 622
Hamilton, Clayton—Lost Battalion—1941, 155
IMPROVIDENT, THE—Nancy Bickel, 320
LOST BATTALION—1941—Clayton Hamilton, 155
MID-CENTURY—Frances Frost, 421
MILL, THE—Elford Caughey, 429
POET DIED, A—Nancy Bickel, 18
REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY—A. L. Rowse, 584
Rowse, A. L.—Remembrance Sunday, 584
Schaffner, John—Winter Sunset, 639
Swain, Frank—Wild Mares Running, 258
TUNE FOR CARROUSELS—Frances Frost, 622
WILD MARES RUNNING—Frank Swain, 258
WINTER SUNSET—John Schaffner, 639

VOLUME 183 JUNE 1941

Harpers Magazine

THE GHOST OF WOODROW WILSON

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

THERE is a terrific jest somewhere in connection with the career of Woodrow Wilson. The most powerful individual in the history of the American republic up to that time, he was one of the most spectacular failures in human history. Not Prometheus, not Phaëthon, is better fitted to arouse the laughter of the ironic gods.

The jest is only weakly described as terrific. Its elements do not consist of individual A, plus individual B, plus an incongruity affecting one moment, or perhaps one life. They consist of hemisphere A, plus hemisphere B, plus an incongruity affecting hundreds of millions of lives through perhaps the remainder of human history. Obviously such a joke is inadequately described even by as strong a word as terrific.

Within recent years, however, some obscurity has developed about it. It is not as certain to-day as it seemed to be ten years ago who is the butt of the joke. In 1931 there was no question about it; the joke was on the old fool who said that if we rejected the League of Nations we should break the heart of the world. We laughed heartily at that, and long; we laughed, in fact, for no less than fourteen years—from 1919 until 1933. The laughter slackened though when Hindenburg called the Austrian painter, Adolf Hitler, to power as Chancellor of the German Reich, and it has been diminishing steadily ever since.

It was in 1924 that a doctor turned in a death certificate with the name of Woodrow Wilson on it; but he was really dead and buried long before. Prior to 1920 the nation had turned impatiently from the man who knew so little of the world of reality that he predicted catastrophe unless this country should pledge its military and economic strength to the suppression of disturbers of the peace, even though in the beginning it might not be our own peace that they disturbed. Woodrow Wilson predicted that if dictators were not stopped early, by the combined power of the free nations, they would eventually imperil, if they did not completely wreck, civilization. We perceived that

Copyright, 1941, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

he was an ass and laughed him down.

That was a magnificent joke in 1919, and it is an even more magnificent joke in 1941; the only difference is that there is some doubt now as to who was the ass.

It seems to have occurred to few commentators of recent years to point out the similarity between Adolf Hitler and the Angel Gabriel, yet it is obvious enough. The blast of Adolf's bugle-horn has summoned countless dead men from the tomb, among them Woodrow Wilson. Once more the gaunt old Presbyterian looms in the imaginations of Americans and his words and his ideas take on vitality and force again. "The world must be made safe for democracy"—the only gloss we would put upon that, after twenty-four years, is the pessimistic phrase "if possible." As we face the red tide rising about us there seems to be a great deal of perspicuity in the words he spoke on January 22, 1917: "There must be, not a balance of power, but a community of power; not organized rivalries, but an organized common peace."

Woodrow Wilson was much too spectacular a figure to escape the assiduous attention of the writing fraternity. Aside from the monumental work of Mr. Ray Stannard Baker, there are at least half a dozen shorter biographies, and not one of the countless memorialists of the time has failed to devote some attention to Wilson. Many of these books are excellent, and some are brilliant; but about all they have done for Wilson is embalm him. It was Hitler who made him alive again, and Hitler achieved his effect by operating, not upon Wilson, but upon us.

This makes it possible to ask seriously if it may not be conceivable that the time and talent, both enormous, that have been devoted to the effort to explain Wilson were expended upon an irrelevant issue. The effect produced by a man upon a nation is due to the nation, as well as to the man; the nation, in fact, is not moved by what he really is, but by what it thinks he is; and what a nation thinks of any man is conditioned by what it thinks of itself, especially by what it thinks is its destiny among the other nations of the earth.

II

Certain aspects of Wilson himself must be taken into consideration of course to obtain any understanding of his history; but these aspects, for the most part, present few difficulties.

Woodrow Wilson was a Scotch-Irishman. The Scot in his native country has never had the reputation of being a soft man, physically or morally; but the Scotch-Irishman is a Scot whose forebears for three hundred years have lived subject to stresses and strains which the Caledonian has never experienced. Ever since the days of Oliver Cromwell the inhabitants of Ulster have regarded themselves as to some extent in a state of siege. This has resulted in the production of strong men, but not amiable men and, above all, not soft men. The Aberdonian is hard enough to scratch glass; but the Ulsterman can scratch an Aberdonian.

Wilson was a Calvinist. The theology of John Calvin commands respect, but for its strength, not for its gentleness and suavity. A Scotch-Irish Presbyterian is therefore a man whose strength and hardness, already great, are reinforced by a strong and hard religion. He is formidable indeed.

Wilson was a Southerner by birth and breeding, though he made his career in the North. A man born in the South in 1856 was nine years old when the Civil War ended. He therefore came to years of understanding in a land where life was harder than it was, or ever had been, anywhere else in America. The poverty of the South in the years immediately after Appomattox came close to, and in large areas quite matched that of Jamestown in the Starving Time, or that of Plymouth a dozen years later; and in addition to poverty the South labored for a time under a handicap not

laid upon the colonists—that of having its social and political structure destroyed and an alien race raised to dominance over it. In the struggle that lasted nearly a generation the weak went under or fled. The survivors came out strong but hard—too often twisted as well as hard.

Woodrow Wilson was a Scotch-Irish, Presbyterian Southerner. It was a tripartite forging that shaped him—heats and blows fit to produce a man psychically so hard that by comparison with him Henry Morgan, the buccaneer, seems little better than putty.

Woodrow Wilson, brought up in the South, was sent to Princeton College, took a law course at the University of Virginia, spent less than a year in the practice of law, and then betook himself to the Johns Hopkins University which, under the presidency of the great Gilman, was revolutionizing the standards of American scholarship. Perhaps too little attention has been paid to this experience as one of the influences shaping Wilson's subsequent career. True, he was a grown man when he went to Johns Hopkins, but he was still a young man. Above all, he was a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, and he went to the one American university that at the time was absolutely uncompromising in its austere adherence to scientific standards.

It is difficult for the modern generation to realize what a jolt this institution had delivered to the American system of higher education. Up to 1876 all our universities adhered, or pretended to adhere, to the philosophical English standard. Most of them fell far short of that standard, but it was the one to which they paid lip-service. The country was full of individual scholars, many of them trained in the rigidly scientific German schools, who deplored the lack of precision and generally slipshod methods into which American scholarship had fallen, but individually they could do little about it. One of the ablest of this group was Daniel Coit Gilman, and it was his fortune to be called to head a new university with what was, for the period, a gigantic endowment, and with a board of trustees disposed to tie no strings to him whatever. The institution he set up was manned almost exclusively by Americans, and the principal address at its opening was delivered by an Englishman, T. H. Huxley, but in the rigidity of its scientific standards it yielded nothing to any German, or other European university. Even by Woodrow Wilson's time, after only five years of operation, it was already evident that it was going to be enormously successful; it was bitterly denounced by conservatives of course, but other universities were beginning to adopt its methods, and it must have been plain to Wilson that the Hopkins idea was destined to dominate the field.

The importance of this lies in the fact that the scientific method is based on rigid adherence to truth, with the least possible concession—in theory no concession whatever—to emotion or to human weakness and fallibility. Consider the situation: here was a man at the threshold of his career, a young Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, that is to say, a young man of an austere race, bred in a notably austere tradition; this young man saw developing before his eyes an almost unexampled success in the educational world won by adherence to standards of almost unexampled austerity. If Woodrow Wilson had not been uncompromising by temperament and by training, his experience in gaining a Ph.D. at the Johns Hopkins in its early days might easily have made him so. As it was, this experience undoubtedly reinforced heavily a trait already present.

III

A few years' teaching at Bryn Mawr and at Wesleyan preceded his appointment to the history faculty of Princeton University in 1890. The brilliance of his record there is attested by the fact that within a dozen years he had risen to the presidency of the university. But

Princeton was not another Johns Hopkins, the basic difference being that it was very old, and in the course of many generations had accumulated accretions of sentiment and tradition which had hardened into the consistency of ancient concrete. It is obvious, as regards many of them, that their basis was custom not reason; some of them, no doubt, represented a regrettable slackness in the mental discipline of the institution; but it is by no means certain that their removal was as imperatively and urgently necessary as it seemed to Woodrow Wilson. In any event there were those who liked the old ways, and they were obstinately defended. In the main Wilson was right, and the reforms he effected at Princeton were numerous and salutary; but he effected them only at cost of a fight that rent the university so badly as to counteract much of the good he accomplished.

By the year 1910 the war had reached a stalemate; Wilson had won a number of battles, but his enemies had won on the important point of the location of a new Graduate School, and all hands were thoroughly sick of the incessant fighting. Then in stepped the Democratic boss of New Jersey, Senator James Smith, better known to fame as "Sugar Jim," with a singular idea. Somehow he acquired the notion that Wilson would make a good organization Governor of New Jersey. What possessed Sugar Jim to betray him into such an error no one can say, for there was nothing whatever in the man's record to support it. Possibly the boss was convinced by the brilliant, but erratic, George Harvey, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and ablest of the press representatives of the great financial and industrial interests. It was an almost fabulously bad choice on Harvey's part too, but his judgment of men was never conspicuously reliable.

Whatever the reason, these two Warwicks proceeded to make the fighting president of Princeton the Governor of New Jersey, and he promptly became a fighting Governor. He proceeded to ram through the legislature a program of laws curbing the power of the great corporations and acutely distressing the Democratic machine. Sugar Jim, by the way, took it with curious mildness; probably he felt that he had asked for it when he made that man Governor, and was sportsman enough to accept the consequences of his own mistake. But the uproar in New Jersey delighted the country, which was disgusted with the reactionary trend of the Taft Administration at Washington; especially did it delight William Jennings Bryan, himself a connoisseur of eloquent polemics, in which Wilson was a past master. So in 1912 Bryan flung all his great influence to Wilson, who was nominated at the Baltimore convention and won an easy victory over an opposition split between Taft and Theodore Roosevelt.

There is no doubt whatever that Woodrow Wilson was a great social philosopher. There is no doubt that he understood the basic structure of our government, its skeletal framework, as well as any man of his time, and far better than most men then in public life. Conclusive evidence of this may be found in the program of legislation of the first half of his first Administration. Formally and openly he avowed the fact that party leadership is a necessary function of the Presidency—a fact accepted and acted upon by every strong President, but openly proclaimed by none before his time. Within those first two years he pushed through Congress an amazing number of radical alterations in our political, social, and economic systems, and the proof that they were not mere changes but genuine reforms is the fact that, once embodied in the law, they have never been removed. Once he had made up his mind that a thing was reasonable and right he was for it and nothing could swerve him by a hairsbreadth; and, in general, what he so regarded was reasonable and right.

In the restricted field of American

government, whose structure he thoroughly understood, he was superb. He accomplished an astonishing amount, and speculation cannot fix bounds to what more he might have done had he been permitted to continue his work in that field.

But the War that began in 1914 shattered all his plans, and compelled him to reconstruct them. In the beginning he seems to have shared the delusion, common to most Americans, that the conflict might be localized and restrained to the continent of Europe. Pursuit of this illusion led him repeatedly into blunders that rose up to plague him later; but once he realized that the sheer size and weight of the United States must make it a participant in any war of world-wide proportions, he set himself to the same austere and uncompromising analysis of this problem that he was accustomed to make of any other.

He was not long in reaching the conclusion that participation in the war was justifiable only if it led to the creation of safeguards against a repetition of the disaster. This, he decided, was reasonable and right; and from that moment he was completely uncompromising on that point. He desired a treaty based on reason and right at the end of the conflict; but he was prepared to accept, and unhappily did accept, a questionable treaty, provided he secured the erection of machinery by which subsequent international disputes might be settled juridically, rather than by violence. On this he would not yield either jot or tittle.

IV

So much for Wilson. But what sort of country was he leading into this campaign? It was a pretty slack and slipshod country—certainly not a country given to scientific precision in its thinking, certainly not a country with much of the scientist's uncompromising devotion to pursuit of the truth regardless of human emotions and human frailties. The country was filled with wrath against Germany and it wanted to see Germany whipped. That was the sole and simple basis of its war-making. The country, for the most part, had no objection to the creation of an improved world order if that might be accomplished after the defeat of Germany; but with the country the creation of the new order was incidental to victory, whereas with Wilson victory was incidental to the creation of the new order.

What this dichotomy meant in the history of the world we are only now beginning to comprehend. A League of Nations backed by the full moral and military power of the United States, Wilson's solution, might not have worked. We do not know. The mere beating of Germany, the solution the people preferred and imposed, did not work. That we do know because the fact is written in fire and blood across the map of the world to-day. Perhaps we rejected a solution that would not work, but certainly we accepted one that would not work. Who, then, is the butt of the jest? Is it Wilson? We begin to doubt it.

Countless writers, in innumerable books, have pointed out when and where and how Wilson failed, but it is all empty gabble. Wilson failed before he started. Wilson failed because in the very nature of things he was doomed to failure. Many things he might have done differently; some, no doubt, he might have done more wisely; but the result would not have been altered. He would have failed because, no matter how he altered himself, he could not alter the country he was leading, and his country was not equal to the burden he imposed upon it. At the same time, being the man he was, he had to impose that burden. Being Wilson, he could not do otherwise. His was a tragedy in the Grecian style, the hopeless contest of a strong man against implacable destiny.

After the lapse of more than twenty years it is easy to see the hopelessness of

expecting a nation such as the United States of America was in 1919 to comprehend such a concept as that of the League of Nations. It was an unbeaten country, a happy country, an optimistic country; and the League of Nations was the fruit of wisdom born of defeat, suffering, and disillusionment. With our customary joyous facility at getting the cart before the horse, most of us looked upon the League as impractically idealistic. What was wildly impractical of course was the idealistic assumption that in the crowded world of the twentieth century the nations could live happily and safely together without any provision for restraint of one that might go mad. The League of Nations was the grimly realistic acceptance of an unpleasant fact; but America was too little scarred, too little tested, too full of ebullient self-confidence and adolescent scorn of all others to accept realism, or even to recognize it.

To this day an astonishing number of Americans are incredulous when they are reminded that the Covenant of the League of Nations, as it was originally drawn, included machinery for the rectification of any errors that might be discovered in the Treaty of Versailles. Under that Covenant Germany might have attained, through processes resembling a suit at law rather than war, the correction of whatever impositions she could prove to be plainly unjust.

It is possible that Germany never was in the mood to seek rectification of injustice by peaceful means. It is possible that the hurt to her pride inflicted by the defeat of 1914–18 was more painful than the terms of the treaty; and a hurt to pride is not easily salved by a lawsuit. It is possible, in short, that she would have gone to war in any case.

But it is equally possible that the Germans are not, or were not twenty years ago, implacable enemies of the human race, but merely a defeated people suffering under a peace treaty that they regarded as unjust, and sincerely believing that there was no way of securing justice except by force of arms. If it had been known to them that there was a possibility of securing substantial justice through legal process, and almost a certainty that an appeal to arms would fail, the blandishments of Hitler and his fellow-fanatics might have fallen on deaf ears, and the tragedy of 1939 might not have occurred.

Of course this is not certain; but there was a chance that it might have happened. The machinery for correcting the mistakes of Versailles was erected in the Covenant; there is a chance that the machinery might have been used, had the League been endowed with the power to move it; but the power to operate judicial machinery is only to a small extent police power. Mainly, it is the moral power possessed by a disinterested judge, and the only nation possessed of that power was the United States, which rejected the League. Naturally, from that moment, it never had a chance.

V

Not a few of Wilson's supporters clung for years and some still cling to the dismal theory that the League of Nations was destroyed out of partisan jealousy and spite. Wilson's ill-advised appeal for a Democratic Congress, in 1918, with the War still raging, undoubtedly had done much to strengthen and envenom party spirit which had, indeed, never been completely damped even by the exigencies of war; and the upsurge of that spirit provoked by the 1918 appeal played its part in 1919. Probably there were those who had nothing else in mind. In view of the subsequent activities that landed him in the penitentiary, it is not difficult to believe that such a Republican as Albert B. Fall may have been animated in the League of Nations fight more by the desire to win office for the Republicans than by anything else. However, the supposition that the hopes of all mankind were dashed to the ground to the sole end that Harding

might be President and Fall Secretary of the Interior is an irony so terrific that imagination boggles at it. Nor do the facts support it. The remarkable feature of that controversy is not how many small men were moved by partisanship, but how many first-rate men rose above it. William H. Taft and Elihu Root come to mind at once, and there were many other Republicans who fought valiantly in support of the idea of a Democratic President.

No, the League of Nations was rejected, not by the Republican Party but by the American people; and they rejected it because in their judgment the case for it had not been proved. The rejection has frequently been described as the revolt of an exhausted people, sick of war; but the American people were neither exhausted nor really sick of war. They had lost 50,000 men killed in battle and another 75,000 dead of disease or accident—a mere flea-bite by comparison with Germany's 1,800,000 dead, Russia's 1,700,000, France's 1,400,000, Austria's 1,200,000, Great Britain's 900,000, or even Italy's 650,000. But if our losses in blood were small we actually gained in treasure. The Bureau of the Census estimates the national wealth of the United States at 186 billions in 1912 and at 320 billions in 1922. Deduct, if you will, an increase of 22 billions in the national debt in the same period, and still we emerge with an increase of 112 billions in the decade that included the War.

The League of Nations was rejected not by an exhausted and disillusioned nation, but by one intoxicated with success and cherishing the dangerous illusion that its own unaided strength was and would ever remain sufficient for its needs. The enemies of the League who were really effective were not the bitter partisans but the men who honestly believed that the disputed Article X, pledging the military strength of the United States to the support of world peace, was, in fact, a unilateral guarantee. Blandly and blindly they assumed that Europe would always need American strength, but that the time would never come when America would need European strength. A majority of the people shared this belief and clung to it for twenty years, clung to it until the very hour when a tremendous combination of tyrannies seemed on the point of wiping out the last strongholds of free government in Europe, thrusting us suddenly into a form of isolation that we had never contemplated and most emphatically did not want.

Was the laugh on Woodrow Wilson then?

It is not easy to see how it could be, but to accept any other hypothesis leads at once to an irony so tremendous that by comparison with it all the other ironies in our national history pale into insignificance. If the American people could not believe twenty years ago in the necessity of arranging for the protection of the peace and security of all nations by some form of agreement backed by sufficient force to make it binding, why could they not believe? The only possible answer is, because their experience had led them to a different conclusion. Their experience for more than a hundred years had been that of tranquillity undisturbed by any really serious threat from without. The momentary flutter created by Andrew Jackson's thundering denunciation of the French king in 1833 had come to nothing and had been long forgotten; the affair of Maximilian in Mexico had been settled satisfactorily without any military exertion; Cleveland's sudden assault upon a startled British court in the matter of Venezuela had produced no more than a momentary tension; and the brush with Spain in 1898 had resulted, not in increased nervousness, but in increased confidence. The only hostile commander in more than a century that this country had had cause to regard with uneasy respect was Lee, the native son; and the Confederacy was completely and permanently dead.

Even the war with Germany had been more sound and fury than stern fighting.

It had taught us that we were capable of performing prodigies in raising, equipping, and transporting a gigantic army; and that army, once assembled on French soil, had swept to swift and easy victory. Mentally of course we were aware that we owed the ease of our victory to the fact that the enemy was three-fourths beaten before we struck him; but emotionally we did not feel this at all. Emotionally, all that registered was the fact that America was still the ever-victorious; and emotion was more powerful than reason.

But what irony can surpass the implication that prosperity, security, and happiness led America to reject the only feasible plan to insure the permanence of her prosperity, security, and happiness?

For emphasis I repeat that no one knows the plan would have been successful. But three things we do know, (a) that it was a plan, (b) that it was the only plan presented, and (c) that without any plan our prosperity, security, and happiness were within twenty-four years in more deadly peril than they were in 1917. It is hard to imagine any circumstances under which participation in the League of Nations scheme could have brought us to a worse pass than that to which non-participation brought us by 1941.

There was a royal duke in England once whom his friends, for sufficient reasons, commonly called "Silly Billy." He made himself immortal with a question when word was brought to him that his cousin, King William IV, had signed the Reform Bill, that struck down the royal prerogative; and his question is one that seems singularly appropriate for Americans to ask themselves in view of the course of events since Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations was rejected by the United States Senate. What he asked was, "Who's Silly Billy now?"

VI

However, it is the spirit of Wilson, not Wilson in the frail and errant flesh, that Hitler has called from the tomb. The twenty-eighth President has suffered in reputation from the injudicious adulation of friends who have thought it treason to admit any fault or flaw in him. Wilson was a faulty leader because he was afflicted with the typical ignorance of the scholarly; he knew books better than men, but that was only a part of it; it is probable that he also adopted, perhaps subconsciously, the heresy that it is virtuous to divorce reason from emotion. Certainly many scholars, notably scholars of imperial Germany, fell into this error, as a natural reaction against the extreme romanticism that had well-nigh divorced emotion from reason. This is a heresy because it repudiates the cardinal doctrine of the scientific faith it pretends to serve. This cardinal doctrine is that the truth must be accepted, no matter how unpleasant the form in which it appears. The truth is that men, while they may sometimes be reasoning beings, are always emotional beings.

This truth is not relevant to all sciences. It has no bearing on an investigation of the theory of wave mechanics, for example, or an inquiry into the chemical composition of hormones. But it is of the very essence of the science of government. Woodrow Wilson rarely made any concessions to the emotional nature of his fellows; he frequently infuriated them when he might have placated them without sacrificing anything of value; and even more frequently he bewildered them when he might have explained with only trifling expenditure of time and effort. Moreover, there is plenty of reason to suspect that he accounted it unto himself for righteousness that he appealed always to reason and conscience, ruthlessly ignoring passion and prejudice. But in a ruler that is not righteousness. That jeopardizes the promotion of the general welfare, which is the supreme duty of a ruler in a democratic state; and whatever jeopardizes the discharge of a man's duty is a flaw in his conduct.

It is probable that if Wilson had been as clever a psychologist as both Roose-

velts put together still he would have been doomed to defeat. Inability to comprehend the necessity of the League was inherent in the country and could not have been removed by the most skillful appeal. Nevertheless, if Wilson's rectitude had been somewhat less austere his moral stature would have been not less but greater.

All that though is of the past. Wilson's personal faults are buried with him, and even the shattering blast of Hitler's bugle-horn cannot release them from the tomb. What haunts our minds to-day is not the sometimes irritating personality, but the statesman who declared, "I am seeking only to face realities and to face them without soft concealments." Did he speak the truth? It seems ever more likely as the harshest sort of realities are thrust every day before our wavering eyes.

We failed to understand when he said, "The day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured." Most of us then favored spending our blood and our might only to assure our own safety; have we progressed beyond that point in twenty-four years?

The question is an embarrassing one, but it is of far greater consequence to the republic than any terms of war or any terms of peace. Have we realized yet that our own safety is indissolubly linked with the safety of all free peoples, and that ours cannot be assured without assuring that of others? One greater than Wilson said, long before 1917, "none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." It becomes ever more plain that in the crowded modern world this is as true of nations as it is of individual men.

But it would be less than the truth to assume that this is the only possible interpretation of this discordant time in relation to the events of a quarter of a century ago. The drums and trumpets of the modern Tamerlane have, indeed, aroused a ghost, but there are kinds and degrees among the spirits. The return of Woodrow Wilson may be like the rising of Banquo's ghost, productive of nothing but remorse and despair or, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, speaking in vain to an irresolute prince.

There is, however, a legend of a different sort of evocation, a legend from the Germany that was not Hitler's. It is the story of a drowsing Barbarossa in the dim cavern, almost forgotten by his people who understand but poorly his ancient glories; yet when the roar of battle rises loud enough, when his people are at their last stand, the clamor will pierce Barbarossa's ear, he will start from his sleep and rush to the field to lead his countrymen again.

Certainly Hitler could face no more appalling apparition than the ghost of Woodrow Wilson with America united behind him as it was united in 1917. For with the protagonists of hatred and intrigue and violence he can always find a way to live very comfortably, if he must; but a nation determined to secure "not a balance of power, but a community of power; not organized rivalries, but an organized common peace" is his implacable, mortal enemy. If the yells with which Hitler seeks to frighten his foes have aroused this ghost, then the irony of the situation remains, but the joke is undoubtedly on Hitler.

THE SILENT SOVIET REVOLUTION

BY BERTRAM D. WOLFE

IVAN IVANOVICH, sovereign member of the Russian ruling class, fretted at the snail-slow pace of the trolley car that carried him, sardine-fashion, along with eighty-eight co-rulers of the Russian land, to their respective places of work. It was Thursday morning, June 27, 1940. Ivan had got up early, because twenty minutes' lateness meant obligatory dismissal and the entry of his dereliction into his work book, which he must show wherever he applied for a new job.

Ivan stopped trying to peer out of the grimy window round the too broad back of the woman worker just in front of him, and struggled to insert his folded *Pravda* between his nose and her hair. He didn't mind being squeezed against her softness, but one's eyes ached trying to read at such close range.

"UKAZ," he read in big, comfortable type, "OF THE PRESIDIUM OF THE SUPREME SOVIET OF THE U.S.S.R." Then his eyes came into sudden incredulous focus on the rest of the lengthy headline:

"CONCERNING THE CHANGE TO THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY AND THE SEVEN-DAY WEEK, AND THE PROHIBITION OF SELF-WILLED DEPARTURE BY WORKERS AND EMPLOYEES FROM ENTERPRISES AND INSTITUTIONS."

But could this be to-day's paper? The seven-hour day had been the law of the land since 1927! Likewise the five-day week! They had even incorporated it into the Stalinist Constitution of 1936, as a permanent conquest, under the head of "the right to leisure and rest." The Constitution, he knew, could be amended —that was in article 146—only "by decision of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. approved by a majority of not less than two-thirds of the votes cast in each of its chambers." Yet the Supreme Soviet was not even in session. Then it could not be a ukaz but some sort of project for discussion. . . .

No, there was no mistake. This was *Pravda* all right; and Thursday, June 27th; and it was a decree with the usual signatures. At midnight, while he was snoring on his pillow, his terms of employment had changed. Without discussion or referendum, without negotiation or collective bargaining, thirteen more hours had been added to his working week.

Would there be more pay for the additional hours? Just below the ukaz was a brief supplementary "decision" of the Council of People's Commissars: to keep the old daily wage without change, and to reduce piece work and hourly rates so that the longer day would yield no more than the shorter. And there was an explanation by Comrade Shvernik, head of the Trade Unions. "If increase of wages were admitted," it said, "then there would not be any question of sacrifice. . . ."

The reader must not imagine that Ivan ceased to care whether he arrived on time. Nor did his mind dwell long on the lengthened day and wage cut. The second part of the lengthy title of the ukaz drew his interest more than the first. He ran through the legal and technical terms of the Decree until he reached article 5:

. . . workers and employees who, of their own will, leave state, co-operative and/or public enterprises, shall be handed over to the Courts and, by sentence of the People's Judges, condemned to imprisonment. . . .

"Imprisonment?" The prisons were bursting already. Where would they find jails or concentration camps for all who tried to change their jobs in quest of a better dining hall, a friendlier foreman, a factory barracks or apartment house closer to the place of work, a more agreeable task? And what would they do now about lateness and absence, if these were no longer punishable by dismissal, no longer a recourse for discontent with one's job? The very next sentence suggested the answer to his questions:

. . . for idleness (staying away from work) without acceptable cause, workers and employees of state, co-operative and public enterprises and/or institutions shall be handed over to the Courts and, by sentence of the People's Judges, condemned to forced penal labor at their place of employment, up to a term of six months, and to have withheld up to 25 per cent of their wages.

At their place of employment! So that was it. His own factory would be his "prison"; labor under penal discipline at the very job he had tried to leave would be his punishment; the deduction of twenty-five per cent from his wages would provide for him—and for his family—their prison fare.

II

The ukaz which took Ivan Ivanovich by surprise that fine June morning of last year was but the culmination of a whole series of changes that have been taking place during the past two years. Taken all together, they amount to a silent social revolution—or counter-revolution, as you prefer—in the Soviet way of life.

To a degree unknown in history (even in the history of old Russia), these far-reaching social changes introduce fixity and absence of individual will or individual right. On the land they attach the peasant permanently, from birth to death, to his *kolkhoz* or collective farm, and they introduce collective responsibility to the State for its yield. The worker in the city they attach permanently, from late childhood to death, to his particular factory and particular task. No one is to change his position or status except on the order of his superiors and as the interests of the State, interpreted by those superiors, may dictate.

Concomitant decrees prescribe fixity for the children of the working class by abolishing free secondary and higher education, thereby laying down the foundations of a new caste system in which only the children of well-paid bureaucrats and intellectuals can possibly prepare themselves to become officials or members of the *intelligentsia*. They establish a system of labor conscription and apprenticeship for boys and girls from fourteen years onward, attaching them to particular occupations and branches of industry which they may never leave, unless it should please their superiors, for the rest of their lives. And the decree we have quoted above makes the attempt to change one's job literally a criminal offense and converts factory labor into prison labor.

The decrees of which we are speaking have been given but little publicity abroad. The *Daily Worker* and *Soviet Russia Today*, journals which specialize in telling the world what life is like in the land of the Soviets, have been silent on the letter and the spirit of this transformation. These decrees make the good Dean of Canterbury's book, dealing with the Soviet set-up of 1937, seem to describe another world. The non-Communist press also has let most of these changes, and their cumulative import, pass unnoticed. Since the great trials of 1936–37 and the quieter, more ruthless and more continuous purge which followed, silence has settled down on the Soviet sixth of the earth. Pilgrimages, labor delegations, tourist travel were reduced to a thin trickle, then choked off altogether. Even loyal Communist Party members, even Party officials designated for official missions, have been denied

visas if they were of Russian birth, could speak the Russian tongue, had relatives living in the Soviet Union. Since the invasion of Poland and Finland the Kremlin has clamped down a censorship on foreign press correspondents more absolute than any that has ever prevailed before in Russia's long history of censorship. Hence we have had no first-line correspondents there capable of interpreting these vast and unobtrusively promulgated transformations. Our attention has been almost exclusively absorbed by the subtle shifts in Soviet foreign policy since the Nazi-Soviet pact let loose the Second World War.

The "New Order" that is thus shaping up in the Soviet Union has little in common with the socialism that was envisaged by the thinkers who founded the socialist movement. (Lenin came to power fully believing that the State, the apparatus of prisons, police, compulsions, dictation, and coercion, was shortly to "wither away" as useless in a free, socialist society.) But there is much—each day more and more—of that old Russia which, despite three revolutions, has never altogether vanished. *Kryepost* and *nevolya*—fixity and absence of individual will or individual freedom—were the outstanding characteristics of the old Russian life. To-day they are becoming once more, indeed more than ever, the outstanding characteristics of the "New Order" in the Soviet Union.

Other peoples, it has been mockingly said, consist of two parts: a body and a soul. But the Russian consisted of three: a body, a soul, and a passport. Now the internal passport has been revived, and a Russian can go nowhere within his vast land—not to speak of crossing the frontier—without the special order (*komandirovka*) of some superior, and without showing innumerable officials his work book, his passport, his *propusk* or pass to the particular office, factory, public building, or institution he is visiting, and various other documents.

The fixity of the peasant in old Russia was not created, as was the case of the serf under Western Feudalism, by a shortage of land; for always in Russia there was the boundless steppe. Immobility had to be created by law, or rather by ukaz. So too Peter the Great, Russia's most important industrializer before Stalin, filled his newly decreed factories by the simple expedient of assigning serfs from the State farms to the State factories. Long before socialism was so much as thought of, the Russian State was the largest landowner, the largest employer of peasant bondmen, the largest owner of factories and capital, and the largest employer of industrial labor in Russia, and in the world. Theoretically too, all of old Russia was one vast patriarchal family with a single, all-powerful, divinely inspired, all-knowing, all-wise, and infallible head. The totalitarian state of the new Russia has not learned its essentials, as some have charged, from Hitler, but has its roots deep in the ancient ways of the Russian land.

III

Despite its truly impressive industrialization, the Soviet Union is still predominantly an agrarian land. As in the past, the changes in industry we are discussing were preceded by changes in agriculture. When, in the early thirties, Stalin swept the individual peasants into the giant state collective farms—not by convincing them of the advantages of collectivism, but by police measures—freedom of movement became increasingly impossible on the Russian land. Those advanced Russian workers who acquiesced in this wholesale employment of coercion in place of persuasion and even approved of it, unwittingly helped to prepare the conditions which would extend coercion to every phase of Soviet life. The powers needed to make the officials into police overseers of farming and harvest inevitably made them into police overseers over factory, trade union, and soviet. Rural coercion started earlier, but because of the slowness and vastness of the countryside, ripened more

slowly; so that in 1940, at almost the same instant in which the Russian worker was reading of his permanent attachment to his factory, his country cousin was digesting the ukazes of the spring of 1940 which represented the climax of the system of collective responsibility to the State for the yield of the collective farms. According to these new decrees, the quantities of meat, milk, wool, eggs which the farm must deliver to the government are no longer based on the actual number of livestock possessed by the given *kolkhoz*, but on the acreage of the estate. And the obligatory quantities of grain, potatoes, rice, etc., are based not on the area sown or the size of the actual crop, but on the acreage of land, good, bad, and indifferent, which is included in the given farm. (Ukazes of April 1, 6, 11, and 16, 1940.)

With fatal inevitability, the fixing of the population on the land dried up the labor reserves from which new industrial workers might be recruited. As new factories opened, as aging workers wore out, as the armies of soldiers, and the armies of officials, technicians, and office workers and police took on ever-increasing dimensions, a labor shortage began to develop. In despite of edicts, factories began to bid silently against one another. Thus the tendency of Soviet workers to move about from job to job was augmented. With the trade unions gutted, it was the one freedom left to them, the one outlet for discontent. They changed jobs in hope of advancement, to get away from an ingrown antagonism, an intolerable overseer, or because, in Russia as elsewhere, the grass is likely to appear greener farther off. There was a silent, prohibited, but none the less inevitable tendency of wages to rise.

A second force that operated to deplete the labor reserves was the state-caused famine attendant upon the wholesale, forced collectivization of agriculture. Still more unexpected to the authorities was the fall in the birth rate in the cities where the five-day week, with a different day off for each member of the family, and intolerably crowded living quarters made for a silent strike in parenthood, increasing numbers of Soviet workingmen and women deciding to forego having children. That decision was strengthened by the decreasing purchasing power of the ruble, the shortage of consumers' goods, the impossibility of getting a bottle of milk, a rubber nipple, a yard of diaper cloth unless you were a member of the privileged bureaucracy entitled by a card to shop in special "closed" stores.

But the labor shortage really became acute when the huge labor armies recruited by the G.P.U. began to wear out, and there was no great, "unliquidated" social layer from which to renew the supply. All during the early thirties, the G.P.U. had recruited such labor armies from the "former people," what was left of the old upper and middle classes, and recalcitrant peasants and kulaks. The G.P.U. thus became the largest employer of labor in Russia by the simple expedient of herding whole families into concentration camps for the harvesting of timber, draining of swamps, construction of canals, railroads, highways, and other public works. These great labor armies died off rapidly, and some portion of the remnant was released as "socially rehabilitated." But when they had completed the "liquidation of the kulaks as a class" there was suddenly no new social layer from which the catastrophic losses could be made good.

The main answer of the Kremlin to the problems of labor shortage, labor turnover, and pressure for rising wages was a series of decrees tying the worker by force to his job, which culminated in the ukaz of last June. But such measures were not enough.

The next answer was to seek new labor reserves among the youth of the rising generation. In addition, they sought to stimulate the birth rate by all the means known to organized governments (except the production of sufficient housing, and an ample supply of diapers, baby

clothes, milk bottles, milk, and rubber nipples, which the plans keep postponing for some indefinite and millennial future).

IV

On March 8th of last year the Government reported that the number of women workers had more than trebled in the past decade—from 3,000,000 to almost 11,000,000 in 1939. Obviously, this represents a broadening of the horizon of Soviet women and increasing relief from economic dependence on men. It further reflects the inadequacy of the wages of the head of a household from the standpoint of a "family wage." But when the report boasts, as it does, that in the Soviet Union women work as coal miners in underground shafts, and as furnace workers in steel mills, once more we come to a state of affairs so bitterly denounced in Marx's *Kapital*. In the England of which he wrote the employment of women in steel mills and underground pits has long since disappeared; the same is true throughout Western Europe; it is even disappearing from its last refuge in China and India.

But there comes a time when the use of women to augment the labor supply conflicts with another aim of the Kremlin: a rapid rise in the birth rate. In the middle thirties Stalin boasted an annual population increase of 3,000,000; for the census of 1937 he made a series of glowing predictions which added up to an estimate of 180,000,000 people. When the long-heralded census revealed the catastrophic effects of the famine of 1932–33 and the forced collectivization of agriculture, and the even more alarming and unexpected fact of a decline of the birth rate in the cities, Stalin's answer was characteristic of his rough and ready methods of "genial" solution of all problems. He denounced the census figures as a product of foreign sabotage, purged the entire census staff, and ordered a new and more favorable count. About the same time he began to "hold that grin" which I had so rarely seen on his face in public, let himself be photographed kissing babies, patting the prolific mother on the back, handing out premiums and decorations for fecundity. Divorce was made difficult, the marriage tie glorified, responsibility of the father for the support of the children made more stringent, and abortion was decreed a penal offense for both mother and doctor. All this overnight in a land which had been boasting for a decade and a half of Lenin's achievement in making divorce simple and easy, giving woman the freedom to dispose of her own body, and countenancing abortion!

There are certain contradictions that cannot be resolved by ukaz, one of them being the conflict between the desire to have women as producers in the factories and simultaneously as producers of endless streams of babies. The eight weeks' leave of absence before and after childbirth which, so far as it was actually carried out, represented one of the great achievements of Soviet law, was another victim of the new dispensation. New ukazes reduced the maternity leave from sixteen weeks to nine, and decreed that women who changed their jobs after they were two months pregnant (even though they were dismissed by one factory and hired immediately by another!) should receive no leave of absence with pay at all. Needless to state, the birth rate continues unsatisfactory.

The authorities next turned to the Soviet youth as a potential source of fresh labor supply. Here too early Soviet legislation had been the model for the rest of the world. The laws prohibiting child labor could be matched elsewhere, but not the provisions for free, universal education from top to bottom nor the payment of wages to students of the higher schools while their studies continued. If these laws remained mostly so much paper, they nevertheless proclaimed noble intentions as soon as the poverty and universal breakdown could be overcome; and they were, in some measure, actually carried

out. Where there was a shortage of facilities, moreover, it was the children of the poor, of the erstwhile underprivileged, who received preference over the children of the former rich. Though this worked gross injustice in countless individual cases, yet there seemed a certain poetic justice in its reversing of roles. But on October 3, 1940, the Soviet system of free, universal education, and stipends for higher education, was summarily abolished by ukaz!

Once more the Supreme Soviet was not even in session to amend the Constitution, which in article 121 of the "Fundamental Rights of Citizens" declares:

> Citizens of the U.S.S.R. have the right to education. This right is ensured by universal, compulsory elementary education; by education, including higher education, being free of charge; by the system of state stipends for the overwhelming majority of students in the universities and colleges.

Once more the new decrees came as a shock to Ivan Ivanovich and his young son Ivanchik. They were actually made retroactive to the beginning of the school term that had started on the first of September, and no one knows how many thousands of Ivanchiks were abruptly thrown out of school because they could not pay their tuition fee. By the new ukaz students in the eighth, ninth, and tenth grades were obliged to pay a tuition of 200 rubles yearly in towns and 150 rubles in villages—that is roughly an entire month's wages of their workingmen fathers—while students in high schools and colleges were required to pay 400 rubles in the cities and 300 in the towns, and those in art, music, and drama schools 500 rubles annually. When it is borne in mind that the average wage of a Soviet worker (excluding foremen, technicians, and government officials) is under 200 rubles a month, most of which vanishes in the mere hunt for food, with even serviceable clothing and shoes outside their grasp, it is clear that this decree does not "go back to the bourgeois world" but to the last monarch of nineteenth-century Russia, Alexander III, and his Minister of Education Delyanov, who issued the celebrated ukaz which read: "The children of coachmen, servants, cooks, laundresses, small shopkeepers, and suchlike persons, should not be encouraged to rise above the sphere in which they were born."

The significance of this amazing decree is twofold: on the one hand it is the pinnacle of a long mounting trend toward the creation of a new ruling class or privileged caste in the Soviet Union, that of the well-paid, well-housed, well-provided-for Soviet officialdom, technicians, foremen, and overseers, work-gang bosses (Stakhanovists), artists and writers; on the other, it is a means of getting millions of the sons of working men and peasants to the farms and factories at an earlier age than heretofore (at the age of fourteen instead of seventeen).

All Soviet observers have noted the tendency toward the creation of a new ruling and privileged layer of the population, and the Trotskyists, leftist critics of the Stalin regime, have waged fearful polemical battle in their own ranks as to whether this privileged layer should be designated as "stratum," "caste," or "class," or whether some new term should be invented. In these discussions much has been made of the fact that the privileged had no way of bequeathing their privileges to their children. To be sure, there was always the silent force of influence or pull: a simple telephone call, a mere hint, or a courtierlike anticipation thereof could secure for the better-clothed, better-fed, better-schooled, better-served son or daughter of the high-placed official a better position when he began to earn his own living. But these new decrees, which abolish free education and payment to the students for their upkeep, result automatically in a sort of wholesale or collective system of inheritance whereby only the children of well-paid officials, artists, and writers (these last are among the best paid in the Soviet Union!) can possibly aspire to the

training which will create the next generation of officials, technicians, artists, and writers. Thus is equality of opportunity abolished at a single stroke of the pen, and the Communist Party decision is completely realized which condemned Soviet education for its "chase after quantity" and warned that party education also had until now "concentrated too much on the workers and neglected the cadres of command." (Central Committee Resolution of November 14, 1938.)

But the primary motive for this "cultural expropriation of the youth" (an apt phrase which I have borrowed from the Trotskyist paper, *The Militant*) is to be found in another decree on child or youth labor published in *Pravda* on the same day as the decree abolishing free education.

"The old sources," commented *Pravda*, "which assured a spontaneous influx of labor (from the villages) have been cut off, disappeared. . . . We haven't got people who would be compelled to knock at factory gates and beg admission into the factories, thus spontaneously forming a constant reserve of labor power for industry." But if higher schooling is closed to the children of the poor, then automatically a new class of millions is created who are obliged to beg admission to the factories. But Soviet planners leave nothing to chance, which brings me to the second decree, to which I referred above.

The ukaz of October 3, 1940, provides for the conscription of approximately a million young people between the ages of fourteen to seventeen for "industrial training." The first batch was "called up" before the end of the year, with a million or more scheduled each year thereafter. They were assigned to specific industries (including lumbering!) for a period of four years of "training" combined with practical work, after which they are to be permanently attached as full-fledged workers to the industries in which they have been conscripted. The young industrial draftees are to be exempt from military conscription, and are to receive during the four-year period as wages roughly one-third of the estimated value of the product of their labor.

V

The military terminology and procedure employed in the youth "mobilization" ukaz brings us to the heart of what is happening in Russia, the total militarization of the daily life and labor of an entire people.

"Every army," to quote a commentator on Soviet military history, "reflects the political constitution and the whole order of society prevailing in the land to which it belongs." Inevitably, the militarization of industry and civil life was bound to react in turn upon the structure of the Red Army. In the crucial years we are discussing (indeed, since the purge of the old general staff inherited from civil war days), the authorities have been busy restoring Tzarist military titles and traditions and eliminating from the Soviet army and navy their last vestiges of democracy, initiative from below, egalitarianism, comradely relations between officers and men—all the things which gave the Red Army its specifically "proletarian" or "socialist" coloring. Taken together, the decrees in this field add up to an extreme remilitarization of military life, and make the Red Army from the standpoint of hierarchical structure, absolute command, and internal discipline, the most rigidly organized large-scale army in the entire world.

The first thing to go was the celebrated Red Army oath. The old oath, which I have heard impressively intoned phrase by phrase by tens of thousands of deep masculine voices on the great Red Square, began: "I, a son of the toiling people," and ended with a pledge of "direct every act and thought to the grand aim of the emancipation of the toilers throughout the world." On January 3, 1939, a new oath was introduced. It substituted "citizen" for "son of the toiling people," and for the emancipation

of the toilers of the world, the pledge "to defend the fatherland . . . without sparing blood or life itself in order to win complete victory over the enemy."

On May 8, 1940, was announced the restoration of Tzarist military titles in place of the simple "commander." "The reform," wrote *Pravda* next day, "aims to raise the authority of our commanders and strengthen military discipline. The entire mighty organization of the modern army must unqualifiedly be subordinated to the will of the plenipotentiary commander and execute all his orders." Between that date and the date of the ukaz with which we began this article, *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, and other Soviet papers were filled with entire pages of photographs of newly created generals and admirals of various categories, all in all, 953 new generals and 100 new admirals!

On June 23rd an order of the day from Marshal Timoshenko made the saluting of an officer mandatory off duty. Officers were warned that they must insist on strict fulfillment or themselves be punished; "unscrupulous playing up to the Red Army masses and efforts of the commander to show his democratic feelings" were branded as "an offense against the service regulations."

On June 28th a new order provided greater severity for arrested soldiers, stipulating that in "strict arrest" no work was to be permitted, no sleeping during the daytime, sleeping only on a wooden cot at night without mattress and for no more than six hours, and hot food no more frequently than every other day. Again officers were warned that they themselves would be punished for insufficient severity. The same order introduced the eight-hour day and Sunday rest for all industries under the defense commissariat, the first public acknowledgment I could find of a rapidly accelerating process of putting industry after industry directly under military orders as "essential war industries."

The climax came on October 12, 1940. The old army regulations were scrapped and new ones substituted. The most amazing provision of the new code gives officers the right in cases of insubordination "to apply all measures of coercion up to and including the application of force and firearms," without consulting others or resorting to court martial. He is to "bear no responsibility" for injury or death thus inflicted, but is held responsible if he does not in all cases of insubordination "evince firmness and apply all necessary measures." (*Red Star*, October 15, 1940.) Under Article 7 of the old army regulations, which were replaced by this order, officers were forbidden to apply such armed compulsion, "except in a military situation and only in the execution of actual battle orders." So far as I know, this makes the Red Army the only modern military force in which the officers have the right to apply the death penalty without trial, for insubordination in peacetime or when not in actual battle. Thus, from one of the least militarized and most democratic armies in the world, the Red Army has become the most military and the most hierarchical.

With these decrees the Red Army necessarily loses what is left of its value as a "propaganda" army intended to set by its example the men of opposing armies against their officers. Its power of dissolving the armies sent against it, rather than its discipline, equipment, or military might, was the secret of its success against White armies and detachments of foreign troops in the days of the civil war. It remains to be seen how much it has gained by way of compensation. In comparison even the German army seems to be based upon the conception that in modern mechanized and parachute warfare considerable initiative must be fostered in the individual soldier. The experience in Finland, though indecisive, does not seem to indicate that the gains overbalance the losses. But then the invasion of Finland was incompatible with the spirit of the early Red Army.

The remilitarization of the army has in turn reacted upon industry. As "war industries" are increasingly placed directly under the army, the Soviet Union is increasingly turned into one vast military encampment. For more than a decade now, and with ever-increasing acceleration, the Soviet "experiment" becomes the vastest experiment in total militarization of a people, its life, labor, and thought known to the history of man. One looks in vain through the reaches of history for a basis of comparison. This "new order," which surely can have little attraction for other peoples, has yet to prove its efficiency in regimenting its own. The Soviet regime has become a vast testing ground where mankind can determine whether in the long run it is really possible to operate modern large-scale industry, to foster modern science and technic, even to conduct efficiently modern warfare, by something approaching a combination of the old-fashioned army discipline with a prison regime and universal labor conscription, whether the unsettling problems arising from modern invention and technical change—not to mention the traditions and aspirations of political and economic democracy—can really be frozen permanently into this mold.

A POET DIED

BY NANCY BICKEL

A POET died, and since he had no gold
They let him lie three nights on a winter hill,
Naked to God, bloody, and stiff with cold,
Worried by dogs despite the winter's chill.
His poems they hawked through every city street
Calling, "Who'll buy bad poems? Bad poems for sale!"
They sacked his attic room in curious heat,
To find a flower in a broken pail.
They found no pen (the crows have got his eyes),
They found no ink (into the dogs his flesh!),
For it's a hungry winter on the rise
Beyond the town, and poet's blood is fresh.
Now people say they see him bright and far
Madly scribbling verses on a star.

MEMORY AS ENRICHMENT

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

With much that comes pleasantly to the maturing merely through the passing of years must be included the great enjoyment that springs—or may spring—from the exercise of memory on a lifetime of material.

It is not easy to have this fact accepted because most people are indifferent about keeping their memories active. If you tell a man that he cannot think you may start a fight in two minutes; yet this very man will declare to you—perhaps in the presence of others—that he cannot remember, and will suffer no loss of pride in making the confession. Educators sometimes speak with contempt of "mere memory"—I have heard them—as if the ability to remember were something that one ought almost to be ashamed of. Itinerant persons who sell high-priced formulas for getting on in the world treat memory as the unused part of ourselves by which we could, if we bought one of their formulas, recall to our great financial or political profit the names of customers or voters by the hundreds when we next saw the persons themselves. But I have not yet happened to hear anyone discuss memory as the greatest of all means of giving color and vividness and depth to the days we are living now by adding our complete pasts to what goes on in front of our eyes. Vast numbers have let memory become so completely enmeshed in the deader parts of themselves that it is never used to any purpose at all—save occasionally to recall something specially distasteful.

Yet merely to let one's memory go at random—and not flinch—is in itself a startling experience. For a moment I sit here and more or less automatically make some marks on the margin of a sheet of paper, and then without literary doctoring of any sort I set down the things my memory picked up on what seemed to be a wild flight over the earth.

What do I have? The fresh hills of Ohio in the morning dew and sunlight, the air heavy with the green sweet of locust blossoms, and bobwhites calling in the intervals when the coal was not rattling and rumbling and then thinly rattling again over the tipple screen into the flatcars deep in the hollow beneath the mine. . . . A red racer, the strawberry-colored snake of the Chisos Mountain region in southwest Texas, pausing in the middle of the road to hurl defiance at us, but flashing on into the cactus before a wheel could strike him. . . . A diminutive white-haired, white-bearded old college president standing on a street corner coughing a nervous little cough and saying to me, "Now I want you to promise me something." . . . A kingbird that I had shot, in my first premeditated taking of bird life, lying on his back with one wing limply spread, and watching as if deeply perplexed the growing spot of bright red on the white of his breast. . . . A white-haired Frenchwoman carefully adjusting her reading glasses and showing me a collection of letters written by her great-grandfather to his family from St. Lazare prison while he waited to be guillotined. . . . A young American woman coming

into the hotel and saying, "My God, maybe I'm not tired. I've been in every room in the Louvre to-day." . . . The drip, drip, drip of water from the roof of a clay mine, with not another sound to be heard in the world. . . . A nine-year-old tow-headed girl saying to me as I hurried to a baseball game, "Do you mind if I go along with you? For sometimes if I stand around after everybody else has gone in, and I say 'Who is going to pitch to-day?' one of the men at the gate says, 'Oh, for the love of Mary, let that little girl in'—and I get in before they've played the first inning."

A score or a hundred other images flashed clearly into my mind and were gone while I jotted these few down. And all that came and went added to these few are but the merest sample that the long arm of association whimsically picked up out of a past from which it will as whimsically—or more methodically—pick up others day after day whenever it has opportunity.

II

With many another writer in prose, I have waited for the day when it would be appropriate for a man to be as truthful in prose as the world permits him to be in poetry. For then I could speak unhesitantly about my own memory as I have often wished. It is not possible to feel that such a day has yet arrived—despite all proclaimed inroads of "frankness" and "realism." If a poet confesses in verse his graveyard sadness, his wildest lust, his dreams of death, his tenderest loves, or goes over the cherished memories of a lifetime in vivid detail he is quite within bounds. He may, if he chooses, stand up and read, and have accepted as perfectly appropriate, all sorts of considerations of the inner and lower and upper corners of his most intimate life. This is as it should be—that is if writers are to be honest. Yet despite all such asseverations as that of Anatole France that, unless we are forever to hold our peace, there is nothing to do but talk about ourselves, and that we always become interesting when we do so talk, there remains in people's minds a shred of the feeling that when a man stands up and talks in prose about anything intimate that goes on—or seems to go on—inside his own head he is egotistically indecent.

Possibly some little shred of such feeling clings to my own mind. Yet if I am to speak of how anyone might explore his own past to his advantage I can do so only by confessing how I explored mine.

Ten years ago I began writing a group of novels. They had long been in mind but had been pushed aside because I was busy with two biographical volumes. Now these novels are not autobiographical in the sense that I am one of the characters; nor is there a character in any of them that I took bodily from the world of fact that I had grown up in. But they did have their origin in the mining region where I had spent the first twenty years of my life, and I did what the writer of fiction must sometimes—or possibly always—do. I drew upon the strange world of memory-in-general, the rounded miscellany of kinds of people which we accumulate, and from which the writer draws not any complete characters as he has known them, but such elements of them as fused into characters of his own shaping, with enough of himself for a flavoring of consistency, meet the requirements of his total design. In this strange world reside all the people-in-general who enable one to know when the character one is putting in the book is a person of originality yet of believable lifelikeness.

In the process of drawing upon this world of memory-in-general I stirred up all sorts of memories in particular that I had never been aware I possessed. I began to dream—I mean when I slept—of all kinds of fantastic arrangements of life. Sometimes these were out of a happy world, sometimes out of the world of nightmares. But without exception they included some recognizable frag-

ment of my own experience. Sometimes the recognizable part was from the most obscure and neglected periods of a youth that few would call picturesque. These dreams were so vivid and they were so impressive that I was impelled to take cognizance of them in my waking hours. Gradually I found myself reconstructing the world that I had known in the first third of my life. Most of the objects and most of the people concerned were still in existence. I could check up on my own dream impressions. Often enough too I started a supplemental new sequence which experienced more than geometrical increase. In the course of months, merely by being somewhat persistently receptive, I was able to reclaim with a completeness almost unbelievable the years that had become indistinct along the early horizon.

III

Soon I was discovering here and there —or recalling—that somebody else had stumbled upon the means of awakening a past that for a long time had seemed dead. I became sensitive to all such instances. One noonday as I walked in the middle of Washington Street in Boston when even the middle of the street was crowded, I recalled, for no special reason that I was able to give, what W. H. Hudson had confessed in the first chapter of *Far Away and Long Ago*. He had supposed that he had already made one use or another of such biographical material of consequence as he possessed. But when he was an old man and the east wind had brought him low with a serious illness, he had fallen to recollecting his early years in South America, and had continued to do so until at the end of six weeks he had put down a rough draft of his volume.

One evening some time later while I looked at some stray jottings I recalled how a woman who had been active in Washington during the Civil War, and had lived on into the twentieth century to be almost ninety, told me that the reading of faded letters in her old age from the man who had become her husband—"They were our love letters, and I could not see the good of having them fall into somebody else's hands, so I decided to burn them"— and the finding of some letters to her husband from President Lincoln had awakened her memory of an entire period in American history, from a honeymoon on which the driver of the heavy Kentucky coach proclaimed from his seat as he came into each town, "General Jackson is dead! General Jackson died at the Hermitage on June 8!" down to Reconstruction days. And in time I came upon persons who had gone about the matter much more consciously.

It may be an invigorating experience. It brings a rising, expanding sense of acquaintance. For any person past middle life has lived in the presence of a substantial cross-section of the history of the world. And the period may have been one that was highly dramatic. Fifty or a hundred years from now the people of the earth will go to see pictures that give them somebody's conception of the period of the First World War. They will see the political machinations that resulted in the great frenzy, the marchings of millions, the titanic struggle itself, the growing weariness, the eventual expression of futility at having engaged in a vast debauch. The picture will be called "elemental" and "barbaric" and "super-panoramic." Yet it will be only what any middle-aged person to-day was present at, as it came to pass in actuality, day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year—a great agony in the long complicated process of bringing the world into unity of thought. It is there to look back upon for the asking.

The years have been bulging with other events in like manner to be recalled and re-examined, many of them much more to the credit of the race. The danger is that we may think only a few things important and let these obscure all else. As late as 1912 there lived in

Paris an old man of a hundred and six or seven who as a small boy had been taken by his father, a soldier in the French army, to see Napoleon. He had been present also through a stirring succession of governments in France; he had lived in the world with Lamartine and Victor Hugo and Thiers; he had witnessed the coming of the name of Abraham Lincoln to the lips of every French schoolboy; and for forty years he had walked the streets in a Third Republic that was rising to new power. Yet the only memory he bothered with was, "I have seen Napoleon"—that out of a century.

It is possible that circumstances which touched us intimately yield most. Do you remember that mean little devil in elementary school who deliberately pinched you, deliberately pushed you into the mud, deliberately lorded it over you in every way even by merely looking at you, until he was responsible for your constructing an entire plan of life? Or were you the little devil yourself? Do you remember when you first stole something, under a manufactured fog designed to make the watermelon seem as if it had almost belonged to you anyhow? Can you draw a series of pictures to-day of the teachers you tried to outwit? In a dozen years you knew many scores of pupils. How many can you recall vividly?

When I had opportunity not long ago to spend two hours in the small county-seat where I attended high school for a part of a year at the turn of the century, two or three of us decided to see what we could do in restoring the school of fifty-eight pupils. Together we were able to recall nearly everybody. More interesting still, we were able to piece out case histories. It was a bit of a jolt to learn that three of the fifty-eight had committed suicide—the most-liked boy, a much respected girl, and the school clown. It was scarcely less of a jolt to learn that the wizard of the school was reported a fugitive from justice. But there were compensating reports. The "bright kid" had become a commander in the Navy. The girl who had started a family very early had contributed a large group of brilliant daughters to college and the world. The very pink, black-haired girl who sat in the remote corner of the room had married her "boss" and was now riding high. The girl who came from the hill across the railroad below the schoolhouse and at noon ate quietly from her lunch-box as she looked from the window had just as quietly lived the renunciant life through many years for her father and mother. The girl who was good in Shakespeare was at fifty the moving spirit in garden clubs in the city where she lived. The school grammarian was a distinguished professor in a Midwestern university. The tall girl with the flourishing grand manner had swept right through to a matronly middle-age without changing her technic. We had to spend a little more time over the boy who had been the best-dressed and the handsomest of us all, for to the surprise of most of his schoolmates he had not prospered in business. One of the three of us had known why. He had invested his first money in the wrong way to bring financial returns. There was in the school a slender, perfectly poised girl with titian red hair whom every boy in the big room secretly hoped some day to make his bride. This handsome boy hoped so too. And when she developed tuberculosis soon after high school he had invested all the money he could command (for her family could command little) in a long, vain fight to save her life. So he did not get away to a flying start in business. And the three boys who were nobodies but had had great confidence in themselves had done such important things in the world that they could now afford to be modest.

The more recent years will be just as interesting—and just as steadying. They need not have been joyful years. Hurts that have long been only so much innocuous history may be recalled with safety, often with fruitage, and now and then with amusement.

There will be many an occasion for reappraisals, especially of people. Interesting people in the world are just as numerous as I ever believed they were, but memory has helped me to see that I had often tenaciously expected to find them in the wrong places. Even this fact though may be enlivening. It is an interesting question to put your memory to work on: Where have your friends been all the time?

I once formulated a scheme for clarifying, and simplifying, my memory of friends. When I one day walked along the Charles River with a man who possessed unlimited capacity for friendship I mentioned my scheme to him. Suppose, I suggested, that I think up the most scandalous thing about myself that I could invent and then go to my acquaintances of many years and confess everything and ask them to stand by me. Would not the inevitable realignment call upon memory to go back over many lives to review more or less forgotten shreds of evidence?

Yes, he thought so. He thought it might call for more mental activity than I had counted on. Incidentally, he thought it would be well before I started out to file an affidavit to the effect that what I was about to confess to so many people was not true. Stories that had circulated about him, he thought, had necessitated not only a rearranging of the supporting friendly front but a shortening of it. Still he was always glad enough to look back and see how he might have learned more at the time that would have been to his advantage.

IV

But all the instances thus far are only the awakened past coming in chance miscellanies. We need not rely upon these. If we choose we can discipline ourselves so that we may spend as much time as we like with the memories that bring us only the greatest satisfaction. It is the mention of these openly in prose that invites charges of too great self-esteem. Yet I mean to set down a few.

I enjoy remembering places. Through necessity I have traveled over much of the United States until I have come to feel that I know it. I like to remember how it looks. To be sure, I enjoy remembering places outside my own country—Rydal Mount and the whole of the Lake District; Loch Lomond in the afterglow; the dazzling whiteness of the Pyrenees in the bright winter sun from high within the old walls of Carcassonne. But in my memory such magnificences are no match for the bright sunset in the Big Bend country of Texas; for the luminous night sky over the prairies as one sees it from the observation platform when the train is speeding from Denver eastward toward Chicago; for the untamed beauty of Lake Superior in the region of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, where the wildness is yet near enough to men to induce repose without loneliness; for a hundred or a thousand other places that I have come to know until they are a part of me.

I like to remember all such individual places. And I like to remember the whole of the United States as a vast diversified landscape: a fringe of the South Seas left clinging to the west peaks of a continent; a mountainous region as extensive as an empire touched with white as it has stood for a thousand centuries; a plains region busy with food for scores of millions; a still romantic Old South of boxwood and azaleas and mockingbirds; and an Atlantic seaboard white with shipping from half a world. It is something to remember.

But I find greater enjoyment in remembering people and their qualities. I like to recall displays of humor and sudden unexpected ingenuities, and especially the expression of great intensities in persons who until this burning moment had been reputed drab and spiritless. Most of all, however, despite a reputation that I have somehow acquired for being chiefly concerned with the great austerities, I enjoy recalling unadvertised instances of fidelity: A

French bookbinder who could not be bribed into doing a hurried job; a Pullman porter who sat up all night in the dressing room of the sleeping car with my luggage (so I learned by chance the next morning) because there was not quite space enough for it under the berth, and he had overheard me remark that there was something in there that I could not replace; a man of small means who was "tipped off" to the fact that the bank in which he had all his savings was to be closed the next day, and here was his money, but who said, "No, I'll leave it; I'm no better than the rest of them"; a woman who kept a boarding-house in a college town and spent all her earnings by giving free board to destitute students in order that she might go to commencement and see them graduate; a railway-junction keeper—when I had driven across wild country in the blackness of night, had climbed the stairs to the top of his lonely tower, had purchased a ticket for a train that he had agreed to "pull down" for me, had glanced out and had seen nothing but blackness everywhere save the dead-looking lights of the semaphores, had noticed that he used a Colt automatic for a paper-weight, and had asked if he had ever been held up out there—who answered with a Mississippi country drawl of understatement, "Yes-s-s; as a matter of fact, three different times—that is, they tried to; but they didn't get very far along with it—not far enough so that any money changed hands"; a heavy, rather squint-eyed youngish traveling salesman sitting in the corner of the smoking room for a long time looking interestedly at something, and then, when only the two of us remained and talked together, his answering, "I'll say I'm married; see here," and showing me what he had long been looking at—a photograph of his wife and three children.

And I make full confession that I find pleasure in remembering certain things I have done myself. Lest despite my protests I seem to be exalting myself, I mention only one instance. For a number of years after my own student days I was a college teacher. Soon I discovered—or thought I discovered—that students with creative minds were constantly treated as if they were disturbers of the academic peace and heavy risks to have about. I fought for them. The undergraduate who knew more poetry and had a truer feeling for poetry than any other student I have ever known was about to be sent home because he had failed to hand in a chemistry paper, or something of the sort, on the day set. I am happy to remember that I risked my young repute—possibly my position—through insisting that the college honor itself by keeping him.

It was not long before I found that the position of the rebellious and the creative in college was only the position of the creative-minded in general in the United States. I went on a crusade in behalf of the student of superior abilities—and was called un-American for doing so. I published articles—in *Harper's Magazine* and elsewhere—on the creative spirit, and later stated my position more completely in a book. And I spoke on the subject whenever anybody would hear me—which at the very beginning was not too often.

In the course of years I came upon more than a hundred creative strays of all sorts of interests in out-of-the-way places, and gave them such encouragement as I could command out of a work-aday life of my own. Most of them did not require money—it is rarely their greatest need; but they sometimes required new assurance that what they dreamed of doing was a valid kind of enterprise, and that they were not foolishly overestimating themselves in seeking to carry it through. They must never feel that any little encouragement I may have offered was indispensable. More important still, they must not feel that I think of myself as in any way a sponsor. But it is cheering to me in moments of great solitude to remember the roads they have followed and what distances some of them have traveled.

The memory of them is an earnest crying out that there is nothing quite so exciting to see as the awakening to life and the swift or slow spiritual growing of a human being.

V

Now all that I have said has been set down in the hope of creating an environment in which I may be understood without too much questioning when I declare this much-disregarded fact: As a world to possess, this world of memory is the most substantial and the most inclusive one we can know—unless improbably we hit upon a way of remembering the future—and whatever is brought along through the length of it or any considerable part of it, gives emotional enrichment to the experiences of to-day. When a Scottish neighbor hums "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," it is not just a snatch of music that I hear. I see the hall in an Ohio hill town where I first heard the song; and a dark wooded bluff rising high above a narrow little valley called Snell's Hollow where I later—but not much later—heard an Irish girl singing it in clear voice; and a college professor who was also a poet standing with a volume of Burns in his relaxed hand as he "read" the poem from memory; and the Burns cottage when I first visited it one wet day after I had spent two hours at the races in Ayr. Down through thirty years it has attracted so many other emotional experiences to it that now I never hear a single voice singing it, but a hundred voices.

The fearful and the over-sentimental shrink from using the memory—from letting memory have its own way, even—because to them remembering anything means melancholy. To them remembering means clinging to the past—something that is in truth fatal to any healthy enjoyment of the present. But when the past is treated as if it were what it really is—that is, something flowing constantly along into the present, which is the normal center of existence—instead of taking anything away from mature enjoyment of the present, it adds profoundly to it.

Each must have his own favorite proving ground. At the moment mine is the Yard of Harvard University. It is a place of such definite atmosphere that it could not possibly be mistaken for any other college enclosure in America; and I shall always be enough of an outlander to enjoy a certain sense of novelty when I enter it.

Just as it presents itself to the eyes—to any eyes—it is of interest: many brick-edged paths under low-hanging elms, with plain ivied buildings in sight beneath the branches, and much hardy-looking shrubbery filling the angles and softening them and helping to shut out the noises of the street. But I never see it just as it is; for I see it also as I first saw it and for a time thereafter. To be sure, it is peopled with men now active whom I see whenever I stroll through the gates (they seemed like cemetery gates when I was taking examinations), and some of these men whom I have passed for fifteen years always speak cordially. Others whom I have passed for fifteen years have not yet spoken. Now and then I come upon someone who was a teacher when I was a student and he startles me by greeting me as if I were almost a contemporary.

All these I see, and students hurrying late to class. But mingling unobtrusively with these are others: President Eliot walking serenely to his office in University Hall from the little red-brick house on Quincy Street—and walking as if he were well enough aware that he was walking serenely; Barrett Wendell, a kind of improved and highly burnished William Shakespeare of a man, waving a colleague off and saying, "I've been out of town, and I'm late to class already, and I don't know what in the devil I'm going to say when I get there, even if the students have stayed"; William James walking along in full command and seeming to say: "I have no doubt that I might find something interesting even

in this one"; Josiah Royce, ruddy and pink-eyed as though always in need of sleep, moving along a little tiredly in clothes so informal that an occasional freshman mistook him for the janitor and asked him for a light; George Herbert Palmer, weighted down by his heavy mustache and eyebrows, smiling an effortless smile of recognition; Hugo Münsterberg, on his way to Emerson Hall, full of German disciplines, but kindly; George Pierce Baker, the perfect tragic actor of a man—sleek dark hair and all—pushing through the crowd in order to tell a class about some new and still unaccepted dramatists named Henry Arthur Jones, Arthur Wing Pinero, and George Bernard Shaw; Dean L. B. R. Briggs, smiling away into the distance when a colleague complained of being sixty-three years old, and remarking slyly, "Why, there have been several other people as old as that"; Byron Satterlee Hurlbut, substantial and generous, moving briskly beneath a somewhat broad-brimmed soft hat, remembered because he wrote to me "in the wilds of Ohio" that if I came I should be welcome; Chester Noyes Greenough walking along in the quiet of an institution that he confessed he loved, smiling over a page of Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age* that he was eager to read to somebody; Charles Eliot Norton, a stooped wraith of a man who had lived with Dante so long that he had come to look like him, making his way quietly toward the library; John Hays Gardiner on his way to see what could be done in behalf of the one contemporary poet that he professed to know anything about; George Santayana moving beneath the ancient elms—the moths had not yet killed them—in a faintly luminous mist that was half poetry, half philosophy; and undergraduates everywhere in 1905 styles of clothes—perhaps helping John the Orange Man to bind up the injured fetlock of the donkey that drew the tiny covered cart which bore the large crimson H on the white canvas of its side. Always the present is expanded by this procession of happy memories.

And there are enrichments besides those that come from reclaimed places and events and people. Books bring an addition that is peculiar. For we can have not only the memory of a book, but the book itself, unchanged—although we ourselves have changed since we read it. Outwardly it was just a book. But it was the discovered book that was magic with life when we first opened it, magic when we read the last page, and still magic as a memory. From print on ordinary paper, somebody spoke. He was not doing five-finger exercises in expression; he said what he meant. As we heard him we saw the center of life shifting, or we felt our most profound but unexpressed beliefs confirmed, or we were aware that our sympathies had been extended by divine humor, or we saw the road opening to some new liberalizing experience. It may have been ten years ago, or twenty or thirty; but this book thrust its vitality into our lives until it left nothing unchanged down to the present moment. We can recall both the book and our experience with it, and take them along with us. And there are poems—poems written long ago, or day before yesterday, about what is going to happen next week. And there is music—some symphony perhaps that has rounded out and made rhythmic the more matter-of-fact constituents of our past. And there are odors, carrying almost a complete world in themselves.

All authentic memories of whatever sort will keep flowing down to us if we let them. They give body and color and depth and warmth and sometimes a strange brightness of morning to what we are experiencing directly in the present. They help us to know that we are growing up.

PLATO, BUDDHA, AND PRESIDENT HUTCHINS

BY JAMES MARSHALL

THE dramas of machinery and the test tube have in the present generation seized the limelight from the classics in education. The classics are still in the schoolroom but they no longer occupy the front seat. The growing emphasis on vocational education is neither an attempt to liquidate classical learning nor surrender to inferior minds and standards. Vocational education is indigenous to life among the mechanisms and gadgets, just as schooling in the scientific method must be a part of education in a world turned topsy-turvy every half generation by the findings of the laboratory. Some students who are verbally minded can absorb the classics readily and those who can think in the symbols of science can absorb science readily; but everyone, whether verbally minded, scientifically minded, manually minded, or with very little mind at all, needs a skill that will enable him to earn a living.

Such skill, whether verbal or manual, whether predominantly intellectual or physical, cannot readily be picked up to-day; it is rarely passed on from father to son. Of course ability to earn a living and capacity for a given vocation are by no means guarantees of employment. The fact that young people are made more employable does not in any great measure make jobs where the economy of the world does not otherwise provide the incentive or means to create employment. But the possession of skill is essential, not only as a means toward bread and shelter and greater stability in job holding, but also toward the achievement of that sense of capacity which raises the self-esteem and stabilizes the character of people.

These are the aims of vocational instruction. To deny them a place in the scheme of education, and a respected place, is to live among shadows. Some day the schools and colleges will recognize that all students are entitled not only to acquaintance with their cultural background but to vocational skills—each in accordance with and to the extent of his capacities, whether they be hand, head, or machine skills, highly specialized or more general. Such recognition should come because cultural background without vocational interest and skill is inevitably sterile; and vocational skill without some understanding of the relations of things and people is invariably servile.

In Book I of *The Laws*, Plato writes:

> We call one man educated and another uneducated although the uneducated man may sometimes be very well educated indeed in the calling of a sea captain or of a trader or the like. But we are not speaking of education in that narrow sense. We are speaking of that other education which makes a man eagerly pursue the ideal perfection of citizenship.

I cite this passage, not as authority, but because it illustrates two phases and objectives of education which are relevant and also because it presents the classical point of view of schoolmen who, in large measure, through the ages have regarded trade education as education in a "narrow sense."

The words I have quoted have vitality and they might have been written not by Plato twenty-four centuries ago in Greece, but by Thomas Aquinas in the thirteenth-century Papal states, or by Hutchins and Adler in Chicago to-day. For they all hallow a "higher education" leading to an "ideal perfection" while throwing a mere bone of condescension to popular education in the vocational field. This is no mere matter of emphasis, nor would it be either fair or an answer to accuse these men of learning of being intellectual snobs. Rather we are presented with fundamental concepts of living and of social relationships; and we must inquire not only into these concepts but into their relevancy and validity in the world in which we are now living.

Why is the student of symbols, the reader, deemed educated and the man "very well educated indeed" in a calling or trade requiring skill of the hand and eye and decisive judgment deemed uneducated? Why should it be assumed that the sea captain with the education of his calling and the trader with the education of his trade would not "eagerly pursue the ideal perfection of citizenship"?

In the Athens of Plato traders and artisans, even the great sculptors, did not share in the citizenship of the city. Citizenship meant membership in an aristocracy, a membership which entitled one to the arms of war and a passport to contemplation. Farmers might be citizens, but by the Periclean Age many of them had become gentlemen farmers. The sea captain and the trader were foreigners, the cobbler and the artisan were slaves. The land and the capital, the leisure and the intellectual life were Greek. It was inevitable that sea captain and trader should not be deemed educated in a democracy which was democratic only within the confines of an hereditary class and in which social practice severed on class lines those who might labor from those who might think and rule, who might pursue the perfection of citizenship. When the first great rush of abstract thinking was over, after Aristotle had summed up all that was known of man and nature (perhaps all that could be known without the willingness of thinkers to make manual effort), thought was devoted to piling untried fantasy on untried fantasy until its heights were reached in realms of mysticism.

The ideal perfection of citizenship, which had at least a class basis in Plato, became in Plotinus, a philosopher of the third century, a perfection to be achieved through contemplation of the Good; and in early Christian thought, by way of Plotinus, it became a faith in God and participation in the congregation of Christendom, where for centuries education was only something for the clergy and the court. Here were the elect of the elect—for only those of the faith had grace, all others being infidels or heretics and thus ineligible to citizenship in the City of God. The great mass of believers were offered such education as was thought necessary to give them that faith which would cause them eagerly to pursue the ideal perfection of citizenship in the City of God. This education consisted of the learning of a few responses in order to participate in religious observances. Their trades they learned from their fathers or as apprentices. The elect, those who ruled from altar and throne, were taught to read and figure and sing. In England, as late as the 13th century, a man could escape the death penalty if he could read.

Among the Jewish people too the man of the soil was looked down upon; his problems and interests, and those of tradesman and artisan, except in so far as they presented ethical considerations, were not the problems and interests of the schools which, in Talmud and cabala and continual annotation and discussion of such work became the possession of a favored group.

With the fall of the Moorish Empire in Spain and the destruction of its schools roughly the same thing occurred to

Moslem education, which buried itself in the mosque. And among the Hindus one finds the classic example of culture and education which disregards the common things in common lives for the "higher" things of ideals and perfections and classical interests. A caste of untouchables must lead to a Buddha contemplating his navel.

For so long a period had the Middle Ages consumed the classics cooked in the wine of theology, and so thoroughly had the Middle Ages digested these classics, that it came as a shock in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries to meet the animal face to face, actually to read the original Aristotle. When confronted with the works of a philosopher who had used his eyes, the scholars annotating and disputing and the Buddhas contemplating and contemplating were in danger of coming to resemble intellectual Tibetan lamas, searching "ideal perfection" in fantastic isolation. It was the genius of Thomas Aquinas for Christendom and Maimonides for the Jews to feel this crisis and to solve it by reconciling the rediscovered wisdom of the ancient world with the basic ideologies of their own world. Here were triumphs of synthesis which in themselves became classics to be thumbed over, annotated, becommentaried, and befootnoted, until the contemplating latter-day Buddhas beatified them in doctor's dissertations.

I am not suggesting that the classics or the civilization of former ages are not worthy of study. On the contrary, they may be useful to an understanding of the problems of the day and an illumination of the things which men have sought or which they have feared. An understanding of the classics may explain the thinking of succeeding generations, if—and the if is important—if the men who wrote them and their contemporaries and followers are studied as living, bread-earning, lusty, and fearful people seeking ideologies or philosophies only incidentally to obtaining satisfactions and shedding feelings of guilt.

In primitive society custom was not pursued merely because it was disagreeable to change but as a ritualistic experience; thought was not an end in itself but a prelude to action. It took civilization to raise the pattern of neuroses to a virtue for normal men, to make thought worlds real worlds, to pursue the ideal of perfection. And it took civilization to transfer from totem and departed spirit to classic and departed sage its conflicting emotions of love and hate, fear and satisfaction. When the new God, the new ideology seems to fail there is again the longing for a golden calf—the old totem and classic. Departed spirit and sage appear to possess a power which living and familiar persons lack.

II

It was not the attitude of classical contemplation, but a mood of dynamic inquiry as to how the needs of men were to be met and as to what were the limits of man's world, that set in motion science and thought in the days of Copernicus and Galileo, just as it had set into motion the arts, the inquiries, the political and commercial adventures of the Greek era. Buddha might not be interested in the nature of the navel he was contemplating, or in the nature of himself and the phenomenon of his contemplation. But others were. These were men who were not content only to think; who examined themselves and others, studied the technic of thinking and what lay behind it physiologically and anthropologically, guessed at generalizations and tested and retested these. They were interested in the ways of the sea captains, in their skills as well as their voyages and cargoes; they accepted the trader—perhaps because the trader was taking over some of the power that had resided in the church and court. Sovereignty placed its powers behind the law merchant and science made itself of service to commerce and later to industry. In the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries men educated only in "that narrow sense" took over the greater

part of the earth, developed it, created knowledge and spread it as the classicists had never been capable of doing.

Of course the schools did not offer "education in that narrow sense." It took centuries to bring about the teaching of post-Aristotelian science, more centuries to introduce laboratory science; and only in our own day has education for a vocation been introduced below the college level (and there, except for medicine, it has been largely in the classical professions of lawyer, teacher, and clergyman). It is only recently that universities and secondary schools have ceased to be institutions for the select few, that sea captains' and traders' sons and daughters, and future mariners and grocery clerks have been able to enter such schools.

In western Europe, in the United States, in the commonwealth of the British Empire, in a few other lands education has been broadening its base to include every child through childhood—and this means children and young people of every capacity and interest, every economic group and family educational background. Neither the Athenian citizen nor the medieval churchman was concerned with education of such catholicity. Yet this very broadening of the educational base, this expansion of opportunity for schooling (and the concurrent enlargement of scope and diversification of program) provides the brightest and most dynamic chapters in our history. We go to extraordinary effort and considerable expense to develop the capacities of mentally and physically handicapped children; classic Sparta left them in the mountains to die. We take artisans into high places in our government and make men of humble origin chief men in our states; classic Attica kept them as slaves or otherwise denied them citizenship. We cultivate the silliest little artistic talents for the joy and satisfaction and self-realization they may yield; in Greece they were little practiced by citizens and in some forms, notably architecture and drama, they were for millennia the monopoly of the state and its religious institutions.

The rapid expansion of cultural opportunity and the dynamic qualities of democracy and experimental science have inevitably diluted classical learning and altered the quality of liberal arts education through a dispersion of individual interest. Review courses and innumerable elective courses in the experimental and political sciences, in fine arts, and in vocational subjects have taken places of equal rank with the liberal arts, have even replaced in great measure the seven liberal arts which for about two thousand years were traditional: grammar, rhetoric, dialectic, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy. Logic as a tool has replaced logic as an end. As a tool it is important to experimental science; as an end it brought sterility to nineteenth-century Anglo-American common law as it had to twelfth-century scholasticism.

The question is, has this been a price worth paying? And this question can be disposed of only by answering other questions.

Do you accept the present-day diffusion of educational opportunity or are you continually weeping for the lost virginity of your classicism? That is to say, do you accept the idea of education as a process in which everyone may train himself and be trained in the development of his capacities and the cultivation of social intercourse on a better-informed level, or do you hold fast to the idea of education as a *thing*, the acquisition of which puts you in a special class and gives you a membership in a caste?

III

We shall return to education in a democracy, particularly in the United States. But first let us pause to consider the aberration of some current golden-calf worshippers, located not far from the stockyards of Chicago.

President Hutchins of the University of Chicago, with the categories of Aris-

totelian logic on his lips and the lays of ancient Athens in his heart, would make the classics the core of education. He would find a place for science, a lesser place, but to him the education of sea captain and trader is definitely education in a narrow sense, perhaps even in an unworthy sense. He would have us drive by looking into a mirror at the rear of the car rather than through the windshield. Escaping from the microscopic attitude of statistical social science (which by all means should not be permitted to envelop one), he would substitute the periscopic version. A neo-Platonist, he can point to Plato, who saw life as shadows of reality; but at least Plato believed that he could not find any greater reality except through contemplation. While purporting to be a follower of Aristotle, he does so through the reflective eyes of St. Thomas, whereas Aristotle the Platonist could accept the theory of the master but he looked long on life and nature and established his universals on the basis of his own observations, not on shadows. Neither Plato nor Aristotle had the telescope at his disposal, nor the flexible powers of electricity at hand. If they had had these things, it is not impossible that they would have viewed the universe differently, that the Greek tradition of social respectability which left handicrafts to slaves and *metics* would not have controlled them. No such excuse is available to Hutchins, any more than it is to the British aristocracy which fed the young of its ruling group for centuries on classics and ruled with one eye on the feudal system.

It might be pointed out that one cannot long look on reflections and shadows as a way of viewing life without speedily seeing ghosts. Static primitive society and reactionary societies are governed by ghosts, by ancestral shades, but not progressive societies. Free of guilty feelings, they can accept and try to comprehend the past without the compulsion to propitiate or repeat it.

Professor Mortimer J. Adler makes the excellent point in *How to Read a Book* that most people do not know how to read. If they did, he argues, they could then read the classics, they could study with the great dead teachers instead of only learning from a rehash of the great in the classrooms of the ordinary. It is a good point that reading is at best not merely an ability to understand the words on a printed page; that a proper reading should develop an understanding of the purpose of the author, an appraisal of the success with which he achieves his purpose, and a judgment as to the relevancy of the argument of the book in the light of the reader's other experience and knowledge. Good teachers have known this for a long time. Within the generation remedial reading technics (and remedial arithmetic technics too) which diagnose and correct reading deficiencies have been developing. They have in large measure, though not entirely, been made necessary by the very circumstance of which Adler complains: that most students have not learned to read with understanding.

Now why is this? I believe it is an outcropping from the democratization of education. Formerly student bodies were composed of people who *wanted* to go to school; now in the primary years, and more and more in the years of secondary schooling, young people *must* go to school. When the student body was small it comprised principally the children of people who already had an educational background above the average. It was not the children of the illiterate and the semi-illiterate, of the immigrant, the ditch digger, and the laundress who went to high school—and certainly not in droves to universities. Wanting to learn rather than resisting learning makes learning easier and more certain; and research has indicated that family educational background is at least one important factor affecting intelligence quotients—the measure of learning facility. Moreover, compulsory school-attendance laws have brought within the schoolhouse hundreds of thousands of dull-minded children who cannot be

expected to read on a collegiate or even high school level, but who in a democracy are entitled, nevertheless, to such education as will develop their capacities. They have swamped the schools, which have failed to meet their needs, because, in the academic tradition, they have placed these dull children year after year in unequal competition with brighter children. This hodgepodge of students also interfered with the learning progress of the brighter children. But in this we have only the growing pains of democratic education which can readily be corrected by any society willing to pay the cost.

Though they may not be potential classical students, those dull but otherwise normal young people are educable, as anyone who has worked with them knows—that is to say, educable if one conceives of education as the development of individual capacities and as opening the way to individual satisfactions and social co-operation. They would be unable to master the cornucopia of great books listed by Professor Adler; but the inversion of the cornucopia into a dunce cap would scarcely answer the problems of democratic living.

As citizenship to-day is more inclusive than it was in the days of Plato it is difficult to see how the state can exclude its duller members from educational opportunity unless it is also prepared to exclude them from full participation in citizenship. I would not accuse the Chicago classicists of any such intention, although many another has believed in educational tests for voters.

If the dull were to be deprived of their privileges as citizens either because they were dull or because they failed to absorb that picture of the culture and institutions of the state which state narcissism desired to preserve they would, with progressive rapidity, lose the competence to maintain themselves and to defend themselves, and they would gradually be pushed into becoming a class of untouchables. For if there is anything to be learned from history of human institutions it is that any group in a community deprived of rights or powers possessed by others becomes increasingly degraded and weakened, increasingly feared and hated, until it becomes more and more hateful, fearful, and impotent even to itself. That is why the schooling of the dull members of a democracy must not be regarded as something less than education or even as a lesser or narrower education.

As human enterprises develop our needs and new means for their satisfactions, the social studies and scientific and vocational education have entered the schools to challenge the monopoly held for so many centuries by the traditional liberal arts. The breakdown of this monopoly of educational content parallels (*ex post facto*, it is true) the breakdown of the monopoly of social and political control by church and aristocracy, and the monopoly of scientific knowledge by church and university—it parallels the division of labor, the disappearance of feudalism, and the passing of static society.

Recent centuries have incorporated vast spheres into our knowledge and have developed inventions which in classical days would have condemned the inventor to exile or unpleasant death as a magician; these are now accepted as a functional part of everyday living. These spheres of knowledge and these inventions arouse the curiosity of our children. Seeing alone is not believing. They want to know how and why these wizardries occur; they want to try for themselves, and by trying they learn.

At the same time doing things, trying things in school is in part compensation for the lack of a chance to do things and try things in urbanized life. Mechanized homes, mechanized farms, mechanized transportation, mechanized entertainment have transformed our social ways more than we realize. Domestic skills have atrophied, household functions which had always placed responsibilities on the family and its members no longer

exist. The janitor, the cannery, cheap factory-made clothing, the replacements to be obtained in the five-and-ten-cent store for what is worn or broken, gas and electric stoves, mechanical refrigeration, installment buying, and many other conveniences and facilities have taken from people activities and purposes which had been a normal or even necessary part of everyday life. Those activities and purposes in themselves had educational values. It is because these daily contacts with facts and skills and responsibilities have been so drastically reduced that facts and skills and responsibilities must find a larger sphere in the program of schools.

The old school could carry on a verbalistic program, it could limit its field principally to words, with little danger of engendering a schism between the world of books and the world of experience which goes beyond books. For life outside the school, domestic and social life, supplied opportunities for translating school symbols into terms of sensory experiences. Political democracy was not threatened by the frustration of hundreds of thousands of young people from whom civilization has withdrawn creative opportunities at home, and to whom it has denied opportunity for work after graduation from school.

The modern school, on the other hand, must act in a world of more limited home experience, and it must teach the tool subjects (reading, writing, and figuring) and the cultural heritage under the shadow of post-graduate frustration for a large part of its students. Therefore schools to-day must approach education differently than the old schools did, differently even than the schools of half a generation ago did, if they are to fulfill the needs of modern society.

If the teacher has not been too narrowly educated in the classics, the sciences, the social sciences, or even the more directly vocational subjects, if he has the teaching spark, will it matter in the long run where the point of departure may be? Electricity, the law of real property, or the mercantile system may not afford identical ramification, but each of them may offer an avenue of culture to the teacher who is not wedded to the "dead teachers" of his specialty, and a learning situation to the student whose mind is stimulated by the particular approach. But there is no deader dog than the mishandled classics, as generations of Latin students can attest; and there is no more vitiating intellectual effort than that which commences with a worship of past greatness and leads to regurgitative contemplation of ideas disrupted from the current of their context.

IV

Let us return to the opening quotation from Plato's *The Laws*. In considering this quotation, suppose we omit subjective or moral judgments as to whether this or that education is or is not education in "a narrow sense" or in a broad sense; and whether the citizenship which is to be pursued is an "ideal perfection" or just citizenship. As a matter of fact, this is precisely what the age of science and the democratic state and the democratization of education have accomplished—and it is this tendency toward detachment of educational criteria from subjective judgments, expressed by moralistic adverbs and adjectives, that the classicists fear. They neither want to surrender their subjective judgments nor to test moral judgments in situations of life, in the development of children, and the satisfaction of their needs.

To concede that education for the practical is not narrower or lower education would be a concession that classical learning stands on a par with vocational training, consumer education, or laboratory science; that the discussion of great books of science is not better than the use of the faculties of experience—the hand and the eye, the senses and the emotions. Experience has taught us that "beauty is truth, truth beauty" only in a subjective sense—that this is not all one needs to know—that "ideal perfec-

tions" are only subjective, for they are the fabric of ideas and aspirations which are not subject to scientific proof or observation. This does not mean that such ideas and aspirations, such equation of beauty to truth, are not valid as ennobling subjective experiences and as the material for achieving educational values. But just because they are subjective they are not criteria for forming educational judgments and controlling educational practices. Because your beauty and mine are not the same your ideal perfection and mine may differ. Consequently, our truths will not prove to be identical.

If education is to be regarded as basic in a dynamic democracy let us not only subject it to the test of the judgment of the past but also to the criteria of its relevancy to the age of science. The age of science and the trend to democracy have given stature to objective judgments and to the common things in the lives of all people. You cannot fashion a democracy if the different interests of people are to be classified as broad or narrow, ideal or common, if the capacities of one group are to be satisfied and those of a less complex nature are to be ignored. Who in a democracy could make such a classification? Would it not require a caste system which in itself would be a contradiction in modern democracy? It may be worth while for a democracy to pay highly for the training of a technical expert, but for that reason it need not regard as less worth while the development of hundreds of untalented young people to perform unskilled tasks, to lead satisfactory lives, and to express at the polls their beliefs as to what is best for them and theirs.

Industrial and mechanical development, moreover, have opened more opportunities for men and women. Not necessarily more opportunities to win fortune or power—but certainly they have brought a multiplication of occupations, an expansion of leisure time, a transfer of accent from isolated farm to congested city, and a stimulation of imagination and necessity through advertising and entertainment. From this development come needs and opportunities which are translated into demands for educational satisfactions that are not to be circumscribed by the needs of candidates for the ministry, the bar, and the pharmacopoeia of medicine. Indeed, we cannot underscore too strongly the educational effects of our commercial culture, which convince average and subaverage people that there are new and splendid necessities which they must obtain, and offer them entertainment which flatters them with introductions to the fictional grandeurs of the screen and the periphery of the fine arts. And these educational effects call in turn for schooling that is not divorced from them, which does not close its eyes to the educational processes of life beyond the schools. The products of mass production may not be works of art and the entertainment of the masses may not be of classical standard—but there they are, plus the political power of millions to insist that the things they live by and enjoy shall be given respectability and vitality in their lives, that they shall be taught to use and appreciate them. Moreover, an economic system, whatever it may be, requires not only skills for production but also adaptability in consumption. It is one of the tasks of schools (whether or not they are conscious of it) to develop those skills and foster such adaptability in the maintenance of a thriving economy. Thus the novelty of to-day must illuminate the lesson of to-morrow.

It is certain that all state-maintained schooling aims at education in the duties of citizenship as well as its privileges, showing how the former are to be performed and the latter realized. Every state seeks to assure its longevity by continuance of its ideals and customs. Propaganda of the political and economic faith of the dominant groups of the state (narrow groups in autocratic states, broader groups as democratization is realized) is the long-term technic to this end. And schooling which aims to

perpetuate such ideals and customs has come to be the primary long-term institution for this propaganda of faith. But with democracy there has been introduced not merely a public school of a narcissistic culture seeking its political and economic immortality. In that school—perhaps because the interests of the dominant groups have expanded and concurrently the cultural narcissism has expanded—people have demanded to be taught not only the generalities of citizenship and the political and economic world, but specifically the realities of their own functioning in their own environment. Men and women in democratic lands have come to accept Jefferson's, not Plato's, objective of education: "To give to every citizen the information he needs for the transaction of his own business."

It is this impact of the scientific age, this humanism of democracy, that the classicist fails to appreciate. Like the scientist, he starts with the *a priori* idea, the feeling, the intuition; unlike the scientist, he embellishes it with some reason and more feeling but fails to give it objective valuation. He is sure of his criteria. Beauty tends to be truth to him absolutely, not in a relative sense, not as it springs from new experience or the satisfaction of individual impulses. Such absolutism was relevant to the work of St. Thomas Aquinas, who was demonstrating the philosophic validity of the authoritarian church. It is also relevant to categorical German philosophy and its Marxian offspring, which again are phrased in authoritarian idioms. But neither scientific nor democratic thinking can by its very nature be absolute. The one cannot evade exceptions which prove new rules, nor the other avoid variations inherent in mankind, and remain science or democracy.

Neither science nor democracy can find release in the paternal protection of certainties; but it is this very need for dependent thought and action, the search for protective certainty, which has thrown faltering peoples into the arms of dictators, has encouraged them to find in father-fantasies the hope of security.

The intellectual phase of this neurosis is to be found in present-day classicism. For classicism that is unrelieved by objective experiment, thought that is unrelated to eye and hand, have become again and again through the years retreats for neurotic scholarship, escapes for him who sees daring in an asterisk and finds immortal security in a footnote.

FOUR SECRETS OF EMPIRE

BY ERNEST O. HAUSER

British imperialism, like every other brand of imperialism, has been predatory. There is no point in arguing about this; it is a historic fact. What troubles conscientious democrats to-day is the awareness that the traces of undemocratic rule still linger on in many parts of the Empire; that Britain's administrators have not always taken advantage of the opportunity to give their "colonials" the freedom that Englishmen enjoy at home. Exploitation, in the word's most realistic sense, is still rampant in many lands under the British flag, where colonial officers and colonial merchants seem to form an unholy alliance, giving the natives no chance. It is easy to see those sore spots, easy to arrive at a quick verdict. But there is another side to this picture. Let us look at the Empire from another point of view—let us analyze that complex and quite amazing specimen, the colonial Englishman.

He is responsible for the fact that Britain's Empire still exists. When Hitler brought the war to England he thought that it would fall apart. Half a billion natives would revolt, the imperial structure would crack and collapse, and the victors would have no trouble stepping in where Englishmen had vanished. But he was wrong. Britain's Empire, intact, majestic, and undisturbed, still stands—the greatest miracle of our time. Out of every four human beings on this planet one owes allegiance to the British flag. The vast tablelands of Africa, the deserts of Arabia, the white cities and the deep-green jungles of India are effectively controlled by a small mobile army of men from Britain, numbering hardly more than a hundred thousand, counting both the tropical worsteds and the khaki uniforms. How is it done?

It is not done with mirrors. I have followed the Union Jack around the Seven Seas, have listened to the tick of that colossal machinery that keeps on moving quietly even now while England fights for her life; and I know that what keeps it moving is the quality of the Englishman abroad. I have found him well brought up, unexcited, humorless, and quite admirable. Above all, he is a gentleman. Running the Empire, in peace or at war, is a gentleman's job. It is still the most glamorous career Great Britain can offer. While our youngsters are daydreaming of U. S. Steel, General Motors, or Standard Oil, Great Britain's university boys dream of India, Ceylon, Fiji, Kenya.

"What is the essential distinction between a corporation aggregate and a partnership? . . . Discuss the Buddhist conception of the 'individual' on the basis of the terms atta, nama-rupa, puggala. . . . Determine the seasonal factor in the price of eggs. . . . Describe and explain the attitude of the United States toward European affairs." Never mind the answers: this is not a quiz. It is merely a sample collection of questions asked last year in the examinations that young Britons have to pass if they want to go out to run the British Empire. Year after year such well-trained young

men leave London by ship or plane to set up shop for the British Government in one of the four corners of the earth.

They go to practice what they have learned and they go to practice the thing that is in their blood: that amazing ability to rule. There are thirty-eight crown colonies to be ruled by such bright young men. There is India, the largest single unit in the British realm, and an administrative unit by itself—outside the sphere of the colonial office, but ruled by bright young men just the same. Let us observe the colonial Englishman in his crown colonies and in his India. It is there, not in the democratic, self-ruling white dominions, that the colonial Englishman has to deal with the vast and multicolored population which still lives under varying forms of disenfranchisement. It is there that he, a representative of a free nation, has to live with essentially undemocratic institutions. His personality then has to make up for the parasitism which still slows down the free flight of democracy throughout the British world.

On an outward bound P. & O. liner I remember meeting a pleasant young fellow who had just answered those tricky examination questions and who was en route to his first assignment—in Tanganyika. He sat in his deck chair smoking his briar pipe. Appeasement was still in the air and war seemed a long way off.

"Looking forward to the job?" I asked.

"Sounds like a bit of a hole," he said cheerfully and he handed me a little book with the imprint of His Majesty's Stationery Office. There under "Tanganyika" it said: "Prolonged residence in the coastal zone tends to result in a gradual deterioration in mental and physical energy . . . the best type of individual is one possessed of an even temper, who takes a cheerful outlook on life and is not easily disturbed by reverses. Those subject to fits of depression, violent temper, nervous and unbalanced types, are unsuitable for the tropics."

I took a look at my friend and imagined him in his "hole"—stalking about in mosquito boots, sweltering at night under a government-provided mosquito net, swallowing quinine tablets, waiting for his water to be boiled before he could drink it, attempting to thrive on a diet of fruit, green vegetables, milk, and eggs, wearing dark goggles and a *topi*, watching for tsetse flies and spirillum ticks and, in his spare time, administering his section of the Empire. An even temper indeed was needed for the job.

"Really, you cannot kick a coolie any more these days and get away with it," said my friend Llewellyn Thorpe once with uncommon frankness. "If you do he is liable to say 'Just a moment, master,' and return with a policeman. Every fez-covered dirty little buggy driver in India knows to-day that he is a human being—a human being with a vote. He knows that this vote puts some of his countrymen into high places where they can meet the white man on equal terms. And although he will put up with a lot, from sheer tradition and friendliness, he won't stand for maltreatment." Mr. Thorpe was a member of the Indian Civil Service in Madras, and I always admired his detachment: he could discourse on the problems of India as if he had nothing whatever to do with them.

Although it is difficult to go through India (which is at war not as an ally but as part of Britain) without thinking of the astounding cruelty with which it was conquered for the British *raj*, it is evident that by now the old-time "conqueror" has disappeared. Both the military and the civil servants whom I have met measure up to the standard of the British gentleman: Make no parade of courage—it should be presupposed; let your enemy mistake calmness for cowardice; be an amateur when it comes to money; be quick to acknowledge your errors.

The business of ordering people about no doubt is serious. Whether they are black Africans or bronzed Malays or dark yellow Chinese—you give your order and they take it, silently. There is no comeback, and unless a man is a gentleman it is likely to do something

ugly to him. Englishmen make better sahibs than Frenchmen or, for that matter, Americans. Careful breeding and careful selection qualify them for the job, and so strong is the imprint of their gentlemanly training that they often seem smothered under it. But underneath that suave and sometimes effeminate-seeming exterior you may have occasion to discover that they are tough —tougher than English mutton chops.

Sitting with me on the porch of his bungalow, overlooking the lush park where wild cockatoos were making little noises, where a dark turbaned gardener was busying himself on the well-clipped lawns, Mr. Cecil Irvine indulged in a bit of philosophy. "Co-operation," he said, "is going to save the Empire" (he said "Empaahr"). While he talked, sipping his tea, he paused now and then to take a silk handkerchief out of the sleeve of his white jacket, mop his brow, and put the handkerchief back into the sleeve. "Governing India by force," he said, "is ridiculous. We couldn't hold it for two years."

At this moment a sharp noise coming from the bushes in the park before us interrupted him. It was the turbaned Hindu gardener who suddenly yelled like a wounded animal, dropped his rake and came running with a face that was horror-stricken. "Cobra," he shouted. He stopped, trembling with fear.

Thereupon Mr. Irvine performed the most interesting act I have ever been privileged to witness. Slowly he got up, walked toward the spot where the gardener had spied the snake and, with a sudden jerk, bent down. He grasped the snake between his fingers, pinching it behind its head. Presently, with a jolt of his arm, he broke it—using a twist that killed it by dislodging its vertebrae. Then, as if he had done nothing more spectacular than lighting a cigarette, he threw the limp rope of a dead snake into the bush and came back, using his silk handkerchief with languid grace. "Damn' nuisance, those snakes," he said. "Poisonous, y'know."

The Englishwoman abroad does her share in holding the Empire together. She submits to the humdrum routine of a colonial existence which does not give her much fun. In her tailored linen suit she goes to meet the other ladies for a game of backgammon or mah-jongg or for a knitting party in the morning. She soon learns that she cannot wear white silk because it washes yellow, or georgette because it splits. She seldom complains: if her husband flies home by Imperial Airways she does not mind following him in the second-class stateroom of a slow steamer. Without complaint she takes care of a Hindu urchin who has been bitten by a mad dog and who staggers to her house—because there is no hospital near enough. Without complaint she will look under the bed before retiring, expecting anything from a snake to an Afridi tribesman to be hiding there.

She has a host of servants at her command and she has to make them do the work—whether she wants to bake the cake herself or not. Woe to the English lady who stoops to do part of her housework with her own hands; she will soon find herself in the midst of an irreparable mess, left to drift through kitchen and pantry without guidance, and without any authority whatsoever. The American-born (and Vassar-graduated) wife of a colonial Englishman had her own slant on this perplexing problem. "It's not so much the servants as the English husbands," she said, "who make it prohibitive to touch anything that looks like housework. Why, one day shortly after we had first come out I prepared breakfast for my husband. And what do you think he did? First thing I knew he gave me his shoes to shine!"

In some of the African colonies the climate is so devilish that the Government frankly discourages the taking along of white women. Officers going to the Gold Coast are officially advised "not to bring out their wives until they have themselves seen the conditions of living or until they have consulted some

woman who has had previous residence." Some men out there are frank to admit that they do not want too many women about. "Take a small station in the interior," said a young Scot; "if you have one woman, fine. She'll be the queen and everyone will worship her. If you have two of them—well, there is a fifty-fifty chance that peace can be preserved. Three means the end of harmony, because Mrs. X will prefer the company of Mrs. Y to that of Mrs. Z, and Mrs. Z will tell her husband that junior officer Y is a no-good so-and-so. No, sir, you can't have three women out there and still be happy. Matter of fact, with the climate what it is and with nothing else to do, I don't blame the ladies for getting restless."

But the lone Englishman in the tropics who enjoys an American movie once in a while is greatly intrigued and stimulated by the dashing young woman of the Ann Sheridan type sauntering through the bush in cute little shorts, her glamorous make-up impervious to the indelicacies of a hellish climate. And, when the show is over and he staggers out into the blistering inferno from which there is no escape, he prays that nothing may ever happen to blight the imagination of Hollywood producers.

II

The British Empire is run by gentlemen—not by brutes, *bon vivants*, or bishops. If this is the first secret of empire, the principle of government by mirage is the second. In the vast subcontinent of India, which holds three-quarters of the Empire's population, British rule is as elusive as the little man who wasn't there—now you see it, now you don't.

It was an early landing, shortly before sunrise, and we were steaming into port when I went up on deck to have my first look at Bombay. There it was, looking as if it had crawled out of this boiling ocean, alive and quivering, and not beautiful, with domes and spires white and gray. Above it, in a strawberry sky, black birds of prey were drawing quiet circles. Then we dropped anchor, and coolies with red turbans and with matches instead of legs swarmed all over our ship like so many ants. Presently the whitest sun rose above the horizon, the heat became oppressive, and I remember that I felt fear as I walked down the gangplank into a smelling, yelling, cataclysmic riot of a town.

Pushing my way through filthy streets that seemed to simmer in this blistering heat, my ears humming with the absurd chirping of a thousand foreign tongues, my eyes dazzled by strange new shades of yellow, red, and blue, I smelled and saw and heard the matchless monstrosity that is India. Street cars rumbled by filled with clusters of fez- or turban-covered scrambling humanity, limpid animal eyes that belonged to white cows or dark people stared past me, and the bare feet of men and women stamped stolidly through the yellow dust. India roared past me and neither cows nor men nor women would focus those limpid eyes on me, the stranger.

Then suddenly I saw the mirage—as one sees a deep-blue lake and palm trees rise out of a desert. There it was: the shimmering façade of a domed hotel—and in the cool lobby I beheld white faces, cigarettes, lapels—Englishmen and English women lingering over whiskey sodas, newspapers that had no front page, and seven-course tiffins. There was no heat, and not a single white cow was lying across my path. And I expected the mirage to dissolve into thin air any minute.

But it didn't, and I saw more of them as I went deeper into India. You can travel through the red-hot countryside for days without ever encountering a white face until suddenly the mirage rises out of the mist again, a strangely comforting sight. And three hundred and fifty million people, from Kashmir down to Cape Comorin, bow to seventy thousand white men who live in air-conditioned solitude, who are everywhere because they are

nowhere, whom you can see but not touch. Quietly they move in their cars from home to office to club to home, and they complete that circle without running afoul of a world they never made: the hot and strange world of barren mountains, teeming cities, and impenetrable jungles. They do not mingle with those who were here first, they do not admit them to their clubs and houses, they do not meet them except on business.

It is the British idea of power—floating power. Where Spaniards proselytize, where Frenchmen freely mingle, where Americans teach and uplift, Englishmen stay aloof—and rule.

The conquering English recognized long ago that it would be impossible to put the white man on top of India's endless social ladder—into a separate super caste, as it were. The British official who sat in his office could never expect to outshine those native noblemen who came to see him with elephants and white horses, bringing their servants and dancing girls, dressed in brocade and covered with jewels. The British official could be different—he couldn't be higher.

"You see," a British civil servant explained to me in Bombay, "the people of India have been used to the mysterious antics of their own rulers, the rajahs. This is why they have been able to look at us without surprise. As a matter of fact, it is a mutual feeling about the other fellow's being endowed with mysterious qualities. Most of us Englishmen actually believe that there is such a thing as the Indian rope trick—you know: a boy climbing up an unsupported rope, and disappearing when he's got to the top. We believe the fantastic story of the magician whose performance was scheduled for six o'clock, and who did not show up until six-thirty. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said. 'Just look at your watches. It is only six o'clock.' And, by Jove, it was." He cleared his throat. *He*, of course, did not believe in the mysterious qualities of his three hundred and fifty million neighbors.

Much of what he said, however, was confirmed by my friend Domodar, a Hindu dentist up in Kathiawar, and a member of Mr. Gandhi's Congress Party. "The Englishman goes out to run his Empire without a superiority complex," he said. "He doesn't think he is superior: he *knows*. And that makes all the difference in the world. Why bother to prove your superiority if its presence is an indisputable fact? Anybody who is not an Englishman is so utterly different, so distinctly inferior, that no Englishman would ever attempt to make a point of it."

"Don't you find such arrogance annoying?" I asked.

"Not in the least. Those convenient blanks in the Englishman's mind make it much easier to get along with him. You see, most of us colored races have developed over a period of centuries a sacred tradition of hospitality. The Englishman, who cannot eat our food, who doesn't know our customs, who isn't very well equipped to stand our climate, is a stranger here. He enjoys the privilege of our hospitality whether he likes it or not. As our ruler he is exposed to our hearty disapproval. As our guest he is an object of both pity and respect."

Here is the answer to the strange contradiction that a radical nationalist in India and elsewhere, who would like nothing better than see the British clear out of his country to-day, will go out of his way to bring his English oppressor a warm coat or a cool drink.

"The funny thing about our so-called revolution," said Domodar, "is that it is directed by English gentlemen with an Oxford accent. They are Hindus only by race. Otherwise they are British lawyers who have returned from London's Inner Temple to run the Indian Revolution. They know the British mind, they fight England with its own weapons. But they are closer to the English hierarchy than they would admit. They are frustrated Englishmen."

"Would you call Mr. Gandhi a frustrated Englishman?" I said, recalling his

successful career as a lawyer. Domodar did not answer: the Mahatma is above discussion.

But there is some truth in what Domodar said. For all the aloofness of the British ruling group, there is a class of well-bred Hindus who insist on "equality" and thus attempt to be Englishmen with dark skins—the antithesis of two hundred years of British administration. Two of these bright and unhappy young men once went to Firpo's—Calcutta's smart night club—only to be told by the manager that they would not be admitted in their *dhotis* (the simple loin cloth); Indians were welcome guests at Firpo's, but they would have to come in European dress—or, at least, in their long formal garments. My two friends, smelling a rat, went to the trouble of putting on their handsome coats and tight trousers which Hindus wear at formal occasions, and to their surprise they were admitted without argument.

In a way this inferiority complex has been accentuated by the recent "Indianization" of the Indian Government. Under the new constitution which gives Indians a large share of authority, some of those well-bred Hindus found themselves suddenly promoted to high governmental positions; and a few of these could not take it. One of them, who held a Cabinet job, made it a point to keep British officers waiting for hours when they came to see him on urgent business, cynically telling his friends that it was about time the British learned how to cool their heels in this hot climate.

But the mirage is still floating in hot air, impervious to the touch of the native. Ask an Englishman in Calcutta whether he has ever been to a Hindu home, to eat dinner there with his hands, without knives and forks; ask an Englishman in Fiji whether he has ever taken one of those South Sea Island beauties out for a dance; ask an Englishman in Colombo whether he would ever go to spend a week-end with a Tamil family in their cool bungalow up in Kandy. You won't get a straight "No" for an answer; rather a surprised jolt along the lines of a Hollywood "double take"—how was that again?

Their aloofness, their disinclination to proselytize natives of other countries, is half the secret of the success of the colonial British. It explains the remarkable fact that a few hundred civil servants, supported by an "army" of seventy thousand British soldiers, rule the three hundred and fifty million people of the Indian Empire. Frenchmen go to their colonies and make Frenchmen out of the natives. In their African territories the Negroes are taught to speak French, they are given positions in the French hierarchy, they become French citizens, and they may end up as Parisians. With the British it is different. British officers in black Africa learn native dialects—Africans are not encouraged to learn English—and the administration is carried on according to old native concepts, with the native hierarchy functioning *alongside* the British. The natives may rise—but they'll never rise to be black Englishmen. They will always be Africans, and proud of it. They will never drink water from the lake that rises, among palm trees, out of their desert land. For the lake and the palm trees and those white office buildings and hotels are a mirage.

III

The third secret of the British Empire is that it is run as a club with headquarters in London.

I had the embarrassing privilege of listening, at an Englishman's house, to the news of the abdication of King Edward VIII. It was a made-to-order illustration of Empire symbolism. When the radio announcer had finished with his historic message there was a silence that seemed to last for hours. My host and his young wife were staring into space, paralyzed, unbelieving. Then suddenly they rose and fell into each other's arms. She sobbed, and he found no more appropriate words of consolation than:

"Darling, we still have each other!" Ridiculous? Sublime. The highest officer of the world's most exclusive club had disregarded the rules—and these two humble members had nothing left but themselves!

The men and women who enjoy the privileges of the Club are island people transplanted into a world throbbing with excitement. They soon find out that the old island attitude—expressed in the legendary headline, "Fog Over English Channel; Continent Isolated"—won't do. They soon find that they are in the center of a maelstrom, not on the edge. Because they are close to club members all over the globe, they realize the organic connection between happenings in Africa, Europe, Asia.

The Mr. Smythe who directs a safari through a deserted part of Africa is likely to have a brother in the Governor's office in Hongkong, a cousin by the name of Hawkins in Penang, two more cousins by the name of Smythe in India, and an uncle known to the world as Sir Archibald in Palestine. These relatives know one another intimately; Hawkins and the older Smythe went to Cambridge with the Smythe who is on safari just now. They exchange letters once in a while, and if they don't, Lady Cynthia, who is Uncle Archie's wife and who lives all alone in the Kensington Square mansion, will tell them all about the other members of the Imperial Smythe family in her Christmas letters. Aunt Cynthia in Kensington Square is the living link between Cousin Hawkins in Penang and Cousin Smythe in East Africa. Aunt Cynthia links two parts of the Empire.

I knew Hawkins in Penang and Hawkins told me about it. "With most of us," he said, "it is an obsession. It runs in families like a disease, and the first symptoms are likely to break out at an early stage. If your great-grandfather was with the East India Company, and your grandfather in China, and your father died in South Africa—how could you expect a youngster to sit still and live and die in England?"

This organic connection, the membership in one great club where the Smythes and Hawkinses and Irvines and Aldridges have equal rights and duties, makes Imperial Britons peculiarly susceptible to the goings-on in the world. Back in 1938, when the British people at home swallowed Mr. Chamberlain's "peace in our time," the Smythes and Hawkinses abroad uttered a plain "phooey." They knew, better than Mr. Chamberlain and better than Lady Cynthia, who never left Kensington Square, what it was all about. They knew what Germany was doing in South Africa, Japan in East Asia, Italy in Egypt. They did not believe in appeasement and they started to enlist as volunteers. The Empire was ready for war long before England was.

The Empire is run like a club, and it is hard to become a member. You pay your heavy fees while you are in. Try to get out and you are branded as a shirker. Slander besmirched the flawless reputation of Sir Victor Sassoon, whose ancestors had made their fortune in the Imperial opium trade, when he transferred his millions from India to Hongkong. He said he did it because India's nationalist movement hampered British business there. But a malicious rumor implied that India's high taxes were the real reason for the transfer. Here was somebody who wanted to enjoy the advantages of the Club—Hongkong was part of the Empire, too—without paying his membership fee. The members did not approve.

But most of them pay those fees without an argument. A government mining engineer living in an isolated jungle town in Burma was a rebel in his own right. "This does not make sense," he told me one day in 1938. "Why should we fight for England? England has stuck her nose into the affairs of the Continent for hundreds of years, and when England gets into trouble we in the Empire have to stop working and put on our uniforms. It doesn't make sense. England is a millstone round the Empire's neck. Let them move Whitehall

to Canada and there'll be peace." I heard from him again last Christmas. He had stopped working and put on the uniform of the R.A.F. He had been one of the first to volunteer and had already had a close shave: bailed out of a burning plane. "Up and at 'em!" was written on the outside of the envelope.

Your membership never expires. Leave the service and go to settle in Victoria, B. C., or in England, and you will find that you do not fit back into a society which you left when you were young. You will be respected and taken seriously, but you will be an outcast. Who wants to talk to you about the administration of the Unfederated Malay States? And, like all frustrated men, you will search for kindred spirits wherever you go. You will spot a fellow ex-service man in the thickest crowd, and all homebodies will leave the room as soon as they hear the familiar—"Let me see—in 1927? I believe I was in Poonaaah at that time."

Within the Club life is regulated by rigid standards. A British colonel who lives with his wife in a charming little bungalow in the outskirts of Singapore was kind enough to let me see his domestic budget. I reproduce it here, stripped of non-essentials:

Boy	$25 a month *
Cook	30
Gardener	16
Driver	32.50
Washerman	11
Little Agatha's Chinese Amah	30
Total	$144.50

* Straits dollar.

These standards have not changed much since Victorian times. The British Empire as we know it is Victorian. Its style of life was, until yesterday, a style which had gone out of fashion in Europe many decades ago. In the artificial atmosphere of the colonies it could perpetuate itself until it became ridiculous. To-day, faced with new and fearsome realities, many of the colonial gentlemen are taking the plunge from the Victorian Age into the Twentieth Century. When the war broke out the Empire was a changing world; to-day the changing process proceeds at an accelerated pace.

Blocks of modern apartment houses have gone up in the cities of the Empire, and the Englishman is moving out of his dark and dingy bungalow and going to live in a flat where there is less danger of scorpions, spiders, snakes, and rats. He uses an electric refrigerator, has begun to refer to his tiffin as lunch, and entertains his friends at cocktails which have begun to shed their quotation marks. He listens to the short-wave radio, and what he hears may come from the bombed cities of England or, perchance, from America. Meet the white man in his office on some forlorn island of the South Seas, and he will ask you, in all seriousness: "Don't you think that Kaltenborn has been a bit anti-British these last few days? And what the devil did Raymond Gram Swing mean when he said . . ."

If it takes a month or two to get to your post in the remote corner of some distant continent you are not likely to be surprised to find a living room that could have been your grandmother's. But with your office only four or five days removed from England by Imperial Airways, you expect to find something that is less artificial and less archaic. You expect to find an electric fan instead of punkahs slowly moved back and forth by a withered old woman crouching in the hall outside. You expect a telephone instead of a chit book. You expect a garage instead of stables.

But Britain's colonial empire is at war, and membership in the club which administers it has once more become the White Man's burden. Not in Kipling's sense to be sure. Colonial officials and merchants alike have become the pawns in a game that is played for larger stakes. A safari through African jungles may be ambushed by black or white Italians. Singapore, where cheerful Aussies pleasantly upset the club routine, may be attacked by Japanese bombers from Thailand. Little Hongkong may be

wiped out by hostile forces—which would not have to be particularly large to do the job. And even the rock of Gibraltar has land approaches that are not impregnable. Enemy raiders may pour shells into the teeming ports of India and into the sheltered bays of South Sea islands. The wars of Europe may spill over into the rugged hills of Palestine. And although the colonial Englishman knows that it will be a pleasure to fight back, he knows also that he is left to fight against overwhelming odds. He is exposed—even more exposed than people in London and Plymouth.

Even in those parts of the Empire that are, at this writing, still only technically at war there is enough physical hardship to make the white man's proverbial burden seem quite weighty. Englishmen were born to live in England, where the moist and chilly air keeps their blood and their brains from going stale. Most of the thirty-eight colonies are situated in the tropics, and you'll have to fight the sun—a good and gracious planet in the temperate zone, a devilish white monster near the equator. You'll have to wear your *topi* lest you be struck down by the monster, and even with such protection your blood will be thinned out and your resistance weakened. Demons lurk behind the whispering palm trees and the green hills of your colonial residence. The demon malaria is ready to pounce upon you in the quiet hours of the night, and when you are given your first mosquito net on arrival at your post the ceremony is as grim as the issue of a gun. Take your five grains of quinine every day, don't scratch bites, and watch out for the dread symptoms of blackwater, typhoid fever, dysentery. Live comfortably, don't drink alcohol before sundown, and don't hurry—you may fool the demons that way.

"All this is tolerable," said Captain Fitzsimmons of His Majesty's administration in Nigeria, "as long as you sit still. The trouble is, you're not supposed to. 'Keep moving' is the motto for most of the African service, and your covered-wagon pioneering of the golden forties was luxurious compared to our safari. Have a look at the standard outfit that we are expected to maintain: two airtight metal uniform cases; a folding camp bed; two folding deck chairs; a metal hip bath with wicker lining; an enamel basin with a canvas cover; a folding mirror; two candlesticks; two hurricane lanterns and two buckets. Imagine cruising through hell with a folding mirror and two candlesticks!"

IV

I like to call to mind the picture of a British judge holding forth in his red robe and silky white wig in the sweltering halls of the Hongkong Supreme Court during the first year of the war. The case before him was a routine matter: opium. But the accused was not routine: in the wooden stall, watched by bearded Sikh policemen, there stood the loveliest Chinese woman I have ever seen. I sat among the spectators with Walter Chong, a young Chinese business man. "This," whispered Walter, "is a grotesque persiflage of justice. Every child knows that we should never have taken to opium if it were not for the British. They forced it upon our people, they fought a war for the privilege of selling it to us, and they cleared millions in profits. Won't they let us alone?"

The lovely young woman pleaded guilty: she had smuggled opium into the colony and she was sorry. Tears ran down her cheeks as she heard the verdict—two years of hard labor. Then the judge looked at her and said something that the law did not require him to say: "Opium poisons the Chinese people. It weakens their morale, and it makes them unable to resist their enemies. We have to stamp it out in this colony, and the law makes no allowance for age or sex. It is an unpleasant duty."

Walter cleared his throat. "The judge is right," he said. "And it's all right to have a Britisher say it too. These people are better than their grandfathers."

I enjoy repeating Walter's remark to

those who see in Britain's Empire nothing but a semi-feudal institution, held together by the very methods Britain is fighting in Europe—Nazi methods. It seems to me that those critics overlook one fact: British justice.

The native people of the Empire have come to appreciate it. They know that wherever there is a British judge on the bench they are getting a square deal. The Malay coolie and the blackest cannibal are subject to the white man's law; they are not subject to his arbitrary whims. And this square deal is the last and the most solid of the four pillars upon which Britain's Empire rests.

Britain's guarantee of justice, acknowledged by Indian nationalists and African bushmen alike, is incompatible with "Nazi methods." Nazi justice is largely emotional; British justice is stripped of all personal elements. I remember the case of an African chief who, under his own authority, had administered a flogging to a British trader. The British investigated and found that the trader had been annoying the native women round the post, and that he had deserved his punishment; they found also that the chief had overstepped the limits of his authority. Result: the chief was formally deprived of his chiefhood. Then he was ceremoniously reinstated.

I think it is the appreciation of British justice which has suddenly turned the tide in some of the most anti-British corners of the world. To-day, in Britain's dark hour, the "oppressed and exploited" colonials reward decency with decency. India, instead of seizing this godsent opportunity and stabbing her British "oppressors" in the back, is actually co-operating with Britain in her fight against Nazi barbarism. Hindus who were ready to fight Britain yesterday will come out to-day and tell you that "Gandhi's life under Hitler wouldn't be worth an *anna*." Or, as one of them put it, "Even a bad man when he has made up his mind to do a good thing must be helped; he must be helped all the more." And those who are still speaking of the golden opportunity for revolt are calmly told by their own countrymen that they ought to be handed over—just for one day of course—to the Gestapo.

Indeed, a spontaneous wave of sympathy has rewarded Britain's imperial servants all over the world. Of all the signs of good fellowship and co-operation in the face of the common danger, the most moving news has come to me from the exposed port city of Aden, which was bombed repeatedly by Italian planes. The Arabs and the Hindus, the Parsis and the Sikhs formally agreed to forget their most jealously guarded differences of race, religion, and caste, and to allow their air-raid dead to be buried in common ground—an unprecedented sacrifice.

To-day, while London burns, the amazing Englishman sits in his Empire and does the most efficient ruling job ever done in the history of men. He does it without the roving spirit of his adventurer ancestors, without the cruelty of the conquistadores, without a missionary complex, without imagination, and without illusions. He sits there, braving a blistering heat, monsoons, typhoons, the long rains and the short rains, the mosquitoes and the flies, ghastly diseases, grotesquely high living costs, unpalatable food, and crêpe georgette that splits. He sits in his bar, his bungalow, his office; he reads age-old newspapers and laughs about idiotic jokes. He does not mind the blackout and the anti-aircraft practice, and he still finds time to go for a slow drive under a diamond-studded sky. But in those sweltering nights he dreams of a little house in Surrey.

How long will he be able to go on? The question is difficult to answer. For the British Empire is a club, and it is one of the rules of the club that all affairs should be dealt with according to precedents. Is it perhaps this rule that makes it impossible for Imperial Englishmen to envisage defeat? If you ask them about it they will tell you, with a blank and humorless face that looks more convincing than the muzzle of an eighteen-inch gun, that there is no precedent for it.

LATIN AMERICA: SOIL FOR DEMOCRACY?

HITLER'S PROSPECTS AND OURS

BY LEWIS HANKE

ALTHOUGH the pundits in this country who discourse on Latin-American affairs disagree on many points, probably most of them would agree that the problem of the clash of ideologies in Latin America is one of the most important and least understood aspects of inter-American relations. We have tended to regard Latin America as the scene of a simple struggle between the forces of democracy and those of totalitarianism. In observing this struggle from afar we have placed great emphasis on the utterances of the Latin-American leaders. When Colonel Batista of Cuba, or President Ubico of Guatemala, or President Aguirre of Chile has declared for hemisphere defense and democracy we have eagerly taken note. And we have been correspondingly concerned when President Vargas of Brazil seemed to move toward fascism in 1937, even though he hastened to explain that his regime was a special brand of democracy he had designed to meet particular Brazilian conditions. So urgent and so continental did the issue appear to the Foreign Ministers assembled at Havana in 1939 that they agreed to recommend to their governments "that necessary measures be taken to eradicate from the Americas the spread of doctrines that tend to place in jeopardy the common Inter-American democratic ideal."

Declarations for democracy are heartening of course, but up to now we have pretty thoroughly neglected to ask the fundamentally important question: What is the character of the soil in Latin America in which foreign ideologies—of whatever sort—must take root if they are to have force and meaning? For the struggle between the two great conflicting ideas of our time is conditioned, in Latin America as everywhere else, by the existing social structure and the predispositions of men's minds. We need to know what ideas in Latin America already exist and stand ready to accept, reject, or modify the invading philosophies. We need to know what groups there will naturally offer congenial ground to democracy or totalitarianism, and why. And we must try to discover how we, who are committed to practicing democracy and encouraging its growth in the Americas, can associate ourselves with those elements which offer the most hope for the eventual triumph of democracy.

In trying to answer these questions we find several vociferous groups in Latin America as well as in this country which cherish mutually exclusive points of view. There are the Pan-American optimists. For them every recommendation of a Pan-American congress has the force of law, and they appear to believe that President Roosevelt's Good Neighbor policy is about to raise up in Latin America a solid phalanx of democratic nations united on a sincere and steadfast anti-totalitarian policy. Then there are the pessimists who claim that true

democracies do not exist now in Latin America and probably never will. They mention poverty, disease, illiteracy, and geographical obstacles. As one Central American has put it: "Neither liberty nor democracy has ever existed or been practiced in the Latin-American countries. . . . To speak of democracy, of liberty, is an irony, and a bloody and disgraceful irony."

A third and even more extreme position is taken by a cynical Latin-American friend of mine who maintains that Latin America not only has no real democracy but has no original ideas of its own whatsoever, and is thus at the mercy of every ideological wind that blows. Even when his fellow-citizens adopt a foreign idea, he charges they do so ignorantly without trying to relate it to the needs and possibilities of their own country. He illustrates his view with several stories. One concerns the removal in 1808 of the Portuguese court to Brazil, to avoid capture by Napoleon's armies. The ladies of Brazil, fluttered by the prospect of royalty at close range, hurried to the port to watch them disembark. To their astonishment, the high-born ladies of Portugal stepped ashore with their hair cut short. What a charming new coiffure, murmured the Brazilians, and hurried home to duplicate the effect, not knowing that the Portuguese ladies had taken this desperate measure to rid themselves of the lice which infested the ancient boats that had brought them from Lisbon. He cited the more recent example of the Mexican Minister of Education a generation ago who believed that the basic problem of Mexico was to convey Greek thought to the Indians, and to this end devoted much of his own time and the public funds to the translation and distribution of Plato's *Republic* and Aristotle's *Politics*.

Here, declared my friend, we have excellent examples of the ways of Latin Americans. "They adopt foreign ideas without understanding them and without reference to conditions in their own countries. The Latin-American counterparts of the cultural and ideological movements from overseas have been grotesque falsifications without vitality or any creative force whatsoever. We have been *El Continente Reflejo*—The Reflecting Continent—which has deformed the image projected from afar."

Generalizations such as these must of course be taken with Mark Twain's barrel of salt. Because of our incorrigible habit of generalizing about the continent as a whole, we have been guilty of both over-optimism and over-pessimism. The fact is that the diversity among the twenty Latin-American republics is such that almost any sweeping statement about the continent as a whole, particularly about its "spirit," is bound to be untrue because it ignores the profound differences among the twenty republics. Yet it is arguable that certain large social and economic classes exist generally throughout the continent. These may be roughly designated as the conservative land-owning society, the cultural fusionists, and the urban industrial society. The proportionate importance of these three groups varies from country to country, but all are found in each country. And one begins to find in an examination of the interests and outlooks of these several groups an answer to the important question: What soil does Latin America offer for the growth of democracy—what for totalitarianism?

II

The conservative landholders trace their fortunes back to the sixteenth century when conquistadores were granted huge tracts of land as a reward for their services in the New World to the kings of Spain and Portugal. They believe in a strong Catholic church, a semi-feudal government and society, and are loath to encourage such "dangerous" movements as mass education and trade unionism. In countries where Indians form a large part of the population no effort is made by this group to incorporate the Indians into the body politic.

One of the best descriptions of this class is to be found in the brilliant opening chapter of George McBride's *Chile: Land and Society*, which is entitled "Master and Man." Professor McBride describes the owner of a Chilean estate and his worker as follows:

> These two men represent the sharply differentiated classes into which Chilean society has been divided for several centuries. Until recent years there were no others. There was a landholding aristocracy, well educated, far-traveled, highly cultured, in full control of the national life; and quite apart from them a lower class, often spoken of with mixed disdain and affection as the "rotos" (ragged ones), constituting the fixed tenantry of the rural estates. The landowner has commanded, a landless people has obeyed. A man's status has been determined by whether or not he owned an *hacienda* or, at least, by whether he belonged to a landholding family. Position in life, occupation, opportunity depended mainly on this. Possession of ability, attainment in education, achievement in any line, even acquisition of wealth has meant less than being born into a circle that monopolized the land resources of the nation. Here has existed a New World country with the social organization of Old Spain; a twentieth century people still preserving a feudal society; a republic based on the equality of man, yet with a blue-blood aristocracy and a servile class as distinctly separated as in any of the monarchies of the Old World.

This social structure exists to some degree in every country. In Mexico, as everyone knows, much land has already been distributed to the Indians, but even there great estates are still to be found. In Guatemala, where there has been no demand for land by the submerged classes, there is an extraordinary concentration of landholding in a few hands. In this distinctively agricultural country less than ten per cent of the population has land and there is no solicitude on the part of the government to improve the lot of the landless. Naturally enough the large landowners do nothing to encourage the Indians to occupy the public land in Guatemala still available to buyers; for they feel that if a thoroughgoing distribution of this land were effected their cheap labor might disappear and the economic basis of their life would be undermined.

Brazil has her great coffee estates on which live the *colonos* or laborers fixed to the soil in somewhat the same fashion as feudal serfs were bound to their lord's glebe in medieval Europe. It is only when one passes beyond the area of the excellent *terra roxa* or rich, red soil of São Paulo and pushes out to the frontier that individual colonists may be found hewing out their own destiny amidst primitive conditions. Chile, despite her Popular Front government, has distributed no land, and Argentina, Peru—indeed practically all countries in Latin America—still have a top-heavy economic, social, and political structure because of this pyramiding of land in the hands of a few. In the countries where the Indian population is numerous this agrarian feudalism has created a gulf between the governing class and the people so deep that some Latin-American sociologists assert that Lima society, for example, is as far removed from the native population of Andean Peru as a New York banker is from a Mexican Indian.

If Latin America is to create a society which will enable these landless and depressed, therefore restless and potentially dangerous groups, to be transformed into responsible citizens land must be found for them. That such action is expropriation and violates the basic principle of private property rights is one of the firmest convictions of the conservative groups. Naturally these feudal lords never favored homesteading laws and—because of the possibility of bloody revolt—in some countries face the alternatives of surrendering part of their lands voluntarily and without compensation or of losing them entirely. Whenever the number of landowners increases it is natural to suppose that the movement toward a democratic structure of government will be quickened.

The totalitarian doctrines may be expected to find most of their adherents and sympathizers within this landowning society as now constituted. It is to Germany's economic interest to aid in maintaining the old semi-feudal social and

economic situation, inasmuch as Germany needs raw materials and a market for her manufactured goods. Just as Philip II in the second half of the sixteenth century opposed the growth of the textile industry in Peru and Mexico in the interests of Spanish producers, so would Germany probably attempt to foster an agrarian society dominated by feudal aristocrats sympathetic to at least some of their ideas. In Colombia, therefore, where the conservatives are political "outs," it would not be surprising for them to flirt and perhaps intrigue with Nazi elements. How far even the conservative groups would go toward accepting the whole of totalitarian doctrine is another question. Most of them are devout Catholics and cannot really approve of a pagan Germany. But anti-Semitism would be relatively easy for them to adopt as would be the idea that a chosen group such as themselves should continue to rule the rest of the people. Many of these conservative landholders are personally charming people of cosmopolitan education, but in countries such as Mexico where their influence is on the wane they dream of the past which could be restored and kept in being only by a dictatorship, and in other countries they might be willing to adopt totalitarian forms to maintain themselves in power.

Of course not all large landowners are blind and uncompromising defenders of the *status quo*. One sugar plantation I visited some years ago was run according to an intelligent, albeit paternalistic, regime, which included even a coeducational school. Some thirty years ago when the owner first suggested the idea his workers strongly protested against allowing their sons and daughters to attend the same school during the "electric years." But the owner persuaded them to appoint a parents' committee to supervise the school during the first few months and practically all the parents became enthusiastic supporters of the new and revolutionary system of education. Such far-seeing plantation owners are in a minority; certainly few have been sympathetic to the declaration by the Peruvian thinker, José Carlos Mariátegui:

"We are not content with revising the rights of the Indian, his culture, his progress, his appreciation or his place in heaven. We begin by indicating his right to the land."

These conservatives find little to commend in our "unbridled democracy" as they call it and become even more purple-faced when discussing the New Deal than our own most reactionary business men. A typical representative of this group recently returned from Spain, where he found General Franco just a little too leftish to suit him. Such a group, therefore, is but a slender reed for democracy to lean upon, and totalitarian ideology would find there a warmer welcome.

III

The second group, the cultural fusionists, has a spiritual rather than an economic basis. It is made up of poets and philosophers, drawn from various economic levels—the novelists, journalists, professors, anthropologists, and some government officials—who believe that their America must develop an individual, autochthonous culture based upon the proposition that all the races in each country must be fused into an integrated national body politic. The problem revolves round their attitude toward the Indians and mixed races and, as in the case of the great landed estates, has its roots in the conquest.

The Spaniards who overran America in the sixteenth century solemnly disputed whether the natives were rational beings, barbarians, or a sort of soulless intermediate species between men and beasts. Each of these views found adherents and the literary strife amongst them produced numerous writings of interest to the historian. Bartolomé de Las Casas, the "Apostle of the Indians," composed a magisterial treatise to prove that the Indians were eminently rational

beings, and in fact fulfilled every one of Aristotle's requisites for the good life. The din of this controversy even reached the ears of Pope Paul III, who promulgated in 1537 the famous bull *Sublimis Deus* which proclaimed that the natives were indeed human beings whose souls must be won for the Church and whose property and lives could not be rightfully commandeered by the Spaniards. So hotly did the dispute continue that Charles V finally ordered a social and political experiment to be performed to discover whether Indians could live like Christians. A control village was actually set up for this purpose in Cuba about 1531. This first social experiment in the New World failed, much to the delight of the "dirty dog" school of thought, which was ever afterward steadfastly opposed by the "noble savage" group. Throughout the three centuries of colonial life the Indian, though generally conceded a soul, was still largely confined to hewing wood and carrying water for his Spanish masters, who in general used him without much reference to that soul. It is suggestive of the approach of that time that the prize winner in an essay contest, held about 1800, to determine means of humanizing Indians in Guatemala, offered the sublimely simple proposal that they be made to wear Spanish pants and boots.

The Indians entered the political arena again in the Spanish-American revolutions of the early nineteenth century, serving mostly as cannon fodder but winning their freedom on paper. Francisco de Miranda, one of the early revolutionary leaders, in his eloquent appeal to the inhabitants of Venezuela, referred to the Indians and *mestizos* as "Citizens" and one of the first decrees of General San Martín stated: "Henceforward the indigenous inhabitants of Peru shall not be called Indians, but Peruvians." During the remainder of the century little change resulted in the lives of the Indians, but since 1900 a more fundamental program based upon this earlier philosophy has been embarked upon.

The poets and philosophers who hold the cultural fusionist view insist that the re-evaluation of the Indian is an indispensable condition for the existence of a real nation. They feel that their democratic constitutions will be a legal fiction while the Indians and other races are not incorporated into the life of the nation. A recent illustration of this truth occurred during the Chaco War when the Bolivian Indians, who had been herded to the front by the dominant whites, sometimes threw away their rifles while the thoroughly assimilated Paraguayans fought bravely to the last. As Moisés Sáenz, present Mexican Ambassador to Peru, has written:

> There must be cultural integration. A *mestizo* body must have a *mestizo* soul. Trying to apply the Nordic standard of the white man is both unjust and futile. Let our civilization bravely accept the basic fact of our Indo-Iberic mixture, let our Indians have a voice and we may create a new world.

What do these racial theories have to do with totalitarianism versus democracy in Latin America? A good deal. One essential part of the Nazi doctrine, known all over the world, is its scorn for mixed races, for Negroes, Indians, and all who are considered not pure-blooded Nordics. Some Germans appear to realize this obstacle to winning adherents in Latin America; for Indian Commissioner John Collier believes that it was to attract Indians in the Americas to totalitarianism that a German court in a test case recently pronounced a Sioux Indian an Aryan, therefore eligible to German citizenship. Even this violence to anthropological fact does not wholly solve the problem, for some prominent personalities are only *part* Indian and thus, according to the Nazi party line, a part of that inferior scum, the mixed races. Although Nazi agents may attempt to play down this phase of Nazi thought, Latin Americans are well aware of it, and the presence in every Latin-American country of refugees from Hitler's regime is a constant reminder of this idea so alien to the cultural fusionists.

The leaders of this group recognize the menace of the Nazi doctrine and have called upon their followers to stand firm against it. The *Apristas*, a revolutionary party in Peru, who in the past have resisted every sort of foreign imperialism, including our own, are now strongly in favor of President Roosevelt's anti-totalitarian policy. Their leader, Raúl Haya de la Torre, still under surveillance in Peru, has recently declared that the totalitarian racial ideas are much more dangerous than our economic imperialism. Whereas there is reason to hope, he writes, that the economic differences between the United States and Latin America may eventually be resolved, the Nazi regime with its disdain for mixed races is a graver and more permanent menace. Haya de la Torre has published articles on this subject in Mexican and Chilean newspapers as well, taking occasion to point out that the feudal aristocracies in Latin America have always scorned the Negro, the Indian, and mixed races. Even though the Aprista movement may be numerically small, when their leaders enthusiastically approve of any part of the policy of the "Colossus of the North"—that is news!

Other Peruvians, such as the more conservative Professor Víctor Andrés Belaúnde, support the Apristas in their emphasis upon the idea that the future of their country is bound up with the fact of their mixed races. The Argentine writer Ricardo Rojas exults in the sense of brotherhood among all races which have found asylum in his beloved Argentina.

Brazil, where there exists a large Negro population, as well as some Indians and many European immigrants, has throughout its history prided itself upon its lack of racial prejudice and upon the fact that all kinds and conditions of men have been accepted there. Brazilian intellectuals are alive to the importance of this unifying concept to their national life, and such a tract as Archibald MacLeish's *The Irresponsibles*, which charged our intellectuals with indifference toward the basic issue of our day, the choice between the freedom or enslavement of the human mind, could never be leveled at them. In 1933, shortly after Hitler rose to power, a manifesto was printed in Rio made up of contributions by some thirty-four Brazilian intellectuals, among them such distinguished figures as Afrânio Peixoto of Rio and Plinio Barreto of São Paulo, entitled *Por que Ser Anti-Semita?* The burning of Jewish books in Germany, the expulsion and virtual enslavement of the Jews was not only explicitly condemned but the opportunity was taken to reaffirm the writers' belief in the soundness of Brazilian racial doctrine and practice. It was, they said, "the clamor of a group of enlightened Brazilian consciences against the action of backward barbarians" and the following statement is typical:

> Always have we been in the past, we are to-day and we believe that we will always be resistant to those ignoble fools who attempt to divide mankind into pure families and impure families, into superior castes and degraded castes, into semi-divine groups and semi-animal groups. In practice all of us in Brazil follow this sound and kindly philosophy which makes all peoples brothers—disunited brothers, imperfect brothers, some tall brothers and some short brothers, some white brothers and some black brothers—but, at last, all brothers. Some peoples may be more intelligent than ours—or more warlike, more ancient or more expert, more beautiful, stronger, or more ferocious than we are—none, however, in any age, under any sky has ever understood better the old and well founded and beautiful truth of human equality on the face of the earth.

These principles have been put into practice and are not mere "literary talk." Under the Brazilian monarchical regime of the nineteenth century any Brazilian—no matter what his origin, race, or color—could become Prime Minister and lead the country. Mulattoes and Negroes such as Rebouças and Saldanha Marinho, though of humble birth, were prominent in political life. It was perfectly natural for Brazilians to see Nilo Peçanha, a Mulatto of very humble origin follow, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, Lauro Muller, the blue-eyed and purely

Aryan son of a poor German colonist of Santa Catarina in southern Brazil.

And even under the pressure of events of the past eight years, the Brazilian intellectuals have held fast to this conviction, exemplified particularly well by Gilberto Freyre, Brazilian sociologist and historian. Freyre delivered a lecture in Pernambuco last June on the occasion of the celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the independence of Portugal. His thesis was that the Portuguese-Brazilian unique contribution to the world was a social framework which permitted and encouraged a free intercommunication of cultures and a thoroughgoing mixture of races. Against any outside influence which would threaten this structure Freyre would fight, and his lecture was a passionate affirmation of this culture. He considers it a duty to oppose all racial imperialism which might prevent Brazil and Portugal from carrying on their vast experiment in ethnical and social democratization. Freyre no more approves Nazi Aryanism than he does the "greaser" baiting and Jim Crowism that goes on in the United States.

It is incidentally instructive to note that even the Brazilian Integralista party, which was believed to have had German and Italian ideological connections, did not lift its voice against those who favor the incorporation of all race elements into the Brazilian state, a fact which suggests the strength of that idea. Totalitarian doctrines, particularly Nazi racial ideas, can expect only opposition from the Latin-American cultural fusionists and what is important, this group is more nobly nationalistic than any other in Latin America.

If we are inclined to dismiss their possible political influence with a shrug, it must be remembered that their writers are highly esteemed, more so than in the United States, and often attain high political posts. Bartolomé Mitre, an outstanding nineteenth-century Argentine historian, also served his country as a general and finally became president. How few of our historians have also been generals! And poets are especially honored in Latin America. When Amado Nervo of Mexico died in Montevideo, Argentina and Uruguay each sent a battleship to escort his body home and a Cuban warship later joined the procession into Vera Cruz. When the Nicaraguan poet, Rubén Darío traveled through the Spanish-American countries his journey was like a royal progress. Guillermo Valencia, one of Colombia's greatest poets and intellectuals to-day, twice ran for the presidency, and it was not considered strange that a writer of verse should seek the highest political position in his country. These writers, then, constitute an important and articulate group which wields a great and at times decisive influence in public affairs.

In view of the contemporary fears that an Axis-dominated Spain will be able to flood Spanish America with totalitarian doctrine, because of their common language and cultural heritage, let it be said at once that the Spanish-American republics are strongly individual nations not likely to follow blindly the lead of their mother country for that reason alone. A rough analogy may be found in our relation to England and the war. During all the discussion of the Lend-Lease Bill Administration forces were wise enough to emphasize its urgent defense nature and omitted all references to Shakespeare and to blood being thicker than water. Just so the "Council of Hispanism" recently set up in Madrid will not greatly influence Spanish America unless these countries find in its program measures of compelling national interest, and the Council may do more harm than good to the totalitarian cause if it unduly harps on the common language and culture theme. During the nineteenth-century revolutions when the colonies threw off the Spanish yoke there was a good deal of twisting of the Spanish lion's tail, and this form of exercise is still widely indulged in. As Bartolomé Mitre said: "Spain has been the stepmother, rather

than the true mother, of Spanish America." A somewhat similar situation obtains in Brazil with respect to Portugal.

The present political significance of the cultural fusionists thus becomes clear. An essential part of their credo is that a new culture based upon a mixture of races and peoples is coming into being in the New World, which must not be halted by any influence from abroad. As the Liberator Simón Bolívar declared about 1820, Spanish Americans are neither Europeans nor Indians, though descended from them. José Marti, the Cuban patriot; Domingo F. Sarmiento, the Argentine educator; and Andrés Bello, the Venezuelan scholar—indeed all the clearest and most influential voices of the poets and philosophers of Latin America—have exalted the *American* qualities of their cultures and have felt themselves a part of a new world and not merely overseas Spaniards or Portuguese. Jorge Basadre, important Peruvian historian and present librarian of the ancient University of San Marcos in Lima, has summed up movingly the case for Peru which a cultural fusionist of any other nation of Latin America would surely subscribe to for his own country:

> We must always welcome all persons who come in good faith to collaborate with us in our national development; we must always steadfastly oppose anyone, whoever it may be, who attempts to divide us, to exploit us, or to dominate us.
>
> A great battle is in progress in Latin America. Rival European, North American, and Asiatic interests struggle fiercely for our markets, our raw materials, and our spiritual direction. In face of this chaos, what attitude shall we Peruvians adopt?
>
> What must guide us is love for Peru, concern for the needs of Peru, and defense of the interests of Peru.

IV

According to an old Spanish proverb "*la máquina ni entiende ni habla español*"—the machine neither understands nor speaks Spanish. But in Buenos Aires, Santiago, Medellin, Monterrey, and other Latin-American cities the machine now speaks Spanish without stuttering. And in São Paulo, Brazil, the machine speaks Portuguese very rapidly indeed! There are definite signs of an industrial coming of age in the larger Latin-American countries. And it is in this newly created urban industrial society that I believe we may expect to find eventually some of the most stalwart defenders of our "common inter-American democratic ideal."

The handicaps to any rapid or widespread industrialization are obvious and arise from a shortage of coal, capital, and workable iron deposits, and limited domestic market. But experts such as George Wythe of the Department of Commerce emphasize the possibility of a new type of industrialization based upon new technology and the uses of new power resources, such as fuel oil and hydroelectric power. The great Cubatão plant near São Paulo now boasts the eighth largest hydroelectric generating capacity in the world, and may become third when additions now in progress are completed. There is plenty of reserve elsewhere too; for the World Power Conference has estimated that Latin America possesses fifteen per cent of the world's total water power resources. The hydroelectric power potential of South America alone is considered greater than that of all Europe and about the same as that of North America.

It is perhaps fortunate that great amounts of capital are not now available, for unhealthy mushroom growth will thus be avoided. Many of the textile mills, breweries, shoe factories, cigarette factories, and flour mills now in operation grew out of small nest eggs which accumulated in Latin America or were brought there by immigrants. "Count" Francisco Matarazzo, the leading industrialist of São Paulo and perhaps of all South America, left Italy as an immigrant. Up to his death in 1937 at the age of eighty-odd he actively directed the numerous factories, banks, steamship lines, and trading organizations which he had established and developed.

Refugees to-day from Vienna, Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Paris are bringing their hoarded capital to start industries afresh in the New World. Both Argentina and Brazil are reported to have received more than $25,000,000 in this way since the outbreak of the war, and the effects of this transfer are already apparent. One of the largest of the new industrial projects thus made possible is a great tannery which has just been established in Brazil by Belgians who fled ahead of the Nazi invasion. They hope to supply both the local market and old customers of long standing in this country. Another Belgian refugee has just reëstablished himself in the diamond-cutting business in Rio de Janeiro, and a long-established Belgian-controlled iron works in Brazil is being expanded now with refugee capital. It is also expected that capital for similar enterprises will be provided in judicious quantities by our Export-Import Bank; witness the $20,000,000 loan to Brazil for a steel mill. Some local capital stands ready now to be ventured in respectable amounts. Klabin Industries, one of Brazil's most powerful companies with extensive timber holdings in Paraná state, has recently completed arrangements to establish a pulp and paper mill there, entirely with Brazilian capital. The mill will cost $4,500,000 and will produce 120 tons of newsprint per day, or enough to provide approximately 70 per cent of the country's newsprint requirements. The necessary machinery and the 18,000 horsepower hydroelectric plant are being purchased in the United States and Canada.

A labor supply to man these factories can be found, and the personnel to direct them is being trained. Representatives of one of our great firms with branches all over the world have stated that the average Mexican and Argentinian is quite the equal in mechanical ability of the average European. Likewise technical education among Latin Americans has been considerably developed since the World War, despite the widespread belief among certain classes there that a man demeans himself if he works with his hands. In Chile, for example, an excellent technical school, the Santa María University, was set up about nine years ago, made possible by the fortune bequeathed by a wealthy Chilean. In a society where the private giving of money for public purposes is a rare occurrence, the donation of this technical school to Chile by a Chilean is in itself an indication that fresh winds are blowing there.

But what connection do factories in Latin America have with democracy there? A very close one. For industrialization will tend to raise the standard of living of the people, and unless this is done democracy can hardly be achieved. In Guatemala, for example, the estimated per capita net income of $32 per year scarcely provides good soil for the growth of popular government. The illiterate and desperately poor masses, almost untouched by government activities, know little concerning those in control and care less. Can many of the 45 million Brazilians, whose average annual consumption of manufactured goods is $12, give much thought to the issue of totalitarianism versus democracy? It is significant that it is in industrially advanced Argentina, the greatest per capita productive power, that the will of the people is becoming increasingly important.

The Brazilian sociologist Josué de Castro has made clear what low purchasing power means in the daily lives of his people. His recent investigation of the budgets of 500 families in Pernambuco reveals that of the average daily wage of 20 cents earned by the head of each household, 70 per cent goes for food. These families rarely buy fresh meat or milk and are forced to subsist on a heavy and unbalanced diet of rice and beans. The total milk consumption of these 500 families, with a total of 976 children, is only 26 liters of milk per day. Some foreign companies find it necessary to provide their workmen with a free

lunch to insure efficient work during the afternoon. Another index of the standard of living in this vast and potentially wealthy country may be found in the government report that of 544 cities of over 2,000 population recently surveyed, only 200 had water and sewerage systems.

Such facts as these give point to the complaint voiced by the Brazilian economists Raul Bopp and Danton Jobim in their exceedingly frank survey of Brazil's economic situation, *Sol e Banana:*

> We have alive and writing 11,300 poets, absorbed in their literary excitements, far removed from practical questions. In addition we have in Brazil 8,500 students absorbing law, and less than 200 students of chemistry. Brazil must modify her educational system to produce the technicians she needs.

To those who fear that the industrialization of Latin America may result in a diminution of the volume of our exports to those countries, it is perhaps sufficient to point out that our largest export trade has been with those countries of the world most industrially advanced. If the new steel mill being erected in Brazil with United States money will help to develop Brazilian industry by furnishing cheaper steel, an inevitable result will be an improvement in Brazilian living standards and an expanded market for our products. The autarchical conditions existing in the predominantly agricultural zones of Brazil which produce most of the few products needed for local consumption reduce extraordinarily the purchasing power of more than two-thirds of the 45,000,000 inhabitants of Brazil.

Brazilians are wont to cite the figures from the League of Nations industrial index that only Soviet Russia since 1929 has had a greater proportionate industrial increase than Brazil. It is well to emphasize the rate of increase rather than present accomplishments. For in 1937 the total value of the manufactures of Argentina, which is the most industrialized country in Latin America, with over 13 million inhabitants and the third largest city in the Western hemisphere, was less than that of the city of Philadelphia. And the total annual industrial production of Brazil amounts to only five hundred million dollars.

It is of course open to question whether industrial magnates are in themselves any more democratic than conservative landowners. Certainly Fritz Thyssen and other German industrialists helped to hoist Hitler into the saddle. It is not from the industrial leaders that we may expect support for the democratic way of life, but from the middle and working classes which industrialism will produce. For workers released from the grip of the agrarian feudal regime who have escaped into the cities will swell the trades unions, already 1,800,000 strong, which are on the whole pro-democratic. Eventually and inevitably these organized workers will feel the strength of their numbers and will play an increasingly important part in national affairs. Incidentally, gifted individuals will be quick to seize the opportunities offered by the cities to develop themselves in the arts and professions. Thus the various national cultures will be enriched by a greater range of talents.

It is, therefore, this growing industrial society which provides a suitable soil for the growth of democracy and which is a natural enemy, both of totalitarian ideas and totalitarian economic practices. For one of the weakest points of Germany's appeal to Latin America lies in the thus far carefully unstressed fact that it is to Germany's interest to maintain Latin America in a semi-feudal social and economic condition, the various countries serving as essentially colonial economic dependencies of the industrial Reich and a possible Reich-dominated Europe.

V

Granting this possible development, what can we do to aid an emerging industrial society? Should we not begin by recognizing the truth that the stability of Latin America and of our relations

with it are bound up with the future of the plain people there? Certainly this view is winning important adherents. Louis C. Rabaut, the shrewd Michigan Congressman who presides over the Appropriations Committee which listened to the State Department's plea this year for more funds to implement the cultural-relations program with Latin America, asked one searching question on every project presented: How is this proposed activity going to reach the masses in Latin America? And Vice-President Henry A. Wallace returned from the inauguration of President Ávila Camacho in Mexico City convinced that the United States must sound an earthier note toward Latin America.

There is need of an explicit declaration of policy on this point. Word comes from Bogotá that the representatives of Nelson Rockefeller who, as Coordinator of Commercial and Cultural Relations between the American Republics, has despatched various expeditions southward for various purposes, were described in the local newspapers as the "Misión de los Milionarios." Some groups here have charged, according to the Institute for Propaganda Analysis, that Mr. Rockefeller has surrounded himself with conservatives; that none of his aides "is acquainted with the labor and progressive movements in Latin America, that none of them sympathizes with these movements." The Division of Cultural Relations of the State Department, which has thus far concentrated its efforts on the intellectual classes, probably was wise to make this decision. For there is and will continue to be need to convince the Latin-American intellectuals, who wield immense influence, that we have, besides great national wealth, a respectable national culture. In the future, however, a new orientation toward the people as a whole, including the rising industrial classes, will be needed.

A declaration of policy will help to prevent misunderstanding, but action must follow. It must be understood too that some things are not possible. We cannot, for example, eat our way to an All-American economic victory as Miss Dorothy Thompson seems to believe. She suggests that we should open our gates to a vast new immigration from Europe which would stimulate the industrialization of this country and thereby provide enlarged markets for Latin-American produce. Would it not be simpler for the immigration to flow to Latin America directly? Even if we were to buy more hemisphere products, would it not be impolitic to so dominate their markets that we should in effect perpetuate the very colonial economy from which they are attempting to free themselves?

In the industrialization of Latin America, however, the United States has a great role to play. As Roberto Simonsen, one of the foremost industrialists and economists of São Paulo, has pointed out, Latin America needs machinery rather than articles for immediate consumption. In other words she needs our technics, and it is precisely in this field that we are competent to help. In some ways it is fortunate that industrialization in Latin America is such a relatively recent development, for manufacturers to-day can take advantage of the latest technological developments without having to scrap expensive equipment.

Along the way certain prejudices will have to be overcome and new points of view established. In the days of the Industrial Revolution the industrial nations severely punished, sometimes by death, their technical workers who emigrated to teach abroad the organization of industries like those at home. The eighteenth-century "Enlightened Despot" Pombal encountered great difficulties in founding industries in Portugal because it was virtually impossible to import technicians. To-day the problem is reversed. The tide of nationalism is running so high in some Latin-American countries that few foreign technicians are allowed to enter. Naturally

this slows up industrialization. To-day there is a double necessity for Latin Americans to recognize their own need for technicians in both large and small industries and for us to supply the men who can fill this need.

Another step to foster industrial development is now being taken by the trade tour for "industrial exploration" of South America which twenty-eight representatives of our largest industries began on March 17th. The tour is sponsored by the National Research Council, and one of its objectives is to investigate ways to link our industrial technics with the raw materials produced there. This tour ought to be matched by a trip here by Latin-American industrialists.

Perhaps even more important would be a large-scale program of training a considerable number of young Latin Americans in our banks, factories, hospitals, and technical schools. Here we could well afford to emulate the carefully planned industrial fellowship program of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, which since 1912 has kept a steady flow of capable young men and women coming to this country with the assistance of our industrial, medical, and financial institutions. A similar group for Latin America would provide a solid technical basis for industrial development there and would ensure, if our government and industry co-operate, a constant flow of modern technics southward.

VI

To return to our original question: Does Latin America provide soil for totalitarianism or for democracy? The answer is plain—for both.

The conservative land-owning society held over from and clinging to the past cannot be expected to defend or advance democracy, although in those countries where redistribution of the land is being made this society cannot avoid a slow development away from its present reactionary character. The middle and laboring class is, in Latin America as elsewhere, the class in which the natural defenders of democracy will be found. As industrialization increases the potentialities and powers of this class will grow also. This lies principally in the future.

But what of the masses in Latin America *to-day?* Have the cultural fusionists impressed them enough so that they recognize the menace to their way of life inherent in a Hitler vistory? Will they understand and appreciate our policy if we try to reach them with our cultural, economic, and political program? It is difficult to say. But some indication of the discernment of which plain people are capable—even illiterates from the lowest economic class—may be seen in the letter I have just received from a Brazilian friend who writes:

> I have seen groups of humble Mulattoes standing before newspaper offices in many Brazilian cities reading or having read to them the latest war despatches and rejoicing when a British victory is posted or a German defeat announced. Once I asked one of them why. He replied that the German government was unfriendly to colored people and wanted only whites to dominate, a situation which he felt a Brazilian could never tolerate. I am certain that these Brazilian workers like individual Germans and Italians, who have often married Mulattoes, better than individual Englishmen or North Americans whom they have known usually as their superiors in the always unpopular gas and electric companies. But they understand vaguely that the Nazi principles are contrary to the traditions and democratic aspirations of the Brazilian people and would thwart the movement, always increasing, toward equality of opportunity for the social and economic advancement of men of all races and all colors.

Whether or not the plain people in all parts of Latin America know as well as these humble Brazilian laborers where their best interests lie, we do not know. Education, material well-being, responsible citizenship, and the right to determine their own spiritual direction—all their hopes—are bound up with the eventual increase of democratic realities in Latin America.

This nation's job is to formulate and pursue without deviation a national policy bent on insuring that increase.

MY PIGEON PAIR

A STORY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

JENNY had left two folded extra blankets for me on the large chair at the foot of her bed and the bed was turned down. The studio was very like others she had lived in, and it was strange to see her bright-colored and oddly matched furniture without her large person moving awkwardly about to make me feel at home among it. All her paintings stood in a dovetailed outlining row on the floor against the four walls of the room.

In the bathroom, above the old-fashioned oval wash basin, hung two medicine cabinets. The one with the red loop of ribbon hung from its latch would be Jenny's and the other her roomer's. I wondered if Jenny's roomer had come home and was then in the little room beyond the bath's other door.

I was tired from my trip, and I had had my dinner on the train and so wanted only to get to sleep and be really rested for the morning. I reached for my pocketbook and took out and, by the student lamp that arched from the table at the end of Jenny's bed, re-read the note she had sent me.

Leaving key with supt. [she had written in her generous hand]. Have to be away but want you to use studio just the same. Ring Supt. bell. Don't try to keep food. Roaches and no ice. Eat out. Sleep in studio. Bedroom rented out to girl who clerks. Has own door to hall and bath and won't bother you. Has boy friend. May be there. May not. Walls thin. If she cries at night, never mind it. Hope elevated doesn't keep you awake. Have a good time. Sorry to miss you. Love, Jenny.

I turned off the light, and the squares of the window went from dark blue to gray blue, patterned with rows of lights. The window squares threw a wavering pattern on the wall and on Jenny's haphazard pieces of furniture, and in my weariness I got a feeling as if the place had lately been under water, that the huddling chairs had been washed where they stood, and that the pictures round the room were flotsam. The elevated trains, on a level with the storey below, roared like some mighty chance-timed surf. Rest, comfort even, was not easily come by in Jenny's matter-of-fact bed. I lay and tried to get used to the noise of the trains and of the cars, trucks, and buses in the street below.

After a little I heard a key turning in the lock and started up, thinking someone was trying to get into the room, and then lay back, remembering the little girl in Jenny's bedroom. The wall was very thin, for I could hear the girl's slow step, and knew quite well as she moved about what she was doing.

I saw her in my imagining hanging up her coat in a mothproof cardboard cupboard like the one in the studio where I lay, laying her turban and her cotton gloves away in the top drawer of a small chest, and then turning to the kitchen end of her little room. It must be that the room was about the size of Jenny's bathroom. I heard her turning on the switch of the little electric plate: low, medium, high, and the little click of

each turn. Then she filled a small teakettle with water at the bathroom tap—I heard the lid fitted on the kettle and then the grating sound of it being slid on to the burner. A spoon tapped against the side of a smaller pan. I imagined the girl with a limp organdy apron tied about her waist, an apron sent her at Christmastime from an aunt in Iowa to remind her of home. Jenny assured me that almost all New York young people were from States away. I saw her stand patiently waiting for the gray-pink coils to turn fiery red and for the water in the kettle to heat. I heard the sound of a plate thumped down on the enamel-topped table, and then knife, fork, and spoon put beside it, and lastly a heavy glass that could only be an emptied and saved jelly glass.

A little afterward the smell of coffee came to me, the girl slid a chair to the table and sat down to eat. I wondered how it was that she had come from work so late. Obviously she had not eaten out. There were places possibly where a girl who clerked could shop after work. I wondered if the friend Jenny spoke of in her note would be coming to see the girl. I hoped that he would come and lift the tiredness that was in her steps by saying they would go to a movie.

The girl shoved back her chair and for moments walked briskly and determinedly about the room. She was putting things to rights it was plain. She took pillows from the bed against the wall, spanked them, and tossed them back. Then she went back to the table. Whatever disorder there had been in the room had annoyed her, I told myself, and she had needed to right it before she could enjoy her second cup of coffee.

There were steps in the hallway that slowed near the studio door, and then the train thundered below, and when quiet came again there were voices in the room beyond the wall. The girl was saying, "I thought you weren't coming. I waited and you didn't come."

"I'm sorry," the man said. "I couldn't make it." Both their voices were young, the girl's tired, determinedly steady, with, I felt, kept-back reproach in it.

"I thought something must have held you up," she said. "I waited."

"I'm sorry," the boy said.

"It's all right," the girl said. "I warmed up some stew. Will you have some? I've had all I want."

"No. No, thanks," the boy said, and his voice was both tired and wary. "You go ahead and finish your supper."

"Well, some coffee then? You'll have some coffee, won't you?"

"Thanks."

"Wait! Here, let me poke a fork in the holes of this milk can. They stop up. The milk's all right though. I opened it just last night, and it's been in the shaft window all day. There! I've been meaning to go out and get a little pitcher, but I can't seem to remember it at noon."

I heard the rattle of cup and saucer on the enamel-topped table. Then the girl's voice came, tender, half-afraid to ask. "You didn't find anything?"

"Nope."

"Here, take some more milk. Take some sugar."

"Thanks."

"Allen?"

"Um?"

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"I haven't done anything, have I?"

"No, a-course not."

"Then why—why did you draw your hand away when I touched you?"

"I was reaching for the sugar."

"Yes—but you drew away."

"Don't imagine things, Judy!"

"I don't mean to."

"The old girl gone?"

I had been listening as you listen to a radio serial, so lost in their talk that I had forgotten I was listening, and I was startled to have them speak of Jenny.

"Yes, she's out of town. I saw her yesterday in the hall, giving Mrs. Grimes the key."

"You pay her before she left?"

"I sure did. That's what I pay first, my rent. Nobody can say anything to you, about anything, if your rent's paid." There was a sudden sharpness in her voice.

A train came.

When I heard them again the boy was up from his chair, walking the little he could walk, in the length there was in the tiny room. Then he sat down heavily on the bed, and I heard a chair being slid across the room to him, and the girl said, "There, stretch out, Allen, and rest, and please, honey, put your cigarettes in this ash tray."

"That an ash tray?" There was lightness and a trying at humor in the boy's voice.

"It may look like a saucer to you, but it better be an ash tray." How quick she was to answer his lightness with hers.

I heard her bring water from the bathroom, and at the little table wash the few dishes and then set them away in the cupboard over the table. The boy lay on the bed. When she had finished she came to the bed and sat down beside him.

"Hello, Allen," she said.

"Hello, Judy," he said. He patted the round of her slender arm.

I wanted to get up, to take hold of Jenny's heavy bed and drag it to some other part of the room, as far from the thin wall and from them as possible; but I knew that they did not know that I was there, that they believed themselves alone now, after the many times of reminding each other that Jenny was there and might hear them. I tried to remove myself from them in my thoughts, to leave them to themselves and to whatever happiness their being there together could bring them. I did my best to feel as a city woman might feel, to hear without hearing, without caring; but it was not easy to a night ear tuned to snow sliding from eaves or branches and to the far barking of neighbors' dogs. I put my mind on the trains and listened for them, counted between their comings, and waited for and heard those crashings in the street below that to a city ear mean nothing at all if heard, and to me are astounding.

The boy and girl talked on, and I heard every word that they said between the coming of the trains. The girl seemed so eager that they be at peace, with no difference between them, seemed ready to try to forget some hurt, some unwilling grudge she held against him.

"Allen," she said, "why don't you talk to me?"

The young man sighed and stirred. "I can't. I don't want to talk. What is there to say?"

The girl was still a while and then said, "You used to talk. You used always to have something to say, things you'd been waiting to say—saving for me."

"Did I?" There was a little tenderness, along with wonder at this old self of his she spoke of, in his voice. "What did I say?"

"You know what you said. I know, I remember every word, but I don't want to say it. You don't want me to say it for you, do you? Say it back to you? What good would that be?"

"No good, I guess, Judy. Why do we have to talk?"

"We don't have to. You're tired, aren't you?"

"Yes."

Her voice was low so that I could hardly hear it, and very gentle. "'You're my treasure, my sweet!'" she said. "You used always to say that to me. 'My treasure.' Now, I say it to you. 'My treasure!'" Her voice broke suddenly on the word "treasure," and I felt, more than heard, felt it through the thin wall, that he had taken her by the arms and was shaking her.

"Judy," he said, "don't be like this, honey. Can't we just be quiet? Can't I come here and we just rest, just be quiet? Why do we have to be talking? I came, didn't I?"

"Yes, but after you made me wait! You let me wait. Do you think I

wasn't tired waiting there, standing there so long? I was so tired I could die! I kept saying to myself, 'Would he wait this long for me?' Would you, Allen?"

"I have, times a-plenty."

"That was long ago. That was—that was before. Would you wait that long now, Allen, and ever come to see me again if I let you down?"

Trains drowned them.

When I heard them again I knew that the boy was holding her in his arms, was caressing her. "You know what'll happen, Judy, if we go on like this," he was saying. "My God, I thought last time if we ever went through that again, if you started in talking again about being scared, and what would we do, I'd go crazy. That's what we've got to think about, Judy. Do you think I don't want to love you?"

The girl laughed suddenly, like a child, and I heard her quick kisses and her voice, between laughing and crying, "Oh, Allen, why did you wait? Why didn't you say so? I don't care! I don't care about anything if you love me, if you tell me you love me. Tonight you didn't say it. You didn't come to me and kiss me and say you were sorry you made me wait. You just stood there by the door. Honey, I know I'm silly but I can't help it. If you'll just say it when you come I can stand just being quiet then, just sitting by you and not talking. I can stand our not being together, or I can stand our being together. I can even stand being scared, like I was last month. I can stand anything!"

"You think you can now," the boy said, "but—"

"Honey, I don't think anything. There isn't anything I have to think about, but that you love me, that you said it—"

"I didn't say it," the boy said, playfully. "I just said, honey, don't you think I *want* to love you?"

"Then say it, say it, 'My treasure,' and 'I love you, Judy. I will always love you!' Oh Allen—I know I oughtn't to talk like this, I try to hold back talking like this. I don't think a girl ought to, but I love you so! I can stand on my two feet all day and smile and always be nice to people, because I know—I think I know—that when night comes I'll maybe see you and I'll hear you, and you'll hold me."

"Judy, Judy!"

I heard their kisses. I heard the boy saying doggedly, like a boy talking in sleep, who has fallen asleep trying to work a hard problem, "Judy, we haven't anything. I haven't any job. What would happen to you?. . ."

I wrapped Jenny's thick pillow about my head, not to hear, and then, under cover of the roaring of a train, slipped from the bed and went and stood by the studio window, looking down on the tracks and on the street below. I stood with my hands pressed close to my ears, jealous for those two, against myself and my own nearness to their brief and troubled love making.

I wished for a succession of trains that would follow one another without ceasing of sound. I got cold standing there, and when a later train was passing I went back to the bed.

"You all right, sweet?"

"Yes."

"You're not. It wasn't right for you again. I know when you pretend. I was afraid it wouldn't be. Aw, Judy, we're too tired, too scared. There's never any peace!"

"Sh! I'm all right. I had a fine time, I really had."

"No, you didn't. It's different when you do. You just want me to feel good."

"It was my fault," the girl said. "It's just—I'm so tired, that's all. It can't always be like it is sometimes. We know that."

"You're not sorry?"

"I'm never sorry. Don't you remember, honey, how I wasn't, that first time. You said, 'My brave, good girl!'"

"Judy, you think everything's all right?"

"Yes—of course."

"You won't be scared, won't worry this time?"

"Not unless I need to. It's all right, Allen."

"Judy?"

"Yes, darling?"

"Do you care if I go to sleep?"

"No, of course not. You go to sleep."

"Will you sleep?"

"Pretty soon I will. I like it, Allen, when you sleep, when you love me and go to sleep. Next to love, that's nicest, to have you sleep. When you sleep—you know how I feel?"

His voice was distant with drowsiness. "How?"

"Married, that's how. When you sleep with your head on my shoulder, and breathe—slow, like you do, fast asleep—then I'm married, we're married. There's even—don't you laugh at me, dear—a ring on my hand. I can feel it without touching it with my other hand—a plain gold band, like my grandmother's."

Between trains I fell asleep then, and when I woke the girl was crying. She was trying to cry without sound, but I heard her. Finally the boy heard her too and spoke her name. She answered with only stifled crying.

"Judy," he said, "don't cry. Please don't cry, darling!"

"I don't mean to," the girl said. "Go back to sleep, Allen."

"I can't sleep if you cry."

"I'll stop as soon as I can."

"Why are you crying?"

"Because—because I was so lonesome!"

"Pet—you're not alone. I'm here. Did you sleep? Did you dream something that made you lonesome?"

"No, I didn't sleep. I couldn't get to sleep. And for a moment, once, I thought I heard *her* in there. I thought I heard her turning in her bed, that she'd heard us, but I just imagined that. She's gone."

"You go to sleep now, Judy."

"I will, I will just as soon as I can. Allen, I was thinking about us, and how it was at first, how you'd hold me, and I'd tremble so—how just to touch your hand, to look up and see you—Allen, what is it that happens? Here—it's been just this little while, just these months, and these few times really we've been together like this, and something's gone. I love you just the same, I love you awfully, and I know that you love me, but—Allen, here, all my life, I wait for love, and it comes, and it's better than I ever dreamed, and in this little time it changes. I can't bear it to change. I got so lonesome and it made me cry."

"Judy—don't cry. I feel like a louse. I think and think about it, about us. I come here, and I think we'll just talk, just rest, just be quiet together. You're so nice just to be with, Judy—in the same room, talking. I think I'll just talk with you, hold you a little—"

"Yes, yes," the girl said. "Never mind, dear, never mind me talking, go to sleep!"

"I thought to-night I wouldn't come. I started to meet you and then turned back. I thought I wouldn't come here any more. Judy—we can't go on like this!"

"It's all right, dear. There's nothing really wrong! My heavens, can't a girl cry a little? Don't ever say that, that you'll not come. I'd die. I truly should die, Allen. I'd be lonesome, like I was just now—forever!"

He was holding her, comforting her, trying to still her crying that was wild now and unrestrained, like a child's.

Somehow I got away, into sleep, away from her lessening sobs and the boy's concern.

Sleeping, I dreamed that I was lying on a pallet, along with any number of children, visiting children, I thought, cousins who had come to stay the night with us in the country. I was the only child among them awake. I raised up on my elbow and looked at the others in the moonlight, at the sleeping children on the pallets of quilts and blankets, and then I saw the two in

the next room, and they were not grown boy and girl but children, like the rest of us. The girl was still crying a little in her sleep. Near, above me and to one side, was a huge canopied bed, and in it slept my father. But he too had wakened. He was resting on his elbow, looking down and round at all the sleeping children. I saw his beard moving and I felt his voice more than heard it, reverberating through the posts of the high bed and along the floor under me. I heard him talking to himself, in the night, saying a poem, and his poem was one that I half remembered, and I felt his voice and the poem coming down to us on our pallets. I woke and said all that I could remember of the poem to myself, lying there in Jenny's too hard bed, looking up at the tall empty windows and waiting for the morning to come:

My little children twain, my pigeon pair,
How will men deem you?

As eye-delighting as I find you now?
As full of joy? As passionate as bees
Battling with flowers?
Or will a slough of blossomless time engulf you?
Oh, little sweetings, whereto were ye born?
How can I save you?

Wide-eyed I waited for the morning. Only once I heard the girl sigh in her sleep and mumble something. When it was not yet light I heard her getting up, heard her moving from the little room to the bath, walking on tiptoe. Then I heard the tapping of the kettle lid and, after a while, smelled the coffee and heard her setting dishes on the table.

There was no sound from the boy. At last the girl spoke to him, and I knew that she was sitting for an instant on the edge of the bed.

"Allen," she said. "Allen, honey."

"What?" he asked, from sleep.

"I want to tell you something. Are you awake?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Allen, I've fixed your breakfast, honey. You just warm up the coffee a little when you get up. But don't get up yet. It's early."

"I'll get up."

"No, there's no sense in it. No place you'll want to go will be open for hours yet. You rest a while."

"You going now?"

"Yes. There's a quarter under the cup in your saucer. I'm telling you—so you'll be sure to get it."

"No, you take it—you'll need it."

"No, to-morrow's pay day."

"Well—I wish you wouldn't. Thanks, Judy. Gosh—you look pale."

"Do I? It's just this light. I'm all right. Honey, I think your luck'll turn. I think you'll find something to-day! Will you miss me?"

"Yes, Judy. I wish I could come and not make you cry!"

"You didn't make me cry, honey. I told you—it was just I got lonesome. A body does sometimes. You'll come soon again?"

"I ought not. Aw, Judy—"

"I've got to go now, sweet. You heat the coffee, and first you sleep, just as long as you can. A good day to you, Allen!"

I heard her kiss, not like a lover's, but a quick, firm, family kiss, that said, "Be good now. Look after things! Good luck!"

Then the door closed after her, and I heard her feet walking swiftly along the hall, then running, on the stairs.

In the growing light I made out Jenny's paintings lined along the floor, against the walls. Sharp pictures they were, Village doorways, back yards with clotheslines sagging over cement courts, lamp-posts with gray snow falling through the wheels of light round them, and each picture forced into brave colors that such places, when I had seen them, had never held for me. The girl's steps echoed in my mind, and beyond the wall I heard the boy's breathing in that troubled last sleep before the day.

WE OWE CANADA A BREAK

BY MERRILL DENISON

TO ANYONE who has at heart the good relations between the United States and Canada an event which took place recently at Niagara Falls, Ontario, was curiously significant.

The occasion was the dedication of a new bridge across the Niagara River. On a raw February day, with the ice-laden waters of the Niagara swirling two hundred feet below, a group of officials, newspaper men, and invited guests stood on Queen Elizabeth Way while huge erecting cranes swung into place the first steel section for the span of the new Rainbow Bridge, being built to take the place of the old Honeymoon Arch Bridge destroyed by ice in January, 1938.

Representing Canada was Thomas D. McQueston, Chairman of the Bridge Commission and Minister of Highways for Ontario. Representing the United States was Lyon W. Franklin, the American consul at Niagara Falls, Ontario. A bottle symbolically filled with water drawn from both sides of the river was broken against the steel girders, and there were the speeches inseparable from such ceremonies. Most of the reporters apparently noticed nothing unusual about the celebration, but it had two striking features.

One was the odd fact that the official American representative at such a ceremony should have held no higher rank than consul. In the past similar international events have been thought important enough to call for the presence of a governor and not infrequently a cabinet officer. The other was the unorthodox nature of the dedicatory remarks of the Canadian minister. Ordinarily upon such occasions international amenities require the principal speaker, from whichever side of the border he may hail, to repeat the pleasant old platitudes about the thirty-five hundred miles of unfortified frontier and its more-than-a-century-and-a-quarter of untrammeled peace. Mr. McQueston chose to speak more realistically. In its report, the *New York Times* quoted him as "denouncing" what he called "an invisible barrier" between the two countries, which he attributed to propagandists who were working to disrupt the good relations between Canada and the United States.

"In most instances," he said, "rumors hostile to Canadian interests and indirectly hostile to American interests have resulted quite unintentionally from careless handling of facts, but I do not question that to a very large extent they have been originated, stimulated, and ramified by those who would prevent American dollars from entering Canada, although they know full well that those same dollars spent for pleasure and recreation here in Canada return to the United States to purchase war materials and everyday essentials. . . . At the dedication of the Queen Elizabeth Way, I stated frankly that Canada needs American dollars for the purchase of things which the United States provides. For these dollars Canada offers recreation, interesting places to visit, excellent hunting, fishing, and outdoor activities, so the

exchange is fair and especially so because those same American dollars return where they came from to provide employment. . . . As I dedicate the first section of the great arches of the Rainbow Bridge, it is my fervent hope that by the time this bridge is completed next August, you gentlemen of the press and those assembled here will have used your influence to remove the insidious barrier of rumors that now exists, and that there will again be between our two countries convenient, unrestricted passage, and that more and more Americans will come to enjoy our many attractions and recreations, knowing that every dollar they spend for their pleasure directly helps Britain in her fight."

Mr. McQueston's speech was remarkable for a number of reasons. As far as I am aware, it was the first since the war began that a government official in Canada had publicly criticized any activities on the American side of the border. It was also the first in which a responsible Canadian official had uttered a plea for help. That the criticism was not one to which many Americans would be likely to take exception is beside the point; the thing to note is that the speech marked a definite departure from a policy which has been scrupulously followed in Canada since the war began. This policy has been to refrain from any acts which might conceivably be interpreted as interfering in American affairs or attempting to influence American opinion. From the very beginning of the war the Canadian attitude has been, "What Americans do about the war is their own business." Naturally, Canadians have hoped that Congress might act speedily to implement what they, and an increasing majority of Americans, have long realized—that the future of free, responsible, representative government is being defended on the shores of the English Channel and the Mediterranean; but Canadians have been most careful to keep any expression of their hopes from finding its way across the international boundary.

Mr. McQueston's speech, therefore, deserves serious consideration as an indication of a growing impatience with our bad habit of taking Canada too much for granted. We cannot go on pursuing policies which make her war effort more burdensome and continue to pose as the best of all possible good neighbors.

From the very outbreak of the war, in many of the most important phases of our public relations with our northern neighbor we have been guilty of stupidity, lack of imagination, and crass indifference. During the past year we have pursued policies which have almost seemed to be designed to obstruct the normal intercourse between the world's two most friendly peoples.

When Britain stood with her back against an apparent void at Dunkirk we hastened to proclaim that we would permit no foreign aggressor to plant foot on Canadian soil. (The offer of assistance seems a trifle premature now that Canada has sent overseas three fully equipped divisions to defend both herself and us.) We also entered into a mutual defense pact with all the appropriate publicity trimmings. As far as one can make out, however, the total of our concrete assistance has been to cause her the loss of an impressive sum in tourist revenues; to force her to close the border to all but a minute fraction of her own nationals; and to demand, and receive, cash on the barrel head, at a premium of ten cents on the dollar, for the war supplies we sell her.

While assiduously courting the southern half of the hemisphere, we seem to have forgotten completely the northern half of the continent. No one begrudges the commissions, military, cultural, and economic, the good-will offerings, the loans and rumors of loans, the broadcasts and the symphony orchestras with which we have been so determinedly wooing the republics to the south. Such friendly overtures to better mutual understanding are all to the good and can be criticized only on the grounds

that it took a dire emergency to make us see the need of them. But while we are straining so desperately to bring Latin America into the democratic household let us remember that to the north of us is a country which has always been democratic and which for some months now has been actually fighting to keep the war in Europe.

The general impression among Americans is that the relations between Canada and the United States are more cordial than they have ever been. In some respects this is undoubtedly true. Certainly the heads of the two governments are in closer accord than at any time since Canada became a federated nation in the late 'sixties. Many of the agencies in Ottawa and Washington are cooperating more intimately than even during the past war. A mutual defense commission has been brought into being, whatever it may be doing. It is also true that Canadian feelings toward this country are friendlier than they have been in years, thanks largely to President Roosevelt's consistent expressions of good will and to the great popularity James H. R. Cromwell won for himself while he was our minister to Canada. (It might surprise many of that gentleman's journalistic critics to know that across the border Mr. Cromwell's appointment is regarded as one of the most successful we ever made to Ottawa.) Helpful also has been the increase in the number of flattering articles about Canada's war efforts appearing in American magazines and newspapers. And it goes without saying that the final passage of H. R. 1776 did nothing to jeopardize the friendly feelings.

But there are contrasting elements in the picture. Although, at one time or another, there have been proposals to underwrite most of the countries south of the Rio Grande, no one at this writing has come forth with the suggestion that we give, or even lend, Canada a thin dime. Under the Neutrality Act we have insisted that Canada pay cash for all war materials bought here. Last summer, when the collapse of France made it impossible for the British to send the airplanes needed for the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, we delayed interminably in making available the equipment that could have made good the unforeseen loss. Although Canadian pilots were training as early as 1915 in Texas, to our own later great advantage, there has been no similar co-operation in the present crisis.

Shifting to another phase of Canadian-American relations, our consular offices in the Dominion, with too few shining exceptions, have long been notorious as nests of bureaucratic obstructionism and bad manners. Why this country, famed as it is for the agreeable and pleasant manners of its sales clerks, service station attendants, bus drivers, telephone operators, police—in fact almost any class of worker you care to mention—should suffer intolerably bad manners from many of its employees in a foreign country is a mystery. Nor is our official indifference to making friends and influencing people restricted to our contacts with Canadians on their own soil. We impose upon the Canadian-born wives of American citizens, many of whom have lost their Canadian citizenship unknowingly and who may have been living here upward of fifteen years, a bureaucratic ordeal that seems as unimaginative and unnecessary as it is outrageously expensive. And we did Canada serious harm when, a year ago, we transferred immigration control from the Department of Labor to the Department of Justice and simultaneously required passports of Canadians entering the United States. Few Americans yet appear to realize the significance of what seems to have been an impulsive and ill-considered departmental action, or the added burden it imposed on Canada's war effort.

II

The transfer of the administration of the immigration laws from the Department of Labor to the Department of

Justice was implemented by the President's Reorganization Plan No. 5, which Congress approved June 4, 1940, to become effective June 14th.

On June 5th Executive Order No. 8930 was signed by the President, to become effective immediately. The order provided for the temporary suspension of the exemption from passport and visa requirements that had been previously extended to citizens of Canada and a number of other American countries and possessions. In other words, Order 8930 broke with one of the great American traditions: the hitherto inviolable freedom of the international boundary between ourselves and Canada, the unfortified frontier of uncounted after-dinner speeches.

On June 6th the State Department issued a press release whose purpose, presumably, was to explain Order No. 8930 to the general public. This press release was remarkable for two reasons: It stated that the order would become effective July 1st, not June 5th as the order itself stated. And, far from providing a simple and easily understandable digest of the order, it managed to confuse the issue unbelievably.

Since it is my purpose to illustrate the confusion that was created, it might be well to quote two pertinent passages from the release: *On and after July 1, 1940, all aliens, in addition to meeting other requirements, will be required to be in possession of passports or other documents of identity and nationality and have a visa from American consular agents abroad.*

The point worth noting, in addition to the confusion as to the date of effectiveness, is the use of the phrase "*all aliens.*" No differentiation was made between aliens who were already legally in the United States and those who might wish to enter it for the first time or for a short visit. In other words, the release raised the disturbing question in the minds of aliens already admitted to the United States whether they could get back if they left the country for any reason whatsoever.

A subsequent paragraph only increased this doubt: *It is contemplated that different regulations will be established with respect to persons who have entered the United States for permanent residence on immigration visa and who may be returning from a temporary residence abroad.* Whatever that was intended to mean at the time (it turned out subsequently to mean nothing at all, for no "different regulations" were issued) it was so worded as to suggest to any timid alien resident in the United States that he had better postpone his contemplated visit to Canada until such time as these "different regulations" were established.

Two more items may be mentioned: a further State Department release on June 13th and the enactment of the Alien Registration bill on June 28th. The release was apparently intended to clear up some of the confusion that had been created by the carelessly worded release of June 6th: the effect was just the opposite. The Alien Registration bill, climaxing a month swept by confusing alarms, served to cap the bewilderment of both aliens and Americans who were planning to spend their summer vacations in Canada.

Any convincing reason for requiring passports of Canadians has yet to be given. Certainly there could have been little basis for the expressed fear of importing fifth columnists. Not only were there fewer of them to the square mile in Canada than to the acre over here, but the Mounties had already put all the important ones in concentration camps. And there could hardly have been any sincere belief that any passport requirements would actually stop a determined subversive agent, spy, or saboteur. As a matter of fact, both the requirements and the manner of their publication are examples of the astonishing ineptitude with which we too often manage our public relations with our neighbors to the north.

The passport regulations, with the coincidental complication of administration by the Department of Justice (which struck an ominous note) and the added

implications of Alien Registration, had the immediate effect of stopping virtually all travel from the United States to Canada until the tangle could be straightened by direct observation at border points to determine what rules were actually being enforced.

In the meantime an amazing crop of false rumors sprang up. Apparently these rumors were due partly to the confusion already engendered by the State Department's extemporaneous release, partly to sensationally bad reporting at border points, and partly to deliberate falsification. The latter seems to have originated from two different sources: Nazi sympathizers who wished to hinder Canada's war effort and—much more innocently—persons in competitive resort areas on the American side of the line. The Nazis invented the rumors; the competitors simply repeated the inventions they heard, in the hope that northering tourists might be induced to spend their holidays in their own country.

Two stories in particular spread throughout the United States. One was that American citizens were having difficulty entering Canada. The other was that Americans already in Canada were having difficulty returning to this country. More fantastic yarns had to do with Americans in Canada being forcibly relieved of their American dollars and made to accept less valuable Canadian dollars in exchange. There were also tales about visitors from the south being whisked into concentration camps or dragged into the Canadian army—a preposterous invention in the light of the small percentage of American volunteers that that organization has actually been willing to accept.

To anyone conversant with the facts all the rumors seemed ludicrous. At no time, for instance, did Americans experience any difficulty in entering Canada or getting back to their own country. No passports, travel permits, or documents of any kind have ever been required of Americans visiting Canada or re-entering the United States. Nevertheless, the rumors gained credence even when they appeared accompanied by a denial. Along the main eastern routes leading to the border crossings—the Thousand Islands, the Niagara, the Detroit-Windsor, and the Sault—there appeared to be well-planned campaigns of rumor and falsification.

The effect on Canada's tourist revenues was most damaging. At the beginning of the 1940 season our Canadian neighbors were looking forward confidently to the best tourist year on record. Hotel reservations, resort and travel bureau inquiries all gave the same promise. By the middle of June, a week after our new passport requirements were announced, it became apparent that the promise might not materialize. During the early weeks in July, after the requirements came into force, Canadian resorts were inundated with cancellations. What promised to be the best year the tourist industry ever experienced had become the worst since the advent of good roads. The fact that the border was no longer free and open made it suspect, and that was sufficient to deny Canada visits from homing Canadians and Americans alike.

The effect of that denial was more than sentimental. Under normal circumstances the American dollars spent in Canada play a most important role in the balance of trade between the two countries. Last spring, with European travel entirely cut off, Canada had good reason to believe that in 1940 her tourist revenues would go above $300,000,000. The importance of such a sum to the Dominion is better understood when one realizes that the entire Canadian budget is ordinarily about the same size as that of the City of New York. With $300,000,000 in American exchange the problem of holding up the value of the Canadian dollar would have been greatly lessened and payments to this country made less burdensome. But the 1940 tourist traffic actually showed a drop of 3,000,000 visitors from 1939. The chief explanation is to be found in the unfore-

seen effects of the hastily conceived and abruptly executed border regulations issued by our State Department. The Canadian Government and the various provincial tourist bureaus made heroic efforts to correct the rumors circulating south of the border but curiously enough our State Department remained apparently oblivious to the damage done.

III

During the last war it was not found necessary to establish economic controls over the flow of funds from Canada to the United States. Very early in this war, by contrast, the Dominion Government found it necessary to set up a Foreign Exchange Control Board. Its principal function was to license the export of Canadian funds to this country.

Some such expedient had to be adopted for a number of reasons. Forced by the Neutrality Act to pay cash for all war materials purchased, and unable because of the Johnson Act to secure credits in this country, Canada had to conserve all the American dollars she could lay her hands on. In no other way could her American exchange be apportioned to purchase war materials and stark necessities in the United States. Another reason for sequestering American funds was to service Canadian obligations held by Americans and payable in American currency. For example, Americans owned $2,585,000,000 of Canada's national debt as of December 31, 1939, and in addition had invested nearly $4,000,000,000 in Canadian enterprises. Another consideration was the need to hold up the value of the Canadian dollar if the war costs were not to become prohibitive. Still another was the need to guard against a flight of capital in the early days of the war. More ironical than all else perhaps was the desire to protect the investments of Americans in Canada so that the Dominion's splendid record for meeting its obligations on the due date, in the currency of the contract, might not be impaired.

From its inception the Foreign Exchange Control Board adopted regulations to bring about a pool of all American funds flowing into Canada. Out of the pool thus formed the Board directs the flow of Canadian dollars into the United States for the purchase of war materials, the payment of normal imports, the servicing of debts, and the meeting of maturing obligations. It also pegged the Canadian dollar at 90 cents in American exchange. Americans entering Canada declare their American money and are permitted to take out the same amount on their departure. While in Canada they can use either American or Canadian currency at the rate of $1.10 to $1.00. Canadians can secure American currency only by first obtaining a permit from the Board. It should be emphasized that the exchange control regulations were not due to any inherent weakness in the Canadian economy. They were imposed by the need of buying in the American market and having to meet the provisions of American debt and neutrality legislation.

The Board's restrictions during the first ten months of the war—that is until July, 1940—were generally lenient. The withdrawal of capital was prohibited and travel by Canadians to the States for purely pleasure purposes was somewhat curtailed, but there was comparatively little dislocation of the accustomed business and neighborly contacts between the two peoples. When the collapse of France made known the full extent of the Nazi menace more drastic controls became necessary. Sharply rising imports from the United States required more American exchange: the threat of a long and exhausting war cautioned the husbanding of every resource. Canada was driven to build a self-contained economy as far as that was possible. One way to conserve American exchange was to limit purchases here to war needs or to necessities not produced at home. Another was to eliminate all travel across the line by Canadians for recreation

purposes and to restrict all other travel by them to necessary business trips.

The period from June to December, 1940, saw a gradual curtailment of certain kinds of imports from the United States. The process was made gradual to spare American sensitivities. Introducing new import restrictions in the Canadian House of Commons on December 2nd, the Finance Minister, J. L. Isley, spoke of wishing to guard against "unfavorable public reaction in the United States and the disruption of certain established trades across the border." (There, if you will, was shown a degree of gentle fortitude that passeth human understanding.) The prohibited articles of import covered thirty main categories of manufactured goods and included such non-essential items as prepared cereal foods, manufactured tobacco, perfumes, certain classes of fiction magazines and comics, radios, phonographs, all finished clothing and wearing apparel, silk fabrics, and other miscellaneous articles. It is expected that the economies will amount to $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 a month which can be devoted to the purchase of war materials.

The travel restrictions went into effect July 5, 1940, just a few days after our new passport requirements had made the border the goal of only occasional travelers. Economically, the Canadian travel policy has more than justified itself. For the six months ending December, 1940, the expenditures in the United States of Canadian travelers are estimated at $10,500,000 compared with $43,000,000 for the same period in 1939. The Foreign Exchange Control Board believes that over a full year the present travel policy will result in the diversion of $60,000,000 from pleasure travel to the purchase of war materials essential to the Canadian war effort.

What may be the results in other directions cannot be estimated so positively. In Canada you hear few complaints. The exchange situation is simply regarded as another of the things that must be put up with if Hitler is to be beaten.

Nevertheless, something very damaging to the relations of the American and Canadian peoples has taken place. The traditional character of the unfortified frontier has largely disappeared. No longer can after-dinner speakers boast of the international boundary as something splendidly American—a unique, new-world creation. Thanks to our debt and neutrality legislation, the 49th parallel is now something more than a mere line upon the maps; it has become a tourniquet twisted around the body of the continent, constricting the once normal, healthy flow of travel to a mere trickle.

For more than one hundred and twenty-five years the fortless frontier has stood as a symbol of international good will and civilized common sense in international relations. It has been held up to the feuding clans of Europe as an arrangement they must some day come to if they are ever to see the end of their interminable wars. Until a year ago it was no more difficult to cross the border than to enter the next State, and the Canadian citizen thought no more of running over to the States on a business or pleasure trip than he did of traveling to a near-by town. Year in and year out, the friendly traffic of individuals on pleasure and business bent flowed from one country to another as unconcernedly as good neighbors visit one another through a loose board in the back-yard fence. Contacts were made and friendships strengthened that enriched in countless ways both individuals and the countries they lived in.

Now, however, the board in the back fence is no longer loose. In its place a gate has been built to control the great traffic that once flowed without restraint back and forth between one country and the other. In so far as the gate has been created by Canadian legislation, to control the movement of Canadian travelers and of money, it is necessary; in so far as we have created it, it is largely unnecessary, the product partly of the application to Canada of our debt and neutrality

legislation and partly of bungling and misapprehension.

IV

In view of the fact that Canada some months ago undertook to marshal all her resources, both human and economic, to take her place on the ramparts we were content only to watch, it would seem that the United States has now a great opportunity to undo the results of its indifference and neglect and offer to Canada positive aid. It might be to our own interest, in the long run, to make outright gifts of money or material. Failing such outright assistance, long-term credits on the easiest possible terms should be extended to her as part of our own gargantuan defense effort. There could hardly be any strong opposition to either gifts or loans; for any money devoted to Canada's war effort would inevitably be spent for our mutual defense whether it was applied at home or overseas. We know at last that our interests are the same; that any threat to Canada is a threat to us, and that the future may hold in store a still closer relationship whose success will depend upon how great a measure of mutual understanding and respect both peoples are able to bring to it.

We can also make a conscious effort to improve our public relations with Canada. In the past we have taken that country and her people altogether too much for granted. We have seemed too consistently the big rather than the good neighbor and a rather overbearing big neighbor at that. We have acquired the unfortunate habit of looking upon Canada either as a British colony or an extension of our own country. It is neither. Canada is a separate and distinct national entity with its own institutions, character, outlook, and culture. We should make an effort to realize these as facts; as soon as we do so the public relations problem will become a simple one. To solve it we need do no more than we are now trying to do to win the friendship of Latin America—pay our northern neighbor the compliment of an informed and sympathetic understanding of her interests, achievements, and problems.

Meanwhile, as individuals, many of us—twenty millions or more—might accept Mr. McQueston's invitation and take our 1941 holidays in Canada with the knowledge that we shall need no passports, that we shall not be stopped at the border, and that every dollar we spend there will help her win the war.

THE DANCE BAND BUSINESS

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

BY IRVING KOLODIN

THERE'S a jazz record in the shops these days which is rather more plaintive and ironic than such things generally are. It is played by a group of instrumentalists directed by the much admired saxophonist Bud Freeman, but the heartfelt vocal refrain is provided by the trombonist and blues singer Jack Teagarden:

> I started up to see Bud Freeman
> But I lost my way
> I started up to see Bud Freeman
> But I lost my way
> And I thought for a minute
> I was on the road for MCA.

From this refrain one can understand the extent to which such things as "the road" and "MCA" dominate a band leader's thoughts, hopes, and aspirations. "The road" is any place between New York and Los Angeles where a band plays when it is not "on location" in a hotel or a theater; and MCA is the Music Corporation of America, which controls the talents of two-thirds of America's prominent white dance orchestras. All but a negligible portion of the other third is divided by just two other booking offices, the William Morris Agency and the General Amusements Corporation.

These three booking offices *are* the band business, and every leader knows it. Most important of all, the agencies represent the hotels of the nation where promotional campaigns for orchestras are launched and reputations cultivated. In place of Teagarden, the name could be Krupa, Harry James, Will Bradley, or any other promising band leader of the moment whose hope of important success depends on the outlets provided for his band by the agency that books him.

But hotels and the road are only a part of the band business. Even more important, as sources of income, are theaters and commercial radio, which account for the largest sums in the yearly income of Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Benny Goodman, and other famous band leaders. There are also "one-nighters," engagements for single performances, often in exactly the same dance pavilions and countryside casinos, as are played on the road, but arranged in a different sequence and on other nights of the week. To understand the shading of these terms it is important to know that the road is a stage in a band leader's developing period, during which he plays where he can when he can. He plays one-nighters where he wants and when, but only after he is a success.

His chances for success depend largely on a single man, the band leader's agent, sometimes called his booker. (This man is more specifically a talent salesman, but the term is used only for agents below the rank of vice-president, of which there are practically none.) Almost certainly the agent belongs to one of the three big booking offices and has his office in the Radio City district in New York City. Since this is a business that has flourished for only two decades and, at its present

pace, for but one, the agent is likely to be young—probably under forty. The office may be elaborate or it may be plain, but two items of equipment are indispensable. One is a phonograph, on which the agent can hear the latest records of his own band and its competitors; the other is a series of telephones over which he conducts most of his business.

An agent's interest in the band which he manages is complex. An agent who has made a reputation in his field never handles both sweet and swing bands. Such a notion to him would be preposterous. He is invariably a specialist, in love with the product which he sells, devoted to its success, and proud of his own contribution to the enterprise.

More often than not, he has even drafted its personnel on paper with the leader before a single man was hired, has tinkered with its parts in the experimental stages, and has joyously celebrated its merits in some remote roadhouse before the general public was conscious of its existence. There are even stories that some bookers derive more pleasure from the sound of a new band playing crisply in rhythm, with the solidity of timbre that comes only from complete understanding among fourteen men, than they do from a fat fee for a profitable engagement. But these tales are not to be taken on trust.

There is not only thirst for success in such a man; there is also in most cases an actual devotion to an idea, a reflection of the incredible mingling of artistry and commercialism which characterizes the whole industry. A truly creative booker must be press agent, enthusiast, commercial adviser, and artistic supervisor all in one. More likely than not, he was once a musician himself; and in a surprising number of instances, a fiddle player. As such he was rebellious against the limitations of the violin in jazz long before it took its unregretted exit from dance bands in the late twenties. Directing the affairs of more talented if less shrewd clarinet, saxophone, and trombone players provides a vicarious satisfaction which is as much a part of his reward as the handsome earnings he enjoys. Such a one is Billy Burton, long adviser *in camera* to Jimmy Dorsey, and now his personal manager, another is Willard Alexander, who fondled the Goodman Band in its infancy and raised it, virtually alone, to lusty maturity.

This is not the only type of booker. There is also the tough, hard-boiled exploiter who belongs to the older generation. He knows the dance-band business, pragmatically, from honky-tonk to Rainbow Room. He learned his trade operating a "dancing academy" of his own in Kansas City or Lowell, Massachusetts, edging into the management business perhaps through his acumen in booking profitable attractions not yet known to the general public. He is older than the Alexanders and the Burtons, and looks like a prosperous small-town shoestore owner. If he takes any pleasure in the playing of a band he promotes it is invariably well concealed. He is the sort who expects a "piece" of the band—a share in its ownership—before undertaking its promotion; and then only if he is convinced that it is a highly promising property. One leader to whom I recently spoke indignantly rejected the inference that his enormously successful band was chopped into as many pieces as gossip contended. He asserted proudly that he owned all of eighty-five per cent of it himself.

The larger booking agencies—MCA, William Morris, and the General Amusements Corporation—do not function in this way, they are content with the legitimate ten per cent to which they are entitled by custom on the gross earnings of their chattel. Since they maintain permanent organizations to administer such affairs, with established staffs of contact men, bookkeepers, accountants, etc., they are willing to experiment with a steady series of new bands each year in the hope that one will command the public fancy and pay the bills for the others, and a little more besides. Ten per cent of Glenn Miller's gross income

or Kay Kyser's can pay a good many bills; in the first instance that gross was $700,000 and in the second nearly $1,000,000 in 1940.

II

For this ten per cent the leader is assured not only of comfort in moments of despair, counsel on the more recondite problems of his occupation and a certain representation to the press, but a far more fundamental advantage—access to the country's leading hotels, the source from which prestige and, eventually, income are derived. Once the status of a band as a thoroughly professional group has been established by the trial period of playing on the road, the public must be convinced that it wants to hear the band on records, in local theaters, and at its fraternal dances. The most direct approach is from the bandstand of a prominent hotel, with plenty of air time during an engagement of six or eight weeks, in which to try out arrangements, new vocalists, and other ear-catching devices on the listening public.

There are only three places in the country where recording studios are maintained by the large companies—New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. The importance of the first of these towns as a source of new tunes, as a sounding board for new trends, is obvious. Without a periodic engagement at a hotel in New York a band will be weeks behind its competitors in releasing records of new show tunes, or possibly not have access to them at all. In either case it would be hopelessly handicapped in its struggle toward large earnings.

For its part, a hotel makes so little financial profit on a band that it usually delegates the engagement of talent to one or another of the prominent booking agencies. So long as the agency provides attractions that will draw enough trade for the hotel to meet maintenance costs, service, food, and light, the hotel operator is thoroughly satisfied. His profit is counted in the prestige that accompanies a popular orchestra.

The Pennsylvania Hotel, for example, was known in the trade as "an MCA hotel" all through the late twenties and the early thirties on the strength of a single band—the one led by Vincent Lopez and known as his "Hotel Pennsylvania" orchestra throughout the land. In return for the privilege of presenting Lopez during the mid-winter months, the hotel willingly accepted minor MCA attractions when the band was on tour.

It was the good fortune of both MCA and the Pennsylvania, when the taste for such rigorously arranged dance music had finally been sated in the early thirties, that the agency controlled the services of an obscure but promising orchestra led by Benny Goodman. Persuaded by the enthusiasm of Alexander that Goodman was just what the Pennsylvania needed to revive its languishing supper business, the management agreed to the experiment reluctantly. The results (not only in money taken in but also in broadcasts to Japan, double-page spreads in *Life*, articles in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and concerts in Carnegie Hall, Boston's Symphony Hall, Ravinia Park in Chicago, and the Hollywood Bowl) were sufficiently satisfying to continue the MCA franchise at the Pennsylvania for another four years. During that period the agency had the use of the hall not only for Goodman and Tommy Dorsey, but also for the experimental promotion of such bands as those led by Bunny Berigan, Bob Crosby, Ben Bernie, Kay Kyser, and Harry James, some of them successful and some not.

It was presumably because of those which were not successful that the Pennsylvania, about a year and a half ago, shifted its affiliation from MCA to the General Amusements Corporation. Then too, Alexander wished to promote Goodman from the Pennsylvania, regarded in the trade as a "commercial" hotel, to the Waldorf-Astoria. The status of the latter as a "class" hotel would automatically permit a higher asking price for the band's services elsewhere. Finally, the fancy of American youth had begun to

move from Goodman to another clarinetist, Artie Shaw, whose band was controlled by the General Amusements Corporation.

When Shaw's vogue passed its meridian, the Pennsylvania found itself with an equally salable successor in Glenn Miller. Now that the latter is beginning to feel a slight reaction from his express-elevator ascension, the hotel is presenting the band which in all probability will be Miller's successor in public favor: Jimmy Dorsey's. Undoubtedly the General Amusements Corporation's preferential position at the Pennsylvania is assured until 1944 at least. This means too that the agency will have an outlet for its talent in the other major hotels of the Statler chain, in Boston, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Detroit, and several other important cities.

III

From all of this it would be a reasonable conjecture that the petulant Shaw, the stolid Miller, and the easy-going Jimmy Dorsey should have been equally overjoyed with an opportunity to play the Pennsylvania. But a struggling pianist can no more hope to make money by a Carnegie Hall recital than a band leader can add directly to his savings by an engagement in a New York hotel. As one of them sadly remarked not long ago: "We opened at the Pennsylvania last fall with an $8,500 pay roll to meet. We got $2,500 a week from the hotel for the job that took the most time." It was the total of his earnings from radio and recording contracts that made it possible for him to play the hotel job.

Undoubtedly *this* leader managed to make a trifle each week despite his $8,500 expenditure; but if he attempted to maintain his band on even the best New York hotel job, alone, he would be fortunate not to show a loss each week. No reputable musician could be employed for such a band for less than $125 a week. Simple multiplication produces a figure of $1,750 for the fourteen indispensable men. The other visible expenses are a vocalist, male or female (frequently both) whose services add another $250, at least, to the weekly budget. Thus the leader has a commitment of at least $2,000 a week before he can play his "theme" to open a Monday night dinner session.

But these are merely the expenses that come to the public attention. Behind them trail a host of others, essential to the success of such an enterprise. Their typical weekly costs can be itemized thus:

Personal press agent	$100
Personal manager	150*
Road manager	75
Booker's commission	200†
Arranger's fee	250‡
Cost of copying arrangements	50
Pictures, newspaper mats, press books, etc.	125
	$950

* Plus a percentage of yearly earnings.
† On a $2,000 job.
‡ When employed on a weekly basis.

There are also a variety of union taxes, including a ten per cent "traveling band" levy. Only a band whose members are all affiliated with the local having jurisdiction over the area where the job is located (in New York it is No. 802) is free from this charge. Practically no important band is "all 802," and even if it were, the tax would have to be paid wherever it plays elsewhere in the country. Then there is a $3 per man fee on sustaining broadcasts (for five nights a week this would add up to nearly $250 a week) and a five per cent tax on recording. For commercial radio programs and theater engagements there are "standby taxes" that must also be considered. Then too a band leader must set aside $400 a week for transportation costs.

If he is fortunate (and not paying alimony) the leader has a clear claim to what remains after he has met his $3,850 weekly expenses from a hotel income of $2,000 plus a little from his percentage of the cover charges after 10 P.M.

Nevertheless, the advantages to the leader of such an uneconomic "location" are so considerable that intense efforts

have been made within the New York area to duplicate the conditions of a hotel job without a hotel. The most remarkable of them, called "Meadowbrook," is housed in a sprawling wooden structure twenty-five miles from Times Square in the Watchung hills of New Jersey. It is the only dance hall, roadhouse, or casino I have ever seen with its own permanent, glass-enclosed radio control room. The huge dance floor which can accommodate 700 or 800 couples, or the rows of long tables ranged about the floor and the surrounding balcony may seem the focus for a band leader's eye, but he is primarily concerned with that radio control room in which, twelve times a week, representatives of one or another of the major networks make the adjustments that carry music from Meadowbrook to radios all over the country. Each Saturday afternoon one of the radio chains (it is Columbia at the present time) allots a full hour of its time to a Meadowbrook broadcast.

A sharp-chinned ex-musician and band leader, Frank Dailey, is the directing genius here too. His shrewdness in evaluating radio time to a band has enabled him to include Glenn Miller, Gene Krupa, Larry Clinton, Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Woody Herman, Glen Gray, and Bobby Byrne among those who have played long engagements at Meadowbrook recently. Virtually all the advantages of a New York hotel job are provided by Meadowbrook, including access to the recording studios and new material and comprehensive air time. A band leader will, in all probability, even lose less money at Meadowbrook than he would at the Pennsylvania or the New Yorker, since Dailey's economical overhead permits him to pay a band more and also offer a percentage on gross business.

A typical week-end night will find 1,500 or 1,600 youngsters from Newark, Paterson, Montclair, and Plainfield (there is a population of three and a half million within forty-five minutes' drive of Meadowbrook) shagging and bouncing on the floor. The check for each will rarely be much more than the minimum of two dollars a person, but the scattering of more prosperous elders who come to see the fun and hear the music will run a Saturday night's income to as much as four thousand dollars. Of course the band does not win such prestige as at the Pennsylvania, but the radio listener in Omaha who hears this chromium-trimmed barn described as "the beautiful Meadowbrook Country Club" can imagine it as he pleases.

It is a matter of record too that MCA had so many bands on its hands a few years ago, with insufficient outlets in New York for them, that it "co-operated" with the management of the cellar on Fifty-second Street known as the Famous Door to enlarge those premises to serve as a showcase for its rising bands. Though there were times when the number of musicians on the stand exceeded the number of customers at the tables, there were also stretches of several hours each night when the shallow, narrow room bulged with three hundred avid listeners, especially during the engagements of "Count" Basie and "Red" Norvo. Thanks to the thin cable that linked a radio microphone on the bandstand to a transmitter on Long Island, the bands of Charlie Barnet and Woody Herman laid the foundations of their subsequent success there after MCA gave up its interest in the room. In fact, Barnet won a vogue that carried him directly from the Famous Door to the Paramount Theater.

IV

Such a progression is the rags-to-riches of this business in one astounding leap, for it is in the theaters that to-day's bands amass the bulk of their earnings. When I say "theaters" I mean the Paramount or Strand in New York, the Fox in Detroit, Shea's in Buffalo, the Hippodrome in Baltimore, the Palace in Cleveland, or their counterparts in a score of other American cities. For nearly five years they have provided the bulk of the

profit for most of America's prominent dance bands. It is true that the Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie, Paul Specht, and Vincent Lopez bands made a great deal of money for the vaudeville industry as far back as the mid-twenties. However, each of these was invariably an element in an elaborate show, not a virtual show in itself, as the current fashion has it.

The informal historians of this business contend that it was Bob Weitman, manager of the New York Paramount, who hit upon the revolutionary idea that at least half the public who patronized a boisterous young band in the fall of 1936 were as happy listening as they were in dancing to it. If they paid ninety-nine cents to crowd together in a stuffy dance hall where no dancing was possible, why would they not pay as much to sit in Romanesque comfort to hear the same band, plus a feature film which would be practically free? Being a man of action (with a 3,664-seat theater, in receivership, to fill) Weitman put his plan to a test at the Christmas season of 1936, with Glen Gray's Casa Loma group, which was the first white band to imitate negroid "hot" music. The result was exceptional enough to justify a sentimental, and profitable, re-engagement for the Casa Lomans at yearly intervals thereafter. The other fifty weeks of each year have been filled with an unbroken succession of other bands, some for a period as long as four weeks when popular demand has warranted.

The youngsters no longer warm themselves at bonfires in front of the Paramount (as they did on a certain January dawn in 1938 when Goodman opened an engagement just after his Carnegie Hall concert) for the privilege of rushing the front-row seats, but their younger brothers cut classes when he opened a Paramount engagement a few weeks ago. Their quarter-dollars (at the pre-noon bargain rates) are the foundation of box-office receipts that can mount to as much as $79,000 in a week, a proud figure established by Tommy Dorsey just a few months ago. A band which is riding a wave of popular favor can bargain for $9,000 for its first week, with a slightly diminishing return thereafter which will amount to more than $25,000 for the staple three weeks. Three months' deficit in a hotel can be quickly wiped out by a series of theater dates when the windfall comes.

Paradoxically, the top earnings known for such a week of labor are credited not to Goodman, Shaw, Miller, or one of the Dorseys, but to Kay Kyser and his Kollege of Musical Knowledge. For one week's labor at the Fox Theater in Detroit in 1939 Kyser received the dizzy sum of $23,000—computed on the basis of a guarantee and a percentage on the business above a fairly staggering figure. Since the Kyser band belongs to the group known as "Mickey Mouse" bands (a derivative from the use of trick instrumental effects, slide-whistles, glissandi on the trombones, plucked strings at mathematically spaced intervals, sickening slides on the steel guitar, and other devices akin to those used in cartoon films) it is plain that its appeal had little to do with the artistic pretensions of the swingsters.

Such bands do have big followings and Kyser's honey-child personality, his subtle flattery of the audience's radiomentality, and the antics of a comic named Ish-Ka-Bibble who was attached to the band did the rest. When, in response to the question, "What song widely known in the United States begins 'My country 'tis of thee'?" the tentative answer "America?" was offered, from a member of the audience participating in the Klass of Musical Kwiz, the applause of his fellow-listeners was delirious.

The band also played a few tunes.

V

Such fantastic earnings are not the limit of what a really popular band can hope to earn in a calendar week. For just as a theater engagement represents an advance over the purposeful business

of playing in a hotel, so also a series of well-chosen one-nighters is even better than the grind of a five-show, twelve-hour theater day. The asking price of a prominent band for a college dance is likely to be $2,000 or more; often it reaches $5,000 for a private party; and once in a while a band receives as much as $10,000 for a single night's work (such a fee was recently quoted for Glenn Miller's appearance at a California college prom). Since the basic expenditure to the leader remains the same whether his men are playing a hotel job in a large city or a series of one-nighters, the matter of booking becomes crucial. A succession of such dates played within an accessible territory can be enormously profitable. On the other hand, if he is required to play Boston one night, Washington the next, and Scranton the third, it can be a cause for much physical discomfort and artistic disaffection. This is particularly so when the traveling is accomplished in a high-speed bus whose driver is obviously a frustrated aviator.

Those with a finger on the pulse of this capricious industry have an amazing instinct for estimating the moment when a band is truly "hot," in a sense unrelated to the kind of music it plays. It is at such a moment, when sales of records suddenly swing upward, and a fan club is started in Baton Rouge, and another leader tries to buy off the hitherto obscure arranger who has given the band its distinctive personality, and radio agents file requests for the band to audition, and even Winchell recommends its performance, that a shrewd booker realizes that the time is at hand to tour the band on as long a series of one-nighters as the men can endure. In two months of the early summer of 1937 the Goodman band played a sequence of dates that carried it from New York to California and never found the band in the same town for two days. The Goodman share was nearly $90,000 in two months during what could hardly be called a boom period.

How quickly (and mysteriously) a band can find itself in such a category is illustrated by the career of Glenn Miller. As recently as New Year's Day of 1939, Miller was playing an engagement (at union scale, or about $1,050 a week for the entire organization) at the Paradise Restaurant in New York, humbled to second billing below the clownish group known as Freddie "Schnickelfritz" Fisher and his orchestra. For purposes of economy Miller pared his band to thirteen, dispensing with a guitar player—in this profession almost a confession of bankruptcy. In the few months that followed Miller played one-night engagements for as little as $400.

During the dismal stand at the Paradise, however, Miller had made a disk of his signature music which he called "Moonlight Serenade." It embodied a curious blending of reed instruments, in which two clarinets played the melody in unison with the saxophones, but an octave higher. And from this record, and the amazing vacillations of popular enthusiasms, Miller's rise may be traced. An engagement at Dailey's Meadowbrook during the late spring of the same year tested out Miller's new style, and through radio sustaining time, impressed it on a wide public. When his manager told him, during the summer of 1939, that the band would never sell for less than $700 for a one-nighter thenceforth, Miller told him he was a dreamer with a perverted sense of humor.

But less than a year later Miller's band played two successive dates to a total of 13,000 people. On one night, in St. Louis, they drew 5,400; and on the following night, in Kansas City, Missouri, they broke every record (including the inaccurate ones) for attendance at such a public, unsponsored dance by attracting 7,800 people to the Kansas City Convention Hall. Miller received $4,680 for his night's work. "It's an inspiring sight," he recalls, "to look down from the balcony on the heads of 7,000 people swaying on a dance floor—especially when you are getting $600 for every thousand of them." Concurrently, Miller

held a contract for three fifteen-minute broadcasts a week for Chesterfield, which brought him a quarter of a million dollars in the first year and has recently been renewed for a second; and he was negotiating a contract for a moving picture (now in production) with $100,000 as the band's fee for eight weeks' work. It is not likely that Miller will ever use his Social Security card.

VI

Now perhaps you can see why a band leader who has won his way to a second and a third engagement in a prominent New York hotel is rarely overjoyed with his situation. He is spending the hours from seven to two each night to earn a sum which will not cover his expenses; he is also aware that someone else might come along to take the money out of a territory he is eager to play before his popularity wanes. It might be someone as little known to the general public as Glenn Miller was at the Paradise when Goodman was blowing his clarinet in the Empire Room of the Waldorf. In this business the public does not merely want to be entertained—it wants to be entertained by a succession of new personalities, with a different instrument prominent in this year's "sensational" band than in the one they were ecstatic about the year before.

That it is possible to write a survey of this kind with no more than historic reference to the names of Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Fred Waring, Ted Lewis, Rudy Vallee, and other celebrities of the so-called Jazz Age is evidence that they have, substantially, been passed by. However, by less than the exalted standards of their highest popularity, they are not faring so badly. Waring, for example, very likely earns nearly as much now as he ever did, playing a series of brief, almost daily broadcasts for a cigarette company. Lopez still makes theater and dance-hall appearances and derives as well a moderate income from one of the lesser weekly radio shows. Vallee's radio career is momentarily in suspension, but his recent radio activities have had practically nothing to do with music anyhow. Lewis is still a person of consequence in the hinterlands, cavorting as ever with clarinet and silk hat, moaning "Is Everybody Happy?" and employing good musicians with traditional shrewdness. However, the infrequency of his appearances in New York is not altogether involuntary; what he has to offer now he is showman enough to realize is not for sophisticates. As for Whiteman, who has made the most eager effort to adapt himself to the new mode in music, he was last heard from in Florida (after a lapse from public prominence due to illness), organizing a new band, principally for radio work.

It is rather more curious that another group of names has been even less conspicuous in this inquiry, for it embraces musicians who are in no sense moribund, and very much a part of the contemporary jazz picture. It is a list which begins with the name of Duke Ellington, and continues with those of "Count" Basie, Jimmy Lunceford, Louis Armstrong, Fletcher Henderson, Ella Fitzgerald, Cab Calloway, Teddy Wilson, Andy Kirk, John Kirby, Coleman Hawkins, Erskine Hawkins, Lionel Hampton, Roy Eldridge, and sundry others. They are names with a familiar echo even to a public unfamiliar with this subject; but they are almost never to be encountered in a prominent hotel, and never on a commercial radio program.

They are of course all Negro musicians—and rigorously excluded, as if by Congressional decree, from these two principal sources of prestige and financial reward. Thus, though each enjoys a serious repute among students of jazz music, and substantial income from records and theater engagements and dance-hall appearances, they can never hope to equal the fabulous earnings of Goodman, Shaw, or Glenn Miller. Nor can the working musicians in their bands hope to attain the degree of public prominence which Gene Krupa enjoyed when

he received $500 a week from Benny Goodman.

A few Northern hotels have made an exception occasionally for a particular band—Duke Ellington has played in the Panther Room of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago several times, and the Ritz-Carlton in Boston has been hospitable to both Ellington and Basie. More recently, the Pump Room of the Ambassador East in Chicago has opened its doors to Teddy Wilson, John Kirby, and "Fats" Waller, of the glib piano and raucous voice, but this is a minor room in the hotel, with little social réclame.

The single effort of a New York hotel to take advantage of the undeniable popularity of Negro swing bands was so surrounded by compromises that it collapsed quickly under the burden of its own uncertainty. It was the roof-top Cocoanut Grove of the Park Central Hotel, which placed its premises at the disposal of the late "Chick" Webb and Ella Fitzgerald when the latter was still the "A-tisket A-tasket" girl two years ago. Instead of letting the band perform as it was accustomed to, the management encouraged a kind of exhibitionism which had a disastrous effect on the playing of the musicians. There was so much "Jim Crow" in the air, together with the kind of antics which the white public believes to be inseparable from the colored man's expression of his immortal soul, that the musicians were humiliated, the knowing public repelled, and the engagement a failure.

Considering the stratagems which a hotel manager will employ to attract business to his establishment, this avoidance of such established attractions as Ellington, Basie, Armstrong, Lunceford, and Calloway can only be regarded as pathological. There is a legend that the transient trade of the large "commercial" hotels in New York includes many persons from the South, and that they would be offended to find themselves in a dining room where the musicians were colored. But the Goodman Trio and Quartet (with its Negro virtuosi Wilson, Hampton, and Christian) were ecstatically applauded when they appeared in the Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, though they were identified, somewhat disingenuously, as "special entertainers."

It is simply an exaggerated prejudice which no hotel manager has the enterprise to challenge or the courage to disregard. When one is driven to such a decision by such straits as influenced Weitman to experiment with bands at the Paramount it is probable that a vogue of Negro orchestras in hotels will ensue.

However the outlook is not too hopeful. Even a colored guest star on a dance band's radio commercial may bring angry mutterings from the South, and one which regularly employs such musicians may write off, in advance, any hope of sales appeal in Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi.

VII

Because of the popularity that bands enjoy, and the changes of public favor, new groups have been launched in greater numbers during the past three years than ever before. Since this is a musician's era, with at least a pretense of ability required from the leader, virtually all the new swing bands of recent years have been led by men celebrated among musicians and connoisseurs since 6 or 7 B.G. (Before Goodman). Miller was a member of the Ben Pollack band with Goodman as far back as 1928, as were also Jack Teagarden, who has had his own group for a year and a half, and Gil Rodin, president of the co-operatively owned Bob Crosby organizations. Among the musicians in bands contemporary with the market crash were the two Dorseys, the moody Shaw, Woody Herman (of "The Band That Plays the Blues"), trumpeter Charlie Spivak, and half a dozen others whose own bands are now variously well known.

More recently the bands led by Gene Krupa, the virtuoso trumpeter Harry James, Lionel Hampton, and Teddy Wilson (a pianist without rival in his

special field) derived their impetus from the celebrity they earned as members of the Goodman organization. Bobby Byrne strengthened his mastery of the trombone (at seventeen) as understudy for Tommy in the band the Dorsey Brothers had together in 1935, acquiring a wide following as a featured member of Jimmy's band during the next four years. Ray McKinley's fame as a drummer to rival Krupa has a similar background with the Dorseys. Virtually the only rising jazz leader whose name is not to be found copiously annotated in Charles Delaunay's *Hot Discography*—which lists, in painstaking detail, the personnel of every record made by a prominent band from 1920 to 1940—is that of Will Bradley, of "Beat Me Daddy Eight to the Bar." But you will find frequent mention of Wilbur Schwictenberger, and this was the name by which he was listed in the directory of Local 802 when, on the eve of a début with his own band, Alexander compassionately rechristened him Bradley.

Despite the enthusiasm for swing music among college boys for a good part of the past decade, a scant few swing musicians of account, and scarcely even a minor hot band, have emerged from that background. But sweet bands! The line descends from Fred Waring (Pennsylvania), Hal Kemp (University of North Carolina), Rudy Vallee (Yale), Johnny Green (Harvard), and Ozzie Nelson (Rutgers) through such established money makers of the present as Kay Kyser (North Carolina) and Horace Heidt (California). More recently, Orrin Tucker and Herbie Kay (both of Northwestern), and Ben Cutler (Yale) have demonstrated that this is an enduring, if depressing, tradition. The few collegiate groups with even moderate swing pretensions (such as Les Brown and Sonny Burke of Duke, Dean Hudson of Florida, and Eddie de Lange of Pennsylvania) have thus far not made an impression on the general public.

Does this mean that the 4,500 youngsters who jostled in front of the bandstand when Benny Goodman recently played a dance in Ithaca, or the 13,000 who crowded into a huge tobacco shed at Durham when Glenn Miller played at a Duke prom recently, were wholly fickle in their enthusiasm? The answer is that the two facts are utterly unrelated, and the reason is essentially economic. A pertinent documentation of it can be found in the files of *Down Beat* (the *Racing Form* for musicians and enthusiasts), which maintains a corner in each issue for the pictures of swingdom's heroes. But these are pictures of blonder, pink-cheeked Shorty Sherocks and Billy Butterfields, of trumpet fame, of chubbier Benny Goodmans and Artie Shaws, snapped when they were star members of a Boy Scout or high school band at the age of fifteen.

There is scarcely a prominent instrumentalist whose picture has not appeared in this series, taken at a time when he was beginning to earn money in a local band, already possessed of that fixed concentration on a single objective which is virtually an occupational disease of swing. A college curriculum could have little attraction for one whose sole aspiration was to be a good hot man, especially when he knew that there was but one way to achieve his ambition—by working at a job in which he could acquire the experience he needed. There are a few notable exceptions—Artie Bernstein, bass player of the Goodman band, is an excellist who is also a member of the New York bar; Jerry Jerome, saxophonist in the Shaw ensemble, nearly completed medical school; Charlie Barnet had a term at Harvard, and Woody Herman matriculated, at least, at Marquette; but one would be hard pressed to form even a single complete hot band of college graduates.

And the evidence is plain in the music they play. The real sturdy stuff of jazz is produced by the men who have been gutter-rats in their time, out on their own at seventeen, clubbing round in night spots, honky-tonks, and gin-mills before they were old enough to vote. This is

not recommended as a necessary phase of higher education for an adolescent who yearns for a "Krupa set" on his next birthday, but the relationship is unmistakable. It is the smoother, relatively more cultivated boy (and, alas, the cultivation is only relative) with four years in a State university who provides the more salable "commercial" dance music.

For inscrutable reasons (related perhaps to the cultivation alluded to) they have a knack for inventing merchandising tricks—singing song titles, stuttering brass, saxophones playing carefully out of tune, or a tone-deaf girl singer with a practically inaudible voice who attains a reputation for "intimacy"—with which the band becomes identified. Such a defining mannerism permits immediate recognition on a radio—a feature particularly relished by those whose immediate reaction is to tune them out.

If the swing fever is not what it was in 1938–9, there is still a substantial public for the orchestras which play music with precision and drive, life and flexibility—the qualities which were all but unknown in the dance music of commerce in the middle twenties and early thirties. The trend-followers and sensation-seekers who made of swing (and themselves) a public nuisance three years ago have gone on to some new enthusiasm. The youngsters who grew up with swing are sufficiently sure of their liking not to require the exhibitionistic simulation of it which made their older brothers and sisters subjects for the psychologists. Moreover, an increasingly large number of adults through the country have found swing and swing musicians an absorbing phase of general musical interest and will continue to be diverted by it regardless of its fate as a social phenomenon. Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Jack Teagarden, the Dorseys, Duke Ellington, and the rest continue to be important people in their lives.

ALASKA

AMERICAN OUTPOST NO. 4

BY VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

Two of the commonest things you hear about Alaska are that it is the greatest bargain Uncle Sam ever made and that it is the largest white elephant he ever got hold of. Both remarks are frequent because there is a lot of truth behind each of them.

During most of the seventy-four years since we bought Alaska from Russia the value of the Territory has been discussed in commercial terms. But it did not begin that way nor is it wholly that way now. When Secretary William Henry Seward, in the cabinet of Lincoln, talked about the purchase and made it during the presidency of Johnson, the chief considerations were political and military. It was said that keeping Russia out of North America was a logical extension of the Monroe Doctrine. To Seward looking north, Alaska was the left wing in a plan of grand strategy, the right wing being Greenland and Iceland. We needed the great islands of the northeast, he said, to dominate the North Atlantic and should purchase them from Denmark; we needed Alaska to dominate the North Pacific and should buy it from Russia. He failed with Greenland and Iceland, he succeeded with Alaska.

Psychologically we are back again to where we were in Seward's time. It was then the military atmosphere of a civil war; it is now the atmosphere of a world war. In 1940 we speeded up the building of military and naval establishments in Alaska; speeches were made by Representatives and Senators which coupled that activity with defense against Germany's Axis partner, Japan.

These are defense moves and sentiments; but through most of the time from the purchase by Seward until the rise of Hitler the value of Alaska has been affirmed and denied chiefly in commercial terms. So we present the arguments first that way, coming later to those questions of military domination and defense that were to the fore under Lincoln and are at the bottom of our hearts and the pit of our stomachs under Roosevelt.

Since 1867 there has been in Congress a rarely broken chain of speeches saying that we ought to give the Territory back to the Indians, back to the Russians, or that we should "turn it over to the Japs if they are dumb enough to want it." Some of the more recent speeches start by quoting from the *Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1928, an article by that same General Richardson (Wilds P. Richardson) whose name was given some years ago to the Richardson Highway, Alaska's chief automobile road, and last year to Fort Richardson, the Army's chief defense post in Alaska. The General said in part:

"The American people have been led to believe that the purchase of Alaska from Russia was a great business bargain. Writers who make this assertion are in the habit of quoting the original purchase price of $7,200,000, without mentioning the fact that the Government since that



time has expended some $200,000,000 on the Territory, including about $70,000,000 upon a railroad as an aid to the development of its resources. . . .

". . . the predicted inrushing of people following the construction of the railroad, the fast-growing cities, the population running into seven figures, have not come true. . . .

"The total area of Alaska is approximately 586,400 square miles. Its population, estimated liberally, is 60,000 [the census of 1940 puts it roughly at 72,000], of whom about 30,000 are whites, and the other half natives who were in the Territory at the time of purchase, sixty years ago.

". . . In 1920 the little State of Iowa alone produced, in the value of her farm products, more than the total output of Alaska from all sources from the date of its purchase up to that time, while the State of Louisiana produced furs last year, according to statistics given to the public press, worth five times the value of the furs exported from Alaska in the same year."

In his article Richardson was controverting such Alaskan enthusiasts as one who, "speaking before a committee of Congress, declared the Territory to be the richest possession under the American flag and the cheapest piece of real estate ever purchased in the history of the world since a certain mythical transaction in Biblical times."

The gist of the white-elephant contention is that after more than half a century Alaska's greatness is at best remote in the future, more likely a figment of the imagination never destined to be realized.

The gist of the opposed line of reasoning is that Alaska has all the prerequisites of greatness and that it is our fault, the fault of our economic system, or at least somebody's fault that the Territory has not as yet reached a development in any way related to its potentialities. Let us examine this argument.

II

The old Democrat campaign slogan that Alaska was a frozen wilderness led the defending Republicans to a happy analogy, a comparison of Alaska with Scandinavia.

Alaska is roughly 586,000 square miles, 375,000,000 acres, or about like the section between the Atlantic and the Alleghenies, from Maine to Florida. It is so fashioned and spread out that if you print a map of it on top of the States, one part is at the northern edge of North Dakota and another down near the Gulf of Mexico; the southeast of the Alaska panhandle is then near the Atlantic in Georgia and the most southwesterly islands are in California, touching the Pacific. There are so many deep bays and irregularities of the coast that the shore line of Alaska is greater than that of all States that touch the sea from Maine round Florida and California to Puget Sound.

If we compare Alaska with Scandinavia, even with Finland included, Alaska is larger in area, 586,000 square miles against 502,000. The northern fringes of Finland, Sweden, and Norway are farther north than the north coast of Alaska; northern Finland has a climate similar to that of northern parts of the Territory; the south tip of the Alaska panhandle, down by Ketchikan, is considerably farther south than the southern tip of Norway, as far, indeed, as the middle of Denmark.

The Gulf Stream affects the climate of the Scandinavias; the Japan Current similarly affects Alaska. The Scandinavias are indented by arms of the sea and there are only a few places far enough away from the ocean to permit the intense midsummer heat that is needed for wheat and other cereals. Alaska, being more compact, less penetrated by such waters as the Gulf of Bothnia, has the scorching summer temperatures that wheat and other cereals require. Here the Weather Bureau is called in to certify that Fairbanks, Alaska, 100 miles south of the Arctic Circle, has a record of 99° in the shade and that Fort Yukon, just north of the Circle, has reached 100°. Against this the Scandinavian maxima are, in rising scale: Iceland 83°, Denmark 93°, Finland and Norway each 95°, Sweden 97°.

The defenders of "Seward's Folly" have had to admit that Alaska cold is a few degrees more intense in winter for the central districts than anything found in the true Scandinavias or in Finland; but they explain that you don't raise crops during winter, either in Alaska or in the Scandinavias.

Furthermore it is very simple for statisticians to prove that freezing to death in considerable numbers happens chiefly in countries that are ordinarily warm but which do get very cold on rare occasions. For in such lands people are improperly clad, improperly housed; and they take chances. You will find that the most numerous news reports of freezing to death or dying from exposure originate in countries like France or Austro-Hungary in Europe and with us in States like Colorado and the Dakotas—not in Russia and Finland, Wyoming and Montana, which have records of more intense cold.

Fairbanks, in central Alaska, has the lowest midwinter temperatures of any "large" Alaska city, to 71° below zero, which is 103° below freezing; and yet a vote taken in 1940 by the principal of the Fairbanks schools showed that both girls and boys preferred the winter to the summer climate, in a ratio of three to two. The Fairbanks summer climate, by the way, is similar to that of Minneapolis or Detroit.

Pursuing the Scandinavian analogy, the protagonists of Alaska would admit that in one important respect the Scandinavias excel: they have a great deal more iron—and, possibly, nickel. On the other hand the copper in Scandinavia is negligible and so is coal; Alaska is strong in both. There is little chance of a petroleum industry in the Scandinavias, but the petroleum reserves set aside by the United States Government in northern Alaska hold great stores for

the future. Alaska is rich in gold—not only beyond the Scandinavias but beyond any European country. There is no real dispute, then, that in minerals the Scandinavias are comparatively poor, while Alaska is one of the richest countries in the world.

The resource comparison is not so favorable with products of the soil, but Alaska is a strong contender in several fields. Alaska probably has larger forests, if all the different trees are counted in together; but if values remain as they now are the Scandinavias have the advantage in that their timber is more salable—the tonnage or footage is greater in Alaska, but the dollar value at present less.

Neither of the regions is well adapted to grain production. The difficulties of both Alaska and Scandinavia with cereals are that seaside climates are not hot enough and also that large sections are mountainous. When you see the rugged coastline of southern Alaska you feel as if there were no flat land and therefore no chance for wheat; but you get the same impression from much of the coast of Norway. In both cases you are right: there is very little flat land in either section. It may be that when all flat and fertile sections of Alaska have been brought under the plow there will still be less wheat production than in the Scandinavias.

In grazing, both Scandinavia and Alaska rank much higher than in cereals. Both have two main types of grazing—for the "ordinary" domestic animals, cattle and sheep, and for reindeer. The deer are an important resource of Norway, Sweden, and Finland; in that type of grazing Alaska vastly excels those three lands combined. Let us say that Alaska is considerably inferior in cattle and sheep grazing; it is probable, then, that the total domestic meat production, reindeer, sheep, and cattle all combined, will be eventually about as much greater in Alaska as Alaska is greater in area than the Scandinavias—that mile for mile they will be even.

In truck gardening Alaska may be slightly inferior, acre for acre. However, because of her greater acreage she is probably capable of more than equaling Scandinavia.

There remains for comparison one resource where the Scandinavias and Alaska contend for supremacy. The waters that surround either of them are about the richest in the world.

It is a common impression about Alaska that gold is her chief commodity; her fisheries, salmon in particular, in truth have led in dollar value. The salmon is not Alaska's one fish; there is production of other standard food species. We think we are making fair comparison between the precious metals when we compare gold alone with salmon alone. Comparable figures begin in 1906. Here they are at five year intervals:

TOTAL VALUES OF GOLD AND SALMON

	Gold	*Salmon*
1906	$22,036,794	8,723,116
1911	15,151,671	15,128,177
1916	17,241,713	24,036,171
1921	8,073,540	20,986,584
1926	6,707,000*	48,178,995
1931	9,507,000*	30,423,401
1936	18,433,000*	45,496,222
1939	23,279,000*	36,297,929

*Estimated

1939 is the last year for which comparable figures are available. If we add the figures for *all* years from 1906 to 1939, including those given in the table above, in which comparable figures for gold and salmon are given, we get the totals, $383,100,641 for gold and $894,265,345 for salmon.

III

Two contrary things seem to be true. Alaska is at the same time a rich larder and a bare cupboard. It could support a great deal more than the eighteen millions that are the total population of the Scandinavian countries, but does support considerably less than the one hundred and twenty thousand that form the population of the smallest Scandi-

navian nation, Iceland. Many reasons for this have been argued, some of them with heat, a number of them with conviction.

There is most heat, with the greatest number of radio stations, newspapers, and chambers of commerce behind the argument that Alaska's worst troubles come from Washington, and most of these from the Department of the Interior. Washington, you gather when you listen to the tirades, has only two attitudes toward Alaska, those of ignorance and of malice. This overstatement, deduced from the more extreme tirades, is opposed by a view which may be correspondingly overstated to the effect that, if it were not for the benevolence of the Federal Government and for their kind and wise restraining, Alaska would now resemble anything between a Siberian penal colony as described by George Kennan and a happy hunting ground of rugged individualist gangsters, operating on the basis of tooth and claw.

Then there is the frequently expressed belief that Alaska is backward in spite of good climate and great riches because "the age of pioneering is over"—that we are no longer able to develop a frontier land because our economics, our sociology, and our psychology now prevent.

The most accessible example of a thwarted frontier development is from Canada, but it is properly applicable to Alaska. On my first journey north along the Mackenzie toward the polar sea in 1906, I saw the rich gardens of the Church of England mission and school at the mouth of Hay River, and was told that the Hay valley, southward from the western end of Great Slave Lake, was in climate and soil potentially one of the best cereal and mixed farming regions of Canada. This was confirmed by more information gathered on my second journey in 1908. In 1919 I met a vice-president of one of the transcontinental railways of Canada and we discussed the Hay valley. Both of the Canadian transcontinentals were then interested in the building of a railroad northwest from Edmonton to the wheat section of the Peace, which has developed in the twenty years since then to show that for large production of quality grain there is no finer district in Canada, if in the world. Two years ago I asked my friend the vice-president whether there were plans for extending a railroad across the divide from the Peace into the Hay, a region which I believed a potential granary and dairy. He replied to the effect that the engineers and research staff of his company were in agreement on the substantial accuracy of what I was told in 1906 and 1908. The divide from the Peace to the Hay is low and narrow, without serious engineering difficulties, and the building of a railway would not be costlier per mile than construction through prairie and gently rolling spruce forest elsewhere in Canada. But public sentiment and the economic situation would not permit the opening of the Hay at present.

The difficulty is that Canada is an agricultural country, with farmers heavily represented in the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial parliaments. The farmers consider that they are not now making any too much money on their wheat, and they want to know why the Hay should be opened up to pour additional millions of bushels upon a glutted market. The dairy, chicken, and sheep farmers are like minded.

Thus Franklin Roosevelt and Mackenzie King are compelled to take seriously things that would have been absurdities to Abraham Lincoln and to Sir John Macdonald. What would have been reasons for opening a new country then are reasons against it now. That lesson, as we said, is applicable to Alaska; or would be except for a military situation there developing, which we shall consider presently.

IV

The Federal Government began to stock Alaska with domestic reindeer from

Siberia fifty years ago. Between 1892 and 1902 there were brought in 1,280 head. More would have been imported except that the Tzar's government decided to forbid export. In the April, 1903, issue of the *National Geographic Magazine* Gilbert Grosvenor showed how the natural increase of the reindeer in Alaska was such as to double their numbers every three years, and forecast that they would so continue indefinitely —up to the saturation of the range provided by the Arctic coast and Bering Sea prairies, later estimated to be capable of supporting 4,000,000 head. Grosvenor thought there would be 1,000,000 reindeer by 1928. The reindeer increase did continue roughly on the Grosvenor principle of doubling in three years until, by the estimate of the Lomen Reindeer Corporation, then the chief commercial firm, there were 1,000,000 head in 1931, some herds belonging to white settlers and corporations, others in herds owned and run by natives.

In pace with the increase of the herds grew the popularity of reindeer meat throughout the United States, although it had not acquired by 1930 such standing as it has long had in places like Stockholm, Sweden, where it is a standard meat, preferred to beef and mutton in the sense that the prices for related cuts are higher. In the United States reindeer tended to fall into one of two classes, a luxury at a very high price and an economy meat cheaper than beef or lamb.

At this stage the Lomens hit upon what seemed a brilliant idea. They arranged with the Great Northern, Northern Pacific, and Milwaukee railways to serve reindeer on their dining cars between the Twin Cities and the Pacific Coast. Souvenir menus were printed and souvenir cookbooks for dining-car stewards to give pleased customers. The railway personnel were to furnish the address of a central information agency which would give buyers the name and location of meat dealers in their neighborhoods who sold reindeer. The innovation proved a success on the dining cars. There was demand for the souvenir menus, for the cookbooks, and for the addresses of dealers.

This favorable start proved a boomerang; for protests from local meat producers began to come in. Mass meetings of farmers and stockmen passed indignant resolutions that if the railroads were going to serve the cattle and sheep States they would have to use the meat produced in those States.

A prairie States dealer ordered a carload of Lomen reindeer. When it became known that the shipment was on its way he received a caution of the vigilante type that it might be best not to open the car. He was impressed, and the car stood on a siding for a day or two unopened. Then it was returned unopened to the Lomens.

At a point in the struggle between reindeer and beef a Pacific Coast city had been having a food poisoning scare; it was alleged that some people had died from "infected rabbit." The city fathers saw in this a chance to help the cattle and sheep men. They passed an ordinance to the effect that all meat dealers, whether or not they sold rabbit and reindeer, should post conspicuously in their place of business a sign reading either that they sold "rabbit and reindeer" or else that they did not sell "rabbit and reindeer." This brilliant tying up of the reindeer competition problem with the rabbit scare effectively closed down markets in that section.

Cattle and sheep producers of the United States have shown themselves no more favorable to the development of a reindeer industry in Alaska than the farmers of Canada are to agricultural development in the Hay valley.

The Alaska reindeer industry had several other troubles in addition to those caused by opposition in the States. Dissension arose within the Territory, some groups wanting all reindeer to be put under the supervision of Government departments for the benefit of the natives, others wanting to retain the system

of both native and white herds. Congressional investigation followed Congressional investigation. Meantime the activities of white owners were paralyzed, pending a definite decision on the future of the industry. White owners no longer had money to pay for herding, branding, and other care; there was equal uncertainty among the native owners, and they lost interest. The untended reindeer wandered off to join the wild caribou, which are the same animal under a different name. There was no longer protection from wolves. Owners started butchering extravagantly, killing more than they needed. With the disappearance of the outside market as human food reindeer became dog feed. Owners killed them for the dog market; dog owners shot, as if they had been wild caribou, reindeer which they did not own, and used them for feed.

When the industry had come to the verge of ruin an arrangement was made for the Government to take over the remnant of the Alaska commercial herds, on behalf of Eskimos and other natives. By 1940, the year of transfer to the Department of the Interior, the estimated million head in 1931, which should have reached the saturation 4,000,000 by 1940, had declined to a Government estimate of 250,000.

V

Typical Alaskans pride themselves on living well; they resent what they look upon as a lowering of their standards. The spendthrift display of the Gold Rush days survives in a sort of conspicuous waste, a super-development of keeping up with the Joneses. What is brought into Alaska at great expense is considered superior to what is found there. As recently as November, 1940, I was told by friends who live in Dawson, Yukon Territory, just up the river from Alaska, that the best caribou steaks were selling at ten cents, best moose steaks at twenty cents, and medium imported beef steaks at seventy-five cents a pound. There were few people in Dawson, said he, who had the moral courage to invite neighbors to a meal if the steak were either caribou or moose; it had to be imported or it was not fit to put before a guest.

It is good form anywhere in Alaska to shoot a moose and get the head mounted by Jonas of Denver. But there is a tendency to feel that a white man has gone native if a large part of what he lives on is flesh secured by hunting and fishing. Trapping is not under like disfavor; for there you sell the pelt and with the money you purchase a beefsteak when in town or ham, bacon, and tinned sausages to carry with you back to your trapline.

In the autumn of 1940 a majority of attendants at a Chamber of Commerce meeting in Juneau, the capital of Alaska, were reported by the newspapers to have agreed that Alaska potatoes were "no good"—some had not tasted them for years. This did create a stir, even in Alaska; and at a subsequent meeting of the Chamber local potatoes were given a tryout. Most of those who tasted them voted that they were excellent; but as a rule it is hard to break the Alaskan conviction that "the best" and "high standard" mean something imported at a stiff price.

The pioneering that built the Old West, the life that we admire in our histories, our historical fiction, and in our movies, is not admired or desired by the majority of Alaskans, to judge by Alaska newspapers. They feel that people who come to Alaska should bring with them a considerable amount of money; otherwise they may become dependent upon local charity or will have to be shipped back home.

We are told in the books how Lincoln and his parents came to a near wilderness with little but courage and their bare hands. They lived first by hunting in the woods and fishing in the streams; later from their gardens and small fields which they cultivated laboriously with spade and hoe and with a plow drawn by a team or a single horse, ox, or perhaps even a cow. This is all looked upon

as noble when seen in the movies; it is admired in Alaska no less than in Indiana. But to Alaska, the Chambers of Commerce reiterate, no one should come unless he has money enough to give him a good start.

Most of our Atlantic seaboard was colonized by religious and political refugees from Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Large parts of the Middle West were colonized by political refugees from Germany in the nineteenth century; and by varied Europeans, from Scandinavia to Greece, who could not make a living at home and arrived in the Dakotas and Minnesota nearly penniless.

But Alaskans, to judge from their newspapers, don't want any refugees, whether they have fled from Communism, Fascism, or Nazism; they don't want refugees from European poverty.

It may be that press opposition to colonization reflects chiefly the opinion of Chamber of Commerce members and newspaper owners. On the average these are either in gold mining or else they make their money through selling things that have been shipped into Alaska. Naturally they want more things shipped in.

The first reaction of a Fairbanks merchant to the establishment of a chicken ranch or a creamery in the Tanana valley is likely to be that his business may be dislocated. Indeed, that sort of motive for opposition goes well afield. It runs all the way from producers in the State of Washington through the various commission and handling people in Seattle, the transporters between Seattle and the Alaska south coast, the handlers at the terminals of the Alaska Railroad or the Richardson Highway to those who carry the produce by rail or truck to Fairbanks and our merchant who sells it there.

Calculated obstruction to movement beyond the frontier is of course a recurrent historical phenomenon. There was the violent New England opposition to the trek that settled the Ohio valley; the Hudson's Bay Company fought tooth and toenail against the agricultural development of certain parts of Canada; Ontario and the maritime provinces generally struggled against the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the colonization of the prairie provinces.

But in no section of North America has a combination of the forces resisting immigration been so uniformly successful through so long a period as in Alaska and the Yukon. Look at the census returns! There are believed to have been 36,400 Alaska whites in 1910, there were something like 32,000 in 1940. Whites in Alaska, not counting Army and Navy, were fewer a year ago than they were thirty-one years ago.

A stationary population for thirty years is one thing if you consider gold the only substantial resource of Alaska and think of the climate and country in terms of Seward's Ice Box and Seward's Folly; it is quite another when you study together the census returns and the rarely disputed parallel between the Scandinavias and Alaska.

We might rest with a "What does it matter?" if these were ordinary times. But they are not. The reason for concern lies in the military situation. The minimum defense area is the triangle which has the Latin-American isthmus beyond the Canal for its southern tip, its northeastern and northwestern corners in Iceland-Greenland and in Alaska. It is a difficult military problem to defend a territory of more than half a million square miles which is practically uninhabited and which, so far as it has people, is inhabited by food consumers rather than food producers, by those who pay in gold for nearly everything they eat and drink, from European wines to Idaho potatoes and Oregon beef.

From the defense point of view there should be, for a minimum, enough food production in Alaska as a whole to supply all of the Alaska population, both civil and military; preferably this should be localized in several areas so that, for instance, the milk and eggs needed by

the Army at Fairbanks would be produced in the main in the Tanana valley; or, let us say, in the Tanana plus the Matanuska Colony and the general region served by the Alaska Railway.

As Washington is reflected by newspapers and radio, we are not worrying about an invasion from the Soviet Union. If we were we should probably have to think of Alaska as a fortress which we would defend from ramparts that are its various shores. The Soviet Union has a gigantic and heavily mechanized army where, from the 18,000,000 who are said to have had military training, it would be possible to select at least three or four million soldiers who were born and brought up in a climate which is similar to that of Alaska in summer and which in winter has temperatures running ten or more degrees colder than the chilliest sections of the Territory. Such troops could invade at any time of year; except that tanks and heavy guns would need to be transported across Bering Strait in summer, and probably would be transported so late in the autumn as to assure their arrival, by the hundreds or thousands, just before the freeze-up—at a time when our Navy, because of the rapidly forming ice, could not co-operate effectively with our land forces in the Bering Sea and Strait region.

But Under Secretary Welles was quoted by the newspapers in February as saying that we have no expectation or fear of a Soviet invasion, and Secretary Hull was quoted to the same effect a few days later. Their statements were in accord with what seemed to be the general Alaska opinion in October and November, 1940—that the Soviets have nothing which we want, that they want nothing which we have, and that it would be equally senseless for us to invade northeastern Siberia and for them to invade northwestern America.

The country we fear, in the sense of thinking we may have to defend ourselves, is Japan. This means the possibility of attack from the southwest and south, and means further an attack by a people little used to cold weather, who would, therefore, need to be met on the south and southwest coasts chiefly. So we are making our naval preparations in the southeast, south, and southwest, at Sitka, Kodiak, and Dutch Harbor. Our Army, correspondingly, has its main station at Anchorage, near the middle of the south coast, with a chief outpost at Fairbanks, south of the middle of the interior.

The public is comparatively well informed about what the Army is doing in Alaska. This is in the nature of the case, for great army bases are almost by necessity on the mainland, and press correspondents swarm at will over the landing fields and among the barracks. The Navy, being typically on islands and these little inhabited, is in a geographic position to keep its own counsel, and is doing it. So there is little available to the public about the Navy beyond the general impression that we already have a powerful striking force of long-range bombers at Dutch Harbor. There is a rumor, which circulates and then dies down, that we even have another naval base several hundred miles farther west along the Aleutian chain.

Farther west means nearer Japan. Apparently the main purpose of the Dutch Harbor base (and of the more westerly base, if it exists) is to say to the Japanese by implication that we are in a position to hit at them from a spot that is much closer to them than Hawaii—the distance to nearest Japanese land being about 4,000 miles from Pearl Harbor but only about 2,000 miles from Dutch Harbor. The distance is even less, by several hundred miles, from the "base that may exist" in the more southwesterly Aleutians.

In effect, then, we are telling the Japanese that we can swing a big stick from the Aleutians. By implication we are reminding them that their great cities have many wooden buildings and that there is chance for a swarm of planes to arrive from the northeast on some dry, clear, and breezy morning.

Knowing ourselves, it does not occur to us that we should bomb the Japanese from the Aleutians in an unprovoked attack, or even upon small provocation. The meaning seems to be that if the Japanese tried to move into the Philippines, the Dutch Indies, or Australia and New Zealand, we might counterattack from the Aleutians. We, it seems, hope that the threat of reprisal from the north may restrain the Japanese from initial depredations toward the south.

If we have been slow in getting our defense preparations started in Alaska we are making commendable headway. I read in the newspapers that military construction there is a year ahead of schedule. Whether it is or not I do not know; but through my recent weeks in Alaska I gained the highest respect for the officers and men up there, from the commanding general down. Local Alaskans are warm and some of them agape with surprised admiration for the speed and quality of the Army's preparations. Work goes on night and day in midwinter as in midsummer.

The Army and the Navy in Alaska are getting fine co-operation from the Department of the Interior and the other Government departments. The Department of Commerce, through the Civil Aeronautics Board, is leveling and constructing air-fields from the panhandle to the Aleutians, from the Pacific Ocean to the Arctic Sea. The Department of Agriculture has accomplished a good deal and so have the relief agencies of the Federal Government, not merely in road building, harbor improvement, and the like, but in colonization, as at Matanuska.

Alaska's worst handicap has been the opposition to colonization, but even here are rays of hope. As everywhere else, there is in Alaska an admiration for Mormons as farmer-colonists. The very people at Fairbanks who grow purple in the face at the thought of refugees or foreigners coming in, who oppose the immigration of poor Americans, who think it one of the Ickes crimes that he is "trying to force on us a horde of refugee farmers" —even these men become friendly at the suggestion that the Mormon Church might undertake to survey a considerable district, say in the Tanana valley, with a view of bringing in a hundred or even a thousand agriculturist families.

Now, while excellent farmers, Mormons are not the only good farmers in the world. Alaskans know the Mormons are good but many don't seem to know that other settlers may be just as good. While the Mormon colony is growing up in the Tanana we might try somewhere else a colony of, let us say, typical Minnesotans and North Dakotans, meaning people of Scandinavian, German, Canadian (Ontario), and such ancestry, not omitting those Russians who have long been reckoned among the good settlers in portions of North Dakota.

Some of the best Dakota farmers have had their farms blown from under them by the strong winds of dry years. Many of them are discouraged with their present farms but not with farming. It happens that several of the higher administrative and technical officers of the Matanuska Colony right now are from North Dakota. If somebody gave them half the money that has been spent on the Matanuska Colony they could go through with an enterprise in one of the good sections of the Yukon basin or in some coastal valley that would be many times as large as Matanuska and as likely as even a Mormon colony to make good from the start.

DIRGE FOR THE CENTURY OF THE YOUNG DEAD

BY STRUTHERS BURT

WE ARE wonderful, we are wise,
Masters of space and speed and echoing spheres;
We have killed our young men marvelously for years.

Lords of the earth, of metal, and of ease,
We have made a thin blue coffin of the skies,
And of the high fine business of the seas
A wet and narrow burial;
We are wonderful, we are wise.

Beat drums, for we have even conquered death and made him young,
Death is no longer old but a young man flying;
Beat drums, your sound may hush the crying
Of the old world for the young men dying.
We are wonderful, we are wise.

Youth is no time to watch the wheeling star,
The roundness of the moon is made for death,
And dawn for terror where the young men are.
The golden hills where once the harpist stood
Are gold no longer for the young men's blood;
Beat drums, for the end of young desire.

We are wonderful, we are wise,
Yet we have made an end of youthful singing.
Will any young man, dreaming, chide the light
That is so long contented with the night,
When he would wake to visions and delight?
Beat drums, for the end of youthful singing.

Lame-foot, fat-gut, plastered-hair,
You who have set the young men to their winging,
This I can tell you, and beware,
The day will come when you will miss their singing.
Perhaps in the dreadful silence all around,
Your hearts will crumble for the lack of sound.

We are wonderful, we are wise,
We have given wings and engines to our tears;
We have killed our young men marvelously for years.
Beat drums for the waste of young men dying.

SPARE TIME AT THE ARMY CAMPS

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

JOE QUARTARARO, aged twenty-five, joined the Army last September because he had eight cents left in his pocket and because, like the majority of boys who enlisted without waiting to be drafted, he thought he "might as well get his year's training over with." A big fellow with the genial disposition of his Latin forebears, Joe is the delight of Co. F of the 119th Quartermaster Regiment, stationed at Fort Dix, New Jersey. He explained that he had been "a gentleman of leisure" for six months prior to his enlistment because he had got fed up with driving a truck. But Joe is no corner-bum type. "This will show you," he said to me, "how some of us keep up on our reading," and he displayed a copy of Jules Romains' *Verdun*. He had more books upstairs in his bunk, including *Moment in Peking*, *The Nazarene*, and a life of Leonardo da Vinci. He had been a subscriber to the Book of the Month Club, but had fallen behind in his payments. Right now he was "itching" to lay his hand on Burns Mantle's collection of Broadway plays for 1940.

I learned that Joe was the son of a laborer and had finished only two and a half years of high school. Yet he had a taste for acting as well as for books. In Elizabeth, New Jersey, he and his friends had organized a dramatics club and had put on for Union County audiences such plays as "Night Must Fall" and "Margin for Error." In Co. F, Joe had found another boy, a former accounting clerk who had been in amateur theatricals, and they hoped to discover others in their regiment. "If we put on a play," he said, "it ought to be on the light side. . . . The boys won't want any heavy drama." Someone in the group standing there exclaimed, "We could take anything you put on!"

This son of an Italian laborer wishes now he had had more schooling and had gone on to college. He stood out in the group of twenty-five boys who happened to be in Co. F barracks the night of my visit; but he was not the only one eager to make the most of his free time while in Army service. A man of twenty-eight, who had been an assistant manager in a feed store and who had had only two years of high school, was taking a correspondence course in stenography. Several boys wished that the Army would give courses in typewriting and shorthand and in accounting. Others said they would like, if they could be sure of their free evenings, to attend the Spanish class which I had learned was being given once a week by an enlisted man, a Columbia University A.M., at the Hostess House.

All of these boys had either been drafted or had recently volunteered. Three-quarters of them had left jobs. A number had been factory workers, one a short-order cook, another a milk driver. Less than half expected to get their jobs back, and more than a few of the others said they would like to study something "so that we'll be better off at the end of the year."

I had gone to Fort Dix to discover what provisions had been made for the

boys' free time and how they themselves wanted to spend their off-duty hours. I wondered what was being done to make better citizens of this great cross section of American youth of all racial backgrounds and economic levels. I wanted to know what opportunities would be open to promising boys like Joe who are eager to develop their minds and broaden their interests, and what training would be available for boys who are anxious to acquire a skill that will have an economic value in peace-time. I wished to find out too whether boys who had had some cultural advantages would be obliged to say good-by to all their intellectual concerns as soon as they found themselves in camp.

No one army camp of course can be considered typical of all. Situated as it is not far from Trenton, New York, and Philadelphia, Fort Dix is in a different case from the out-of-the-way Southern cantonments where the boys are more completely insulated by army life. But I chose Fort Dix because of its size and because it was the first to open a hostess house and acquire a library.

Many Army officers tend to discount the need for or the desirability of a recreational program that would have its educational aspects. They are concerned first and last with military training, and they explain that a year is a short enough time to teach green recruits the mechanics of modern warfare. Even a civilian like myself can appreciate the magnitude of their task and the compulsion under which the Army chiefs are laboring. In a Town Hall Meeting of the Air on January 6th Dr. Isaiah Bowman, President of Johns Hopkins University, said, "We know that a ruthless enemy will not blanch at the sight of a book. War is force, desperately and ruthlessly applied." Recognizing this obvious fact, Dr. Bowman pleaded for an educational program for our armed forces that would at once "harden and inspirit them."

Dr. Bowman quoted from a report by Sir Robert Haining of the British War Office in which it was stated that the conditions of military service tend to diminish military alertness, for the understandable reason that in a large army many men in the ranks are employed in capacities that have little mental scope. To offset this handicap the British Army some months ago instituted for its citizen soldiers a special educational program which has contributed to higher morale and military efficiency.

An article in the March 1st issue of the *New Statesman and Nation* gives details about the British Army Education Corps, which is under the direction of a civilian member of the Board of Education. In each company an education officer, in addition to his regular military duties, has been made responsible for "the quantity and palatability of the men's educational ration." The program consists of lectures and discussions led by qualified civilians chosen from a panel; classes led by soldiers who have expert knowledge on such subjects as town planning, foreign affairs, literature, hobbies; and instruction provided by local schools and colleges in both technical and cultural subjects. County libraries, rural music schools, drama leagues, etc. have also co-operated. In many units, from one-half to three-quarters of the force have taken advantage of the program in their off-duty hours. No censorship has been imposed on the discussions, and there has not been "a pennyworth of propaganda" in the army educational scheme.

Our own American soldiers might not relish so many set lectures. Still it must be true, as Dr. Bowman argued, that "a civilian army includes men who are hungry for cultural knowledge and growth." "You cannot expect," he said, "a man's soldiering to improve on a mental diet at starvation level." Looking forward to the post-war period, he added, "if we are to provide an expanded industry with trained personnel, the soldier returning to civil life must have his chances raised, not lowered, by his army experience."

II

Dr. Bowman's assumptions about the range of interests of the army's cross section of American youth might be challenged by skeptics. Yet psychological tests and educational histories of sample groups of selectees show that their mental capacity is greater than was expected.

Under a new classification system each man following induction is given at the Reception Center a test designed to reveal his ability to learn rapidly, to analyze new situations, to maintain mental alertness, and to comprehend and follow instructions. On December 9th it was announced that the first 2961 selectees tested at Fort Dix, most of them coming from New York and New Jersey, had attained a higher rating than is normally expected of our soldiers. As many as 11 per cent, instead of 7 per cent, fell into Group I, which is considered officer material; 42 per cent, instead of 24 per cent, into Group II, considered good material; 28 per cent, instead of 38 per cent, were classified in Group III, considered average; 13 per cent, instead of 24 per cent, in Group IV, rated as below average; and 6 per cent instead of 7 per cent, in Group V, rated as capable only of common labor or fit for discharge.

An analysis on the basis of education, made of a sampling of 5000 selectees inducted in January, showed that in New York and New Jersey at least the school-attendance laws have raised the educational level of drafted men well above the World War standard. It was found that 45 per cent had had at least eleven years of school, 25 per cent having finished high-school, 16 per cent having gone on to college, and 5.5 per cent having completed college. Among those with less than eleven years of education, only 15 per cent had dropped out of school at the end of the eighth grade, and only 4 per cent had had but four years or less of schooling.

Of the thousands of selectees so far classified at the Reception Center, 5,000 had by February been assigned to duty at Fort Dix with the 44th Division. About as many more in the Division were volunteers who, like my friend Joe of Co. F, joined up in the summer or fall of 1940 to get their year's training over with. These volunteers seemed to me just as intelligent on the average as the selectees. Together the two groups constituted about half of the soldiers on duty at Fort Dix with the 44th Division, which in February numbered 16,173 enlisted men. The other half of the Division was made up of New Jersey National Guardsmen who were in the unit before the emergency. Also in camp were 1287 regular Army soldiers, exclusive of their officers, permanently stationed at the post. These old-timers in the Army and the Guard, with some exceptions, appear to be of a lower mental average than the new men drawn into the Army by the emergency.

In the course of a week's visit I talked with at least 150 boys, individually or in groups, including selectees, volunteers, National Guardsmen, and Regular Army men. Asked what they liked to do when they were off duty, a good many wished for more dances, more girls, more trips to Trenton, and some appeared content to sit vacantly in the Hostess House and listen to the popular music being banged out at the piano. Boys of this type seemed not to care whether they ever saw a newspaper, and for magazines they preferred the comics. They were the unleavened mass. For leaven I found about two boys in every six—a few with college education, more with four years or less of high school—who were as alert and intelligent as the group I chanced upon in Co. F.

Practically all of the boys with whom I talked approved of the Selective Service Act; they were reconciled to putting in a year in the Army because they had become convinced that this country must be ready to defend itself. Out of touch with the news, they were not yet psychologically prepared for war. Their expectation that they would leave the Army at the end of a year's training

depressed me: I feared they were guessing wrong. Yet they were already developing the soldier's fatalistic view. "When we get the orders we will start worrying," one of the boys in Co. F said. Boys from other companies told me that the last thing our young men in uniform want to talk about is the prospect of war.

The complaint I heard most frequently was about the bad lighting in the tents. This was due to the heavy load on a temporary lighting system. When I was in camp only four regiments had moved into permanent barracks, and the remaining 13,827 men were still living in tents, since the impassable roads had delayed the move into the fine new barracks. The universal complaining about the bad lighting suggested that many boys in the Army are literate enough to want to use their eyes for some kind of reading.

A number of boys declared they would like to listen to the news on the air, but the radios in the company recreation rooms that were in use and those owned by individual boys were usually playing swing and popular music.

As soldiers invariably do, the boys at Fort Dix spend a good deal of time and lose a good deal of money to one another shooting crap. One lad made $27 at a stroke and spent it on a trip home. Their money goes too for canned beer sold at the canteens. Most of the boys confessed to spending the bulk of their pay the first week of the month, but the Co. F crowd philosophized, "So long as one of us has ten cents the outfit's not dead broke." The only boy in the group who said he budgeted his money was the purposeful young man taking a correspondence course. Privates earn $21 a month for the first four months in the Army and $30 thereafter, and out of this they must pay for laundry, dress shoes and extra clothes, pressing and cleaning, regimental insignia, toilet articles, travel, movies, and other recreation. They think the railroads should carry them for one instead of two cents a mile, as they did at Christmas time, and they grumble over the sixty-cent round-trip bus fare to Trenton, where they like to go in the evening when they have enough energy left. An order against hitch-hiking had just been issued, and the boys thought the Army ought to provide trucks to take them into Trenton if it will not let them thumb rides.

Boys remaining in camp on Sundays are urged to attend one of the Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish church services, and a fair number do. While no boy can be ordered to church, the company commanders try to get a good turn-out, and some boys resent the sergeants' checking up on their attendance.

The girl problem, I gathered, was not acute, since practically all of the boys come from New Jersey and New York and most of them are able to get home about every other week-end. Boys who own cars are allowed to park them at the Fort; on Saturday afternoon you see a steady stream of cars leaving camp loaded to capacity.

For social diversion in camp the Co. F boys said they enjoyed the Friday night regimental dances given at the Hostess House, when it was their company's turn to attend. Other soldiers with whom I talked were more difficult to please and complained that the YWCA girls "sit on their hands" and aren't "the kind who get along with men."

In Trenton occasional free dances are given by the YMCA, by the churches, and other organizations. Skateland, a well-conducted roller-skating rink that has a family atmosphere, is popular with the boys. On Saturday night I noticed a number of soldiers skating alone. Nice Trenton girls, I am told, incline to be "snooty." The boys are finding that a soldier's uniform is not always looked upon as a badge of virtue.

On Saturday evening I found Trenton almost unbelievably quiet. A good many soldiers were at the movies, where they are admitted at half price; a score or so had just had coffee and "two pieces" of cake at the YMCA open house; and still more were in the Y swimming pool which

the soldiers can use for a quarter, or for nothing if they rent a room for fifty cents a night. In Trenton's most popular café, where you can buy a beer for ten cents, I saw no roisterers and no painted ladies, but noticed a few unattached young women who appeared to be out for adventure of one kind or another.

In the vicinity of the camp there are drinking places and roadhouses, but these have been so well policed that no woman who is openly plying a prostitute's trade is allowed to linger long or to keep a return engagement. These places are making a nice profit and they do not want to lose their licenses or be declared out of bounds. For its part the Army is doing its best to enforce the regulation that a man who has had illicit intercourse must report within two hours for a prophylaxis at the regimental dispensary. Men who become infected and fail to report for treatment are severely punished. So far the known incidence of venereal disease among the Fort Dix soldiers is surprisingly low. In February the estimated annual rate was only 16 cases per thousand, as compared with the Army's usual rate of 36. This is probably due to the soldiers' opportunities for frequent trips home, and the circumstance that the police and the New Jersey State Health Department have prevented organized vice from getting a foothold in Trenton and the area round the camp.

Since Trenton is eighteen miles distant, the small towns nearby have a job to do for the Fort Dix boys. At Pointville, the nearest village, the Community Center of Burlington County had opened a recreation and reading room for the soldiers. Some of the boys were glad to use it; others scoffed at the Friday-night taffy pulls. Sometimes well-meaning ladies make the mistake of planning recreation for soldiers that seems sissified to many.

III

On the cantonment the Army had made fairly adequate provision for recreational buildings and less adequate provision for personnel to direct the program. Fort Dix now has two new theaters with a seating capacity of one thousand each. The camp is fortunate in having received a $1,700 portable electric organ as a gift from Mrs. Junius Morgan's entertainment committee of the Friends of New York State Soldiers and Sailors. But the theaters would serve a more all-round purpose if they had wings and had not been designed primarily for movies. Because they believe working conditions there are not conducive to actors' health, the New York stage unions have refused to allow entire Broadway casts to put on shows at Fort Dix. An article in the March issue of *Actors' Equity Magazine* said that the oversight in construction had been called to the attention of the War Department and that scant attention had been paid to Equity's offer to co-operate in the production of shows for the boys under the proper conditions.

Besides the two theaters, there are 13 regimental recreation buildings that can seat 350 each, and it was hoped that another would be built in the area intended for Negro troops. These buildings too might have been better planned. They can be used for small movie shows and for religious services, but not for floor games such as basketball, since the benches are too heavy to be stacked easily and the windows are not protected. A large gymnasium is needed at Fort Dix, but will probably not be built, since it would have to be of costly steel construction. The camp will at least have a big athletic field with bleachers and a boxing ring on the site of the former tent movie theater.

Every company of 120 men was to have its own day-room as soon as all the men were in barracks. These company recreation buildings, of which there will be 160 at Fort Dix, measure on the outside 25.4 x 45.2 feet, but the day-room itself is only 25 x 34, since the sergeant's office cuts off one end. Some of the men see a joker there: when they use the room for recreation they are under the ser-

geant's thumb and available for the extra details which top sergeants, it seems, lie awake nights thinking up. To furnish the day-rooms some outfits had drawn on available company funds; others less fortunate were waiting for gifts. Second-hand pianos had been sent in by the W.P.A., Knights of Columbus, and private donors, for about half the day-rooms, and radios had been contributed thanks to an appeal broadcast by WOR over its Sunday afternoon Fort Dix program.

The centrally located Service Club was to take the place, when completed late in the spring, of the Hostess House which was temporarily located in an old building at one end of the sprawling cantonment. The first floor of the Service Club is planned as a lounge and reading and writing room and will be used for dances, accommodating about 250, one night a week. The library will be located on the balcony, but no small rooms had been designed for classes and rehearsals and for boys who wish to listen to good music on the radio. Since the 35,000 men who will eventually be encamped at Fort Dix will make a heavy demand on the Service Club and since it will have limited facilities for dances, it would seem a good thing if the present Hostess House, with its space for dancing and lounging and its small upstairs rooms that could be used for classes and rehearsals, were kept open and staffed as an auxiliary service club.

During the last war the YMCA, Knights of Columbus, and other welfare organizations operated service clubs and canteens on the cantonments and had their own secretaries in charge. After the war, in 1919, the Army decided that it would in the future take care of its own within the camps and so eliminate duplication of effort and religious rivalries. The War Department is accordingly engaging its own hostesses to direct activities in the Service Clubs. Regulations provide that the senior hostess, earning $2100 a year, shall be between the ages of 30 and 50, and the assistant hostesses earning $1620 a year, shall be between 25 and 45 years of age.

The first appointments were made at Fort Dix. A senior hostess was chosen by Major General Powell, commander of the 44th Division, as early as last October. Mrs. Ethel Keech Logan of Delanco, New Jersey, had some experience with the Red Cross during the last war. The assistant hostess, Miss Bonnie Hawthorne, who was selected by the Second Corps Area officials was director of dramatics for the Port Washington, Long Island, Public Schools. When I was at Fort Dix she was rehearsing a group of hopeful young actors who expected, as the Service Club Players, to entertain the 44th Division. They were preparing a series of one-act sketches, including the inevitable mock court martial. They intended to use scenery formerly owned by the Federal Theater in New Jersey.

A second junior hostess was to be engaged as soon as the new Service Club was opened and the services of a dietitian would be required for the cafeteria and refreshment bar.

The librarian, it seemed to me, has the most exciting opportunities for service. Miss Dorothy Stockford, formerly with the New York Public Library, resigned from the New Rochelle Library to come to Fort Dix. She has a fine social point of view and she could, if given the necessary personnel assistance, classrooms, and materials, stimulate a first-rate adult-education program. When she reported for duty in January she was fortunate in receiving from Miss Sara Askew, director of the State Library Commission and a member of the New Jersey Defense Council, a collection of 1,500 books, winnowed out from private gift lots and from duplicate copies donated by public libraries. Other gift consignments of books had been sent to Fort Dix, and Miss Stockford had spent the first six weeks cataloguing and sorting and throwing out such dubious contributions as *The Bobbsie Twins.*

The boys' taste in books is catholic. A boy from the Bronx had had a reserve

for a year in the New York Public Library on Richard Wright's *Native Son* and hoped he could get it now. Another New York boy wanted first chance at a biography of Boss Tweed. Several wanted *The Horse and Buggy Doctor* and *An American Doctor's Odyssey*, and one boy offered to loan the librarian his copy of Hugh Young's autobiography. Any number of boys had asked for Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. All sorts of books on the last war from *Dere Mable* to *Over the Top* had been requested, but paradoxically there had been little interest expressed in books on the present war crisis.

Books on technical subjects were most in demand—on military science, electricity, aeronautics, engineering, anatomy. Also books on photography and even on figure-skating. One boy wanted a book on orchid-growing, which he plans to make his hobby in the future. A sergeant came asking for a book on grammar because he had a boy in his company who could not read or write.

Miss Stockford has a modest appropriation of $6,400 to be spent the first fiscal year, and her initial order list had been approved by the Corps Area Librarian, Mr. Harry F. Kochs, formerly of the Queens, N. Y., Public Library. On future orders she did not anticipate any censorship.

A number of magazines had been subscribed for and a few metropolitan newspapers. Prospects were not so good for acceptable reading matter in the company day-rooms, which will be more accessible to all the men than the main library. The librarian hoped, if her supply of books permits, to make up traveling libraries of 150 or 200 selected books and route them from one company day-room to another to supplement the indifferent collection of books, pulps, and back issues of magazines sent in by the American Legion and other organizations. As their special contribution to the boys at Fort Dix the Knights of Columbus buy every month several tons of such pulp magazines as *Argosy*, *All Story Love*, *Detective Fiction*, *Fantastic Novels*, *Crack Shot Western*, and these are distributed by Major Crone, Catholic Chaplain of the 44th Division. Pulp magazines like these are popular with many boys; even more popular are the comic magazines like *Superman*. Yet it is a fact, as one regimental chaplain observed, that a surprising number of boys without much education enjoy reading the leading current magazines when they are placed in their way. Back issues of well-edited magazines have of course their value and might better be sent to the nearest camp than thrown away. But timely books and magazines are in demand. Public-spirited book, magazine, and newspaper publishers might come forward and make gifts to company day-rooms. The boys would particularly like their home-town newspapers.

IV

Besides the librarian and two hostesses, three officers had been detailed to supervise the recreation of 20,000 men at Fort Dix, with an additional officer in the Reception Center. Major Joseph C. Donoghue, an Infantry Reserve officer, a former New York lawyer, was in charge of recreation as Post Morale Officer, but had to spend fifteen hours a week at courts-martial. His only assistant was a young lieutenant fresh from the R.O.T.C. (Recently another junior officer has been added to his staff.) The director of recreation and athletics for the 44th Division was Captain Hartleroad, a National Guard officer, formerly superintendent of welfare in Trenton. All three officers seemed to me to be men of good will and excellent intent, but only Captain Hartleroad had had experience in civilian life as an executive and as a welfare worker.

Since the officers had no assistance, the recreation program was at sixes and sevens when I was there. I found Major Donoghue distraught, arranging for the performance by part of the cast of the New York revue, "Hellzapoppin," sched-

uled the following Monday at one of the War Department theaters as a benefit for the Army Relief Fund. Admission to the show was to be one dollar, which not many enlisted men would be able to pay, and the best seats were to be reserved at the Officers' Club. Even if it was a benefit for the relief of enlisted men's families, the one dollar admission price seemed unfortunate. The actors, I fancy, would rather have played to the enlisted men. This was the only Broadway show, or part of a show, that was likely to come to Fort Dix for some time, since the stage unions had turned thumbs down on the theater construction. That same week Ethel Waters' show, "Cabin in the Sky," had canceled an appearance.

One night a week a free show is staged for the men in each of the large theaters. Often it is of the minstrel-show variety, put on by some patriotically inclined fraternal or church organization. The New Jersey W.P.A. recreation division had brought several entertainments to camp, and a nearby roadhouse owner had offered to send his floor show (which had no strip-tease acts) at least once a month. And so the free shows go—whatever talent, mediocre or otherwise, is available, is offered the men.

Motion pictures are usually scheduled six nights a week in both theaters. The men can buy books of tickets for fourteen cents each, but some said the shows were too old to make a mile's walk over muddy roads worth while. Billings for the previous month had included only a few top-ranking features and no current hits. I asked the officer in charge of theaters what chance there was of the men's seeing Charlie Chaplin's "Great Dictator" or revivals of some of the great foreign films like "Pasteur" and "Henry the Eighth" and was told that none of these was likely to be shown. A district manager for the Army Motion Picture Department, a civilian with offices in the RKO Building in New York City, selects and buys the films for the Second Corps Area. It is just possible that the War Department theaters, which have a monopoly in the cantonments, are providing a profitable dumping ground for the distributors' second- and third-rate and out-of-date pictures.

Some effort had been made to take detachments of men in trucks to see an occasional football game or prize fight on the outside when blocks of tickets were made available. Sports were planned for spring. A few weeks after my visit a division baseball team was organized under one of the junior officers.

In each regiment and company an officer had been appointed to look after, in his spare time, the men's recreation. Few plans had been made, so far as I could learn, and the men themselves had not been encouraged to come forward with ideas. At least half of the company recreation officers were chaplains, either Protestant or Catholic. They had more time to devote to the work and they were in many instances closer to the men than the line officers; but as a group they had had little or no training in recreation.

In the Reception Center the picture was very different. This is a kind of a camp within a camp with a transient population of 2,000 to 3,000 and a daily influx of 500 newly inducted men who remain at the Center about five days before they are assigned to units in various parts of the country. The officer in command, Lt. Col. Holmes Paullin, is a West Pointer with World War draft experience. He had detailed Captain Parker, a reserve officer who had been a high-school history teacher and an athletics coach, to direct the Center's recreation program. Since numbers of new men with stage and radio experience were being interviewed under the classification plan, the most likely were picked out and asked to appear, on twenty-four hours' notice, in the variety shows which are given every night in the Reception Center's theater. Seven of the new men had proved to be such capable organizers and entertainers that they had been held at the Reception Center. They were now planning the shows and getting

out a weekly mimeographed news sheet of a lively character. Another man, a former Olympic athlete, had been assigned to help with the athletics program. The men detailed for recreation duty also made themselves useful on Saturdays and Sundays receiving the several thousand visitors who come to see the newly inducted men.

V

What has been done in the Reception Center at Fort Dix proved how much talent there is in the new Army, at least in the New York area, and how readily the men will respond to an opportunity to set up their own program even when they are thrown together only temporarily.

In the much larger 44th Division, where men are permanently associated in company units, still more might be accomplished if the talented men who are eager to make a contribution were given a chance. I talked for instance with a young man, a sergeant in the National Guard who had been a choir leader in his New Jersey town, and who had spent a month getting permission "through the proper channels"—a famous army phrase —to organize a choral group in the Division. With him was another young musician, a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music, who was anxious to use his voice again.

One great difficulty is that the men can never count on their free time. Ordinarily they are supposed to be free in the evenings and week-ends from Saturday noon on; also on Wednesday afternoons if their regiment is up to snuff. Most of the boys had been getting home about every other week-end, but they were never sure of their free time in camp. Whether the extra details which sergeants think up represent a military necessity is a question no layman can answer. Soldiering is a tough business, a twenty-four-hours-a-day job in the field, and it may be that a well-trained soldier has got to learn in short order that he is no freer to dispose of his time than he is of his life. Still it would seem that the boys who are willing to rehearse regularly so as to share their talent with their fellows should be encouraged to do so, provided the regular military training program is not neglected. Such Army performances would build up the men's pride in their particular outfits. It is this group loyalty, I am told, which sends men over the top.

Not all of the boys who wanted a more varied recreational program were on the highbrow side. An energetic Buffalo lad of twenty-seven, another National Guard sergeant who had been a factory truck driver, had organized a social club which thirty boys in his company had joined. They paid dues of one dollar a month, had had a stag party the previous Saturday, and were now planning a week-end trip to Washington to see the historical sights. He wanted the club also to study the history of the part of Virginia where the 44th is expected to go on maneuvers, and he was looking for a book on the subject. He had tried to get a volley-ball tournament started and was looking forward to a Division baseball league. This boy was not the student type; yet his plan for studying local history could not be improved upon by the adult educators.

The Service Club players turned out to be a surprising conglomeration. One New York City youngster had had only eight years of schooling; yet his favorite book was Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath.* A second boy had been a professional magician; a third was an Italian-American who had gone to evening high school in New York and claimed now to be reading *Plutarch's Lives;* a fourth had been a salesman for a carnival; and a fifth, a leading spirit in the club, had had a year of college and had done bit parts in the movies.

Asked about their tent mates, these boys said most were "too dumb" to want to discuss anything; but they admitted there was usually one other boy in a tent of six who had some special

interest. They knew uneducated Italian boys who liked to listen to opera music on the radio.

When we got on the subject of "What does democracy mean to you?" the conversation became so lively that thirty or more boys in the Hostess House joined us. Almost to a boy the crowd had a clearer conception of democracy than I had dared hope. It meant, they said, that every man should have a voice in the government and that all should have free speech. "If we had a dictatorship," one of them volunteered, "life in this country would be the same as it is in the Army—the rank and file would have no say about anything."

One boy pointed out that we have nothing here like the race persecution in Germany. A sergeant who had been with the Regular Army for ten years, reminded him that we treat the Negroes in this country unjustly. All, except one boy of Southern parentage, agreed with this view. An East Side New York boy, an Italian-American who had worked in a candy factory, analyzed race prejudice so well that I took my hat off to the teachers at Seward Park High School.

After ten years of depression these young Americans who had had few enough breaks still believed in the American way of life. To me the boys I was talking to were good news. They are a reservoir of national strength, and I refer to their future value not only as soldiers but as citizens, if only their lives are spared.

The military authorities have made a good start establishing libraries in the larger camps and putting up some of the recreation buildings needed. The Corps Area morale officer with whom I talked thought that this was all that was necessary. It may seem so from the strictly military point of view. Yet the Army chiefs must realize that they have been given sole responsibility for the molding, for a year, of a million young Americans who represent, physically and mentally, the best of our crop. If these boys, most of whom are still at an impressionable age, are trained only in the use of force, as Hitler's soldiers are trained, their future and the country's future will be insecure indeed.

Will large numbers when they leave the Army join the ranks of the discontented unemployed, or will they be equipped to take jobs in the expanding economy which Dr. Bowman anticipates? It must be conceded that the exigencies of military training will scarcely leave time for even industrious boys to acquire more than a smattering of vocational training in the simpler skills. Yet even a little training for those who want it would be better than none at all, and could be supplemented, at the time of demobilization, by intensive vocational courses for those who need them. Other features in the free-time program could be English (classes for illiterates, many of them of foreign stock, have already been started at Fort Dix), languages, such cultural classes as are desired, dramatics and choral work for more than the talented few, photography and other hobby clubs, and of course athletics.

Training in citizenship is a knottier problem. Army officers have found that formal lectures do not go over. And some officers themselves have no clear conception of the fundamental relation between the Bill of Rights and the preservation of a free society.

It might be that discussion groups conducted by the men themselves would be a healthy experiment. They would have to be as informal and spontaneous as the discussion on democracy which I heard in the Hostess House. They should not resemble in any way "a woman's club forum" as one young man put it. If this experiment fizzled, other means, such as documentary films and posters, could be used to acquaint the boys with the historical progress of our free institutions, with the social gains made in the past ten years, and those still to be made. Some way must be found to persuade these young Americans-in-arms that they have a stake in the preservation of the American way of life.

So far as possible all leisure-time activities should be planned and directed by the men themselves. Since life in the Army is necessarily a dictatorship, the recreation program at least could give free play to the democratic process.

To direct and advise the men—and to secure the necessary facilities—a sufficient number of competent officers should be appointed. If there are none available on the reserve lists, our Army could afford to commission experts in education and recreation, as the English army has done. Or it could take another leaf from the British book and call in trained civilians. "One sign," said the *New Statesman* article, "of our moral advantage over the Germans and the Russians is that this job is left to teachers and not to commissars."

Already in a few corps areas camp commandants have asked for WPA adult education teachers. The Army would do well, I suggest, if it went farther and turned to the ablest people who have been associated with the WPA music and theater programs. I should like to see what Miss Hallie Flanagan could do in working out a dramatics program for all the camps, along the lines of the Federal Theater's regional plays. It could be excitingly American.

I realize that plenty of soldiers will not want anything in their spare time but alcohol or women or both. The nearer they come to war the more they will want to live in the moment and let the devil take the future. I think it is a good thing they can get beer in the canteens and I hope no reformers will try to take it away from them. Also, normal healthy youth will crave the company of women, to put it euphemistically. If I suggest other diversions as at least a partial substitute, it is because I am concerned with our soldiers' health, rather than with their morals, and because I believe that a well-rounded recreational program can have educational value.

The communities surrounding the camps, particularly in areas isolated from large cities, will doubtless make their contribution, as will the United Service Organizations when they have raised their ten-million-dollar budget for off-post Army welfare work. But the primary responsibility will rest with the Army, since after a hard day's work in the field many soldiers will lack the energy to go far for diversion.

It is not a question of softening our soldiers or of excusing them from a jot of their military training, except for a handful of those who have special capabilities and would be most valuable to the Army as entertainers and organizers. It is merely a question of the Army's setting up the kind of a free-time program that would, if the British experience counts for anything, make for mental alertness and indirectly for military efficiency. Perhaps by the time this article appears, progress will have been made at Fort Dix toward a more comprehensive free-time program.

Surely we have now a rare opportunity to prove that a democracy can make better men of its soldiers than a dictatorship.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

NOTES on springtime and on anything else that comes to mind of an intoxicating nature.

* * *

There is considerable doubt at this writing that my hog has been bred, although she has been keeping company. Her condition is watched with interest by pigmen hereabouts, who are awaiting (as I am) the beginning of the month to see who is right. I will announce the results of this contest later if I think of it. Last year she had seven, on a Sunday. They were blithe and bonny and good and gay, except the runt—who was merely blithe and good and gay.

* * *

Anne Carroll Moore, of the New York Public Library, writes me that a representative of Superman, Inc., paid a call on the children's room the other day. He was an average-sized man (nothing super) and was armed with a large poster depicting Superman (full strength) with a list of recommended books. The list included *Robin Hood* and *King Arthur*. He told Miss Moore that boys and girls would read those books if they knew that Superman approved of them. He said his hero carried great weight now, and that teachers in public schools frequently commanded instant obedience from their pupils by invoking Superman. As far as I could gather from Miss Moore's letter, he didn't say anything about Louisa May Alcott, author of *Little Supermen* and *Little Superwomen*.

* * *

This family, incidentally, has just finished reading *Little Women* aloud. It was our after-dinner mint of the winter of 1940–41; reading time, three months and ten days. One of the wrenching experiences that a person can wish on himself nowadays is to read about Europe in terms of Amy and Laurie.

* * *

The intoxication of spring is a figure of speech to most creatures, but to a lamb it means a real drunk. The very young lambs who stick to a straight milk diet keep their feet pretty well, but the older ones (the ones of high school age) stagger back from the pasture and after weaving about the barnyard for a few minutes, collapse. They froth at the mouth, and you can hear them grind their teeth forty feet away. It is a glorious jag, this spring drunk. I keep my syringe loaded with tea, and administer it—between paragraphs—to the worst cases. This year is not as bad as last year, for I have fewer lambs and more tea.

* * *

Haven't seen a snake yet, but I haven't been across to the rock pile and lifted a rock.

* * *

A pair of starlings are renovating the knothole in the Balm o' Gilead on the front lawn, redecorating and trying to get everything done (eggs laid, birds hatched and launched) before the arrival of the flickers, who walk right in regardless.

* * *

There is a stanza in Robert Frost's poem "Two Tramps in Mud Time" which describes an April moment when air and sky have a vernal feeling, but suddenly a cloud crosses the path of the sun and a bitter little wind finds you out, and you're back in the middle of March. Everyone who has lived in the country knows that sort of moment—the promise of warmth, the raised hope, the ruthless rebuff.

There is another sort of day which

needs celebrating in song—the day of days when spring at last holds up her face to be kissed, deliberate and unabashed. On that day no wind blows either in the hills or in the mind; no chill finds the bone. It is a day which can come only in a northern climate, where there has been a long background of frigidity, a long deficiency of sun.

We've just been through this magical moment—which was more than a moment and was a whole morning—and it lodges in memory like some old romance, with the same subtlety of tone, the same enrichment of the blood, and the enchantment and the mirth and the indescribable warmth. Even before breakfast I felt that the moment was at hand, for when I went out to the barn to investigate twins I let the kitchen door stay open, lazily, instead of closing it behind me. This was a sign. The lambs had nursed and the ewe was lying quiet. One lamb had settled itself on the mother's back and was a perfect miniature of the old one—they reminded me of a teapot we have, whose knob is a tiny replica of the pot itself. The barn seemed warmer and sweeter than usual, but it was early in the day, and the hint of spring-burst was still only a hint, a suggestion, a nudge. The full impact wasn't felt until the sun had climbed higher. Then came, in a rush, the many small caresses which added up to the total embrace of warmth and life—a laziness and contentment in the behavior of animals and people, a tendency of man and dog to sit down somewhere in the sun. In the driveway, a deep rut which for the past week had held three or four inches of water and which had alternately frozen and thawed, showed clear indications of drying up. On the window ledge in the living room, the bare brown forsythia cuttings suddenly discovered the secret of yellow. The goose, instead of coming off her nest and joining her loud companions, settled down on her eleven eggs, pulled some feathers from her breast, and resigned herself to the twenty-eight-day grind. When I went back through the kitchen I noticed that the air that had come in was not like an invader but like a friend who had stopped by for a visit.

* * *

Sugaring operations, conducted by the minor, have been under way for some time. Sap has been running strong. Last Sunday morning we had homemade syrup on pancakes, and the consensus of opinion was that the trees were maples but maybe not sugar maples. Anyway they were not hemlocks, everybody agreed on that, hopefully. To-day I received some syrup from a reader who lives in New Hampshire. It had the genuine flavor. There is something rather wonderful about our own though—a strange woody taste (and the recollection of an early morning figure starting out into the snowy woods with his buckets and his dog).

* * *

Whenever I tell about spring, or any delights which I experience, or the pleasant country, I think of a conversation I had with a friend in the city shortly before I left. "I trust," he said with an ugly leer, "that you will spare the reading public your little adventures in contentment."

* * *

A hotel in New York writes: "One of the pleasantest things about a hotel of the X's character is that it is possible here to offer that friendly individualized attention which is the essence of hospitality. All of which reminds us that we haven't seen you recently."

All of which reminds *me* that I was registered at that hotel only a couple of weeks ago. The letter seems on that account particularly exciting. It's uncanny. I was so close to the desk clerk I could have reached over and touched him.

* * *

Of all the common farm operations none is more ticklish and confining than tending a brooder stove. All brooder stoves are whimsical, and some of them are holy terrors. Mine burns coal, and

has only a fair record. With its check draft that opens and closes, this stove occupies my dreams from midnight, when I go to bed, until five o'clock, when I get up, pull a shirt and a pair of pants on over my pajamas, and stagger out into the dawn to read the thermometer under the hover and see that my 254 little innocents are properly disposed in a neat circle round their big iron mamma. If I am lucky the thermometer registers 88° and the chicks are happily eating their favorite breakfast cereal, which costs $2.65 a bag; but there is an even chance that during the night a wandering wind has come along, whipped up the stove to 110°, burned up all the coal and left a pot full of half dead ashes. In this event the thermometer now registers 68° and the chicks are standing round with their collars turned up, blowing on their hands and looking like a snow-removal gang under the El on a bitter winter's midnight.

For mothering chicks, a stove has one real advantage over a hen: it stays in one place and you always know where it is. Right there its advantage ceases. In all other respects a hen is the peer of any stove that was ever built. A hen's thermostat is always in perfect order, and her warmth has that curious indefinable quality of sociability which I believe means a lot to a chick and keeps its bowels in nice condition. A hen, moreover, is draft proof. When she gathers her little charges under her feathers, floor drafts are eliminated. A hen has a larger vocabulary than a stove and can communicate ideas more readily—which is desirable even though some of a hen's ideas are flighty and many of her suspicions unfounded. And of course a hen is a good provider and does a lot of spade work which the ordinary stove of to-day is incapable of. She doesn't have to be shaken down, and red-hot coals never roll out of her on to the dry floor.

Anyone with a fire on his mind is in a sort of trance. I have seen suburbanites on commuting trains who bore the unmistakable mark of the firemaker. Cooks have it—those who still cook over real fires. But the operator of a brooder stove has it to a pitiful degree. On his fire depends not simply the safety of the plumbing or the comfort of the tenants; his fire is a matter of life and death to hundreds of babies. If it lags even fifteen degrees they will crowd together in a corner and die from suffocation. If ever you are in the country in the spring of the year and see a face that is not as other faces, you can bet you are looking at a man who has a brooder stove on his mind.

* * *

In this spring of 1941 a man tends his fire in a trance that is all the deeper because of its dreamlike unreality, things being as they are in the world. I sometimes think I am crazy—everybody else fighting and dying or working for a cause or writing to his senator, and me looking after some Barred Rock chickens. But the land, and the creatures that go with it, are what is left that is good, and they are the authors of the book that I find worth reading; and anyway a man has to live according to his lights even if his lights are the red coals in the base of a firepot. On Sunday the sixth of April, the day the German spring drive started in the Balkans, a clinker started forming in one side of my grate, and for the next three days (or until I found out what was the trouble) I had a sick fire on my hands. I was trying to finish up something I had been writing, working against time, and so I had to stay up late in the evening to do my work and then get up early in the morning to make sure I still had a warm brooder; so for three days I hardly slept at all and began to feel the uneasy symptoms and the lightheadedness of brain fag. On the afternoon of the third day I was crouched carefully in front of the stove, trying for the hundredth time to figure out why a well-shaken and freshly fueled fire wouldn't take hold as it should. The thermometer had dropped to 68° and the infants, ready for bed, were chilly and were not

forming the charmed circle that is indispensable to their night health but were huddled in a big black mass against one wall.

For a moment I felt as though I might be about to have what folks hereabouts call a "foolish spell," and just at that juncture somebody knocked. I unbuttoned the door and it was my boy to say that supper was ready and that "the war news was very bad." For just a second I felt licked and bewildered and afraid. But it didn't last. I soon knew that the remaining warmth in this stubborn stove was all I had to pit against the Nazi idea of *Frühling*. I boosted the fire a little, loaded about a hundred chicks into a basket in the half darkness and distributed them round the edge of the hover in a more strategic position for sleeping. Then I ate and went to bed. At eleven I got up, took a flashlight, and went out to renew my vigil in this strange cooling world. From eleven to twelve I just sat, listening to the faint stirrings of the tiny forms and occasionally reading the meter. It had sagged off four degrees.

At twelve I began experiments with a new form of poker. At twelve-thirty I located the clinker. By one o'clock I had broken it up and fished out a bucketful of dead ashes. Then I loaded another batch of chicks into the basket to lighten the congested area (like any good traffic cop) and heard that most wonderful sound—the healthy breathing of a fire that had been given up for dead.

Countries are ransacked, valleys drenched with blood. Though it seems untimely I still publish my belief in the egg, the contents of the egg, the warm coal, and the necessity for pursuing whatever fire delights and sustains you.

* * *

The most valuable thing I ever read about poultry was in a letter we got from a baby nurse we had once employed. A peasant by nature and birth, and with a true feeling for the earth, she is living in Ohio on a farm. She wrote: "We still keep our chickens. They mean a lot of care for me, but they pay us, and it is better now since I have stopped worrying and reading the books. I just keep them warm and clean, and they get along."

* * *

Have sown the field across the road to a grass mixture for permanent mowing. I was supposed to have done this "on the last snow"—that was everyone's advice. But nobody was able to tell me how you tell which snow is "the last." My mixture contains Italian ryegrass, perennial ryegrass, orchard grass, hard fescue, meadow fescue, Kentucky blue grass, natural red top, rough-stalked meadow grass, timothy, red clover, alsike and white clover. No noxious weeds. Am expecting any day the vaccine from a company in Yonkers which my doctor offers to sow in my blood as the antidote for all this heavenly poison.



The Easy Chair



STEPHEN FOSTER'S SONGS

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

SEVERAL times during the past year this column has invited you to look at the America of the 1940's through a lens just a century old. That was due in part to the fact that the Easy Chair is writing a book about the 1840's in America, but in greater part to a belief that the decade has much to say to our own, and that whoever understands it can be fairly confident about certain matters that are of the utmost importance in our own time. This month it seems suitable to remind you of a minor musician of the 1840's of whom the radio networks have reminded you much too often during recent months, following their realization that Stephen Collins Foster had never taken out an ASCAP membership.

The late Thomas Wolfe had a vivid realization of the power exercised on Americans by certain emotions which are not often touched on by our serious novelists. He knew that the sound of a railroad whistle heard faintly across a countryside by night could wake in most of us a feeling impossible to phrase in words but of unmistakable significance in the national identity. He found a similar yeast in many other experiences—in, for instance, any American boy's admiration of baseball players. Anyone can confirm him, any middle-aged American male to-day is what he is because, in part, when he was fourteen he could recite the detailed records of Christy Matthewson, Joe Tinker, or Hans Wagner. F. Scott Fitzgerald evoked similar sentiments by alluding to the popular songs that had powerfully affected his adolescence, knowing that he could count on a line of "Poor Butterfly," "Good-bye, Girls, I'm Through," or "Moonlight Bay" to represent and recreate an experience which it would be extremely difficult for a novelist to share with his reader in any words of his own. It is a strange thing, Mr. MacLeish has told us, to be an American. Part of the differentiation—which may not be strangeness after all—resides in the fact that you will not be sharing an experience with any European of the between-wars generation when you whistle "Poor Butterfly." Art is mysterious at best and manifold in both its intents and its achievements, but at least some part of it is concerned with pleasure. One thinks of American fiction between the first world war and the second, and then one may think of, say, Mr. Jerome Kern. An assertion that Mr. Kern has given pleasure to more Americans than any novelist of his time is not likely to be questioned. And there are other sound reasons for studying, with the greatest respect, the art of Jerome Kern. It is one of the forces that have contained and shaped our time.

On April 27, 1846, the Virginia Minstrels of Edwin P. Christy played in New York for the first time, at Palmo's Opera House. The date will do as well as any to fix a fact: that the American drama had matured its first native form. For at least four years such companies as Christy's, with such artists as Daddy

Rice, Dan Emmett, and Dan Bryant, had been appearing in the full-length, standardized variety-performance in blackface known as the minstrel show.

The minstrel show was a species of vaudeville, a succession of gags, dances, and songs, interspersed with acrobatics, dramatic sketches, and what are now known as blackouts. It rested solidly on the awesome convention of the stage-Negro, and developed out of a full quarter-century's elaboration of that caricature. Already such songs as "Ol' Dan Tucker" and "Such a Gittin' Upstairs" from that convention had impressed themselves permanently on the national memory. They in turn had come—a rather long way—out of the genuine singing of uncaricatured Negroes, who also contributed to democracy's new art form a rich variety of dances and songs—levee songs, work songs, jubilees—all of which were turned to caricature by the minstrels. Many other kinds of music, however, went into the flowering of the new art. "The Sacred Harp," just then being printed for the first time, contributed its characteristic melodies and harmonies. The kind of fiddling called folk music, such as fox-hunting keens, "The Arkansas Traveler," and "Frog Went a-Courtin'," was incorporated; and any tune-detective can untangle innumerable airs from the balladry which we still know in "Springfield Mountain," "Hand Me Down My Walkin' Cane," "She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain," "Weevily Wheat," and a thousand others. Moreover, a lush pathos from England, where the Queen's taste was refining sentiment, was breaking over us in a great wave at this very hour and, joined to the music of acrobatic trills and cadenzas typified by Ole Bull, found welcome and transposition on the minstrel stage. The world's most musical people had a sudden focus for their music.

A Tin Pan Alley had arisen to give the minstrels songs, and the best of the songsmiths was only two years away from the beginning of his service to Christy and the others. In March of '46 a twenty-year-old Pittsburgh youth failed of appointment to West Point, and so at the end of the year he went to keep books in his brother's commission house at Cincinnati. He took with him the manuscripts of three songs, all apparently written in this year and all completely in the minstrel-nigger tradition. One celebrates a lubly cullud gal, Lou'siana Belle. In another an old nigger has no wool on the top of his head in the place whar de wool ought to grow, and you heard your grandfather, as your children's grandchildren will hear theirs, telling the chorus to lay down de shubble and de hoe for poor old Ned has gone whar de good niggers go. And in the third, American pioneering found its *leitmotif* for all time: it was "Oh! Susanna."

Stephen Foster himself need not occupy us long. He was different from fifty contemporaries, and his songs were different from theirs only in that an obscure chemistry of genius concentrated an era and a society in him. He was as Bohemian as Edgar Allan Poe, Fitz-James O'Brien, Mayne Reid, or the first period of Walt Whitman. He took no thought of the morrow, could not make a marriage work, lived precariously, accepted the tinsel of the cheapest theater, came to the proper end of pathetic artists—and said perfectly what his people felt. He wrote well over two hundred songs, all potboilers, most of them quite dead now. He took what pleased him—from his friends if research was too troublesome. He repeated himself and his rivals monotonously. And the difference between him and everyone else was that he made a final music. A hundred years after him you need only play the opening bars of "My Old Kentucky Home" or "Old Folks at Home" to rouse in any American the full nostalgia of things past, or to bind any audience, be they naturalized Czechs or the Daughters of the American Revolution, South Carolina Consistory, in the unity of a nation that knows itself. Art is mysterious, it is the miraculous and undefined;

but if that should chance to be art which a people take most closely to their bosoms and hold there most tenderly and longest, then Stephen Foster is incomparably the greatest American artist.

His music is the America of the Forties, building the nation toward to-day. He dreamed of Jeanie with her light-brown hair, floating like a vapor on the soft summer air. The joys of other days oppressed him, he could not sing to-night, and why should the beautiful ever weep, why should the beautiful die? He supped sorrow with the poor, dreaming of a once happy day, and with the gentle voices gone he had no friend left but Old Dog Tray. The emotion shifts to the period's refined lust, and gone are the cares of life's busy throng, beautiful dreamer, awaken to me; light is the young heart, so come where my love lies dreaming the happy hours away. It changes to a jig and here is Susanna—de buckwheat cake was in her mouth, de tear was in her eye, and he is off to Alabama wid his banjo on his knee. It becomes a buck and wing—de Camptown racetrack five miles long, gwine to run all night, gwine to run all day, he bet his money on de bobtail nag, somebody bet on the bay. But it is surest in that limpid pathos. I cannot work before to-morrow cayse de tear drop flow. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay, where are the hearts so happy and so free?—I hear their gentle voices calling Old Black Joe. All de world am sad and dreary, ebrywhere I roam, hard times come again no more, the head must bow and the back will have to bend wherever the darky may go—a few more days for to tote the weary load, no matter 'twill never be light, a few more days till we totter on the road, then . . . for Foster and many millions of Americans who have answered with an unmistakable assent to a feeling only started, not expressed, by the music, my old Kentucky home, good-night. He made the Americans members one of another.

Between the America of the 1840's and the America we belong to a century has built a barrier which can be penetrated only with the greatest difficulty. What is called the modern temper has complexities, ambiguities, and tentatives that the Forties did not know. We persuade ourselves that our consciousness is tragic. That may be; certainly the American consciousness of the Forties lacked the sense of tragedy. It had achieved only pathetics. But no one will understand the decade in whose mind that assertion is tinctured with reproof or superiority. Where would you find tragedy in, say, American literature of the time? Not in Walt Whitman, not in Hawthorne's exquisitely engraved melancholy, not in the cheap gloom of Edgar Poe. Melville was indeed making toward it through a misunderstood underbrush that was half false, but the event was still to come and would be disfigured when it arrived. Yet the white-robed maiden who died in gift-books, annuals, and the mortuary poems of Mark Twain's aristocrats (whose date is '45) is not to be understood as a grotesque but as a limpidity. What makes her distasteful or even emetic to us is not insincerity or sentimentality in the emotion that lamented her, but a neutral-colored thing that has been added unto us and is called, without judgment, sophistication. The emotions of the Forties were simpler than our own, more limpid, more absolute, and more forthright.

They were an inchoate people between two stages of the endless American process of becoming a nation, with their heads down and their eyes resolutely closed to the desperate realities which a few more years would force them to confront in the deadliest of awakenings. They were a people without unity and with only a spasmodic mutual awareness, at that moment being pulled farther asunder by the centrifugal expansion of the frontier and the equal explosiveness of the developing industry—both of which would turn back again in the nation-making curve, but not for a long while still. A people, at the moment when Foster wrote

"Oh! Susanna," going blithely into a war of conquest whose certain results few or none tried to foresee. A people divided by racial differences, sectional cleavages, cultural antipathies, an enormous disparity of assumption, expectation, hope, and philosophy. A people united only by equalitarian assumptions, by habits of democratic association, by a political system and tradition which were nearing the deadly test—and by a common readiness and reality of feeling which were shaped by the way they had come out of what they had once been, and which few took conscious thought of. That commonalty of feeling, in its simplicity, sincerity, and high potential, was their commonwealth, the great deep in which they were a united people, and it is the one feasible way into them. Stephen Foster caught it at dead center—the maiden's grave under the willows, the old times that come again no more, the Camptown races, Susanna's immortal quickstep, the ready regret, the instantaneous and immortal confidence that was bred in the bone and acknowledged if only half-realized in a joke. A forthright people, with a readiness of sincere tears and an energy that could be neither measured nor stayed. The way to understand them is to steep yourself in Foster's songs.

So let us not casually dismiss him as a folk artist—an idiotic phrase on any man's lips—or as a songsmith from the Tin Pan Alley of popular art. True, he had no Kentucky home and probably had never seen one till after his song was written, and the Swanee River he longed for was the Pedee in the first manuscript. But the songs are not his experience and not so much an American experience as the evocation of one. As that, they are one of the very few crucial things in all our national art. Not in them so much as by way of them the Americans of the Forties and Fifties realized a fact alluded to in Fourth of July oratory but radically contradicted by the flux of everyday life, that they were a nation; that there had come to be a nation on this continent, shaped by the past and held together by the sentiments begotten of that past. They manifested a unity, not of politics nor of social organization nor of economic interest but of immeasurable, indefinable feelings that had grown slowly but had also grown organic. It was a unity that, when Foster wrote, was beginning to be just strong enough. . . . What was it that Lincoln addressed in the American people, speaking to it with such skill and authority that it recognized itself? The nation that he brought through the fires of the most terrible years in our history was a unity of feeling. It was a nation hardly to be seen as a map and certainly not to be contained within a formal statement, but a totality of tradition, habit, belief, and of feeling most of all. Foster's songs irradiated moments of its self-recognition—and Lincoln, it will be remembered, was also gifted at the popular art of jokes.

Look for us there to-day. Possibly it is a strange thing to be an American, but the nation is a totality of things felt, the sum and product of what we have come to be out of what we were. Emotions roused by Foster's songs, the flight of a ball toward the outfield thirty years ago, the sound of a locomotive whistle in the night hills, jokes passed at the cigar store in summer twilights—such things are the membrane that incloses us.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

VOLUME 183

JULY 1941

Harpers Magazine

THE EMPEROR NEXT DOOR

BY WILLARD PRICE

For five years the Emperor of Japan was our neighbor. I should say at once that he was a good neighbor. He ignored our existence except when it came time to command our presence at the Imperial Garden Party. And I may say to our own credit that we left him severely to himself. We did not try to pry into his affairs; and yet, glimpse by glimpse, word by word, we learned during our five years in Hayama much about the home life of the most secluded and mysterious monarch in the world.

All roads lead "up" to Tokyo while the Emperor resides there. But during the warmer months the earth tilts in a different direction. Then one goes "up" to Hayama. There is the Emperor's favorite residence, and not only does he prefer to stay there all summer, but at any time of the year it is not surprising to see the maroon limousine slide in through the palace gates.

Hayama is a fishing village on the coast of the Miura Peninsula, some thirty miles from the capital. When the sun is high its natural beauty and excellent beach attract thousands of vacationists. But from September to June it is a fishing village and nothing more. We lived there all the year round. It gave us an opportunity to study the real Japan; and yet it was only an hour's train journey from conglomerate and nondescript Tokyo. In Hayama one must speak Japanese or nothing. Houses were of wood and paper, floors were meant to be slept on, baths were four feet deep, fishermen and farmers were not too polite, temples smelled of wet moss, and roadside statues of Jizo were togged in bibs and caps of babies supposed to have been cured by the intervention of the god of children.

It was an ignorant, natural, sordid, beautiful place and it had a view of Fuji across Sagami Bay and of smoking Mihara out to sea. Winding paths ascended hills forested with pine and cryptomeria and looked down upon fields where no month passed without a miracle. Red camellias blazed on the hearth of winter; plum, peach, and cherry blossoms scented the spring; rice waded to

Copyright, 1941, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

golden harvest during the summer; and in autumn the maples spilled their incredible glories upon the scabby heads of unappreciative children whose noses ran continually in muddy, scummy streams and who, unaware of the contention of the Board of Tourist Industry that Nipponese children are the most charming and courteous in the world, hurled "*ijin-san*," foreign devil, at strangers together with a pebble or two to give it emphasis.

And whether we liked it or loathed it, it was the Japan that we had come to see.

At first we considered the summer palace only a minor attraction. We expected to see nothing and hear nothing of the Emperor. "The inner life of the palace is a sealed book," Historian Black had written, and that in the time of Meiji when it was less of a sealed book than at present. We lived near the palace only because we found something suitable there, a little two-storey house wedged in between a fish store and a charcoal store. Beyond the latter was a small branch post office and next to it was the palace wall. The pines of the palace garden cut the glare of the morning sun on our second-floor windows.

As the only foreigners to live near the palace, and the only Americans to remain in the village throughout the year (one English family also persisted), we were subjected to close scrutiny. Regularly once a month the police called "*Konnichi wa*" at the gate and entered with much hissing to drink tea and ask questions. In these conversations we studiously avoided any reference to the Emperor. The devout Japanese resents light talk concerning the Emperor as the Christian concerning the person of Jesus Christ. He is quick to detect any attitude not completely reverential. On the other hand, he has the yearning of a religionist that others should share his faith.

Our apparent lack of interest in the chief topic of Hayama at first set our friends at ease, then stimulated their determination that we should hear about their Emperor. And hear we did. Police officers of the village, sentries who stood like wooden soldiers in the pill boxes punctuating the palace wall and barked like sea lions in salute but relaxed when off duty, fishermen who helped the Emperor collect marine specimens, tradesmen and farmers who brought supplies to the palace, carpenters who built the Emperor's conning tower, visiting physicians, biologists, teachers, and musicians contributed, always discreetly, to our mosaic of homely details of the private life of the Son of Heaven.

Discreetly. For example, there was never a description of the Emperor's appearance. Diffidence on this point was evidently due to the influence of the ancient tradition that no man may look full into the Heavenly Countenance and live. Now men looked, and lived, but still considered it sacrilegious to speak of what they had seen.

But we had plenty of opportunities to see for ourselves. Hirohito, as the Japanese do not call him because that is his name, is somewhat better than Japanese. He does not have the usual squat frame and tendency to bow legs. He has a horseman's balance and a swimmer's suppleness. When he swings across the beach or sprints up the bank to the garden it is quite evident that he is not suffering from an overloaded stomach or an overtaxed brain. He is a good physical specimen.

One would never dream this to see him rigid and unresponsive in his limousine as crowds look on. Then the mantle of divinity rests heavily upon him. At home he can forget his godhood.

His face is *yakimashita*, as the Japanese would say (literally, "broiled"), by sun and weather. Slightly prominent white teeth, better than most in this land of over-refined rice, contrast with the dark complexion and short black mustache.

Although he is commander-in-chief of the army, his mouth is neither the hard thin line nor the tight purse of the Japanese military. His lips are rather full and sensitive. When he is interested they stand open, receptive and vulner-

able; not sealed as are the lips of the hard-hitting and the self-made who bring him papers to sign.

Nor is his head square and efficient. It is slightly longer than broad, the head of a recently adolescent poet or professor or artist. It is a head of gentle dreams and intellectual delights. Its air of detachment is accented by the thick-lensed glasses. The eyes behind them have been weakened, as most really studious Japanese eyes are, by the intolerable burden of mastering the Japanese written language. The shortsighted eyes are brown. The hair is black and rebellious.

The general appearance is that of a student or of a gentleman with hobbies. He seeks to learn, not to dictate. Oracles speak in his name, but he is not an oracle. While he shows no evidence of being a great thinker, he has an inquiring mind which seeks out information regardless of whether it is of direct use to the head of a state. He is not a pragmatist, but somewhat other-worldly. One day when he retired from the shore to the palace he left behind a copy of *Æsop's Fables*. Although we did not touch it, a guard threatened us blackly, snatched it from our polluting gaze and bore it in through the gate as if it were a holy wafer.

The Emperor's fondness for *Æsop* dates from his school days. In spite of the fact that he was required to read the fables, he liked them, read and re-read them regardless of the day's assignment, and composed fables of his own in the same style. This was when he was nine years old. Now he is forty, but those who are close to him say that he has not lost his young imagination. His occasional abstractions when he is being addressed on a subject of great importance to the addresser and his sometimes whimsical remarks that puzzle humorless officials reveal the same taste for philosophic fantasy that marked the Indo-European fables.

The books in his ample library range from Confucius to Spengler. Philosophy, economics, and history are well represented. There are many books in English; the Emperor reads English easily but speaks it with difficulty. He has some choice illustrated volumes on the subject of his hobby—marine life.

His manual on world affairs is the *Asahi* (Morning Sun), Japan's greatest newspaper. The *Asahi* is thinner than the *New York Times* but contains more information, because a single ideograph may express the meaning of a whole English phrase. The paper has representatives in all great capitals and many small ones. It prints twenty morning editions, three evening editions, also "locals" for various sections of the country. It employs modern and ancient methods. Thirty airplanes are on its payroll, also some hundred pigeons. You will see the pigeons fluttering about the roof of the *Asahi* offices in Tokyo. When a reporter is dispatched to some isolated spot such as a smoking mountain top or a ship at sea from which he cannot telephone back his story, he takes a pigeon with him. He writes his story on thin paper which is then rolled and inserted in a metal tube tied to the leg of the pigeon. The bird dutifully flies home with the news.

But for all its enterprise, its world scope, and its air of broad-mindedness the *Asahi* is as isolated as its most illustrious reader. It reflects the common Japanese suspicion of all other nations with the uncertain exception of Germany.

Black-suited lecturers with brief-cases full of wisdom come almost daily to the palace to address a class of one. Adult education has an advocate and example in the Emperor. He takes regular courses in economics, zoology, literature, and art. He makes copious notes and keeps a journal.

II

Even if he were not a man of simple and studious tastes tradition would compel him to live simply. The house provided for him is plain. Many a *narikin* (new-rich) has a better one. His ances-

tors were pressed into monasteries. Frugality became an imperial virtue. The "palace" is a palace only because it houses royalty. It is a purely Japanese building, erected by the Emperor Meiji and lacking the most modern conveniences. Its outer walls are of unpainted boards weathered a dull gray. Inside, the wood is the best in Japan, *hinoki*, tree of the sun, a cypress. It also is unpainted. Japanese builders consider it almost blasphemous to cover the beautiful natural grain of wood with paint.

The floor is paved with straw slabs or *tatami*, no different from those found in more humble homes. However, in this case there is a slight concession to foreign luxury and occasional rugs are used on the *tatami*. Shoes are of course left at the door and slippers are worn. Sliding paper doors separate the rooms. Outside doors of thinner paper (*shoji*) may be drawn back to make the room part of the garden.

The Emperor Meiji, who opened Japan to the world and was more modern than the moderns, furnished the palace with Western furniture and bath. The tables and chairs remain and the royal couple sleep in twin beds, but the foreign bath goes begging. This is natural enough. Even foreigners in Japan prefer the Japanese bath. Possibly Japan's peculiar contribution to civilization is the art of bathing. And while wealthy *narikin* always install a foreign bath to indicate that they know what's what, they bathe in the Japanese bath next door. In one fine house I found the foreign tub used as a goldfish bowl.

Our maid, wife of a fisherman of the village, had frequently been employed in the palace as a cleaning woman. She complained of the dust-harboring propensities of the dining room table-legs and commiserated those Japanese who, for dignity's sake, must sit on high chairs at a high table when they might eat comfortably on the floor.

There is an old-fashioned phonograph, much used. The Emperor studies foreign music and likes Japanese music. He has little opportunity to hear either except on the phonograph or over the radio. An Emperor has not the freedom of movement enjoyed by the rest of us. When we went to Tokyo to listen to Galli Curci and, later, to Zimbalist, the palace, reaching for the crumbs dropped from the common people's table, bought records of the works of these artists.

Musicians sometimes give command performances, but very rarely; such entertainment within the palace of the Son of Heaven evidently being considered too frivolous. There is something sobering about a phonograph record, and through this medium Beethoven, Wagner, Paderewski, and even Kreisler are allowed to visit the palace. This is really a great concession since the Japanese have not quite forgotten the tradition of samurai days that listening to music is an amusement unworthy of noble minds. However, the present Emperor is more abstemious than Meiji and his successors will doubtless be still more ascetic.

In this, as in a hundred other respects, Japan is turning backward to ancient standards of conduct.

Villagers remember when the walls were hung with Western paintings. Now they are as undefiled as the walls of any orthodox Japanese home. There is a *kura* or storehouse filled with objects of art. The old custom has been resumed of bringing out from the *kura* a single water-color *kakemono* or a vase or an urn and placing it in the alcoved *tokonoma* where it can be admired for a few weeks; then consigning it again to the oblivion of the *kura* and replacing it with another thing of beauty. There is none of the brash display of the later shoguns here. As of old, the Emperor's court is still the center of the art and culture of Japan, but not of luxury.

But the present Emperor has one luxury that his predecessors did not possess—a view. He has built one small second-storey room from which he may see the bay, Fujiyama, and the smoke-plumed cone of the island-vol-

cano, Mihara, in which each year some eight hundred of his countrymen end their lives. On the landward side he gets glimpses through the pines and over the garden wall of the life of the village. Who knows whether the wistfulness of a peasant to look upon his Emperor is any more than the wistfulness of an imprisoned Emperor to walk among his people? Is the glamour that stirs in the imagination of the child standing outside the palace gate any more colorful than the Emperor's dream of a world which he may never intimately know?

For the village and all beyond is forbidden territory. He may only pass through swiftly in his maroon limousine. A royal road leads straight and true from the palace gate to the nearest railroad station. It is kept in excellent condition so that nothing will delay the imperial passage. At two points where hills bar the way it does not wind across them as the old roads do, lingering over beauties of flower and tree and bird song, but plunges through by way of long dark tunnels. At the station the Emperor steps into a plush-smothered waiting room reserved by the railroad management for his exclusive use, and thence into the royal railroad coach in which the window shades have been closely drawn.

But when he sits in his high room his fancy, at least, may roam free. He may walk with us into the general store directly across the street from the palace and buy eight-headed potatoes, bamboo shoots, lily bulbs, ginger roots, beans of twenty varieties, and white radishes a yard long. He may drop into the drug-store adjoining and find the latest nostrum from America side by side with a Chinese medicine of bats' fur and frogs' brains of a formula two thousand years old. Next to that is the barber shop where the gossip of the whole village may be heard. Then comes a very humble dwelling smothered in roses much finer than any to be found in the palace garden. Then the bathtub-maker's shop, so small that most of his wares stand in the street and customers crouch in them to try the fit. Next we have the lumber yard where the veritable art gallery of silky grains would delight an Emperor's eye; then the rice mill which diligently grinds the rice free of vitamins, leaving it smooth and white and conducive to beri-beri. Next door, at the crest of the little hill, is the sweet shop where delectable bean-paste cakes may be had three for a penny.

Beyond that he cannot see.

Starting from the general store in the opposite direction, he sees the police station, a store that rents bicycles (and how his heart must stir to see laughing couples setting out to ride through lily-scented country lanes while he sits in a palace, looking), a small electric supplies shop, a bridged stream, a beef store patronized mostly by summer barbarians, a number of fish stores where barefooted fishermen bring in swordfish, mackerel, barracuda, bonito, and tuna, smacking fresh from the sea; and then, at the top of the hill, the Shinto temple among gnarled pines.

Such are his views left and right. When he looks straight ahead he sees the gate before which, at all hours, passers-by stop to bow and say a prayer; and the royal road cutting straightaway past the school. In front of the school is a small square vault standing alone. It contains the portraits of the Emperor and Empress which are brought out on special occasions to be placed on the platform of the school auditorium and reverenced by the entire assemblage. If through fire or any other mishap the portraits are injured the principal is expected to take his own life.

On one side of the royal road are hills where the *yama-yuri* (mountain lilies) open their fragrant white blossoms eight inches broad, and on the other side farmers wade in the paddies, startling the blue dragon flies and white herons.

Above, querulously whining hawks wheel and look down upon the Emperor. Theoretically this is lèse majesté—but men as well as hawks do it. Often upon

[illegible] PUBLIC LIBRARY

ascending to the Eagle's Nest, a wooded hilltop where there is a breeze even on the hottest day, we have found villagers silently gazing down upon the palace roofs and sucking in their breath sharply when they saw the living god walking in his garden.

The garden is small and cramped. The best part of it is outside the walls—along the beach and on a pretty point projecting into the sea. The point is covered with grass and trees and fringed with great boulders. On one side of it the surf roars and on the other is a quiet sandy cove where the Emperor bathes.

On this seaward side of the palace the royal recluse gets a breath of freedom. The extramural garden is barred to the public except when the Emperor is not at home; then they may roam freely through it. They may bathe where he bathes, but do not, for the stony bottom makes his bathing cove decidedly inferior to the public beach a few hundred feet away. Between the two bathing spots when the Emperor is in residence stand immobile guards.

But there is nothing to prevent the bathers from seeing their Emperor enjoying himself. They do not stand in gaping wonder no matter how much they may feel like doing so. They attend to their own swimming or lolling, practicing the same etiquette that is followed in bathhouses for both sexes where "nude ladies are seen but not looked at." There is no staring at the Emperor.

For his part, he takes full advantage of the sense of privacy which his subjects allow him. Wearing a white suit and huge floppy straw hat, he runs races with his children, digs in the sand for shellfish, clambers through narrow cracks between the ten-foot boulders at the waterline where one must time one's passage exactly to avoid an incoming wave, picnics beside the thatched rest-house, lies on the grass under wind-whipped pines and reads or looks out to sea.

He swims with a long clean stroke and is evidently quite able to take care of himself in the water. Nevertheless extraordinary precautions are taken. A boatful of attendants floats nearby. A prescribed swimming area is marked off with red flags. If he goes beyond them, which he rarely does, he finds the boat respectfully in his way, and he dutifully turns back. It is said that within the flagged space a great net is suspended beneath the swimmer, but I have never seen proof of this story.

Another story has it that Hayama bathers must wear full bathing costumes, but this is certainly not true. Trunks alone are commonly worn by men and sometimes even by women. Soldiers stationed in Hayama to guard the Emperor march in formation to the public beach, undress in the open, don nothing but breech clouts which promptly become translucent when wet, and dress again on the beach. Respect for the Heavenly King is not shown by clothes or the lack of them.

To be sure there is a sign in unsteady English to the effect that every bather must be dressed "at least up to the knees." Fortunately no one has as yet taken advantage of this notice which would seem to approve, as a sufficient bathing costume, a pair of rubber boots.

III

When garden and beach pall, the Emperor may not take to the beautiful mountain-top trails; but he may go out to sea. The taboo on land freedom perhaps explains why his hobby is not botany but marine biology. In a small cabined motor yacht he and his crew, and sometimes a visiting biologist, sail slowly along the coast collecting specimens.

The Emperor handles spear and net himself. He seems as happy as a small boy. And like the small boy whose pockets are apt to contain worms, grasshoppers, and tadpoles, the Emperor nonchalantly drops algae, starfish, and sponges into the pockets of his white coat. But this practice is mitigated by

the fact that, unlike the small boy, he never wears the same clothing twice. Imperial tradition forbids.

When the yacht returns to the bathing cove it must anchor about a cable's length from shore because of underwater rocks. An ordinary unpainted fishing boat is brought alongside and the party descends into it. A boy standing on the stern manipulates the great sweep and the boat approaches the shore.

Then we have a strange sight. A deputation of white-suited court officials has been waiting on the beach. There is a concerted bow, followed by a march into the water until the dignified officials stand up to their hips, half on each side of the boat. Again they bow their heads to the figure standing above them. One is reminded of some scene of baptism by immersion. Then they grasp the gunwales of the fishing boat and draw it briskly up on to the beach. Again they bow as the Emperor steps out. He has returned to palace formality. But his pockets still bulge with the fruits of his brief liberty and he leaves the reception committee without ceremony, strides across the beach, his arms swinging, and waves to his wife or his children who wait under the trees.

He has one room of the palace fitted up as a laboratory. Here there is also a miniature aquarium. The specimens come out of pockets, others are brought in buckets by attendants, and the royal biologist settles down to his microscope. The smaller the organism the more it interests him. He is a specialized student of cell formation and the evolution of life from lower to higher forms by way of competition and the survival of the fittest. Professors credit him with professorial knowledge of the theory of natural selection. He is familiar with the works of Darwin and Wallace, who owed so much to the "Essay on Population" by Malthus who in turn was motivated by "Observations Concerning the Increase of Mankind and the Peopling of Countries" by Benjamin Franklin. Thus the Emperor's studies of the struggle for existence are perhaps not so much zoological as sociological and relate closely to Japan's most acute problem.

The other occupations and diversions of the Emperor are very Japanese.

On nights of the full moon he may sometimes be seen with members of his family and court on the little point viewing the moon. "Moon-viewing" is not as casual as it sounds. It involves offerings of beans and dumplings and bouquets of lespedeza blossom and eulalia grass. It involves the writing of verses, perhaps about the cassia tree in the moon whose reddening leaves cause the deeper color of the moon in autumn, or about the city in the moon, or about the hare pounding rice in a mortar. It is fitting that the imperial family should honor the moon since it belongs to the god Susanoo, brother of Amaterasu, ancestress of the emperors. Moreover, there is vaguely felt to be some therapeutic value in moon-viewing. One Japanese writer declares, "All ills can be assuaged by gazing at the moon."

The beauty of the stars is not so honored in Japan, perhaps because their luster is hardly strong enough to contend with the prevailing night mist. However, it is said that the court celebrates *Tanabata*, or the Star Festival, on the seventh day of the seventh moon. Legend has it that the weaving-girl (Vega) and the herd-boy (Altair) separated by the River of Heaven (the Milky Way) may meet only at this time, thanks to the good offices of the heavenly magpies which build a bridge with their wings across the celestial stream. Mortals rejoice that the lovers are united and take advantage of their good humor by praying to the patron of weaving for success in the household arts and to the patron of agriculture for good harvests.

As might be expected, the Emperor's interest in animal life extends to the insects and he enjoys the Insect-hearing Festival. Tuneful locusts, grasshoppers, cicadas, crickets, and katydids in bamboo cages are bought from the insect-breeders.

On a quiet evening in early autumn the ceremony of "Freeing the Insects" takes place. The cages are opened, the insects escape to the trees and celebrate their liberty with song. Everyone listens in rapt silence.

It would be strange if a man of such delights did not write poetry. The present Emperor will probably leave behind him a record equal to that of the Emperor Meiji who wrote thirty-eight thousand poems. Poems in Japan are short. The *tanka* contains only five lines; the *hokku* only three. Here is a complete poem: "What I saw as a fallen blossom returning to the branch, lo! it was a butterfly." The Japanese poem rarely has time or space to be philosophical; it is usually only a fleeting picture of some beauty of nature.

Every year the Emperor presides over a national poetry contest. A theme is selected, such as "A Pine Tree on a Rock" or "Roofs Under Snow." Anyone may compete with a five-line poem. The Emperor and his family also write poems, but their efforts are held above the contest. Some thirty-five thousand poems are submitted. The Poetry Bureau pick five, and these are read before Their Majesties and published along with the imperial poems in all newspapers. There are no prizes, the honor of having one's composition brought to the notice of the Emperor being considered the highest possible reward.

The Emperor Meiji devoted a part of every evening to the writing of verse. The present imperial bard finds his best inspiration in the early morning. It is reported that he rises at five-thirty when the bugle blows and is out by six. We never saw him at that hour but that was our fault, not his. He is said to enjoy best nature in its first moods, which he can do the more heartily because his own mood is never marred by hangover. He has retired early the night before; and he never uses liquor or even tobacco. His disposition is unruffled by domestic annoyances. The title of his reign, *Showa,* or Radiant Peace, is appropriate to his home life, however little it may apply to his nation's adventures abroad.

Every other week or so the Minister of War accompanied by officers of the General Staff rolls into the palace grounds. No other minister in the cabinet is thus allowed direct access to the Emperor. The army flag significantly bears the Emperor's crest and signature. Army plans, signed by the Emperor, are thereby lifted above public criticism. It was the warrior Yoritomo who enunciated the policy faithfully followed by the army to-day: "Wield power in fact, never in name."

By exalting the name of the Emperor and doing all in that name the Japanese army draws itself up by the bootstraps into a perfection that no loyal subject dares to question.

IV

Within the palace garden the Emperor is very human; outside, he becomes every day more of a god. The modernism of Meiji was recognized as a mistake. Then the country nearly fell into "the vice called republicanism." The army stopped that in time. Lessons were introduced in school textbooks designed to deify the Emperor and thus give divine sanction to "his right hand," the army. Japanese children grow up in this scientific age firmly grounded in the myths of the Sun Goddess and her descendants who sit upon the most ancient throne in the world.

An English professor from a Tokyo university sat at my table. He looked out into the pines of the palace garden. He told me of one of his Japanese students who had inquired about the Sphinx. The professor had explained that the Sphinx was symbolic of the Sun God from whom the Pharaohs of Egypt claimed descent. The student was shocked. He went to the head of the university. The English professor was called before his Japanese superiors and accused of teaching heretical doctrine. One repetition of this offense and he would be discharged. This

earth's only rulers past or present who might claim divine descent were the emperors of Nippon.

This faith is essential to the Japanese army program which stops at nothing short of world rule. "We shall build our capital all over the world and make the whole world our dominion." Every Japanese soldier learns by rote this rescript of the first emperor, Jimmu. His military textbook, the *Army Reader*, tells him: "This rescript has been given to our race and to our troops as an everlasting categorical imperative."

At the heart of this world program stands the Emperor. He alone makes it seem reasonable; for is it not logical that the world's one divine ruler should rule all mankind? A sober political scientist, Professor Chikao Fujisawa, writes: "Only the realization that the one and absolute sovereignty is vested in Heaven, and that, on behalf of Heaven, a certain nation shall be entrusted with the performance of this sovereignty for the benefit of all mankind, can pave the way to final world peace and international co-operation."

But whether he who is the heart of this grandiose scheme has any heart in it is doubtful. He seems hardly the type of man to aspire to be god of the world. He is a man of tastes that can be satisfied in a small garden or the waters beside it. I saw him once standing on the grassy point listening to the sounds of the village, turning his head in the direction of this sound or that as it dominated over the others. Only one whose own ego did not clamor could have enjoyed as he seemed to the low note of the Nichiren drum on the mountain side, the "Nat-to-o-o-o" of the steamed-bean vender, the flutes of pilgrims, the distant chorus of his guardsmen in their barracks, and—most thrilling sound of all to the mood quiet enough to receive it—the crystal stair of song of the *uguisu*, Japanese nightingale, perched high in the pines over the tile roof of the palace.

FIRST FLIGHT

BY ELFORD CAUGHEY

I SAW the flowering earth we left spread under
The silver wing, and hill and plain were one
From that vast gulf of space where cloud fleets wander
Like laden ships. Thundering at the sun
We soared. Below I saw cars roll like beads
Along a twisted highway. There was a stream
Like satin ribbon, where once among the reeds
I saw the fox and heard the heron scream;
And there the lake, the quilted fields, afar
A city like a cubist sketch where I
Knew ponds forbidden to reflect a star.
Perilous slumber under roof or tree
Is all the comfort men on earth can know,
Yet from the plane hung like a dragonfly
In nothingness, how beautiful below,
That world of fortune and catastrophe!
Looking at field and town, I wondered why
Men had imagined heaven in the sky.

HOW TO DO BUSINESS WITH LATIN AMERICA

BY R. H. McCLURE

"WE REGRET to advise," replies the New York exporter to the order from Recife, "that we are not favorably equipped to make the items specified in your inquiry of the 9th and therefore ask to be excused from quoting on same."

The Latin American is out of luck. He can't buy those replacement parts for his locomotive boiler, his sugar refinery, his narrow-gauge railway, his barges, or his chemical plant. He can't buy from the United States anything in millimeter sizes or kilogram and liter quantities. Americans don't know how to make and deliver the stuff that way, and anyhow we're busy at the moment spending twenty or thirty billion dollars trying to turn out war materials and there are no steel, copper, zinc, aluminum, chemicals or machinery that we can spare, "so please excuse us from quoting on same."

Still there is the Good Neighbor policy. There has been much exhortation from Washington on this score. And that closer relations with Latin America are vital in our plans for defense cannot be denied, even though there has been more exhortation than action. Closer cultural relations are important, military co-operation is essential, but it is trade that makes the tightest bonds of all, and the expansion of our Latin-American trade involves a number of irritating problems.

How can American business men and manufacturers establish mutually satisfactory and permanent relationships with Latin-American countries? Can we avoid making the blunders that we made during and after the First World War? With some notable exceptions—the Singer Sewing Machine Company for example—our business men have always regarded Latin-American trade as incidental velvet. Too often the practice has been to pick up whatever business came without effort, charge all the traffic would bear, and not worry if the customer was never seen again. Orders were filled with seconds or rejects, packing was carelessly done; too often a shipment of crockery has been landed half smashed at Callao or the enamelware reached Antofagasta badly chipped. There are a great many dissatisfied customers down there and the chief reason why they are clamoring for many American articles is simply because they are shut off from their customary source of supply.

Our own defense efforts have impeded the expansion of trade to some extent. Some of this difficulty, because of faulty organization, can be removed. Another difficulty is that we are deficient in our knowledge both of the languages spoken and of the measurements which Latin Americans employ. We shall have to learn to understand and deal with many attitudes, habits, and customs that are very different from ours; Europeans have had an advantage in this respect. Still another difficulty is that there are numerous troublesome barriers in the way of business routines, credit and exchange requirements, and government licenses and restrictions. Some of these barriers

can and should be torn away; others we shall have to get along with as best we can. Lastly, the Europeans—chiefly the British and the Germans—have carefully cultivated this market and if we propose to displace them we shall have to do as good a job as they have done.

Economic expansion in Latin America is going to be a long, long pull. At the present there is a limit to what trade we —or anybody else—can get. Seventy-five per cent of the population of the South-American continent are Indians or of mixed stock. Either as peons or aboriginal tribes, they offer little as a market. In this enormous majority of the population skilled workers are almost nonexistent. At this time interest in the building up of native industry is keen. Our government has made loans to Brazil and Argentina and Nicaragua and a number of other countries; at the moment Brazil with the aid of some United States capital is trying to get a steel industry on its feet. But it will take a great deal of money and technical and managerial assistance to bring this industrial expansion about. The help for it should come from the United States. Furthermore, the development should be closely watched. England found out what can happen to an exporting country that promotes industry in "backward" countries. Still, we are bound to lose some of our trade that way anyhow, and if through our efforts the standard of living in Latin America is raised our business should be able to profit by it.

II

Why does the business man "regret to advise that we are not equipped to make the items specified in your inquiry"? "Defense" is the first reason—but although it is an easy excuse it is a poor one. There is sufficient plant and shipping capacity available to handle what increase of business comes our way. The total imports into the United States from all points south of the Rio Grande in 1938—the last "normal" year—were under half a billion dollars. The exports from the United States to Latin America during the same year were about the same. During the First World War these figures were twice as large; no doubt we may expect a somewhat larger volume as a result of the present war. The Latin-American buyer is all but locked away from Europe now and we should nail him this time for good. Though the problem of supplying shipping to England is a difficult one, nevertheless ships are still plying between the United States and Latin American ports if for no other reason than that we *have* to have what we get down there. As a matter of fact, as this is written, some sizeable vessels are going to Latin America in ballast and coming home loaded. There is no reason why those boats cannot carry a southbound paying cargo.

A second reason for being curt with an order in liters or millimeters is the difficulty of understanding just what is wanted. It isn't easy under present conditions. First, the request is in Spanish, Portuguese, or French—rarely English. A translation must be made, new routines established for handling such correspondence. For a small organization this means quite an item of time and expense. Errors in translation may be costly. Even after a translation has been made from one language to another the quantities and measurements must be worked out. Here is a typical example:

600 liters coaltar de houille
10 kilos de graphite en poudre
120 feuilles zinc lamine de 0m 80 x 2m environ, épaisseur 0m/m 66 environ

It is comparatively easy to give the United States equivalent for 600 liters of coal tar; but after you have translated it to 158.5 gallons you must also work out the kind and size of container to ship it in. You decide to send three 50-gallon drums, or 150 gallons. That is the way we pack in the U. S. A. and we cannot be expected to change just for a $25 order. However, the container

and quantity are quite satisfactory to the customer.

The 10 kilos of graphite powder is a sticker. What grade? What use? The range is from 10 cents to 25 cents a pound. It can be shipped 22 pounds to the box, which is 10 kilos. Here is an item worth, perhaps, $2.20. It will cost three or four dollars in time and overhead expense just to handle the order. No profit there!

The zinc sheets are wanted to nail on barge keels and are usually considered pretty cheap stuff. The dimensions are no particular problem. The request is for sheets 31½ inches by 78¾ inches and ¼ inch thick. They would probably willingly accept our 36 inches by 96 inches by ¼ inch. But at the moment we can't get zinc; it is a war scarcity.

These are simple things. What about the more complicated replacement and repair parts for machines and equipment?

A chemical plant bought in Germany is out of operation owing to lack of equipment that must be specially made. (*Estos problemas de ingenieria quimica son sumamente complejos y por lo mismo estimaré altamente todas las indicaciones que ustedes quieran hacerme.*) A heavy crane used for unloading ships must be shut down indefinitely because a ball bearing cannot be replaced. A small railroad must be operated at quarter speed and half loads owing to lack of track bolts and splice bars. Boilers, both stationary and locomotive, wheeze and whistle at joints and seams because new ones cannot be obtained or because replacement parts that must be manufactured to millimeter sizes are not to be had.

Put yourself in such a position—unable to obtain repair parts—and then take your temperature and measure your "good will."

American business houses should attack the language problem without further delay. Business Spanish, French, and Portuguese are not difficult to master. The ways in which wants are expressed are comparatively limited and there has grown up a sort of interlinguistic group of words which form a nucleus that is widely known. The recent growth of interest in Latin America and the comparative ease with which the business vocabularies of these languages may be learned suggest an obvious step: Let every firm encourage a group of its younger men and women to study the three languages. Within a year the increase in the number of correspondents in both countries would be extraordinary.

The second obvious step is to provide Latin-American buyers with conversion tables and concise information describing products, processes, and methods. Put yourself in the place of a man who wants calcium carbide for his acetylene gas generator, used for oxy-acetylene welding. He can buy calcium carbide without any trouble, but how will he know what sized piece to ask for? If he does not get the right size his generator will not work efficiently. The same problem faces him when buying threaded steel rods or threaded pipe. How many threads to the inch? How many inches in diameter? Steel won't stretch, and a shipment of steel pipe that is too large or too small is just about worthless. Therefore this is our first job—to provide an index and a guide to our markets so that no time will be lost in ordering.

The third step is really only the last half of the second step. Our business houses can use these conversion tables themselves. We may never be able to "think" in terms of a centimeter or meter, but at least we can acquire a feeling of comfort and confidence in translating from one system to the other. In many cases we find that the exact measurement in millimeters is not needed. 90 m/m, for instance, is 3 9/16 inches; but our standard 3½ inch bolt, if it happens to be bolts they are buying, is perfectly satisfactory. To make up the 3 9/16 inch bolt means extra expense, possibly loss of profit on the order, whereas an order for 3½ inch bolts is just another order and can be shipped from stock.

The company that was mentioned at the beginning of this article—which

regretted it was "not favorably equipped to manufacture"—gladly supplied the bolts when the dimensions were expressed in inches instead of millimeters. It was one of nine companies which had politely requested to be excused from quoting on same, sometimes stating that they "were not equipped to manufacture in millimeter sizes." Any one of the nine could have supplied the 3½ inch bolts. Millimeters—no business; inches—"Sure! Thanks for the order! Have a cigar!" It's just as simple as that.

It is a fact that Latin Americans—among others—often do their ordering in sloppy fashion, leaving out essential information. We can deal with this problem too. Order-blank forms have been given closer study here than in any other country on earth; and it is up to us to match the conversion tables with order-blank forms specially prepared for Latin-American use that are as nearly fool proof as possible.

III

Exporting has always been a complicated business as far as forms and routines are concerned. The tendency always seems to have been: Establish a routine as quickly as possible, even though it is not the simplest way to do the job. Now the war has complicated things more than ever, adding to the number of regulations, restrictions, customs, licenses, and special packing requirements.

Observe the involved steps through which a transaction passes—assuming of course that there are no misunderstandings about what is wanted. In the morning's mail is an order for "*2,000 kilos de tuba de latón de 8 millimetre de diametre exterior, con la pared de un milimetro y en largos abproximado de 14 pies*"; which being translated comes out to 4,400 pounds of brass tubing with outside diameter of about 5/16 of an inch (nearest to 8 millimeters) and a wall thickness of number 19 on the Stubbs gauge (actual thickness of number 19 is 42 thousandths of an inch and of 1 millimeter slightly less than 40 thousandths; and so the number 19 gauge is close enough). The "14 feet" are Spanish feet, which are not exactly the length of our twelve-inch feet, but this measurement is "approximate" anyhow as far as this order is concerned.

The buyer has not specified the alloy wanted and is a little hazy about the purpose for which it is intended. (Here is where some of those order blanks designed for Latin-American trade would come in handy.) The tubing may be for cooking purposes or for refrigeration or something else, and correspondence or a cable is necessary to get the point clear.

Once this question is disposed of and the material ordered is located, the great adventure of threading the maze of forms and regulations begins. The exporter makes out an invoice to which affidavit is made that "this invoice is true and correct." The number of packages is specified (fifteen of about 300 pounds each in this case), the net and gross weight are given along with all the other details of quantity and exact description, including unit price and total. The exact amount of the ocean freight is ascertained and to this is added the consular fees of the importing country, the freight forwarder's fee, the export permit fee, and the insurance fee. The total of these items, plus the cost of trucking the material to the dock, constitute the price C.I.F. port of importation.

An imposing document listing these items is made with a dozen copies—sometimes it seems as though some of these copies were intended to be tossed to the birds or for some other obscure purpose—and the messenger boys start on their rounds. First to the freight forwarder, who obtains the O.K. of the consular office, our own export department, the insurance company, the trucking company, and the shipping company. A completed set goes to the bank with whom the foreign buyer has deposited the funds in the form of an irrevocable

LIBRARY

letter of credit; after a detailed inspection of the documents, the bank officer makes out a check for the total amount. A routine of this character costs money for itself alone; no one would accept an order for a gross of lead pencils, since to put the order through would cost the exporter $3.50.

But this is a brass order, and application must be made to the State Department at Washington for a special license to export. The reason for this is to conserve such products for use under the defense program and to prevent them from being reshipped to the Nazis in some way from some South American port. These purposes cannot be questioned, but sometimes the government takes a long time to make up its mind; and in the meantime, there are the goods standing on the dock and down there in Recife is the customer waiting for his brass tubing.

Finally the license arrives. With the sale completed it remains for the seller and buyer to satisfy the requirements of their various accounting and record-keeping departments and make the necessary reports to their governments. At the receiving end an import license has been obtained beforehand or the necessary exchange has been purchased —there may be as many as five kinds of exchange—and at long last, after a lapse of many weeks, the Latin American finally gets his brass tubing. If American business men and the American government are serious in their desire to expand trade with Latin America the complicated process described has got to be simplified. An export-import bottleneck of this tortuous character is enough to chill to the freezing point the enthusiasm of both buyer and seller.

Exchange! Here is another madhouse. Each of the twenty Latin-American nations differs in its currency and financial condition from the rest and differs from us. Needless to say, except for occasional flurries the rate of exchange is in our favor. This means that the Latin American buys dear when he buys in the United States; to provide a dollar here the Latin American must put up in his currency $3.00, $1.10, $2.15, $2.50, $2.20 and so on, depending on the country—would you pay $21 for a pair of $7 shoes? (Most Latin Americans manage to lodge their ambassadors at the Waldorf Astoria when they come to New York and when the bill is paid in bolivianos the total is staggering. Very often, despite all the rigors and demands of diplomatic custom, you will find a Latin-American trade commissioner from a small country staying at a small New York hotel in a side street simply because his expense account will stand no greater strain.)

The Latin-American buyer pays the export charges from this country, the insurance, the dockage, and freight charges, and the import duties into his own country. When he is through—aside from exchange differences—he has paid sometimes from 50 to 100 per cent above the price at our port.

For instance, ten tons of sulphur at $444.60 here acquire a 5 per cent commission charge of $22.23, an ocean freight charge of $194.51, and miscellaneous small fees of $5.42, for a grand total of $666.76. Similarly a carton of blueprint paper rises from $3.74 to $6.69. Sixty dollars' worth of coal tar and turpentine becomes ninety-two dollars' worth before the Latin-American buyer comes to haul it away from the dock in his country. With some very queer exceptions—photographic film, for example—costs are higher all along the line.

To all this of course is added the old and troublesome question of credit. So much of Latin-American trade has been carried on in a hit-or-miss way, there have been so many bad debts south of the Rio Grande, that at present the almost invariable method of handling payments for goods is by irrevocable letters of credit. This simply means that the money for payment is deposited in advance in a United States bank and cannot be withdrawn by the buyer. The money is paid

out against proof that the goods are on the dock in New York, properly packed for shipment. These difficulties—price, exchange, and credit—are some of the barricades that trade with Latin America must surmount.

IV

Finally Americans will have to do a better job than they have done in cultivating the existing market while the effort to extend the Latin-American market goes on. Of course there are exceptions; the Singer Sewing Machine Company is not the only firm that has studied and learned how to deal with the people of the southern continent. But the exceptions only prove the rule. If our business men have not followed the practice of skimming the cream and ditching the rest, they have either done business in a hit-or-miss, slapdash way or else bungled it entirely.

Too much time has been spent being afraid of the Nazis in Latin America. We might better have studied more carefully what the Germans have been doing for years. A German salesman would get a contract to sell drugs in all places not mentioned on the map; there are thousands of such places, and though the sales in any one were not great, the sum total was huge. A German bookseller had customers in half a dozen countries, carefully indexed with a quantity of information about their needs and likes. Armed with this information he not only could pick his way through the catalogues of German publishers, but also, since he had made it his business to know languages, could buy from the lists of French, Spanish, Portuguese, English, and American publishers as well. The German overlooked no sale, however small. He never forgot that with millions of Latin Americans a man with twenty-five cents is a rich man. In the United States you can buy a good paring knife for ten cents; in Brazil that knife will sell for fifteen cents—three milreis. That is too much. At such a price that knife is a luxury; we shall have to find some way to sell paring knives for less.

We have got to do as the British and Germans did. Many went and stayed, took their families with them and became a part of the country. Single men went out for good, married Latin Americans, and became persons of consequence. You say this is a large order? It was in such ways that the British built up a commercial empire; the Germans improved upon the example. German and English business houses own buildings and plants all over Latin America. More often than not Americans rent their offices, conducting their business as though prepared to leave by the first boat. This will not do. Germans studied the countries where they lived, learned the history and the customs, gathered information about the soil and minerals—in short, covered the ground methodically as Germans traditionally do. With the aforesaid exceptions, we have done nothing of the kind.

Here is an illustration of how successfully a transaction with Latin America can be bungled. An American manufacturer foresaw a great expansion in the manufacture of certain alloys. Essential ores had to come from a Latin-American country. He assembled his organization and arranged for financing and the construction of a plant. Now the question was: *From whom in Latin America was he to buy these ores?* He did not know.

This is what he did: He wrote to the government information bureau of the country and asked for a list of exporters and mine owners. He got a list of names. To each of these he wrote complete details, described the expanding market in the United States, offered to give his bank references and the sources of his cash, and otherwise did a good selling job by mail. None of the exporters replied.

Presently this man heard that the United States commercial attaché in this country was a diligent official, so he wrote the attaché giving the details of his proposal. Six weeks later he received a printed form stating that for the price

of one dollar the Department of Commerce in Washington would furnish a list of the Latin-American exporters of this ore, the list he had already obtained. He now returned to the attack on the Latin-American information bureau and was told that the information was not guaranteed, that "they just had these names," and that it was not known for sure whether the people really existed.

Now it is simple to say that both our government and the Latin-American government could have functioned more efficiently in this transaction than they did. Even government officials know there is room for a great reform in that direction. But the fact remains that a German or an Englishman in this situation would have done one of two things: He would have found a firm of his nationality already in Latin America which could furnish accurate information promptly or, failing that, he would have gone to Latin America himself to tie up the deal. Our friend is still waiting for his information.

The only way to do business with Latin America if the current enthusiasm means anything at all is to go ahead and do business with them. There is no mystery or magic involved. There are a number of troublesome problems that can be solved with some diligence and effort; there is no real reason why our business men need to "ask to be excused from quoting on same" any more.

AGAINST A ROMANTIC INTERPRETATION

BY J. P. CHAMBERLAIN

I DON'T believe (although I've sometimes said it)
We two are cursed by gods, some Nemesis or such:
No lovers in a play, not lost in tragic dance.
And why not, sweet? We simply aren't that much;
And then perhaps those Bright Ones are not there.

No, we are people caught in circumstance:
Uncursed by any stars or tinged with glory,
Held now so hopeless, helpless of sight and touch,
Since Jill did this to-day, Jack that last year.
We're not alone: this is not just our story.

Love's not all tête-à-tête: there's conversation
Among a group, and public speeches made
We have to listen to, and bores to suffer. . . .
Therefore, my actual girl, let's blame no star
While facts are such and people as they are.

TOURING NEW ENGLAND

ADVICE TO THE PERIPATETIC VACATIONIST

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

Now that European travel is cut off, more vacationists than ever before will wish to explore their own country. There are numerous local guidebooks, but few of them give much help to the tourist in deciding what is worth his while in a given area and what is not. Mr. DeVoto's article is the first of an intermittent series on "Seeing America," designed to inform and advise him before he sets out.—*The Editors.*

MAINE calls itself Vacationland, but in the vision of chambers of commerce the title covers all New England. I assume that the tourist I address here will be on vacation, and therefore I simplify my problem by excluding certain motives at the beginning. He will have only a limited interest in, for instance, the objective of the Bennington College girl who once appeared in my study, notebook in hand, and said, "Professor X. has named you as an authority. I'm doing a research on social decadence in Vermont. Please name three towns and ten families I can use for case studies." If decadence interests you, study the abandoned cotton mills that will line much of your route, or take a room in the factory districts of Lowell or Pawtucket, or spend some time in the Sandwich Hills and, emerging, petition the Rockefeller Foundation to assign to them one of the commissions usually sent South. My job, however, is to help you have a good time.

I assume that you will travel by automobile and I will spend no space discussing sports—all the required information will be at hand anywhere you may go. The Maine coast is one of the finest sailing areas in the world, and Vineyard Sound and Buzzards Bay are fully as popular. Mountain climbers should use the handbooks of the Appalachian Mountain Club and the Green Mountain Club; Vermont, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts supply pamphlets covering the hundreds of miles of bridle paths they have laid out. Provision for salt-water fishing is made at every dock; the best freshwater fishing is in the northern half of Maine. There are innumerable summer camps for children, boys, girls, and families throughout the region; there are even more inns, hostels, and lodges for addicts of winter sports. For these, for golf, for any other diversion, simply knock and it will be opened to you.

I am also excluding certain areas. We may dismiss Rhode Island, for Providence is the one city you need see, and the rest of the State comes under what is said about Massachusetts. But for various reasons, everyone should look at Newport before he dies. We may also dismiss Connecticut south of Hartford and west of New London. Geographically this area belongs to Long Island and New Jersey; socially and industrially it is a suburb of New York City, and apart from Yale University there is nothing specifically New England about it unless you can cultivate the fishermen.

Yankee industry begins at Hartford and the most beautiful part of the State is the northwestern quarter, which is assimilated to the Berkshires. The State is packed with history, such areas as the Naugatuck Valley reward a thoughtful tourist, and many towns, such as Farmington, Old Lyme, and Simsbury, have their own flavor; but most of the tourist's time should be spent elsewhere if it is the essence of New England he has come to see.

One who is traveling by automobile may rule out other areas. The magnificent Maine coast is only partly accessible by car. You can see Mount Desert, you can realize something of the loveliness of Penobscot Bay, and there are other glimpses; but the only way to know this coast fully is to explore it by boat. Similarly, there is fine sailing and splendid swimming on Cape Cod, but little for the passing tourist between Plymouth and Provincetown except sand and scrub pine.

New England is a small region but its history is long, full, and various, and both its past and its present roles in the nation are complex. The best the tourist can hope for is to see some of the properties of both roles and to taste some of the flavors of a section that has always been sharply, even thornily, itself. However you travel it you must double back on your path a good many times, and it is not a bad idea to follow, not too conscientiously, some central thread which will lead you through past and present alike. Say the schools, colleges, universities, and foundations that gave the nation its educational system and still dominate it. Or the religions which have been one of its most plentiful exports. (Try, for instance, the Shakers, those grave, sweet people whose handicrafts were a spiritual grace, whose story is as fragrant as the herbs they grew, who made beautiful objects of everyday use to the glory of God. They will take you to Maine, through New Hampshire, and across Massachusetts.) Or its wars —the camps and forts and shipyards of to-day and the frontier blockhouses of the eighteenth century, the naval past, the routes of invasion from the north south and of counter-invasions from the east west. (But the military past is hard to recover. Memorial societies have erected thousands of bronze plates and granite monuments, but slums or scrub pine cover most of what you want to see and no battlefield is marked. It is true to the Yankee wars that the characteristic Revolutionary general was a bookseller with a face like a crabapple and of their commemoration that the museum which most vividly visualizes the clash of empires is across Lake Champlain in York State. Perhaps you can do the wars best by reading Parkman and then climbing Mount Mansfield to see the relief map spread out below you.)

The best mood to travel in is that of a social archeologist with a feeling for the past. Not the nostalgic and romantic past commended to travelers in the South. I could mention families who believe that their line originated in a by-blow of Talleyrand's, I could show you towns where the Union Jack flies on the (Stuart) King's Birthday, I could take you to the homes of various refugee kings, and there are those who think that Marie Antoinette lived long and happily in Maine. But the illusions of the Yankee mind have not often been poetic, and a more revealing clue to follow would be the monuments and ruins of the industrial revolution. In the southern half of the area neither its past nor its present will ever be very far from you. Revisit the ghosts of Eli Whitney and Simeon North at New Haven, who begot the American System, and then in the Naugatuck and Connecticut Valleys trace out the tinkering gunsmiths who invented, made, and still make the machine tools that implemented it. (All the way to Springfield and Windsor, Vermont, now in their fourth war boom.) See Lynn and Brockton jeweled by their slums, or Fall River and New Bedford and Manchester trying to recover from the loss of the

mills that have moved nearer cotton and cheap labor, or Lawrence and Lowell, which may be a worse omen still and are where it all started, a hundred and twenty years ago. See Pratt & Whitney, or the Colt's Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company, or the American Shoe Machinery Company, or General Electric, for one aspect of our industry; or the tragic ruins of the Amoskeag Mills at Manchester, New Hampshire, for another aspect. Or, to compress all into a single parable, visit the New Hampshire town where a mill once made whetstones from the stone in its backyard and sold them to the farmers who mowed the neighboring fields—and now makes them of stone brought all the way from Arkansas and markets them in Russia.

And everywhere you go you will see the fine masonry that still dams the little streams (it was built for the centuries), the millpond given over to swimmers and water lilies, the brick monoliths that have no windows now and sometimes no roofs, or at best the pretty umbrellas of a tearoom. Here the industrial revolution was worked out, the tools made, the products machined, the nation built . . . a long time ago. Here are the nodes that mark the rhythm of the nation. That is one side. And for the other I give you a little furniture factory at the bottom of a valley in interior Vermont. The flood of 1927 destroyed it and it came back. The flood of 1935 destroyed it and it came back. The hurricane of 1938 destroyed it and it is making furniture now, and some twenty families of that town are secure. Both facts are altogether typical—so watch for the village industries, the bowl factories, woodenware factories, little woolen mills. They are a portent for us all.

The archeologist must be sensitive to both the fossil vestiges of the past and to the still living roots. Thus you can go deep into the national soil by spending a day in Nantucket's little streets, an hour on the whaler *Charles W. Morgan* at South Dartmouth, and an hour or two in the whaling museum at New Bedford. Or Salem. You can, if you like, visit the House of Seven Gables and remember a dull novel and then go on to a restoration which tries to tell you about the witchcraft delusion but does not tell you much. You will do better by Salem at the Essex Institute and get more witchcraft from the warrant it displays for the hanging of a witch, with the sheriff's return certifying that he has executed the writ. Divide your time between the Essex Institute's exhibits and the McIntire houses. It would be a dull mind that could not recover the China trade, the tall masts, the shores across the world where natives who had never heard of the United States knew Salem very well—the luxury and stiffness and integrity of the King Derby folk, the formal graciousness that built those houses, the serenity and chastity of their carving, the dignity of a life that left its deposit for us, an era that had gallantry and honesty, fine wines and fine costumes for the rich, fine rum and honest labor for the poor, self-respect and independence for everyone. That was Salem. That was the Yankee commonwealth.

Or drive to the microscopic village of Orford, New Hampshire, and meditate on the seven beautiful houses that stand in a row back from the elm-lined mall, in a meadow overlooking a stretch of the Connecticut River. Bulfinch designed one of them but a local carpenter borrowed his ideas and wrought them into something just a little better in the one next door, and the whole row glorifies the native craftsmanship which made "Colonial" and "Federal" houses as much a fine art as the clipper ships. In those days Orford had the organic life of the Yankee commonwealth, the interknit community. The wealth that built those houses came from the forests on the hills back of them; long ago there was a literature here, and Samuel Morey lived here, who invented many things, including a steamboat that swam up the Connecticut before Fulton and, it may be, Fitch built theirs. When the rail-

roads came Orford did not want smoke dulling its chaste white paint or whistles marring its quiet; so the line crossed over the river a long way to the south. That was the commonwealth, the community—the best of New England.

II

Boston has never been New England but all tours begin there. Both its past and its present are elusive, for both are concerned with leadership, whether of politics, finance, reform, or great, resounding, shapeless thoughts. You can touch the incongruities of its present at the East Boston airport and its girdle of slums, the chapel of St. John the Evangelist and its slums, the bums on the Common and the gentlemen looking out at them from the windows of the Union Club. Or the mixed smells of salt water and hides and roasting coffee of the water front. Or the Basin and the Esplanade, the magnificent medical schools and hospitals and clinics and research institutes, the vast structure of education and social welfare, the sum of vigor remaining to the old Athens and the old Adam. Visually the town is at its best at twilight, rainy twilight for preference, and in the little vistas of cornices and fanlights, the sudden perspectives of the eighteenth century.

The past is garbled eighteenth and nineteenth century. (Parable of the town: Calumet and Hecla and the houses it built in the Back Bay, the two hundred and twenty-five million dollars of its dividends, the museums and college chairs and researches it financed, and the dead countryside it left behind in upper Michigan.) Guidebooks will list buildings, parks, museums, and monuments you can choose from, and such a sum of hideous statuary as you will not readily encounter elsewhere. You might follow the career of Charles Bulfinch—you will need a guidebook. Certainly you must cover Beacon Hill—Bulfinch's State House and the sociological amazements it contains, the Shaw Memorial in front of it and the slums behind, Mt. Vernon Street which Henry James called the only street in America and its ghosts of Patriots and Cotton Whigs and the little streets that cross it at right angles, and Louisburg Square. See T Wharf and the Fish Pier, walk down Atlantic Avenue, listen for the sweet Irish tongue, read a Fascist newspaper from the East End, stroll through the markets round Faneuil Hall in late afternoon, visit City Point and the Old Granary Burying Ground and the Arnold Arboretum and the Massachusetts Historical Society. And get the rest from guides or friends—and eat dinner at Locke's or the Parker House grill.

Then come down Beacon Street again and cross to Commonwealth Avenue and sit on a bench to think about those two streets, which represent two different eras of prosperity, two governing classes, two leaderships; and about Brookline, which represents still a third and which you need not see. Boston rests on that tripod. The Bostonians built and governed and upheld a distinguished commonwealth; in many ways and for a long, long time it led the civilization of America; slips from its planting flourish to-day in many places. They were a leadership and a mastery, the Bostonians, and they allowed their province to be taken from them and destroyed. The assault cannot be called a rape, for there was, as the joke says, the dignified acquiescence of your aunt. But it was as real and violent as Sherman's march through the lower South. There is this difference between the Southerners and the Bostonians: the Southerners fought the conquerors till they could fight no longer.

Not many of the towns nearby need be visited. Salem and Newburyport, certainly, and Cambridge and Concord. . . . Cross the Charles by the subway bridge and you will see the façade of the greatest technical institute in America, the office building of a soap company, a coffin factory, gas tanks, and a grimy garage. You already knew that M.I.T.

helped to make Cambridge great and now you know that its neighbors help to make it ugly. Any mile of its littered and broken streets will tell you that it has no government. On Emerson's word, no one can be happy among the New Englanders unless he has a crack running through him; without such a crack no one has ever been able to survive in Cambridge. One quirk of the Yankee character shows in the Bostonians' unprotesting surrender of their mastery; another shows in three centuries of Cambridge's taste for thinking exalted thoughts in a perpetual physical discomfort. Since the earliest days there has always been a New England tradition of gracious living—think of the McIntire and Bulfinch houses, the silversmiths of whom Paul Revere was by no means the best, the China merchants pillaging the East to make their houses beautiful, the wines and silks and bric-a-brac of the immortal Cotton Whigs of every generation. Well, in every generation there has been a tiny nucleus of such people in Cambridge but they have not affected the town's inner or outer life.

In the seismic rumble of the trucks Brattle Street is still lovely when the forsythia is out, half a dozen of its Tory Row houses are beautiful, there are a half-dozen other distinguished houses in the town, and exactly nine of the Harvard buildings—and they and the lilacs in flower are the visual sum. A Cambridge house is an æsthetic horror painted an indecent color and furnished with once-reconditioned chairs from Great-Aunt Harriet's upcountry farm; its plumbing is partially inclosed, or was once, but Crane and Kohler have never reached these parts. A Harvard professor—who is at least as well paid as any professor in the world—has a large and costly library in his specialty and a toilet which a building inspector would condemn in a South Boston slum. Go to a Thursday evening concert at Sanders Theater and look at the dresses that the women wear. Most of those dresses were in the audience when the theater was dedicated; they will be there for at least another generation, not because new ones are too expensive but because these will still serve the function of clothes, and anywhere else, even in Vermont, they would have been rag rugs forty years ago. That is Cambridge, ugly, graceless, ungainly, uncomfortable—and this town and audience exercise an intellectual leadership fully as vigorous now as it was at any time in the history of Harvard College.

I live in Cambridge and love it but can say nothing in defense of its municipal anarchy, its eating, or its costumes. (Why don't they put in a kitchen sink? Why don't they use the white paint of any other Yankee town?) Nevertheless it is the educational center of the world. There is nothing for the tourist to see except that center, Harvard and M.I.T. See it and go out through slums indistinguishable from those you entered by.

An English poet has said that Concord is the only literary shrine in the world that lives up to the dignity it commemorates. The literary shrine is there, and the Revolutionary one also; the best thing about them is that they are not stressed. The movies have increased the annual pilgrimage to the Alcott house, and it memorably preserves the ordered world, smelling of soap and pressed flowers, in which the Alcott girls lived; but if you want their father (only the connoisseur of inanities does) you must go fifteen miles farther to Fruitlands, in the village of Harvard. The literary splendor of the town, however, is its two great names, Emerson and Thoreau. They remain citizens of the world because they were villagers, and their village is your search. Stroll down the Mill Dam, follow the serene architecture across the town, visit the battlefield, be sure to see the museum of the Concord Antiquarian Society, and be even surer to see Walden Pond. It is Lake Walden now and the Commonwealth has made a park of its pine woods, and thousands of shouting swimmers may appall you. But if you will walk in the woods and toss

your pebble on the cairn that remembers Henry Thoreau's shack you will presently understand that they would not have appalled him. He and Emerson are of the village, they expressed the village, and Concord is the first place on your tour where you will meet the rock-bottom best of New England, past, present, and to come—the village living its own life.

Linger there through some June or October afternoon on Revolutionary Ridge or in Sleepy Hollow or on the banks of the Sudbury River or the far shore of Walden. Let the pines and the glimpses of white houses tranquilize you; remember what you can of *Walden* and Emerson's journal. You may come to understand how Thoreau traveled much in Concord, much of America and of the world—the village of the New Englanders, chastity of spirit, integrity of mind, decency of manners, the life that was full and beautiful in the grain, the Yankee community.

You may want to visit Worcester for its art museum or the even more remarkable American Antiquarian Society. There is less to see in Springfield unless you are still bent on industry, and still less in other Massachusetts cities if you have seen New Bedford. Preferably you will travel west on U. S. 9, through Amherst, Hadley, and Northampton, then turn north to Deerfield and at U. S. 2 turn west again across the Berkshires to Williamstown. All these are Yankee villages, a prime object of your search now, and the routes lie through the New England countryside, another one. The only season when the countryside is not rewarding is "mud time," though even then there are the mauve distances of the hills; the best months are January, June, and October. You will want to see Pittsfield and, possibly, to touch the massive Age of Edith Wharton at Lee, Great Barrington, and Lenox.

You are now leaving Massachusetts—and I have skimped it badly. Time must determine what else you are to see. If you have time first seek out such portions of the coast as Cape Ann, Gloucester, Marblehead, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Woods Hole. Next, such other villages as I have not had space to mention—say Princeton, Stow, Tyringham, or several dozen others. But if you have time there are the WPA guides.

III

New England's Mason-Dixon line is the northern boundary of Massachusetts. You are now frankly a motorist and frankly on vacation, and your taste in vacations must determine your routes. In New Hampshire you must see Portsmouth and are advised to detour through two towns you might miss, Exeter and Dover. The State divides at the Presidentials. South of them are notable lakes; Squam and Newfound have been least marred by summer-resort slums, and Sunapee and Winnipesaukee (the latter is the most beautiful of all, one of the most beautiful lakes in America) have been most disfigured. There are many smaller lakes where you can find quiet and the decency of woods and water, and throughout this part of the State are many villages excellently recommended to those who want to make a long stay. You can find the rich at Dublin, the artistic (and the arty) at Peterborough or Cornish, and the professional and academic middle class at many towns such as Fitzwilliam, Walpole, Bristol, and Chocorua. The Presidentials (and the related ranges) have been celebrated as a summer resort for a century, and are now equally celebrated as a winter resort. The State and national government have successfully protected most of the area from disfigurement; the State reservations are among the best in the country. You should see all three of the famous Notches, but if you have time for only one, make it Franconia. (If you like you can climb a peak sitting down, by the new Cannon Mountain tramway.) North of the Presidentials you enter a grimmer, lonelier, and to my mind more interesting

area. See Gorham, Berlin, and Colebrook, and the logging and pulpwood industries; drive through Dixville Notch (which, like Smugglers Notch in Vermont, seems to belong to the more rugged mountains of the West); and, especially toward the end of summer, catch a glimpse of the great North beyond.

It would be canny to arrange your trip so that you can leave New England by driving down the whole length of the Connecticut Valley. It bisects the area geographically, culturally, historically, and industrially; it touches all the scenic zones (though its mouth comes in the dullest part of the seacoast); and the social archeologist can find in it vestigial remains of everything that made up the entire three centuries of Yankee life.

In New Hampshire or Vermont one should seek out some of the abandoned hill farms which epitomize much New England history and symbolize much of the Yankee character. High on some mountainside you come across a cellar hole, crumbling stone walls are still discernible in the popple, writhen apple trees show among rank spruce, stunted garden flowers bloom through the weeds —and you remember the poems of Robert Frost. The stones that make those walls were grubbed from the thin soil at infinite labor, this hill was once part of the nation's granary, sheep fed where the spruce and popple grow, a hundred and fifty years ago there was asserted here the tenacity of the Yankee farmer working against the hardest conditions any American farmers have had to grapple with. It seems impossible that any farmers could survive here, but they did—though you understand why they went out from here to fill up York State, the Western Reserve, Indiana, Kansas, Oregon. You can restore their painful advance up the valley and up the hillside; and far below you, though still high up in the granite, you can see their inheritors fighting the same dogged battle to-day. City folk who have the money they never had now rejoice in the sites they chose—and the recapture of those farms from the fireweed is also part of New England. . . . Hard living begets love of the hard land, and there is a kinship here with an area and a people altogether different, those of the Southwestern deserts. In both places land and climate fixed limits that human effort could not transcend, and in both human experience has been enriched by an unplumbed and inarticulate passion not easily understood by those to whom the lines have fallen in easier places.

In connection with these farms, past and present, I venture a recommendation for your evening reading: Harold Fisher Wilson's *The Hill Country of Northern New England*. (Columbia University Press.)

When you cross into Vermont you soon become aware that you have reached a new country. Geographically the northern third of New Hampshire and the Taconic and Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts belong with Vermont—but even the landscape is different. It is less shapeless and less choked with trees than New Hampshire, both flora and geology are different, it opens out in better composition, it is softer in line, more delicate in coloring, more humanized in its vistas. And Vermont life is differentiated from the rest of New England. A difference to-day is that the economy of the State is solvent independently of the tourist trade, as that of New Hampshire is not—the dairy industry and the fertile lands of the Champlain and Winooski valleys have kept it solvent. But these Yankees were always different: there was less of the Puritan in them, they came in less dreambound migrations, from the beginning they were sharply themselves. They were both the Green Mountain Boys and the folk who were quite willing to fight them at Guilford and Shaftsbury and Westminster—and they are the same to-day. Perhaps the most significant road for the tourist in the whole State is the once-proposed one along the ridge of the mountains which the citizenry refused to let the national government build.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

You would do well to allocate half your time to Vermont. But walk carefully among the Vermonters. Do not even think of them as "natives"; for though a courteous folk they are also free men, they lean toward xenophobia and are dowered with the most vigorous skepticism of our continent. You are on sufferance among them; unlike the New Hampshirites, they do not need your money; unlike the Cape Codders, they do not particularly want it. They conduct themselves decorously and expect you to be seemly. Do not trample their meadow grass, do not try to tip them, and do not let them observe you squandering even small sums of money.

The best way cannot be the tourist's: it is to settle down in one village. Any Vermont village—though perhaps Woodstock and the towns from Bennington to Dorset are least characteristic, since they have attracted the richest summer residents. What you are seeking for is the feel of the Yankee village—the common, the white houses, the neighbors and the habits and the interknit reflexes, the social whole. America has had a rich heritage from the Yankees, but more important than government or industry or finance or education is the community. At its best it was our great health; we shall not be altogether healthy till its vigor is regained; nowhere on this continent have the Americans looked better than in the Vermont town. . . . Traditionally the State divides east and west of the mountains; linguistics, architecture, and archeology support the tradition. Some of us believe that we can discern smaller subdivisions, genuine *pays* within Vermont. Certainly the Champlain Valley is differentiated; also the lands north of St. Johnsbury, the White River Valley, the Cavalier towns of the southwest, perhaps others. But it does not matter much, for most towns are beautiful and their qualities are readily perceived. Bellows Falls, White River Junction, and Barre are not beauty spots, but within ten minutes' drive from any of them the State's serene loveliness is resumed. Drive anywhere, at random. See, for instance, Newfane, Thetford Hill, Newbury; or Old Bennington, Londonderry, Pittsford, Middlebury; or Stowe, Craftsbury, Greensboro, Glover; or Dummerston, Putney, Chester, Weathersfield. Or any other town.

There is no drive anywhere in Vermont that will not reward you. Much of the countryside is secret, however, and you will do well to travel by back roads—by the dirt roads that are so harmonious with the landscape, if turned to washboards by prolonged dry spells. Thus the most beautiful town in the State to my taste is Peacham, but you will miss the best part of it if you stick to the highway. Thus the site of Stowe would be world-famous if it were in Switzerland, but you should come to it by way of Craftsbury from the northeast and then go out by Smugglers Notch to the northwest. (There is an automobile road to the top of Mount Mansfield and you had better take it if you cannot spare time to climb the peak on foot.) The highways across the mountains are east-west, but try the north-south valleys of the interior: from Londonderry to Bridgewater by way of Ludlow and Plymouth, Royalton to Barre by way of Randolph and the Williamstown Gulf, Bethel to Montpelier by way of Roxbury, or best of all Rochester to Warren through the Granville Gulf and then west through Lincoln Gap. Or get still farther from the highways: from Wilmington follow a laborious frontier to Whitingham, or turn east at Arlington and work your way to Kelley Stand and thence north or south through a sizable wilderness, or go north from Ripton by way of South Lincoln (which is the Danvis of Rowland Robinson's lavender-scented, authentic masterpieces), or touch the great north woods at Averill.

There are fewer lakes in Vermont than in New Hampshire, and they have been less exploited. Several large ones, such as Lake Seymour in the town of Morgan, and many smaller ones are almost untouched by summer colonies;

in the New Hampshire sense, there are only two lake "resorts" in the State. The most beautiful are Willoughby in the town of Westmore, Memphremagog (which crosses the Canadian border) at Newport, and Dunmore at Salisbury. Lake Champlain of course is unique. Its long, history-choked, memorably beautiful valley, between the Adirondacks and the Green Mountains, is sufficiently celebrated and can be dismissed here with the suggestion that you take the road down the northern islands and from there travel south by back roads wherever possible.

Through all upper New England the WPA guides will be indispensable, and they should be consulted for all the oddities, industries, scenery, and historical and sociological interests which I cannot specify here. (Supplement them with Charles E. Crane's *Let Me Show You Vermont.*) The motorist should be warned that he must accommodate his habits to narrow, usually high-crowned and always twisting roads; he must drive more slowly in New England than he drives elsewhere. Also he will be wise to do most of his driving at other times than week-ends and holidays. This is a small area and it is easily accessible from the metropolises. It provides pleasure and relaxation for enormous crowds, and it is comfortable not to add to them. Do your traveling between Monday and Friday, and on week-ends stay over at some pleasant place or do your sight-seeing in the cities.

IV

The average restaurant fare is better in New England than in any other section of the United States. This does not mean that you are certain to eat well wherever you may stop, but only that you have a good chance to. A number of restaurants, especially on the shore and in the White Mountains, have resplendent reputations; not all of them are deserved, some of the best places are not listed even by Duncan Hines, Park Avenue chefs have a way of slighting the superb native cookery, and on the coast of Maine you may have to drive many miles to find sea food. The "summer hotels," the show places, are run for people who come for a considerable stay; they do not welcome the transient guest and from his point of view their conception of service is grandiose but unrealistic. Such places practice the "American Plan," and the tourist who wants a glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee for breakfast has to pay an assessment for the menu which lists sixty varieties of tearoom fodder. The fixed hours for meals can also work a hardship on the traveler who pulls up at five minutes past eight in the evening, after driving a hundred and fifty miles, and finds that he cannot get dinner. The American Plan is practiced also by the inns—in New England the word has a specific meaning which it lacks elsewhere—but they serve the roaming tourist much better than the summer hotels I have been describing. They also are managed for permanent guests and some of them overcharge; but they are run more intelligently, give better value, are more pleasant and more comfortable, and do not disdain transients. If you do not think their prices too high you will be well satisfied with them—and I should like to mention by name one that has pleased me through fifteen years and in all weathers. I have toured the greater part of the United States by car and many a day's drive has ended for me at an excellent hotel; but at the end of any day, I think, I should choose above all others the Woodstock Inn at Woodstock, Vermont.

The development of winter sports during the past five years has greatly improved the casual food and lodging throughout Vacationland but much remains to be done. Many of the private houses marked "Tourists Accommodated" that line the highways are excellent; but unless you have private advice from friends, the odds are heavily against your being comfortable. There

are hundreds of roadside cabin-camps throughout the region and a few of them are comfortable, but the general average is far below that of similar places west of the Mississippi and many of them are neither decently furnished nor decently clean. (Only a few have even toilets.) Unless your budget is exhausted or night finds you too tired to drive farther, avoid them.

Where shall you go instead? Whenever your plans make it possible you should stop for the night at a small city or a large town—a place like Rumford or Lewiston, Maine, Lancaster or Littleton or Concord, New Hampshire, or Brattleboro, St. Johnsbury, or Rutland, Vermont. In such a town find a hotel that is open the year round and so takes account not only of vacationers but of farmers and traveling salesmen as well. Its rooms will be clean and comfortable and its food good; you may eat your meals at times that suit your convenience; you may count on a cocktail; and you will not be overcharged. (Avoid valley towns with railroad yards back of the hotel.) Such hotels are self-respecting, they have survived a realistic test, and they base their charges on economic use, not on the gullibility of tourists. They and other restaurants in such towns are also the best places for the midday meal—which is dinner, locally, oftener than it is luncheon. Thus Keene, New Hampshire, though its hallowed Cheshire House is only a fragrant memory now, has about as many good restaurants on two blocks of its main street as any two blocks of Fifty-Second Street. You can count on such restaurants in any market town. Here, as in other aspects of New England life, it is safe to follow the farmers.



DR. SCOTT GOES TO WASHINGTON

OUR NATIONAL ROSTER AND HOW IT WORKS

BY RICHARD F. SCHOLZ

DR. CHARLES Z. SCOTT was puzzled. It was the first time in thirty-six hours he had had time to be puzzled. Here was he, a forty-six-year-old chemist who had spent more than half of his life in research—when time off from classes permitted—on a train, Washington-bound. He had spent the past twenty-two years quietly pursuing one absorbing specialty, the preparation of the culture media for endomoeba histolytica. It had carried him to the Caribbean where the virus abounded. During these summer visits he had learned Hindustani, the language of those brown-skinned sons of India who had found their way to the West Indian islands. What, he wondered as the train pushed eastward, had all this to do with the telephone call from the War Department?

Yesterday the long-distance operator had said crisply, "Dr. Scott? One moment, please." The next thing he knew, a colonel was asking, nay, begging him to drop his academic life temporarily. "Drafting scientific men for defense. . . . Your research has made you just the man we need for this job. . . . It's for the good of the country, sir. You know the language too." And then the mention of the Roster. What was all this about? Of course he had agreed to do his part and here he was on the train. But the Roster?

Suddenly Dr. Scott remembered the long government questionnaire he and his colleagues had filled out at the urgent request of the American Chemical Society. It was headed, he remembered, *National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel*, and it was thorough. Dr. Scott recalled how he had whistled with respect at the careful breakdown of the field of chemistry, the searching questions concerning his hobbies, interests, and accomplishments—including his familiarity with Hindustani—outside his chosen field. That, he decided, must be the answer.

That was the answer. Like Dr. Scott, hundreds of other scientific men and scholars who in unassuming lives have been working in highly specialized fields have received similar telephone calls from Washington and similarly have agreed to work for their country's defense.

Dr. Scott's first questions when he arrived at the War Department the next day concerned his sudden employment. The Colonel explained that the Quartermaster Corps had needed immediately a research scientist who was at home with protozoan parasites and had a knowledge of Hindustani. An epidemic of fever had broken out in a West Indian island where the United States was building a new air base. The carriers were said to be the transplanted Hindus who inhabited those islands. Frantically the War Department had called the National Roster. The executive officer of the Roster had said he would report back the names of Americans who possessed a knowledge of epidemiology and chemo-

therapy, were competent in the diagnosis and control of endomoebic histolytica and other protozoan infections, had a knowledge of the Hindustani language, possessed skill in the operation and use of specialized bacteriological research apparatus, and had traveled in the tropics. Thirty minutes later he had called back. Dr. Scott's name topped the list. The War Department had telephoned him at his college in the Midwest, and two days later Dr. Scott was at work in Washington.

One day last June an American who had just returned from England told friends in the Administration of a discovery he had made. Britain, he reported, profiting from errors made in the First World War, had compiled a list of citizens with particular scientific and professional skills which are of importance to a nation at war. The War Cabinet, he said, was fully alive to the consequences of the errors of assignments made in the War of 1914–18, and through the National Service Department was "anxious to avoid repetition of those errors and to insure that each man who offers his services is assigned to that task for which his knowledge, training, and capacities best fit him."

This report did not fall on deaf ears. The President heard and acted. Telegrams were sent out. Dr. Leonard Carmichael, President of Tufts College, who was then lecturing at the University of Washington in Seattle, received a telegraphic summons to head the new National Roster for the United States. James C. O'Brien, a young Civil Service Commission executive, received a similar "come-at-once" wire at the Civil Service Assembly convention he was attending in New York City. They came, and others did too.

Present at that first historic meeting in the drab old Department of State Building that humid summer day, June 28, 1940, were Frederic A. Delano, the President's uncle and chairman of the National Resources Planning Board; Thomas C. Blaisdell, Jr., of the same Board; and Civil Service Commissioner Arthur S. Flemming. Others attending were Dr. Ross G. Harrison and Dr. Albert L. Barrows, representing the National Research Council and the National Academy of Sciences; Dr. D. H. Daugherty and Dr. H. G. Doyle, representing the American Council of Learned Societies; Dr. R. T. Crane and Dr. Carl C. Brigham, representing the Social Science Research Council; and Dr. W. H. Cowley, representing the American Council on Education. Mr. Charles S. Ascher and Dr. Joseph P. Harris also attended. Dr. Carmichael was chosen director of the new project, Mr. O'Brien was named executive officer. The National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel was born.

The first task facing that sober gathering was to define the Roster's field of action. Strangely enough, America had listed its natural resources of all kinds but never before had made any effort to locate its brain resources. Ultimately, it was agreed, all scientific and professional workers in the United States should be listed in the Roster. Such a comprehensive classification would complement and supplement any general register of American personnel in all walks of life. But obviously this could not be done quickly. This group decided that the Roster's first task necessarily should be a registry of personnel in fields of the greatest present need, as already expressed by the defense agencies of the Government; and that, given two fields of relatively equal significance, the field first catalogued should be that in which personnel records were at the moment least complete. Obviously they did not want first a list of historians when veterinarians, for example, were needed, but unlisted.

The new director and executive officer had their job cut out. It was to reduce the tree of science and the tree of professions to the smallest twigs; to have the names of available specialists in those smallest twigs.

The first thing to do was to determine priorities-in-brains. Most needed in the gigantic defense effort were specialists in occupational groups where shortages were anticipated: physicists, aeronautical engineers, foreign-language experts, civil and automotive engineers, geographers, geologists, and the like. While the Roster was to list the total brain power in each of these fields and make it available to the defense effort, other Government agencies were starting training programs against the impending shortages. Both actions were aimed at providing trained men for defense.

Then too the Government wanted to know how many of its citizens possessed an intimate knowledge of some foreign lands and could supply data from first-hand observation about their mineral deposits, political alignments, etc.

An adviser from a totalitarian power recently forced into exile was enlisted. He supplied comparative data on a similar roster compiled by his dictator-government. He described in detail its method of operation, its successes, and its faults. American defense gained by this. Many possible faults and weaknesses were eliminated before they appeared.

Committees of consultants, made up of some two hundred leading American scientists, were formed to provide expert technical advice and information on drafting questionnaires and the sundry problems bound to arise. Among them were, for example, Dr. Waldo G. Leland, head of the American Council of Learned Societies; Dr. Vannevar Bush, dean of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology engineering school and chairman of the National Defense Research Committee; Dr. John S. Nicholas, Sterling Professor of Biology at Yale; Dr. Harlow Shapley, Harvard University astronomer; Samuel H. Ordway, Jr., president of the National Civil Service Reform League; Morris L. Cooke, of the Office of Production Management; Dr. John J. Furia, of the American Management Society; Dr. Lewis Weed, Johns Hopkins Medical College dean and chairman of the National Research Council's medical division; and Dr. L. P. Eisenhart, professor of physics at Princeton.

Space for the Roster's offices was finally located on the third floor of a musty, brick-faced building on F Street in Washington. Employees were hired from registers of the Civil Service Commission which, with the National Resources Planning Board, is jointly responsible for the Roster. (There are now ninety-four employees.) They had to be given intensive and difficult training courses to fit them for an undertaking never before attempted here. A workflow had to be planned so that the whole project would not bog down.

All this was done before the Roster could even begin circularizing those whom it wanted to list in its card files.

II

The next step was probably the most vital—obtaining the lists of names of scientists and professional men from which to start assembling the coded cards. These officials went to the obvious place, the professional and trade associations, for the first mailing lists.

Not all was clear sailing. Although Dr. Carmichael and Mr. O'Brien got in touch with each and every national scientific and technological society in the country, a few at first failed to see the necessity of supplying their membership lists to a government-sponsored Roster located in Washington. The officials of at least one society were perfectly willing to supply names when they thought they would be needed but objected strenuously to turning over information to Washington *in toto*. A personal call by Dr. Carmichael, whose wit is tempered by great tact, won over this recalcitrant group; but several organizations required personal and intensive wooing by the Roster's directing heads.

Then questionnaires had to be devised, to be sent to scientists and professional men whose combined learning em-

BOWLING GREEN PUBLIC LIBRARY

braces the whole tree of knowledge. The field of chemistry, for example, had to be broken down into one hundred and ninety-one specialties—an undertaking never before attempted. At this point the eminent consultants were called into play. They were asked to produce questions that would elicit the necessary detailed and highly specific answers.

A general questionnaire, somewhat similar to that sent to those registered for Selective Service, was first drawn up. It asked the usual things: name, address, age, sex, marital status, citizenship, race, military service, Government service, physical condition, education, and the like. It included also questions on foreign travel, professional or semi-professional occupations, significant full-time positions held, fields of scientific competence, knowledge of specialized scientific apparatus, publications, inventions, patents, special research work done, and finally, in what field the questionee thought he could be of most service to his country. This six-page document was sent to each and every person whose name was obtained by the Roster.

It might be noted, parenthetically, that many who had been working on inventions sent these along to the Roster. They were turned over to the National Inventors' Council, through which this type of activity is being funneled.

In addition to the general questionnaire, a check list in the questionee's specialty was enclosed. Such specialties range grandly through these fields: geophysics, foreign languages, tropical medicine and parasitology, speech pathology, recreation leadership, psychology, radio engineering, statistics, civil engineering, aeronautical engineering and related fields, geology, plant pathology, horticulture and agronomy, raw and manufactured products and associated industries, animal sciences, geography, forestry and range management, electrical engineering, mechanical engineering, personnel administration, economics, heating, refrigerating and air-conditioning engineering, sociology, anthropology, genetics, anatomy, chemical engineering, testing materials, automotive engineering, mineral technology, chemistry, botany, physics and astronomy, bacteriology, immunology and pathology, physiology, mathematics, history and political science.

Carefully compacted into one paragraph, these check lists above seem not too impressive. But they proved a nightmare to the Roster staff. Breaking down each science and profession into its component parts is no small task. Even the experts disagreed on the classifications. Then came the struggle to transform these classifications into code numbers so that they might become holes on a punch card which filters through a machine and produces the names of men of requisite qualifications within an hour.

Dr. Carl C. Brigham, the Roster's chief social science consultant, an eminent psychologist of Princeton University, drew one of the toughest assignments. The Roster needed a list of commodities used in international trade. Dr. Brigham took on the job. After considerable research he uncovered a list of one million such commodities. They were printed in French. After the translation was completed he reduced this list through systematic re-grouping into a check list of two hundred items which could be sent to questionees in that field. Ironically, the day after he finished this tremendous job he discovered the same list of one million commodities printed in English!

Officials of the Roster confess that they not only made use of membership lists of professional organizations, but also employed sucker lists that came to hand, lists of trade-magazine subscribers, and other non-technical groupings that were available. Their explanation was that the sheep could easily be separated from the goats when the returns came in. And this has proved true.

Hampered by a shortage of funds, the Roster asked each association and society to co-operate in mailing out the questionnaires to members. Under

United States law none but Government employees can mail franked envelopes. So the Roster sent the envelopes to each association and society in large bundles, the organizations ran them through their addressograph machines, the envelopes were returned to the Roster in Washington, the questionnaires were stuffed in, and a duly accredited Government employee dropped the franked envelopes into the nearest mailbox.

III

Organizational problems, for the most part, had been solved by September. The Roster was ready to swing into action. Five months later the Roster had entered in its card-punch system upward of 150,000 names—specialists all and in the order of priorities-in-brains first determined by the officials.

Following one typical questionnaire through the entire process may be the best way of explaining how the Roster works. Our fictitious Dr. Charles Z. Scott, who was called suddenly to Washington earlier in this article, may serve as the example.

When the Roster requested membership lists from one of the societies, Dr. Scott's name was among those included. The Roster sent the Society its batch of envelopes to run through its addressograph machine, and Dr. Scott's name was on one of them when they were sent back to Roster Headquarters. A general questionnaire and check list in chemistry thereupon went off to Dr. Scott in his college town. Other chemists in his university received similar envelopes. After answering the questions in full Dr. Scott returned the two documents to the Roster.

Dumped unceremoniously from a mail bag, Dr. Scott's envelope was opened by a mailroom employee. The questionnaire and check list were clipped together and stamped, the inky imprint showing the date received. The complete reply was then sent to the log room where Dr. Scott's name was recorded on the alpha-numerical register. This is a ten-foot shelf of cloth-bound volumes with spaces sufficient to record ten million names. When setting up its procedures the Roster asked Government statisticians for a breakdown of names found in the United States. Ten million name spaces were arbitrarily set as the limit. Obviously there are more names beginning with Sm— than with Zz—; the frequency of recurrence of names was broken down statistically so that when Dr. Scott's questionnaire appeared the clerk automatically pulled out volume 32 and entered this Midwestern scientist's name in the correct space. It was numbered 7766272. And from that point on Dr. Scott was only No. 7766272.

The questionnaire then was sent to the room where his various qualifications—experience in epidemiology and chemotherapy; competence in diagnosis, treatment, and control of endomoeba histolytica; knowledge of the Hindustani language; skill in the operation and use of specialized bacteriological research apparatus; and previous travel experience in tropical areas—were transcribed to a system of code numbers. These were written down on a specially prepared form. This was then sent to the machine room where the numbers were recorded on 3″ by 7″ stiff cards by punching out the appropriate numbers. The questionnaire was returned to a file, which is in fact a safe, guarded day and night. The punch card was placed in a separate file in a room adjoining the machine room. Dr. Scott had been recorded by the Roster.

Obviously, the second or third best field of scientific competence of one person may be better than the first specialty of another. Therefore the Roster makes five punch cards for every individual. In this way every time the cards are sorted for a particular specialty, the individual possessing that specialty will be produced regardless of whether it is his first, second, third, fourth, or fifth field of competence. One year from the date

shown by the stamped date on the original questionnaire, when it was returned, filled, to the Roster, a supplementary form will be sent to Dr. Scott. He will bring up to date his original. And the supplementary form will be sent him annually thereafter.

From this present file of 150,000 names the mechanical sorter, sifting the punch cards, can extract in a few minutes any conceivable combination of qualifications existing in the group covered. If there is in the United States a physicist specializing in supersonics (tones too high-pitched for the human ear to apprehend) who can speak fluent Japanese, who lives on the Pacific coast and who, as a hobby, studies the use of electro-cardiostethoscopes, his name can be pulled from the file in less than half-an-hour.

IV

The response to the first mailing of questionnaires was tremendous. Physicists, for example, scored a ninety per cent return to the first mailing. Chemistry check lists were sent not only to all members of the professional organizations, but also to non-members whose names had been gleaned from technical magazine subscription lists and other sources. And the response was in the same ratio. So it has been with all the other fields covered.

Several of those who answered the inquiry saw in this new experiment a deep-dyed threat to political liberties. Perhaps unfortunately, the first batches of franked envelopes left Washington only a few weeks before the third-term election. Some questionnaires came in with gratuitous observations such as this scrawled across the top: "Just another move to regiment the nation's brains." But on the whole, this type of reaction was negligible.

More general was this type: "I have heard about the National Roster. I am 81, probably too old to do any good, but I have had much experience in the field of physics and would still like to help out. May I have a questionnaire?"

Numerous eccentrics saw a wonderful new opportunity to air their unworkable theories. One of them walked into Mr. O'Brien's small corner office one day and expounded his scientific contribution to American defense. It turned out to be an invisible airport, and the gentleman carried a model under his arm for demonstration purposes. The government, he said, should erect pipes, spaced at intervals of twenty-five feet across the field, standing the same height above the ground, like football goal posts. Through these pipes would be run a liquid which would vaporize and form a mist, hiding the airport from spying enemy planes.

"But how," asked Mr. O'Brien, "could airplanes land with these pipes forming a roof over the field?"

Said the visitor, with a touch of awe, "You've put your finger right on the one weakness."

Another gentleman had an idea for a tank-catcher. This device worked, in theory, like this: it was a heavy truck equipped with a scoop running down over the hood. During battle, it would chase tanks, maneuver them into the scoop, and toss them into a receptacle in the rear.

One woman showed more interest in national symbols than in equipment. "Uncle Sam should have a wife and two children, the models to be chosen from among the poorest people in the nation," she wrote. "The Government should sponsor a contest to locate the models for this—a woman, a boy, and a girl. You should choose a dog too with the most faithful character. Then Uncle Sam would look less lonely and more interested in human beings and their problems."

But the great preponderance of voluntary suggestions were in a different tone. Dr. Albert Einstein, for example, modestly wrote: "I have a certain capacity to judge inventions of various kinds although I am not a specialist in any particular field." On the other hand of course came replies from brash college

graduates of recent vintage who claimed to know almost everything.

Among the specialists uncovered by the Roster are a thirty-eight-year-old American who knows well twenty-eight languages; several persons with an intimate personal knowledge of conversational Javanese; an expert in the geographical characteristics of Tortuga Island. The average age of men on the Roster lists is 37.65 years.

As news of the Roster has spread more widely through the country it has received requests from hitherto overlooked, or unknown, organizations whose memberships rightly merit inclusion. Among these, for example, were America's horologists, experts in the design and repair of precision instruments. It was found there were approximately 3,000 men qualified in this specialized and highly vital profession. They are now listed in the Roster card-punch system. More recently, an organization of speleologists wrote in asking for questionnaires. Uncle Sam may have no immediate use for three hundred persons with expert knowledge of caves in the United States, but transfer of archives to underground caverns in time of war is far from inconceivable.

The Roster has also become a central clearing house for another sort of information. A chemist in a Midwestern university wrote to ask whether he should supply a small quantity of p-nitrophenylselenocynate to a man in a nearby industrial town who had requested it. The chemical compound is extremely poisonous and the chemist confessed to the Roster his fears that the man asking for it might be a fifth columnist. The request was turned over to the head of the chemical advisory committee and investigated, and the man got his p-nitrophenylselenocynate.

Besides producing peculiar combinations of skills at a moment's notice, the Roster has also been valuable in locating rare scientific apparatus. A fictitious example, as the Government is not revealing its testing operations in the military sciences, demonstrates this use of the Roster facilities: the Navy wanted to make tests of bullet velocity under special conditions but had not the proper apparatus to carry it out. It queried the Roster, which uncovered in its files a man in the Far West who had been doing research on such apparatus. His name was turned over to Navy officials and an arrangement worked out whereby the Navy made use of his apparatus.

So far the Roster has supplied several thousand names to various government departments. By obtaining the names of all scientific and specialized personnel in the United States, it has also been able to take the first step toward conservation of our brain resources. Using chemists again as an example, should the War Department require the services of an explosives chemist and should the Roster produce two equally competent men, the Department would choose the one whose present occupation is less important at the particular time to the country's defense needs. This priorities system is used in all the fields. For the purpose of the Roster is not simply to assure that experts for any given task may be swiftly and surely found, but also that the choices may be wise ones from the point of view of the whole gigantic defense effort.

THE PARTING

A STORY

BY THOMAS SANCTON

CRAIG found pleasure in being alone. The upstairs porch became his small, neat corner of the world. He played quietly with his toys and his imagination made strange and wonderful things of them. He sang gaily to himself. When questions came into his mind, having no one to talk to, he sat motionless for long periods, his round little face serious in meditation. Sometimes when a thought of humor or nonsense came to him he broke into full, lonely laughter.

He loved the rain. Each afternoon in the hot summer when clouds gathered and the rain came beating into the oaks and myrtles which lined the boulevard he pulled his little chair to the porch rail and held up his face, with eyes screwed tightly shut, to catch the raindrops in his mouth. On sunny days, with an overpowering interest, he watched the people walking past and the automobiles and street cars.

One day as Craig stood at the porch rail watching the rain a small drenched Negro woman stopped before the house. She was giggling in an embarrassed manner and she held a dripping newspaper above her head.

"Li' boy," she said, "go call your mama."

Craig laughed and laughed at her. She looked so funny standing in the rain.

"Go call your mama, li' boy," she said patiently.

"She's not home," he answered. That week his mother had gone back to work for the railroad.

"Can I come in and sit on de steps, li' boy?" the woman asked. "I wants to wait for her."

Craig ran down the stairs and opened the door. She came in laughing and moaning and began to wipe her face with a wet handkerchief.

"Lawd, dass a rain!" she said. She sat on the steps with a weary sigh.

Craig plopped to the floor and sat watching her with interest. She was very black. Her eyes were bright and friendly and her thick kinky hair lay in a neat part. There was something odd about her face, for the thick lower lip turned out so far that Craig could see its moist pink inside. He wondered if she held her lip this way on purpose.

The woman became aware of his inspection.

"I *is* a funny lookin' somethin' at dat," she said, giggling.

"Why do you do your lip that way?" he asked seriously, demonstrating what he meant.

"I don't do it *no* way," she said. "It do datta-way itself."

"Why does it?"

"God done told it to do datta-way when he bake me in de oven."

"Why did he tell it that?"

"He ain't esplained it to me yet, honey. My, you *is* a question box."

She reached out gently and brushed the thick blond hair away from his

forehead. "What your name, Mr. Whitey?" she asked.

"Craig Magruder. What's yours?"

"Pearl."

"What do you want to see my mama for?"

"She need a cullud woman."

"No she don't. My mama does all the work."

"Yes she do. She done told de cullud girl dat work next door to find her someone. I hope it gonna be me."

"Oh boy," said Craig, slapping the backs of his legs against the floor in delight. He sang a little wishing song. "I hope you work for us, I hope you work for us. . . ."

"Honey," she said, "I done come all de way from de country tryin' to find me some easy work. I been swingin' a cane knife ever since I a li' girl, about de size you is. Chop, chop, chop, and dass a heavy knife, honey. Feel like a ton. Cane cut like wet grass in de mornin' but it sure get tough around quittin' time. Old Pearl gonna be back in dem cane fields if she don't get work around dis city."

She worked for Craig's family for six years, and in the end she went back. But this rainy day, as they sat at the foot of the stairs, kind little black woman, lonely white boy, their lives ran together forever.

Craig's mother hired Pearl that evening. She needed a woman to keep the house, for now she had taken her old job with the railroad company. Early in the morning she left the house with her husband for the office building where they had met ten years before and they did not return until late. Someone was needed to look after Craig. He was almost six now. Fall was coming and it was now time for him to start school.

Alice Magruder was small, slender, and restless. Illness had worn away a certain wistful prettiness which when she was a girl had been generally admired by the bookkeepers and file clerks of the railroad. Her face was sharp, yet a trace of beauty lingered in her thick blond hair.

She had come very close to death when Craig was born. But during the night of her crisis some small, indestructible fury lying deep in her suffering body had flared, and it carried her through a long, desperate rally. But her health was never good again and she felt that a part of her indeed had died. She took no more interest in her looks or in her dress. She laughed no longer at her husband's gentle childish jokes. And the romantic love she had once felt for this amiable little bookkeeper was gone.

She had only one purpose now—to work and accumulate for the baby she had made with such agony. She wanted to fight for him as an animal would fight for its young, and her love had an animal's strange, inattentive lapses. She wanted to rend an avenue through the meager little destiny into which she had borne him. In the hours of her crisis she had held fast to one delirious dream: to buy a house that would produce an income, and then to buy another and another. The dream had never left her.

For the first two years after her illness she saved from Magruder's salary to pay doctor bills. In two more years she had accumulated enough to make a down payment on a house.

But then it was a bad time to buy real estate, and Willis Magruder, with his simple bookkeeper's talent for arithmetic, knew from the beginning that the purchase was a mistake. The house stood on the corner of a fine old boulevard, and its glaring white weatherboards and cheap roof of rose-tinted shingles did not blend into the dark, comfortable old homes of the neighborhood. A real estate boom had marked the street with these new places like a pox. Some of the old families, no longer prospering in banking and cotton, had sold the spacious lawns between their homes for high prices to speculating contractors. The house that Magruder bought had been built for eight thousand dollars. The

PUBLIC LIBRARY

contractor sold it to a speculating homestead finance company for eleven thousand. The company sold it to Willis for seventeen. The down payment was two thousand and the company took a mortgage for the remainder—to be paid over a period of years at a hundred dollars a month.

The house was a popular boom type, called a duplex. It was built for two families, and everything downstairs, all of the rooms, even the swing and chairs on the front porch, had its duplicate above. The Magruders moved into the upper quarters. Alice rented out the lower floor for a sum which almost met the monthly homestead payment; for rent charges had soared along with real estate values.

But Willis had been right. The purchase was a mistake. Within two years the boom collapsed; rents and real estate values toppled and the tenant broke his lease and moved away. It was months before Alice could rent the place again for half the amount.

It became impossible to meet the homestead payment. So Alice hired a typewriter and dug into an old trunk for her shorthand textbooks. For weeks she practiced to regain her skill, working late into the night. Willis sat by the grate fire with Western story magazines, watching her restlessly.

"Alice," he said at last, "let's go rent us a little house and be happy again."

"Let's not get started on the subject," she answered. She did not look up from her work.

"Let's give this damned place back to the homestead and be happy again," he said in a dreamy, bitter tone. "Let's go back to the old place. Let's go all the way back—six years. To the time I had a wife."

"Listen," she said quietly, staring at him. "It's for my baby, you understand. I don't care about us. We're going to own this place and the income is going to send him to college. Do you think I went through hell to bring another ribbon clerk into the world?"

Willis looked into the fire and said nothing. He was thinking of the old days when she had come to him timidly at night to be taken into his arms, and he had hurried home after work trying to remember all the funny things he had heard during the day so he might make her laugh at the dinner table. He never discussed the house with her after this talk, and he spoke to her less of other things.

In a few weeks Alice got work with the railroad again as a stenographer. Her salary was small, but by close management she was able to meet the homestead payment once more. The tiring office work and her money worries kept her in a state of distress.

Early in his life, Craig's happiness, for which she had forged her own life into such a grim contest, fell among the things which she sacrificed unconsciously in the effort. She answered his childish questions sharply and scolded him often, and the boy fell into the habit of silence. He could remember a time when his father cuffed him merrily about and laughed with him, but this somehow had passed.

From the conversations he overheard at dinnertime Craig understood vaguely that the house and the homestead company were the cause of all the small unhappy things of his life. These were small incidents, and it never occurred to his parents that they went below the surface of their quiet little son. When the family went to the park on Sundays there was never any money for ice cream or balloons or for peanuts to throw to the snorting old elephant. When he rode on the street cars with his mother he stood in quiet shame while she argued with the conductor about his age. When she brought him into a department store for a new pair of shoes or a sailor suit she haggled over the prices with the polite, exasperated floorwalkers.

At night Alice came into his room to hear his prayers. Craig kneeled beside the bed and put his head in her lap. In his long sleepers, which covered his feet,

he looked like a soft little rabbit. He was freshly bathed, and the sweet smell of her child stirred the timeless, mammalian love within her. When he finished his prayers she tucked him under the covers and turned out the light, and lay beside him, holding him tenderly.

Sometimes in the darkness Craig could hear her weeping softly. Craig kissed her again and again.

"It's such a struggle, son," she said. "Mother doesn't mean to fuss at you so much. But oh, the worries. Oh, my baby, if you could only understand!"

Craig buried his head in her arms and held her tightly. There was something he wanted desperately to say to her. Oh, mother, be soft and gentle and loving to me, as you are now always. Take me out of my little unhappy world, my loneliness, my silence, my long hours alone on the porch. I'm a little boy and I need you.

He could never find the words.

He was hungry for her love with an aching hunger that never left him. But in the morning, Alice awakened cross and sullen. Her health was poor and her worries were many, and she did not mean to fuss at him so much; but nevertheless she did.

And then came the little Negro woman and changed his life.

It was early fall now, and Alice entered Craig in the first grade. The schoolhouse was on the boulevard not far away, a yellow-brick building in a grassy square, with a graceful row of dark magnolia trees before it. Pearl took him to school each morning and came for him at lunchtime and in the afternoon. Craig thrilled to these new exciting days. The weather was bright and cool, with a clean, stirring smell. Acorns were dropping from the oaks along the boulevard, and he made Pearl wait while he filled his pockets with them. He loved the gabble of talk at lunchtime in the warm basement, the murmuring of the classrooms, the sweet pervading odor of apples and lunch boxes.

Craig's parents left for their work before he awakened and did not return until evening. Pearl roused him in the morning by bouncing the mattress of his bed. Instantly he was awake and laughing joyously, fighting and kicking against her strong little arms as she tickled him. For the rest of the day she was his faithful servant. She laced his high-topped shoes and brushed his stubborn yellow hair, holding his head over the wash basin and sprinkling it with a swishing handful of water as she did the laundry before ironing. And then she fixed his breakfast.

Her presence filled the house. Her musky odor hung faintly through the rooms. She talked to Craig constantly, simple, cheerful talk that delighted him, and she sang hymns, rolling her eyes fervently to heaven. To Craig the melodies were infinitely sad—wailing melodies he had never heard before—but he thought the words were very funny, and sometimes they set him giggling.

> My road have come to de river bank—
> Sister Beulah, come carry me over . . .

"Honey," Pearl told him, "Jesus make it rain if you laugh at a hymn. Watch and see if he don't." The next time it rained, a day later or a week, she said, "What I told you, Craig?" And Craig believed that he had brought the rain. But his feeling was one of proud accomplishment.

She spoke to him from a child's heart and he understood her, and her simple stories raised up before his delighted eyes the world of earth and crops that he had never known existed. She told him how Negroes worked the fat cane rows with their knives, and lived in cabins, and dug wells, and baked their bread; of the food wagon which came out from the big house into the fields at noon to the hungry workers—with cornbread, cold salty cabbage, mustard greens, hog-meat, sausage, potato cake. She was devoted to her father and spoke of him often, and the querulous old Negro became Craig's favorite character.

She told him how her father, Luke, a

patriarch who had outlived two earlier wives, had once been the best Negro on the place; but now he was very old and the plantation overseer would only let him drive the water cart from which the younger field hands drank.

"Dat make papa some mad," she said, laughing at the scene in her memory. "He say dis and he say dat; *and* he howl, *and* he stomp, *and* he cuss. Lawd, how papa could cuss. Papa say, 'Dis ain't no work for a man. Dis a child work. Water cart! For God sake. I done started out my life on de water cart—before dese niggers was born. Dis a child work, damn it!'

"Poor old papa. He don't know jes' how old and feeble he be. Poor papa think he still young and can jump. He jes' old and feeble and he don't want to say it."

Anything could remind Pearl of life on the plantation. Craig sat upon the bed with his foot in her lap as she laced his shoes. Pearl told him about the rawhide thongs the Negroes made on the plantation. He asked her what rawhide was.

"It come off de cow, honey. Dey done knock de cow on he haid and pull he skin off and slice it up."

"Does the cow die?" he asked, making a wry face.

"He die and den some," she said laughing. "Where you thought meat come from, honey? Off de bush?"

At lunchtime Pearl waited for him by a clump of thick rhododendron bushes which covered a corner of the schoolyard. Negro servant girls from the neighborhood gathered here talking and laughing. They sat on a railing of iron pipe which protected the bushes, enjoying the respite from their housework. When the lunch bell rang children ran to the corner with shrill, familiar chattering, and threw their books into the Negroes' arms.

Craig walked home with his hand in Pearl's. They raced each other up the stairs with wild laughter. She set before him a bowl of soup or sandwiches and a glass of milk, and then went down the back steps to the wash tubs on a bench against the garage. In the first days Craig kept running to the kitchen window to watch this new, wonderful person.

The boy grew to love the afternoons. At three o'clock Pearl brought him home again from school. He sat at a table in the warm kitchen to do his homework. Now the laundry was dry and stiff, piled high in a big wicker basket, and Pearl set up the ironing board and began to work. Bright sunlight slanted into the windows and outside the street cars stopped and started with a somnolent, faraway rumbling. The clean odor of starch under the hot iron filled the kitchen. Pearl was busy with her own thoughts now and said little. She ironed with easy skill and sang her hymns softly. Sometimes her hands fell to her sides as she lifted her voice on a sad, wavering note.

Craig copied his simple spelling lessons with a thick pencil, forming the newly learned letters with his lips, and making laborious faces. Suddenly a craving for conversation would take him, and he stood before the ironing board, pouring forth to Pearl some involved, breathless account of an experience at school: the teacher had said he was talking and he wasn't talking, and he told the teacher it wasn't him and she said it was him and he said it wasn't either. . . .

Sometimes it was a tale of childish joy, sometimes of calamity—a tumble down the school steps or a punch on the nose. To Pearl it made little difference, for her thoughts were far away and she did not hear him. She kept her eyes on her work. But at the proper times she shook her head agreeably and said, "Dass nice, honey." Sometimes these pleasantries fell into the middle of a most harrowing narrative. But as long as she seemed to be listening Craig was satisfied. More than satisfied; he was happy.

They teased each other constantly during the day; name calling became a game, and Pearl enjoyed it as much as the boy. He invented wild, outlandish

names to call her—old bow-legged, cross-eyed elephant Pearl; old ring-tail, rat-tail monkey Pearl. With each new name she clapped her hands to her face and wailed hilariously.

"Lawd, jes' lissen to what dis boy callin' Pearl. Ring-tail, rat-tail monkey shines! Dat is de absolute worst I ever heard!"

Some of these foolish names he kept for years and they became a bond of affection between them.

Once when he was very young he called her a nigger. She had angered him by washing his smudged face at lunchtime. Craig had heard Pearl use the word herself and he had heard his parents use it. But somehow he understood already that the word contained all the great gulf of things that was fixed between his color and hers.

It hurt Pearl instantly. Her thick lips puckered and tears filmed her eyes, and she sat at the kitchen table with her head in her arms like a child.

"What you call me dat for, Craig?" she said sorrowfully. "Don't you know Pearl de one love you? You ought to be sorry God done made me black 'stead of white like you is. If He was to change you to a li' nigger boy and you had to go live in a shack and eat nigger food, do you think Pearl would go callin' you de name of your trouble?"

When others used it, people for whom she cared nothing, Pearl was moved for a moment to a show of sullen dignity, but that was all. Sometimes the beefy iceman, banging impatiently on the locked door, shouted it up to the kitchen window.

"Come on, open the door, nigger. I'm not going to stand here all day."

The tradesmen who came almost daily into the kitchen, the iceman, the butcher, the grocer boys, called her nigger and many other names. Their manner was good-natured but utterly contemptuous. They called her black, shine, and dark-meat. The boys slammed their wares arrogantly on the kitchen table, and the iceman banged the heavy block into the box with a shower of chips. As they walked toward the back door they called out humorous, obscene suggestions to her, and clattered down the stairs with heavy laughter.

Pearl kept her dignity. She made a sneering face and fixed her eyes on her work. There was unconscious farce in her exaggerated scorn. She muttered the old chant of Southern Negroes: "I'd ruther be a nigger den po' white trash." But soon she forgot the incident and was singing hymns.

As the years passed, Pearl's influence on the boy became deeper. Her kindness and laughter nourished happiness back to life within him and filled the voids in his lonely heart.

She was totally ignorant. She could not read and she believed in ghosts; she believed that she talked sometimes, "at dark of de moon," with the ghost of her sister, and she told Craig some of the messages that she had received. But she was far from stupid. She did her work with an easy, thorough skill. She kept the boy's meager supply of clothes in solid repair. She put neat patches in the knees of his pants and darned his black cotton stockings. Alice had never asked her to do these things.

Sometimes Pearl would corner Craig, against his impatient protests, and with surprising speed clip a hanging button from his shirt, thread a needle and sew it firmly back in place.

There were other things too which Alice would have done for her son had her life been different, that the little Negro woman gladly made part of her own duty. On rare occasions the boy woke cross and ill. He turned his head into the pillow and told her to go away. She felt his forehead with cool, dark fingers.

"What de matter, Craig?" she asked softly. "You sick, honey? My li' boy ain't feelin' good?"

"Leave me alone," he said.

"You got a li' fever, honey. Pearl gonna make you stay in de bed to-day."

She brought him soft eggs and milk.

Later in the morning—and Craig learned to accept it as inevitable—she came to the bed with castor oil in orange juice. Craig wept, but she made him take it. When Alice returned Pearl told her that Craig had been ill and she had kept him home from school. Alice had come to rely on her judgment.

Alice's feeling for Pearl was negative. She paid the woman a standard wage for house servants, and in return got good work, which she expected. When Craig's parents returned from their work in the evening Pearl became silent. She served the dinner and ate her own in the kitchen; then she washed the dishes and went home. When they spoke to her she agreed instantly and timidly to whatever they said. "Dass right, dass right," was her standing answer.

Pearl's secret feeling for Alice was definite. She did not like her.

Craig moved up from one school grade to the next, from one phase of boyhood to another. He came to his share of fist-fights, snagged trousers, skinned knees, and lost teeth. Yet on the whole, he was rather quiet, for the solitude of his first years had left its print upon him. He studied hard and did well in his lessons.

Craig's body was neatly made and strong, like his father's. He played baseball in the schoolyard in spring and summer. The days he loved came in autumn, cool bright days with school life once more at a beginning. He kicked battered footballs in the schoolyard, and the air was filled with thuds and shouting, and echoes which bounded pleasantly from the building. He could run fast, and he played touch football through the long afternoons until his face was hot and sweaty and his knees and the elbows of his sweater were damp with mud and grass stains. He was skillful at climbing the dark boles of the magnolia trees. When spring came round, with other boys he tore off baskets full of the sweet, heavy blossoms and went to sell them for ten cents each before the gleaming marble cemeteries which stretched along the lake shore.

As the boy grew through these years, his mother's struggle to buy the house continued. Night after night she sat at her squat little desk, adding up bills on the backs of old envelopes, counting again and again the money in her cash drawer. Craig sat at a card table before the fire with his books or with the comic section of the evening newspaper. Sometimes he watched her, wondering when this silent, bitter contest would have its end.

His father had become a quiet stranger to him. Willis now came home from the office with two desires only; the first was for dinner, the second to sit by the fire with his Western magazines and the evening paper. He had lost all interest in the house. His hair had grown completely gray, and he was beginning to look middle-aged.

The mortgage payment fell due on the fifth of each month. As the day approached Alice spent more time at her desk, checking her accounts. All of her bills were paid with cash, and there was never quite enough left to meet the mortgage payment. Every month Craig watched her go through the old humiliation of telephoning the homestead company to plead for more time—until their salary checks were due from the railroad.

Alice kept the desk key in a painted blue vase on the mantel. One night as Craig worked over his lessons at the card table he heard his mother turn up the vase and the key fall out with its familiar tinkle. A moment later he was startled by her small agonized cry. She stood before the desk with the cash drawer in her hands. It was empty.

She broke into quiet, interminable sobbing, whispering "It's gone," over and over. The drawer had contained more than ninety dollars and the mortgage payment was due. Willis took her in his arms and she clung to him like a child.

"Oh, that nigger," she sobbed, almost inaudibly. "Oh, that thieving

nigger." The words sent a chill through Craig.

Willis stared over her shoulder, frowning, thinking. Finally he said, "That's who it was, all right."

Alice's face was wet and her lips were trembling. She went to the telephone and asked for the police. Craig ran to her and clicked the connection.

"Mama!" he cried frantically. "Please don't do that. Pearl didn't steal the money. I *know* she didn't, mama. Pearl wouldn't ever do anything like that."

Willis snatched the boy's hand from the telephone and shook him. It was the first time he had ever done this to his son.

"Go to your room," he said sharply.

Craig closed his door and lay on the bed in the darkness. Soon the doorbell rang and he heard someone come up the stairs into the living room. Craig went to the door and opened it softly.

It was a detective and they were talking about Pearl. The man went to the desk and examined the lock. He was a big man, and he kept his hat on.

Alice had stopped crying. "The iceman and the grocer boy are in the kitchen almost every day," she said. "The man to read the electric meter might have come to-day. But the girl was the only one who knew where the key was. And she knew there was money in that desk."

The detective grunted and shook his head wearily.

"I've seen this happen a thousand times," he said. "You people put it right under their noses and then you want the police to get it back for you. Lady, a house nigger is the worst thief there is. They'd steal Christ off the cross."

He told them that Pearl would be arrested.

"If she hasn't got the money on her," he said, "all we can do is book her and hold her a couple of days. If she doesn't get scared and tell us where it is we'll have to turn her loose—and good-by money."

When the man left, Craig was sobbing. He buried his head under the pillows and tried to go to sleep.

For the next week there was a dull ache inside him that would not go away. He lay on his bed through the empty afternoons and did not study. At night he dreamed tortured dreams of Pearl and heard her weeping and calling him. He woke in the darkness, restless and lonely.

One afternoon he came out of the school building, his book strap slung across his shoulder, and walked slowly down the terraced steps. It was a spring day, and the schoolyard lay warm in the sunlight. He stood on the steps for a while and watched boys climbing into the magnolia trees. High in the branches the foliage was shaking, and he could hear the voices of the hidden climbers. Then he turned down the school walk toward his house.

Pearl called to him as he passed the rhododendron clump. She was sitting on a rail where the outthrust blossoming branches were thickest, almost screened from view, as though she were hiding. Craig ran into her arms.

"Oh, honey," she said, "Pearl love you."

"I told them and told them you didn't steal the money," he said. "They just made me shut up. Did they hurt you, Pearl?"

"'Cose I didn't steal no money," she said. "But dey ain't hurt me none, Craig. Dey kept me in jail two days, dass all. Don't you worry about dat, honey. It's all over with now. Dey had me in a cell with some drunken nigger womans. Me and de po-lice done had our rounds. First dey say I stole de money, and den I say I ain't. And dere we stood.

"Den dey say, 'Huhn, dis a smart-aleck nigger,' and dey go to tellin' me like all which dey gonna do if dey catch me stealin' again. I say you ain't gonna catch me stealin' again jes' like you ain't catch me dis time—'cause I don't steal. Dey say shut-up, nigger, your mouf's too big. And dere dey was, up de tree, so dey turn me aloose."

They sat together on the rail and she held his hand tightly.

"Craig," she said, "I guess I knowed where your maw kept de money since de first day I come to work. Why she think I gonna wait dis long to steal it? You all jes' poor people tryin' to make like you got a little money—I know dat. I ain't gonna go stealin' bread out your mouf, honey.

"Dey's a lot more people den me seen your maw at de desk, one time another. It could have been one of de grocery boys, or dat no-good iceman. But I know how dis kind of business go, honey. I seen it happen before. Jes' so long as dey got a nigger to blame it on, everybody happy. Everybody but de nigger, and de nigger don't count. She don't count except to me and you, do she? Craig, I done cried my eyes out about us. Dis gonna bust up everything."

"It's not right," Craig said, with tears in his eyes.

"'Cose it ain't right. But what we gonna do about it? I can't do nothin' and you can't do nothin'. And dere we is."

For a while they sat in silence.

"I gonna miss you," she said at last. "I gonna pray for my li' funny boy every day I lives."

There was a finality in the way she said this that frightened him. He looked at her with a question in his eyes.

"I goin' back to de plantation," she said miserably.

"Oh," he gasped. "Don't do it, Pearl. I'll never see you again."

"I goin' dis Saturday, honey. De plantation truck at de French Market every Saturday. De driver my cousin. De man dat run de plantation—Mr. LaVoicin—a long time ago he done sent word to me dat I ought to come back. My maw and paw so old now dey gettin' in dey own way, and all de other children got dey own families to bother with. So it look like I better go back. I can't get no work around de city without no letter, and I know your maw ain't gonna give me none. I ain't even gonna ask her."

"I'll ask her for one, Pearl."

"No, don't do dat. She your maw and I don't want to stir up nothin' between you."

"When are you coming back to the city?" He said it softly, afraid to hear the answer.

"Craig, I reckon never."

The boy put his head in his arms.

"I reckon never, Craig, unlessen you can come for me some day. And dass what I come to tell you about."

She spoke to him tenderly now, as a woman to a child.

"You *is* a good boy, Craig. You gonna grow up to be a good man. I know it. Dey's a lot to you, honey. You gonna grow up and make your mark, and have you a nice li' wife, and you gonna be happy, 'cause you got de good heart. Dass de way it gonna happen. I know it. And when de day come, Craig, I want you to come out to de plantation and get me. I ain't gonna be too old to work for you. I done stedied dis whole thing out."

"If it could only happen that way," he said.

"God gonna make it happen, Craig. I gonna pray for it. Get your pencil and write dis down. I gonna tell you where de plantation at."

Craig opened his homework book to a back page.

"De name of de plantation is Little LaVoicin. Can you spell it?"

"I'll put it down like it sounds."

"It across de river about sixty miles, in Lafayette Parish. Put dat down. And it near St. Martinville. It on de Texas-Pacific railroad. Now see if you got it."

Craig read what he had written.

"Dass it," she said. "You a sharp child."

Craig held her hand to his face. "You sure were good to me, Pearl," he said. He murmured the old name he used to call her. "Old ring-tail rat-tail monkey Pearl."

"Lawd," she said, her lip trembling. "You ain't ever forgot dat.

"Well—honey, de day gonna come for us. Don't you ever worry dat it ain't. You jes' keep bein' de good boy you is and you gonna make out all right. Some day you gonna come for me and den we have us a time. Me and you and your sweet li' wife and children —dere we gonna sit, all day long, stedyin' up some foolishness to make us-selves laugh."

Craig smiled at the thought of it.

"I goin', honey," she said, rising. "Don't cry, Craig. Jes' sit dere till I leaves and den go home and do your lessons and start workin' for de day." She kissed him on the forehead and walked away down the boulevard.

Craig went to the edge of the rhododendron clump and watched her small figure until she was out of sight. Then he threw his books in the grass and lay beside them. He put his hands behind his head and looked up into the sky. A small boy passed with an armful of magnolia blossoms and called cheerfully to him, but Craig could not answer. He was feeling nothing now, only emptiness. The ache in him had gone away. It began to grow dark, and office workers were leaving the crowded street cars. At last he got up and brushed the dead grass from his sweater and walked slowly home. He knew already he would never see her again.

LOST BATTALION—1941

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE leaders of our life have marched away
Through an eternal smoke-screen. We are left
Forlorn in No-Man's-Land—perplexed, bereft
Of their great gallantry against dismay.
We summon up the young. But where are they?
Still unprepared!—They leap not with the deft
Plunge of the panther—palsied by the theft
Of all the years through which we went astray.

Ours is the lost battalion of the blind
Who deemed our heritage inviolate;
Who were so smug and listless we declined
To stop the brewing of the breed of hate
That threatens now to overwhelm mankind
Because we thought too little and too late.

NO CLASS WAR

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

IT MAY seem perverse to find anything in the tragic events of these years that can redound to human good; yet, viewed in the long perspective, there is one respect in which there has been clear gain. War may be the worst affliction that can befall mankind, but it can be said too that some wars are worse than others. And appalling as this war may be, a still more terrible calamity has been spared the Western world.

Five or ten years ago the prospect that seemed on all visible evidence to lie before us was that of class war. It might start as a series of wars in different countries and then coalesce across national boundaries into a single war extending over all Europe and eventually perhaps spreading to America. Or it might start with Western Europe arrayed against Soviet Russia and then resolve into parallel civil wars in each country. In either case the issue would be the same: the right of private property and profit or the division of wealth; the possessing classes against the underprivileged; the continuance of the capitalistic system or the inauguration of the dictatorship of the workers. And in either case it would constitute the modern equivalent of the Thirty Years' War, fought not over religion but over property. And since the right of property strikes deeper in men in our time than right of religious worship, it would be of greater ferocity. Into it would go all the passions of a civil war—always more implacable than wars between nations—and a civil war fought to determine the right of men to retain their wealth and the position that goes with it.

To say that this has been permanently escaped may be premature, but the danger has been so greatly lessened as to be distant. Indeed, what has been proved, after all evidence for years had run to the contrary, is that class is not the prime moving force in international relations. It is not the main determinant of men's actions or of their loyalties. The specter of class wars, of decision by battle on the principle of economic organization, has been laid. England and Russia have laid it, each in its own way.

The burden of the evidence was indeed to the contrary in the twenty years after the First World War. Everywhere from 1919 on there was steady drift to the two extremes of social thought. Perhaps it is better to say that the two extremes were closing in on the middle, on liberalism as a concept, on the idea of change by evolution and remedy of social abuses by consent. It is not only since the Nazi challenge to supremacy that liberalism and democracy have been on the defensive. Even before then they were to all appearances anaemic, devitalized, without the will or capacity to survive, perhaps moribund. Red or White, reaction or revolution, dictatorship by the fascist or dictatorship by the communist—these appeared to be the only choice. All the choice left those not wholly fanatic was which of the two extremes was less repellent.

Within each country and in the relations between countries the trend was in the same direction. Both in internal

politics and international politics class interest seemed to serve as a kind of separating rod. Class interest and its preservation was the criterion by which domestic issues were measured. Class interest and its preservation was the major consideration on which statesmen made their decisions and took action. Class transcended all else, patriotism included. It crossed national boundaries, knew no barriers of race or hereditary antipathies, no links of national affinity. There was an acknowledged workers' international; there appeared to be too an unacknowledged capitalists' international. History was bearing out the Marxists; economic determinism was being demonstrated. It was class that mattered in human affairs, as a resultant if not exclusively.

II

In internal politics the line of cleavage was direct and unmistakable in almost every major country. The safe, genteel issues of pre-1914 politics did not reemerge after the First World War. Domestic politics began to be of sterner stuff as soon as the troops were demobilized. Everywhere the paramount issue was drawn: labor versus capital. In England the Liberal party, with its moderate reform program, was supplanted by the Labour party, with a program in which socialization of industry and finance was implicit at the least. The antagonism generated was proportionate, and the respectable code duello of pre-1914 party politics was abandoned. Elections were fought with genuine, not simulated, passion. Labour came into power and was evicted in a bitter campaign in which the decisive stroke was the so-called Zinoviev letter, a document forged in the most impeccable quarters. The General Strike came and was crushed. It was a campaign in a bloodless civil war, one in which class lines were clearly drawn. Thereafter the Labour party itself was divided on the question whether to take a more uncompromising stand on state control of business and finance. Both within the party and in the country as a whole this was the only real issue until the European crisis arose.

In Germany the Armistice was quickly followed by a formal communist uprising in Bavaria, threatened communist uprisings elsewhere, and Rightist putsches in retaliation. They were all put down, but only for the time. The nuclei had been formed which were to gather mass in the ensuing years. The ineffectual Social Democratic regime was reduced to the status of hesitant arbiter between the two extremes struggling for supremacy. The communists at one end and the various militarist, monarchist, economically reactionary, and fascist groups at the other were aggrandized at the expense of the moderate center groups, until by 1930 there was little choice but communist or fascist in one form or another. The middle classes chose the latter, or at least vetoed the former, since the threat to their property was deemed more serious than any putative risk from the fascist factions. And thus the Nazis came to power. But the struggle was latent and sharpening long before it took the dramatic form of Hitler's accession.

In France the issue emerged somewhat later, but there too it was latent throughout the post-war period. In fact, it was a resumption of what had formed before the First World War. It came to the surface in the Affaire Stavisky and the Paris riots in 1934—a civil war in miniature or in rehearsal. Rightist, monarchist, fascist groups had been gathering strength in the years preceding; so had the communists. The Paris riots were a test of strength. The test ended in a draw. Out of it came, however, the Popular Front, the Blum government, the radical social legislation, the nationalization of armament industries and restrictions on other economic activities, and the sit-down strikes which inflamed the conservative classes, frightened the middle classes, and opened the moral fissures through which the German Panzer divisions were to slip in 1940.

MILLSBORO PUBLIC LIBRARY

In Austria there had been since 1918 a state of muted warfare between the socialists, who governed the municipality of Vienna, and the clerical and bourgeois parties. The shelling of the municipal workers' apartment buildings and the eviction of the socialist regime in 1934 was the decisive battle in an old conflict, not the beginning of a new one. The accession of the clerical semi-fascist Dollfuss-Schuschnigg government registered the final defeat of the attempt to impose social control on private property. There too the middle classes, while only negatively sympathetic to fascism, elected it in preference to even a mild form of workers' control. In Italy and Hungary the issue had been settled long before. The seizure of factories by Italian workers after the Armistice prepared the way for Mussolini's march on Rome and gave him the welcome in the middle classes which they may subsequently have come to rue. In Hungary an abortive communist uprising was followed by a semi-dictatorship and suppression of liberal and radical movements. Throughout Europe, save only Scandinavia, the same note ran in all domestic politics: labor versus capital. And everywhere there was gravitation to the two extremes.

It was in international politics, however, that the evidence was more indicative. Before the ruins of 1918 had been cleared the victorious Powers were underwriting intervention in Soviet Russia in order to crush communism at the start. The Cordon Sanitaire of the French was not power politics but social insurance. More direct in their bearing were the major events in the last phase before 1940—Ethiopia, Spain, the Popular Front in France, Munich and, finally, the French collapse.

First with regard to Ethiopia: If not conclusive, it is a fair presumption that the unwillingness of the British and French to take really effective measures against Mussolini was caused by their fear that a radical regime might succeed in Italy if Mussolini were overthrown after a defeat. Italian aggrandizement in East Africa might be dangerous to British and French imperial interests, but in compensation there was the comforting thought that fascism was a bulwark against leftist movements in Europe. To shatter this bulwark by striking down Mussolini seemed to be straining at the gnat of Italian imperial rivalry and swallowing the camel of communism nearer home.

With regard to Spain the argument is clearer. On the balance of the evidence it is hardly disputable that a Franco victory was deemed by the governing groups in Great Britain and France preferable to a "Red" Spain even if thereby Germany and Italy obtained a foothold in Spain. It was not agreeable, but less disagreeable than the alternative. So far as France is concerned, there is little doubt that any attempt by the Blum government to check Italian-German intervention or to give positive support to the Loyalists would have precipitated a civil war. Even if a Franco victory with obligations to Italy and Germany meant that France would have potential enemies on three sides, that was not so bad, in the eyes of the upper classes, as a Loyalist victory which would give prestige to the ideas that the Popular Front stood for and fortify the Popular Front at home. In any case, what the Popular Front wanted was to help the Loyalists or at least to check the Italian-German intervention, and what the Popular Front wanted was anathema. French foreign policy and internal politics had become inextricably intermingled, and internal policy took precedence even among the classes whose special concern and interest had been the maintenance of French prestige and the conduct of its foreign affairs.

Great Britain's action or inaction signified even more. Gibraltar was symbol of England's might, of the Empire itself. Still more, it was one of the foundation stones of the Empire. On continued control of Gibraltar and the western entrance to the Mediterranean the preservation of the Empire depended. And yet—in 1937, when Mussolini's imperial

ambitions were not only openly acknowledged but jeeringly flaunted and the portents of Nazi Germany were unmistakable, England chose the risk to Empire in preference to a communist or even radical Spain. The farce of the so-called non-intervention agreement was solemnly carried out while the Germans and Italians were pouring troops, planes, and arms into Spain, testing their materials and rehearsing for the war that was to come, as well as erecting a bastion against France and England. Gibraltar and the Empire might be jeopardized, but the barriers against attack on private property were reinforced. The bargain was adjudged fair. It was eloquent testimony to the scale of values of the British ruling class. That had come to pass which twenty years before would have been in the realm of fantasy: that Englishmen of the ruling class should put anything before the glory of Old England, the might of Old England, the Britannia that ruled the waves. Yet the die-hard English imperialist was a property holder first and an English imperialist second. And if the British Empire should go down in the next few months because Gibraltar is reduced and the entrance to the Mediterranean is closed to Great Britain, then it will have been in 1937 and in Spain that it was undermined—undermined with British consent.

We come now to 1938 and Munich. The full truth about Munich we shall never know of course. Historians will be hotly disputing about it for generations, flinging documentary discoveries at one another after their fashion, but to no purpose. The truth about motives has not been written down by any of the principal actors in the drama, either in official documents or in memoirs, and cannot be written down. For they either do not know the truth about their motives or cannot acknowledge it to themselves if they do. If Chamberlain had been the most pious Catholic, observing in all sincerity the full rites of the confession, he could not have revealed to his confessor the inwardness of his action; he did not know it or recognize it—even if a horde of commentators did know, especially in America.

There was at the time a good deal of loose talk about a so-called Cliveden set, with all the dramatization and oversimplification that makes good popular myth. It will never be possible to know or even intelligently guess whether Chamberlain would have gone to Munich if Great Britain had had five thousand first-line combat planes and anti-aircraft guns in proportion. Furthermore, there was a deeply rooted pacifism or at least anti-war sentiment in all classes in England. Nowhere else in the world had the lesson of the folly of war, so bitterly exemplified in 1914–1918, gone home as surely as among the English people. Pacifism, lack of preparedness, and faulty judgment all entered into the decision no doubt; but all the internal evidence points to the conclusion that something more entered: that there were large and influential groups in Great Britain which saw the choice as between Nazis and communists and preferred the Nazis. Hitlerism they both hated and feared, but they thought they could strike some accommodation with it. Communism they also hated and feared, and they knew they could strike no accommodation with it. A Hitlerized Europe might be repugnant to them, but they could maintain their position in England notwithstanding. In a communized Europe they could not. Furthermore, another European war on whatever ground would very likely end in social revolution, no matter what the outcome and what part Russia played. Therefore appeasement was the lesser of the two evils. The *sine qua non* was to keep Russia at bay, and if the price was letting Europe be delivered to the Nazis, the price was cruel but not exorbitant, considering what it bought. England might lose world supremacy, but they themselves would remain intact as a class. At any rate their property would not be imperiled. . . . This is exactly what an orthodox Marxist would have predicted long before.

Similarly, the full truth about the fall of France will never be known. It was mixed of many elements, of which active, conscious treason was the least weighty, despite the sensational myths of last summer. It may be that the purely mechanistic explanation is enough: German military superiority as the product of Germany's technological advancement and more highly developed industry. It may be that, no matter what France had willed or thought or felt, no matter what the state of its morale, the weight of German metal would have been irresistible. The test was not made. It did not have to be made. It seems clear now that France was as much self-defeated as defeated by Germany. France went into the war half-hearted, demoralized. France as a whole did not believe in the war. After the war had begun it wanted to win of course; but the will to win or even to keep the invader at bay had been sapped before the war began. The undisputed fact is that a large part of the upper and middle classes hated Hitler, but they hated Blum more. Nazism was repugnant, but not so repugnant as the Popular Front and its encouragement to Labor. Whatever Hitler might be, there were no sitdown strikes in Germany. Why fight for a France of Popular Fronts, Blums, forty-hour weeks, and nationalized armament industries as a foretaste of nationalization of all industries? Better a Hitler than a Marx. Best of all a French Hitler, a French principle of order in which the subversive could be taken care of in the way that Hitler had shown; but if that were not possible, then of the two evils Hitler was the lesser, or at least there was no point in a sacrifice to keep off Hitler and leave France to Blums and Popular Fronts. In fact, a Hitlerized Germany was Europe's breastwork against Marx and Marxism—Russia, that is. Why prepare to demolish it? Rather Germany, the hereditary enemy, than the despoiler of property. And as Hitler had predicted to Rauschning, the way was prepared for him by those he was overrunning. In the gaps opened by internal cleavages cut by political and economic conflict, he could and did make his way. In France is to be found the most cogent vindication of economic determinism, of class determinism. As the philosophy of modern history had to be formulated in mid-1940, the burden of proof lay against those who rejected class as the explanation of group conduct. Even in France—above all in France—patriotism was less than preservation of property.

III

That was in 1940. But as the philosophy of history has to be formulated in mid-1941 the burden of proof has shifted. Whatever inferences could be drawn from the fall of France and the events that preceded it have been canceled out by England. For England has reversed itself, including those classes that apparently had put class interest above traditional patriotism. If there was any inclination for "appeasement" as a way of keeping Germany intact as a barrier against communism or of avoiding the social revolution that might come in on the ruins of war, there would have been logic in its indulgence in the summer of 1940. For by all logical calculations Germany was invincible and remonstrance was foolhardy and suicidal. Hitler offered a compromise peace, one which presumably would have permitted the upper classes to maintain their position and possessions and left England not only national independence but the semblance of empire. It would have entailed only acknowledgment of defeat and concession to Germany of European ascendancy. And England refused. Under conditions which had every appearance of hopelessness it elected to fight and is fighting. And the decision was made by a government of the same group that had supported "appeasement," that represented above all the traditional, property-owning ruling class.

The decision was made and is supported without any illusions. There is full consciousness of what has been

chosen. If it was not recognized last summer, it is recognized now that what was chosen was a self-imposed expropriation. The reserves of inherited wealth in England, even in a victorious England, will be vestigial after this war no matter what party or school of political thought has ascendancy. Conservative or Labour, whatever government there is, will have to decree what is tantamount to a capital levy. England will come out of this war a country in which there has been a profound transposition of social values. There will have begun a reabsorption of the upper classes of before 1914 into the core of the British people. All this the ruling classes in Great Britain seem to realize full well, but it is evident that they prefer it to submission, even to compromise peace. If there should be a compromise peace now, a peace by negotiation before a military decision, it will not be "appeasement" in the connotation of 1938. It will come in response to a desire for peace that cuts across class lines. It will come from a sense of hopelessness or a conviction that decision is impossible and that continuation of the war will yield nothing but destruction of a continent. And if there is opposition to that conviction it will similarly cut across class lines. The decision will not be taken in order to conserve the perquisites of the privileged. In other words, decision will not be taken according to class and to preserve class interests. In sum, England proves that in group action, in national conduct, all else is not yet subordinated to class. Even among the ruling classes in a country with the most deeply rooted class system in the world there are still values put higher than class interest.

As England has subordinated class to something else, and thus refuted the theory of economic determinism in international politics, so has Soviet Russia. As I write this article (in May), the riddle of Russia's motives in this war still cannot be guessed. Russia may be concerned only with keeping out of the war and husbanding its resources. It may desire only to fortify its territorial position against whatever may come and thus entrench itself in bordering countries, as in the Baltic republics and Finland. Or it may be conniving to prolong the war until both sides are exhausted, so that it can come in on a helpless Europe, either as a dominant empire or as the vehicle of social revolution. But whatever the truth may be, Russia has disqualified itself as patron of world revolution, not only by the conclusion of the pact with Germany in 1939 but by all that it has done subsequently. By its very deviousness, however subtle in design, it has forfeited the loyalties it once could claim in every European country. Whatever sway it may exercise in Europe it will exercise by terrorism alone, whether the regime it imposes is called revolutionary or is frankly acknowledged as a latter-day Peter the Great's conquest. The revolutionary issue, the international solidarity of the working class, in so far as it ever existed, has been cut across by something else, something in its very spirit inimical to the idea of international revolutionary solidarity.

This is to say that no matter what part Russia chooses to play the prospect of the class struggle fought as a gigantic continental civil war, with Russia the protagonist of one class and Central and Western Europe the protagonist of the other class, has dimmed. If there was such a logical alignment, Russia has broken it. If Russia should eventually join with Germany against Great Britain then certainly the resulting conflict will be farthest from the class struggle. Russia and Germany are both totalitarian dictatorships and administer justice by rifle-shot in concentration camps, but farther than that they have nothing in common. It might be a war to determine the supremacy of the totalitarian idea or the democratic idea, but that has little to do with Karl Marx and the dictatorship of the proletariat. If, on the other hand, Russia decides that Germany is the greater enemy and enters the war as an ally of Great Britain, then obviously

the class issue will have been nullified. Churchill and Stalin embattled side by side do not make a class war, no matter who the enemy is. Or, if Germany conquers Great Britain and then attacks Russia in order to get the Ukraine and the Dardanelles, they will not fight as exponents of contending philosophies and social systems. They will fight as great Powers disputing continental mastery. It will be a war of rival empires in the old style. No European country under subjection to Germany will look on the Nazis as the standard bearer of the old social order in such a struggle. That role might have been delegated to Nazi Germany once, but not now. In the first place, Germany is as far from the nineteenth-century concept of political and economic freedom as it is from a communist state and society, as far from it perhaps as Russia is. In the second place, the most conservative or obscurantist groups, even in France, must know now that Hitler *is* worse than sitdown strikes. The Gestapo has taught that in every country under German occupation. If a victorious Germany came to blows with Russia there would be no social inflections. The rest of Europe would stand apart gloatingly neutral, taking hope that when they had battered each other to exhaustion Europe might rise again.

Under any combination of circumstances that can now be visualized there has been warded off, at least for the next historical phase, a class war, a war that would rend the whole Western world to determine how wealth shall be produced, distributed, and owned. There has been warded off, therefore, the darkest menace that has hung over the Western world. Other wars there may still be, the conventional struggles for power and prestige and economic exploitation of weaker lands. But they are of a different order of destructiveness. Notwithstanding all that can be said about the effect of modern weapons, war between nations can still be fought with a certain impersonality, or at least with the kind of emotion which, however hotly it burns at the time, does not go far enough beneath the surface to leave marks. There is physical destruction, but with restoration of what has been physically destroyed no scars are left and life can be resumed, with some prospect of poise for a time. The complete reversals in diplomatic and military allegiance in the past twenty years offer eloquent testimony. Five years after the First World War Great Britain was championing Germany's cause. Italy shifted in less than twenty years. The groups which are the repository of French chauvinism and national egoism, which nurtured *revanche* before 1914 and clung to schemes of security after 1919, came to believe in conciliating Germany by 1937. The emotions generated by national wars are strong but short-lived. But in civil wars on any cause as elemental as property and position—or, in an earlier age, religion—the emotions are not transient and do not have to be artificially generated or kept at heat by propaganda. They are genuine and relentless and undying. They goad to a fury of slaughter and destruction that leave ineradicable marks. There can be compromise peace in political wars, in wars between nations; there can be no compromise peace in civil wars, wars over economic rights. They must be fought *à l'outrance*, if necessary to extermination or irrecoverable ruin.

This, then, which seemed to be our danger, if not our lot, has been escaped, and in an age tragic at best that is no small comfort. The problem of war remains, but war of a lower order of complexity, of one less dimension. As such, as a derangement in international relations, it is far from insoluble. There remains the question of the relation of economic groups and the principle on which wealth shall be produced and distributed. But that too is not insoluble without bloodshed if it can be attacked without extraneous incitations to passion, without the contrived, perhaps spurious fanaticism of exclusive class loyalty and the blind rigidities of dogma. So far as its

intrinsic content is concerned it is not beyond possibility of reasonable settlement, by agreement, with give and take, by slow adjustments rather than violent and punitive wrenches. Indeed, we are nearer the possibility of such a settlement now than in 1939. The drift before then had been steadily to the extremes, partly if not mainly because the center was ineffectual. The liberal concept and the democratic process were lacking in vitality. They were discredited; their advocates had lost morale. It can be said now that by reason of the present war the center has been revivified. Democracy has taken a new lease on life. It is something deemed worth fighting for. The liberal concept has reacquired respect. The barbarities of fascism at one extreme and the defection of communism at the other (together with the excesses peculiar to Russian communism) have driven back in on the center many, if not most, of those who had been drifting to the extremes. A premium has been put on the middle way as goal and on give and take as method. And with that as the social atmosphere, it is possible to solve the economic question without fatality to any of the parties at issue, though not without sacrifice by some.

If we go about the business of finding solution without blind obscurantism on the one side and hatred on the other and before both are irrevocably driven to extremities, we can remake the present economic society, remake the present capitalism, without civil wars that leave nothing to remake. And in any event we can derive some comfort from the demonstration that class is not the highest and most insuperable point of conflict, that no Greek fates move class against class remorselessly and irresistibly and ordain that by war alone can they resolve their differences.



"WHY DO YOU FEAR ME, NELLIE?"

THE MELODRAMAS OF FORTY YEARS AGO

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

YESTERDAY'S horrors are to-day's collectors' items, grandma's whatnot is restored to the sitting room corner, and Billy the Kid threatens to come to a good end in a Ph.D. thesis. You cannot doubt the evidence of your eyes in the first case, and you may be convinced in the second by purchasing Vol. VIII of *America's Lost Plays*, a series issued by the Princeton University Press and financed by the Rockefeller Foundation. The volume contains "The Great Diamond Robbery," "A Royal Slave," "Billy the Kid," "No Mother to Guide Her," and "From Rags to Riches." The latter title is prophetic. To rise in less than forty years from a ten-twent'-and-thirty-cent house on Third Avenue to covers stamped by the press of a great university! Charles A. Taylor wrote this masterpiece, and in it Laurette Taylor made her first New York appearance. It is rather too bad that her comments are not included in a footnote, as the number of footnotes so evidently indicates the scholarly value of a work. However, they might have been a trifle pungent for pedagogues.

When I was attending a university, back in the naïve '90's, the ten-twent'-and-thirty-cent theaters were packing them in across the continent. The full-blooded melodrama which is inherent in Shakespeare when he is played by full-blooded actors was pretty well backed off the stage by the new "naturalistic" acting, and the peep-hole drama of Ibsen, filtered to us through imitations at first half-hearted, was making the upper brackets contemptuous of melodrama anywhere—though we still adored Gillette and his "Secret Service" and revelled in Belasco. But the humbler theatergoers knew what they wanted——and it wasn't peep-hole naturalism nor subtle character study; it was melodrama, frank and unashamed, it was the sheer thrill of situation, as they had enjoyed it for half a century. They got it, for ten, twenty, or thirty cents (the movies do no better to-day by way of price), and it was, according to the intelligentsia of the time, something to make the gods laugh.

How well I recall an advertisement which appeared in the *Harvard Crimson* one morning in 1897 or '98. "Harvard," it proclaimed, "has at last produced a playwright! Come and see 'Through the Breakers' by Owen Davis, '93!" As this was long before Professor George P. Baker had started his 47 Workshop, Owen Davis, '93, may be considered something of a pioneer among Harvard dramatists. In college he had been known as a sprinter; but it wasn't in honor of his athletic prowess that a crowd of us hastened over to the Columbia Theater on upper Washington Street in Boston, and paid our thirty cents that night. It was to jeer and hoot at a melodrama.

Unfortunately for us, Mr. Davis made it difficult to jeer, by a device which for

unabashed theatrical efficiency remains a high point in my theater memories. His hero was a telegrapher and so was his secondary, or assistant, hero. The hero was sick in bed, and the villain under the guise of kindness had come to "nurse" him, tying him up, gagging him, and pulling the sheet over his face, until the second chap should depart for the office and leave the field free for the kill. I should add that the bed had a high wooden headboard. The second chap, assured that his chum was sleeping, is about to depart. He puts on his coat (really, I cannot refrain from the historical present in describing this episode!), he moves to the door, he has his hand on the latch as the collective heart of the audience is in its collective boots, when, lo! a hand steals weakly out from under the sheet, the red mark of the rope still on the wrist, and moving upward, the knuckles suddenly begin to rap in Morse code on the wooden headboard. Rap, rap—rap, rap, rap, resounding through the smitten silence. A great gasp as the audience catches the significance. The second chap listens, gets the message, tears off his coat, and bing! he lands on that oily villain like a dive bomber from the stratosphere.

Roars of applause!

I am afraid I have forgotten what the rest of the play was about; it had something to do with the sea, for there were waves made by stage hands heaving up and down under a green cloth. But we superior creatures from Harvard remained to the end, still under the spell of those rapping knuckles. Owen Davis, '93, had won another race.

During the next decade Mr. Davis became one of the most prolific of the many dramatists who supplied the enormous demand for popular melodrama. He wrote regularly four plays a year, all of which, he subsequently stated, were successful except two in which he attempted an innovation: he attempted to portray the hero as not entirely heroic and the villain as not entirely without redeeming traits. These two failed dismally. Mr. Davis's most famous melodrama (perhaps because of its alluring title) was "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model." It is not, alas, one of the "lost" American plays reissued by the Princeton University Press, although it contained the most superb single speech in the whole range of this fascinating literature. No doubt the editors would have been glad to include it, but Mr. Davis went highbrow after the first decade of this century, in 1923 won the Pulitzer prize, and later dramatized *Ethan Frome*. He has long been sensitive about Nellie, not caring to expose either her or himself to ribald laughter. (In all conscience, she suffered enough.) Every college and summer theater in the land has begged him, in vain, to release the script for production. Perhaps now that other such plays have been admitted to the hallowed precincts of print, and seem on the way to engaging the attention of candidates for the doctorate, he will relent. We hope so.

Nellie because of her beauty and her purity was of course much put-upon. The villain pursued her relentlessly. In the first act he cast her under a descending elevator; but she was rescued in the nick of time. In the second act he fastened her to the tracks of the elevated railroad; but the engineer stopped a bare three feet from her recumbent form. In the third act the villain, still pursuing if not achieving, tossed her off the Brooklyn Bridge; but her strength was as the strength of Steve Brodie because her heart was pure, and she emerged from the East River none the worse. Finally, in the last act, we encountered Nellie alone in her chaste chamber, about to retire, and were horrified to see the top of a ladder suddenly poke up above the window ledge. This was followed by a derby hat (always the sign of a villain), then by the face, and finally the whole figure of Nellie's nemesis. He climbed the sill and approached the quivering victim. As Nellie shrank back against the farthest wall he spoke the

immortal line, "Why do you fear me, Nellie?"

If you will read Mr. Davis's delightful autobiography, *I'd Like To Do It Again*, you'll learn from him that when he wrote this line, in the full flush of creative composition, he had no faintest inkling that it was funny. Nor, when it was spoken in a hundred theaters across America, did the ten-twent'-and-thirty-cent audiences regard it as funny. There was nary a laugh, only a gasp of suspense as the oily rascal drew near his prey. It was not until the author had graduated to Broadway and the ten-twent'-and-thirty-cent melodramas had moved over to the silver screen that he reread his immortal words and found himself amused—a little too amused to permit them to be spoken again upon a stage.

Another prolific author of these melodramas during the late 90's and the first decade of our century was Theodore Kremer, a graduate in music of the University of Leipzig. One of his most famous plays, "The Fatal Wedding," was produced in 1901 and flourished in the popular theater for more than ten years. As Mr. Kremer's heirs live now in Germany, it was impossible to secure permission to include the text in the Princeton Press collection, which is the more unfortunate because the play reached its climax when the hero escaped over a chasm by means of a rope, and at the moment when this collection appeared all our intelligentsia were going to a movie called "Night Train" and revelling in the escape of the hero by means of a car operated on a cable across a chasm. The only actual difference seems to be that the movie hero had it made a bit easier for him. But I fear the movie critics who accepted "Night Train" as a masterpiece would be contemptuous of "The Fatal Wedding."

Speaking of ropes and weddings, I well remember a situation in a melodrama produced in New York the same week David Warfield was making his debut in "The Music Master" only a block away. Witter Bynner and I, a bit satiated with sweetness, departed from the Warfield play and drifted over to the American Theater, where we secured seats in the front of the first balcony. As we took them, a wedding was in progress on the stage. The minister, facing the audience defiantly, asked if anyone present knew of any reason why this couple should not be united. There was a dramatic pause. Then, directly over our heads in the gallery a voice shouted, "I do!" and the two ends of a rope thudded in the aisle beside us. Down the doubled rope came a man, ignoring the proper Alpine technic for such a descent. He pulled the rope down after him, strung it round the rail of the balcony, and slid down to the main floor. By now the theater was buzzing with excitement. Down the aisle he dashed, climbed over the bull fiddle, grasped the edge of the footlight trough, hauled himself up on the stage, and stopped the wedding good and proper, making another act imperative. Don't ask me the name of this play; I have quite forgotten. I have even forgotten how he stopped the wedding. But the method of his entrance lingers pleasantly in my memory. Warfield couldn't have done it.

During this decade in New York the Third Avenue Theater was a favorite haunt of those among us who enjoyed a bit of melodrama with our Ibsen and Shaw, and if we wanted an excuse for our trips over there we did not find it as audiences did twenty years later who ferried to Hoboken to drink Prohibition beer and self-consciously hiss a villain who played with his tongue in his cheek. Our excuse even now seems to me legitimate—though of course I'm ashamed that we ever thought we needed one. We pointed out that these popular melodramas, in spite of their rigid conventionality of method, were often based on recent news events, and in their attitude toward those events, and especially in their humor, reflected folk ways exactly as the ancient ballads did. Come to think of it, we anticipated by over thirty

years the academic interest in these plays now indicated by the Princeton Press publications. I feel pretty set up about that!

For example, somewhere before 1910—I forget the exact date—America's public enemy Number One was a chap named Tracy, who held up a train out in Oregon or Washington, and was chased into the depths of the Cascade Mountains by a large posse. All the papers were full of it. But was Tracy public enemy Number One on Third Avenue? No sir; he was a hero. He was a new Robin Hood, a new Jesse James, at least for dramatic purposes. "Tracy the Outlaw" was the play made about him—by whom I quite forget. He had of course to be caught at last. Poetic justice in the popular melodrama was never ultimately thwarted. But he had the sympathy of the audience to the end, vociferously expressed, and for nothing did they love him so much as for his daredevil humor, his priceless gift of stinging repartee. This was best exemplified in the final act. The scene disclosed the exterior of a slab shack in the deep woods, where the pursued Tracy had taken refuge. We were sure he was inside.

On came the posse, armed with rifles, creeping in from R.U.E., L.U.E., and all other available entrances. The shack was besieged on both sides, the rifles pointed at door and windows. Poor Tracy's fate seemed sealed. We waited breathlessly for him to open fire or to make a hopeless dash for liberty. But suddenly he appeared on the roof, poking his head out from behind the chimney. All the rifles were elevated. "Surrender in the name of the law!" thundered the sheriff.

And then Tracy rocked Third Avenue with his retort. Raising his thumb to his nose in a classic gesture, he looked the sheriff squarely in the eye, and answered: "Go lay an egg."

Here was insouciance in a visual idiom the audience could perfectly understand, a gay defiance of danger in the popular metaphor of the moment. The blood raced faster on Third Avenue—and in how many other ten-twent'-and-thirty-cent houses across the Continent!

Ballad of America!

II

In the year 1895 three plays were produced in this country which are interesting to examine in retrospect. One was a baffling comedy, with a melodramatic entrance of the leading character through a window while a battle went on outside. It was called "Arms and the Man," and the author was named G. Bernard Shaw. It was not regarded as important at the time, even though Richard Mansfield produced it; and it puzzled many people. The second play was a Civil War spy melodrama, called "Secret Service," written and acted by William Gillette. But the melodramatic structure was made so plausible, the speech was so easy and colloquial, the acting so restrained, that it seemed in a different class from the plays of mere devised excitement. The third play was "The Great Diamond Robbery," produced at the old American Theater with a magnificent cast (including the aged Janauschek). The authors were Colonel Edward Alfriend, a Virginian, and A. C. Wheeler, who under the name of Nym Crinkle had been famous as a dramatic critic, and some years later, under still another name, won a new reputation as an essayist and champion of country life. "The Great Diamond Robbery," which was as successful in the theater as Gillette's play, and far more so than Shaw's, now finds itself in the humble company of "From Rags to Riches," while Gillette's melodrama is acknowledged as a rung in the ladder of our dramatic progress, and Shaw's comedy of course is a classic. Wheeler was a highly literate fellow. Much of the dialogue in his play escaped the worst clichés of the popular melodrama, and some of it was actually pungent. But, unlike Gillette, he did

not trouble to achieve a realistic plausibility of incident, and of course, unlike Shaw, he had no underlying message to deliver. "The Great Diamond Robbery," which you may now read (and refresh your memory of the old Hoffman House bar, by the way, where one scene is laid, beneath the famous Bouguereau nymphs), was unabashed melodrama parading as high-class play writing, not quite aware that if melodrama were still to live among the élite it had got to reform itself radically.

If you will now move on exactly a decade you will doubtless remember a play by that master of romantic melodrama, David Belasco, called "The Girl of the Golden West." Belasco had learned his lesson, from Gillette and others. He secured such plausibility of setting, of speech, of acting, of little incident after incident, that he was generally hailed as the wizard of illusion. Do you recall that magnificently melodramatic moment in the Girl's cabin, after she had hidden her wounded lover up in the loft and the Bret Harte sheriff had come for him, and been persuaded that he was nowhere about? Rising to depart, the sheriff stood for a brief second under the trap to the loft and pulled out his white handkerchief to flick some dust from his boots. As he straightened up to put the handkerchief back in his pocket, a red spot suddenly appeared on it. Slowly—very slowly—he held it out, and another spot appeared. Still very slowly he lifted his head and looked up at the trap in the ceiling. Sheer melodrama of course. But who that saw it has ever forgotten, or will confess, in honesty, that he did not tinglingly enjoy it?

The following year two plays were produced which were wide as the poles apart, though both, like Belasco's, could class as "Westerns." One was William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," the other was "Billy the Kid," by Walter Woods. Edwin Arlington Robinson wrote a poem celebrating the Broadway advent of the Moody drama, but no accolade was placed on Billy until our own day, when he suddenly blossomed out in a ballet, to the music of Aaron Copland. In his own generation Billy knew his place, which was thrilling the hearts of countless thousands in the ten-twent'-and-thirty-cent theaters.

"The Great Divide" began with a melodramatic incident that might easily have been contrived by the rankest melodramatist. But that incident was a mere excuse to set the stage for a psychological drama, almost a philosophical drama, of depth and passion. It immediately made the drama of Belasco seem shallow and contrived, meeting it on its own field—the reformation of a Western bad man by a woman. The enthusiasm for the play which sent Robinson home to Brooklyn composing a poem as he tramped, and which caused John Corbin, the critic, to affirm in the lobby after Act II, "This is America's declaration of dramatic independence!" may seem a bit excessive to us now if we reread the play. But it did not seem so then. We lovers of the serious drama saw the rosy dawn of new achievement in the American theater as Mr. Moody's play unfolded. The Boucicaults and Belascos had had their day. Now would come the Master Builders, to erect a "spire of meaning" above every drama. Social Significance, indeed, was just around the corner.

But did that affect the author of "Billy the Kid"? Not so you'd notice it. He wasn't aiming his play at the John Corbins and Edwin Arlington Robinsons, nor even at Broadway. He was aiming at the popular theater. At the opening of its seventh continuous season the lucky managers of this play sent out an announcement to "The Managers of Theaters, Opera Houses and Town Halls in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island," warning them that "Billy the Kid" was coming and to get their standing room ready. The announcement declared that six million people had already witnessed the play.

If you cut those figures in half, to allow for the press agent's exuberance, you still have an impressive total, and would be well within the range of probability. And the drama had five more years of touring after this! "The Great Divide" hung up no such record, nor even "The Girl of the Golden West."

Billy was a bad man, but a good kid; he had plenty of notches on his gun but plenty of niches in his heart. You may be sure that his badness was thrust upon him by the evil machinations of the villain, and that the villain met a deserved end at the last moment, destroyed by his own trickery, while Billy escaped.

"To the law I am dead," said Billy the Kid. "To-day my life begins anew. Come, Nellie—we'll wander down life's pathway together, where the sun shines always—"

And then Nellie had, womanlike, the last word. "Billy!" she cried. [*Embraces*] And the curtain.

Before this happy consummation, however, Billy had plentiful opportunities to show his metal, especially in the Broken Heart saloon, where Nellie had been trapped by a whole bevy of bad men who were about to auction off her kisses. (The scholars of the future will doubtless speculate on the resemblance of this episode to the first scene of "The Great Divide," and endeavor to discover which play was written first.) The entrance of Billy the Kid, notorious boy bad man, upset the kissers' plans, and when Billy declared his intention of escorting Nellie away from there the trouble started. Billy had no great difficulty in getting Nellie out by the proper use of his fists, but handling the villain on his return was another matter. Spurred by the reward of five thousand dollars on Billy's head, the villain and his gang began to shoot. The lights were shot out at the first fusillade. Then, in the pitch darkness, no less than twenty stabs of flame assailed the breathless spectators' eyes, while the uproar smote their ears. At last the shooting stopped. Somebody crawled out from behind the bar to light a candle. We heard the voice of the villain cry [*in a shaky voice*], "Billy—are you there?" [*Pause*] "He is dead!"

Then the candle sputtered to life; the stage was illuminated. And on it lay five bodies, three of them at Billy's feet, while Billy himself stood erect and smiling, a pistol in each hand!

"Come, Denver," he said to the villain, in that steel-cold, quiet voice of his, "you—go—with—me!"

And Denver sneaked out, followed by Billy, while the barkeeper, with his candle, was left to recover from his astonishment and clean up the corpses.

How much this episode owed to William Gillette's escape from Moriarty's den in his play "Sherlock Holmes" we shall have to trust the future scholars to determine. Gillette, however, used only one point of light in the darkness, the glowing cigar end, while Walter Woods employed at least twenty stabs of flame to intensify the excitement. There was nothing niggardly about the popular melodrama! As a matter of fact, this particular act in the Broken Heart Bar was devised with no little technical skill from beginning to end, and when played with the proper pace and timing had an undoubted excitement in the theater for anyone who saw it. Lincoln Kirstein, who commissioned the composer Aaron Copland to write the American ballet, "Billy the Kid," more than thirty years later, had no knowledge of Woods' play when he did it. Both play and ballet were based, no doubt, on a Western folk tale, which but emphasizes the ballad nature of the older melodrama. The millions who thrilled to it from 1906 to the First World War, however, would not have relished it as a ballet, nor are their equivalent in the population to-day ever likely to see it in its reincarnation. They don't go to the ballet. They go to the movies.

The answer to the question forever being asked, "Why aren't the movies better?" is of course found in this very fact that the old ten-twent'-and-thirty-cent audience, or its equivalent, now

forms a large part of the movie audience and naturally makes equivalent demands. As the patrons of "Billy the Kid" far outnumbered those of "The Great Divide" in the decade before 1910, so the patrons for the play of sheer plot and excitement on the screen to-day far outnumber the patrons for drama of philosophic insight, psychological tragedy, intellectual comedy. As Tracy the Outlaw or Billy the Kid shot it bravely out in the old melodramas, so Humphrey Bogart shoots it out to-day on the screen. As the hero of "The Fatal Wedding" escaped on a rope across a chasm, so the hero of "Night Train" foils the wicked Nazis, after firing no less than thirty shots from a single automatic pistol. The stage had a great advantage in that it could separate its plays according to their kind and merit, each finding its natural audience. But as yet the movies have done this in a few cities only, and even then tentatively. Nearly all screen dramas must be calculated for a mass appeal, and if sometimes in one of them you find a hint of "The Great Divide," you expect to find more than a hint of "Billy the Kid" before the last reel. You'll be sure to find it if you wait for the second feature. Hollywood has been compelled for its financial salvation to incorporate the old melodrama (with its "comic relief") into the structure of screen entertainment. That it has also been able to incorporate so much as it has of the more serious and literary drama is perhaps all to its credit.

When I was young and a dramatic critic I went to the theater in a spirit of passionate earnestness which now amazes me. No doubt all young people should so battle for serious purpose in all art, or we have no progress. But I begin to wonder sometimes now if my generation didn't a bit overdo it. Certainly in the theater we achieved so much realism, so much psychology, so much intellectual debate, so much social significance, that in many instances we banished story altogether. We got rid of melodrama, but we eliminated suspense and excitement. We threw out the baby with the bath water. Sometimes in moments of hesitation between staying at home with a detective story or going to the theater to listen to a roomful of sophisticates chatter and get nowhere, a doubt assails me whether the mission of the theater is, after all, to erect "spires of meaning." But of course I quickly smother it and hurry to hear Mr. Behrman's excellent talk.



SQUADRON 71, SCRAMBLE!

A DAY IN THE EAGLE SQUADRON, R.A.F.

BY BYRON KENNERLY

As told to Graham Berry

FOR the first night in a week we American pilots of the Eagle Squadron, R.A.F., are reminded that we're somewhere in England. For the first time in a week the atmosphere vibrates with the blasts of high-explosive bombs and the "whap! whap!" percussion of anti-aircraft fire. The old brick hotel that we use for headquarters rocks and shakes with the crescendo. This means that the storms which have grounded the German planes for the past week are breaking, that "Jerry" will be back during the daylight hours to make up for lost time, and that we and our Spitfires will see action after a week of restless waiting.

The thunderous pounding stops shortly after midnight, and we snatch a bit of sleep.

An hour before dawn my batman comes in with a cup of hot tea, the "official" getting-up drink that warms and awakens you. My roommate, Luke Allen, climbs out of bed and we begin the cumbersome ritual of climbing into our flying togs.

First come the teddy bears—these are the thick silk linings to our flying uniforms—and fireproof sidkas or coverall flying suits; also, if it's cold enough, fur-lined Irving suits. Then there are the Mae Wests, those bosomy life jackets, and boots, into which we stuff maps. Even the seagulls need maps over here to find their way round in the fog. Finally, there are the silk gloves, flying mittens, and heavy helmets with earphones and microphones attached and trailing an oxygen tube and wire from the mike. Of course we don't wear quite all this for breakfast, but almost all, at that.

Down at mess the boys—and most of them are boys, nineteen, twenty, and twenty-one years old—are unusually voluble, keyed up at the prospect of action after a week of waiting.

Breakfast done, we hurry out into the cold dawn to check our aircraft and to see if the bombing has harmed the airdrome. It hasn't. However, we hear that a nearby dummy airfield, on which were four dummy planes, made of old wooden boxes, has been blasted to bits during the night.

As I climb into my Spitfire's cockpit my mechanic sings out his customary "She's hot and ready, sir." Her ground crew of eight men have checked her thoroughly during the night, but rules require the pilot to make certain that she is shipshape. After all, it's his neck that will be broken if any one of a hundred things goes wrong. Round our field are dispersed more than twenty-five fighter planes, strategically placed so that a bomb can't wreck more than one or two of them. Pilots are checking them too.

Laying the parachute on the wing where it can be grabbed quickly, I hurry (you do everything in a hurry over here

except the waiting) to the airdrome office and sign the "700 sheet," first making sure that every member of my ground crew has his name down. Luke and Dean Satterle, the other two pilots of Red Section sign up and I, as section leader, telephone operations, "Red Section now in readiness." Operations, the all-seeing eye of England's miraculous air defenses, is the intricate radio control network that gives orders.

Into the dispersal hut, our day headquarters, we go. Nothing to do now but wait expectantly. In the hut we can lounge on cots, play cards, or study miniature models of German aircraft. For awhile our favorite between-flight diversion was teaching the British pilots how to shoot dice.

About two hours pass. Suddenly the long-expected metallic voice—the one we've waited a week to hear—snaps over the Tannoy loud-speaker:

"Squadron Seventy-one, Red Section. Scramble!"

That's us! Squadron Seventy-one is the Eagle Squadron. And we're Red Section at this particular airdrome. I catch Luke's triumphant grin as he jumps up. He, Dean, and I run—and I mean run—out to our aircraft, pulling on helmets and gloves. We don't know what we're going up for. You never do until you're aloft. I grab my 'chute and climb into the harness. My big Merlin Rolls Royce motor already is ticking beautifully.

Into the cockpit—we call it the office—and the seat strap is locked across my lap. I rev up the motor, holding the brakes on. It's not good to try your motor more than once before the takeoff. If you do it indicates to the ground crew that you do not have faith in their work. Attaching the oxygen tube to the tank and plugging the radio cord to the R.T. set, I ease off the brakes.

II

Like a long-caged bird anxious for the sky's freedom, the big Spitfire rolls down the runway, gathering speed with each revolution of the propeller. Flipping the magneto switches to test them, I adjust the propeller at full fine, set the carburetor boost and r.p.m.'s at 2,400. The motor's only about two-thirds open on the takeoff. A glance through the rear-view mirror shows Luke and Dean right behind me. In a V, or vic, we hop off, boosting the planes into a steep climb. We fly as a unit, every maneuver of my ship immediately being followed by the two others. Luke and Dean keep their eyes fastened on my wingtips. I could fly them right into a mountain and they'd follow me. They'd never even see it.

I call operations by its code name of the day:

"Hello, Locust control. Red leader calling. Are you receiving me? Over."

"Hello, Red leader. Receiving you loud and clear. Understand you are air-borne."

I inform operations we are air-borne, and snap on the radio pip or beam by which operations follows our flight path.

Then operations asks, "Hello, Red leader. Operations calling. Are you receiving me?"

"Hello, Locust control, Red leader answering. Receiving you loud and clear. Over."

"Hello, Red leader. Vector 110. Is that understood?"

"Hello, Locust control. Red leader answering. Understand vector 110. Listening out."

Now we know where we're going. We'd been circling for altitude until we got the vector, or compass reading. I set the compass at 110, which will bring us over the North Sea. We know we've been assigned to one of two jobs, either to patrol or to get a bomber that's preying on a convoy. These are the usual North Sea assignments.

At 9,000 feet a cloudbank swallows us. It has taken us two minutes to reach it. Luke and Dean are flying tight, their wingtips three feet back of and inside my ailerons. You've got to fly this way

in the soup or you'll lose one another. And a lone Spitfire will be an easy mark. In the last war air battles consisted of spectacular two-plane dogfights. Today these are the exception. Most modern fighting is done in teams, and the R.A.F. has developed formation flying and combat teamwork to the highest degree of efficiency the world has ever known.

I feel a bumping and scraping. It must be Luke's wingtip touching mine. The thought of a crumpled wing is most unpleasant. Three times I've found paint from his wing on mine and each time I've cautioned him about it. I glance out and see his wing move back. That's better.

At 14,000 feet we burst through the clouds into the bright world of the upper air, a world with fantastic cloud landscapes of cottony valleys and billowy mountains. The scene dazzles us. This is the battleground of the Second World War, a battleground calling for keen eyes and lightning action. At 20,000 feet we level off; I'm a little lightheaded from the quick climb, although I had kept the oxygen intake at 5,000 feet ahead of the actual altitude.

No enemy aircraft visible, but I order the section into line astern, a battle formation. You never can tell when Jerry will come swarming out of the clouds. Luke and Dean swing their Spitfires in a line behind me. Then the radio crackles:

"Hello, Red leader. Locust control calling. Are you receiving me?"

I report that I am.

"Hello, Red leader. Angels one zero. Bandit."

An enemy aircraft at 10,000 feet! It must be a prowler over the North Sea. Down we go into the clouds again. I boost the throttle and the Spitfire jumps ahead. I unsnap the safety catch on the firing button and look over the instruments quickly, my subconscious mind doing most of the work. The motor is heating a bit, but there's no time to do anything about it now.

We come under the clouds at 11,000 feet and level off. Better stay near the stratus until we size up the situation. Below is a great slab of sea with a ragged, dark coastline to the west. England. About twelve miles off shore are black streaks which resemble a stream of ants. They are ships in a convoy.

There it is! About five miles ahead and 3,000 feet below scoots a black bug. I squint to make out what it is. It looks like a Dornier 17 flying boat, one of the nastiest aircraft to tackle. Manned by four or five men, it is heavily gunned and armored. I glance up. There may be an escort of Messerschmitts just inside that sullen cloud curtain. No time for reconnoitering. We slant toward the bomber—yes, it is a Dornier. We don't want him to see us until we get closer. If only he takes his time getting the range of the convoy we can swoop down and nail him before he does any damage.

Suddenly the bomber drops his nose in a steep dive toward the convoy. He must have spotted us and he wants to get a vessel or two before going home. I see the black cross on top of his starboard wing as he goes into the plunge. His two big propellers glint menacingly for a moment.

I yell, "Tally-ho!"—the R.A.F. battle cry—and dive after him, pulling the teat, the auxiliary throttle that cuts loose all 1,250 horsepower. We vault downstairs, our Merlins screaming. Just then the unhurried voice of operations reports over the radio: "Hello, Red leader. Locust control calling. You should be in vicinity of Tunbridge Wells and bandit." Tunbridge Wells, a small English town, is the code name for this convoy.

Fumbling for the radio switch and snapping it to send, I shout, "Hello, Locust control. Red leader answering. We're chasing bandit!" Operations drops his formal answer, merely saying, "All right."

It's a race now to see who gets to the convoy first. The Dornier is way below us and he's hard to see as he's painted

blue-gray, the color of the sea. The Germans have a tricky habit of camouflaging their planes for every special job. We're gaining fast. Suddenly my Spitfire rocks violently. It steadies and starts rocking again. I spot a puff of smoke from a vessel in the convoy. He's shooting at the bomber, but his anti-aircraft shells are bursting somewhere near us.

The firing stops as the Dornier and we approach the long line of ships. The Dornier cuts loose a whole stick of four bombs. He is not wasting his time aiming and I know the bombs will fall wide. We're about three-quarters of a mile from him now. I veer off from the direct chase, diving for the first freighters in the convoy, trying to cut the Dornier off from his prey. Seeing that we're too close, he banks away toward home, dropping his other bomb stick and an aerial torpedo to lighten his load. The bombs send up harmless geysers of water a mile from the nearest freighter. The torpedo, I know, broke when it hit the water after being dropped from 2,000 feet. We've won the first round. Now to get the Dornier. We bank after him.

III

He has dropped so close to the sea that it looks as if he would ram into it. He levels off a scant twenty feet above the choppy waves, his starboard wingtip almost cutting the water as he turns directly toward his base. These Dorniers can move fast.

I snap on the juice for the gunsights. The cross wires and ring glow reassuringly, like miniature fluorescent tubes. Close to the water the Dornier is a tough target. We can't dive on him or we'll ram into the sea. The only attack to make is on his tail, trying to pick off the rear gunner before he blasts us.

We're closing in fast. He's less than a mile away. I haul back a little on the stick. It's hard to pull against the 400-plus-mile-an-hour wind velocity. The Dornier looms bigger and bigger in the gunsights. I can see the rear gunner now in his plastic-glass blister, his hands on his twin cannon triggers.

As we pull gradually out of the dive I can feel centrifugal force drag on my body. My hands grow heavy and my jaw starts to sag. Mustn't black out! I take a deep breath and yell—anything to build up blood pressure so the blood won't leave my brain. Another danger presents itself. We're much too close to the water. If we ever hit the propeller backwash of the bomber it'll bounce us into the sea.

The German opens fire, smoke from his tracers looping up at me. I move the stick right, then left—just a little—throwing the Spitfire into a crisscross and moving the rudder to keep the Dornier in my sights. Even this slight skid is sickening.

There's the German gunner in the sights. I can even see his tense face. His lips are parted, his teeth clenched as he saws his fire-spouting cannons back and forth. I press the firing button with my thumb, hurling explosive, ball, incendiary, armor-piercing, and tracer bullets from eight machine guns at him. The noise is like muffled high-pitched drums and the plane vibrates and slows from the recoil. The tracer smoke-trails show the fire sweeping under the Dornier.

Abandoning caution to get a more accurate aim, I stop the crisscross and nose the Spitfire right at him. He is only about 150 yards away now. There's a loud pow! And a splintering sound, like hailstones on a drum. He must have hit me. But I can't see where. My bullets are streaming into his blister, tearing great rents in the plastic glass.

He falls back, his arms upraised, just as I sweep over him. I slip up and to the side to avoid the front gunner's fire. A black curtain drops over my eyes as I come round, almost in a vertical bank. I ease the stick forward to come to, knowing that Luke and Dean are giving the pilot the works.

I glance back to see Dean almost cutting off the Dornier's tail with his prop, he's flying so close to him. Luke is on the way up behind me. Dean passes over the bomber and still it keeps on flying. We didn't get him that time.

I bring the Spitfire down for another attack when I hear Dean's voice yell over the radio, "Red leader. Red three calling. Bandits over the French Coast!" I look to the east. Nine planes in three vics are coming toward us, one vic far in advance of the others. The Dornier must have radioed for help. The planes still are several miles away but it won't take a minute for them to get here. We must work fast.

My Spitfire thunders down on the Dornier's tail. I see two Germans dragging the rear gunner's body from his seat. They're going to replace him. If they succeed in doing this before we get the pilot the Dornier is as good as safe on its home airdrome. The pilot will be protected by the new rear gunner until the Jerry fighter planes arrive. I dive low over the Dornier's tail and give the front cockpit a long burst, sliding up and to the side again. Luke repeats the burst, and as Dean starts pouring lead, the Dornier's wings wiggle slightly, the nose drops slowly. He smacks the water, sheets of spray exploding up from his fuselage. He bounces twice and settles on the choppy sea. We got him this time. Soon he will sink.

Heading upstairs in a hurry, I spot the first Jerry section of three Heinkel 113's—their fast fighters—slanting down in a steep dive for us. Luke and Dean are flying tight behind me, still in single file. We're low on petrol and bullets and we have finished our job, so the better part of valor is to head for home quickly. Besides I don't know how badly our planes are damaged and they may not be able to stand the terrific strain of combat. Below us the remainder of the Dornier crew launches a rubber lifeboat.

I level off to gain speed and point her nose for home, nearly deafened by the scream of air through the cowling where the cannon shell penetrated, and by the shriek from the machine-gun mouths. The guns have patches over the mouths to cut wind resistance, and these were shot off as soon as the guns fired.

The Jerries keep coming, so I bank quickly and our three Spitfires start flying in a circle, one behind the other. Now Jerry can't get on our tail because each one of us is protecting the other's tail. The three Heinkels veer away. They don't like our circle.

Suddenly I straighten out and make a dash for home, the two Spitfires close behind. The other two Heinkel formations still are too far away to present an immediate danger. The three Heinkels above make a dive for us. I bank out of the way of two of them and chase one down, giving him a long burst. A glance through the rear mirror shows Luke and Dean right behind, Dean weaving to protect our tail. The Heinkel veers off and hurries away and we pull out and head for home again. Apparently they're not too anxious to tangle.

Trying to speak calmly, I call Locust control, get the response and announce, "Hello, Locust control. Red leader calling. Dornier 17 down. See pilots in rubber boat. Bandits in vicinity." Operations may send a launch or flying boat after them.

Meanwhile, Luke and Dean both report that their petrol is running low. Dean adds that his port wing has been badly ripped. I hope everything holds together until we land.

We leave the sea and the Jerries, vowing to come back for them later, and start flying over England. Operations is vectoring us home. Although the countryside is honeycombed with airdromes, we can't spot one from up here. Clever artists have blended buildings, airdromes, and gun emplacements with paint and secret camouflaging materials to look like a checkerboard of innocent farm plots, separated by hedges. Operations informs us we're above our airdrome and we circle down over what

looks like an innocent farm, with hedges and haystacks. At 800 feet we make out the runway. Circling the field, we lower our landing gear and come in at 100 miles an hour for a power landing. We slide across the field and my wheels grind pleasantly on the runway as the plane settles down. We're back! But we don't know for how long. The clock shows we've been gone only forty minutes.

IV

We taxi to our camouflaged, sandbagged hangars, where the ground crews greet us with cheers. I suddenly feel let down and tired from nervous exhaustion. My hands are clammy and the helmet is very heavy and tight. There's much conversation as we climb out and inspect the damage. The crews swarm over the aircraft and find that all three planes bear marks of the fight. The shell that burst in my ship struck just ahead of the hatch and not six inches from where my forehead had been pressed against the gunsight rest. A close call. The ship's floor is filled with glass fragments. Dean and I are assigned new planes until ours are repaired.

After checking the new aircraft we make out combat reports and notify operations that we're in readiness again. Then we return to the dispersal hut to wait for something else to happen.

Things are happening fast too. Other sections are ordered aloft. When a flight (there are two sections or six planes to a flight) is called out, we know that the Germans must be sending over large bomber formations. The boys come back and confirm this. Jerry is aiming at Coventry. Most of his formations have been turned back with considerable losses. But they keep coming.

About mid-afternoon we get a call, but not for combat duty. It is to see a motion picture at the airdrome. Although these pictures are extremely interesting, they're not put on for our entertainment. They teach us how to bring down big game and, in turn, escape being brought down. Each Spitfire and Hurricane carries a movie camera. Its view-finder is your gunsight. When you press the firing button, the camera automatically starts grinding. The pictures show the enemy aircraft, provided he is in your gunsights, and the path of your tracer bullets. Developed and thrown on a screen, the pictures tell you why you did or did not pick off the enemy. Lectures by R.A.F. officers accompany the films. The talks are brief and somehow you don't have to take notes to remember what's said.

We return from the cinema, and then, when it's almost dusk and Luke and I are just settling down to a typical friendly argument with a British pilot, our talk is cut short by the loud-speaker:

"Squadrons Seventy-one and Two-thirty, red and blue sections. Scramble!"

The Britisher smiles hopefully as he jumps up with "Twelve of us going up. It's a big flap this time!" "Big flap" is R.A.F. for heavy attack. It must be or they wouldn't risk sending us aloft so late in the day. We'll have to land in the dark—an adventure in itself.

Out we run to our aircraft. I wriggle into the parachute harness and climb into the office. Both sections of Squadron 230 are thundering down the runway as I flip the magneto switches. I'm a little dubious about this new ship, not knowing its little habits. Each ship has its own.

Sam Maureillo, leader of our flight, taxis out, the two aircraft in his section coming into a vic behind him. They take off and we follow immediately. In two tight vics, one right behind the other, we thunder upward into a thickening cloud canopy which is made almost as black as night by coal smoke from nearby factories. Sam's tail is directly under my propeller. It is dark so I can't even see his wings.

On the radio I hear him get vectored to 270, operations adding, "Buster!" This means step on it. Sam's tail draws away. I pull the teat a little and come up close. Our planes are just inches apart. I feel a vibration. Must be

Luke's wingtip against mine again. Visibility's too poor now for him to see me motion him back. Besides, if I take a hand off the throttle even for a split second, I'd lose Sam. A quick glance shows Luke's wing edging back a little. He has felt the impact too.

Operations calls again, reporting, "Angels two five. Many, many bandits!"

Many enemy aircraft at 25,000 feet! The altimeter reads 12,000 feet, time to turn on the oxygen. I spin the oxygen dial to 17,000 feet. Good idea to keep it 5,000 feet ahead of actual altitude when you're climbing fast. Taking my eye off Sam's ship to do this was taking a chance. But it had to be done. If you don't take on plenty of oxygen up here you grow sluggish and you may faint.

I fervently hope operations is vectoring us right. There are two balloon barrages in this vicinity and it would be just too bad if we got snagged in one. I wonder if my guns are hot enough to fire, if the rest of the boys in the formation are getting the right information, and understand it, and if the motor, this new motor I've never tried out before, will respond to the big job required of it in combat. You don't actually worry about these things, but you can't help their flashing through your mind. There are a great many people involved in the teamwork of this mechanized war and it just takes one little human error anywhere along the line to bring disaster.

Suddenly we burst through the black cloudbank into the brilliance of the evening sky. The sun is almost resting on a crimson cloud mattress. Admiration of the beauty about us is cut off by operations:

"Hello, Blue leader. Locust control calling. Are you receiving me?"

"Hello, Locust control. Blue leader answering. Receiving you loud and clear. Over," Sam calls back.

"Hello, Blue leader. Locust control calling. Bandits five miles to port at two zero. Buster!"

We're flying at 22,000 feet. We don't see them yet. They must be under that big ragged hole in the clouds. Sam calls for echelon starboard, formation for a port attack. Our Spitfires string out in two lines of three, each plane to the right of the plane in front in its section. Our section is flying above Sam's. Sam banks to the left and one after the other we follow.

There they are! Three swarms of black specks several thousand feet above. Those are the Messerschmitt fighter convoys. They're always above us. I can just make them out. There must be fifty. But we're not looking for them. I glance below as we roar over the big cloud rift. There's our quarry. Fifteen big murky green bombers. Junkers 88's, flying in three stepped-up line astern formations. It's the toughest formation to attack because the bombers are flying in three groups, one above the other. In our dive we must run the gauntlet of cannon and machine-gun blasts from each level.

Far off in the golden mist I see other clusters of planes. They must be over the English Channel. I can't tell whether they're German or British. Behind us are more planes. They're closer and camouflaged green and tan, which means they're Spitfires, no doubt from another airdrome. They're a welcome addition to the sky picture.

Sam's angling for a beam attack. Our section follows him around. Striking down at the side of the bombers gives you the biggest target. Besides, the JU 88's aren't armored there. There's a cool feeling in my stomach and my mouth is very dry. The dryness may be caused by the oxygen. I'm taking in deep breaths of it. There's a swarm of Messerschmitt 109's directly overhead, and following us, like hawks stalking their prey. They won't dive until we do. Then they'll be on our tail in a flash. I can see in the gathering dusk their yellow noses and the black crosses on the underside of their square-cut wings.

Suddenly Sam wiggles his wings and peels off, zooming down in a 60-degree power dive. Number two and number

three follow screaming after him. I pull the teat wide open and shove the stick from me. The Spitfire jumps ahead and shrieks downstairs. The three Spitfires in front break formation and each descends on a bomber. I've got one in my sights, the front Jerry in the middle formation. We must pick off the front bombers, for in one of them is the flight leader. If we get him the rest of the formation will turn for home. But so long as he's still in action they'll keep right on to their objective.

Over the whining crescendo of airplane motors I hear in the earphones a "Yipee! Hi-yoooo-oo!" It's one of our boys giving his cowboy battle yell. He has forgotten and left his radio on send, so we hear him.

As we roar down on them the bombers don't try to get out of the way. They never do. They may shift their course just a little to throw us off. I'm watching for that. My target looms larger and larger in the sights. His murky camouflaging almost blends with the darkness below. My thumb's itching to press the firing button. But he's still too far away. Smoke trails pour from the bomber as the gunner opens fire.

The stick vibrates in my hand. Bullets from somewhere are cutting into an aileron. I can tell this because the vibration is a sideways motion. It can't be from the bomber below. I'm not in range yet. The rear view mirror shows a Messerschmitt fighter on my tail. But he's too far off to hit me. The jerking stops. The bullets must have come from the top formation of bombers. I'm diving past them.

No time to investigate. My target's only 400 yards below. My thumb squeezes down on the firing button, located on top of the stick. Tracer smoke shows the bullets falling short and too far ahead of his nose. I pull the stick to port, trying to edge in. The Spitfire responds sluggishly. From the way her starboard wing drags I know it's the aileron on that wing that's damaged. Probably the fabric has been shot off. I push the stick farther and get the bomber's nose just behind the sight's cross hairs. Jerry gets another burst. I've got to keep the gunsight just ahead of his nose so he will run into the hail of death. There! The tracer smoke pours into the bomber's plastic nose. I bear down on the trigger as if trying to force more than 160 bullets a second into him. As I whip out of the way at the last instant, the big bomber starts to roll over. That means I got him!

There are screaming, diving planes all about. There goes a Spitfire in flames. I catch the letters on the fuselage. It's Bud! Poor devil. No time for mourning now though. It may be my turn next. The rear-view mirror shows two Messerschmitts on my tail.

I gazed a split second too long into the mirror, watching those Messerschmitts. The Spitfire is rocketing down directly on to another bomber. I didn't spot him in the gloom. I give him one quick, wicked burst at almost point-blank range as I jerk the plane in a sickening turn to avoid a smashup.

"Pow!" A cannon shell from the bomber rips through the hatch just above my head, showering the cockpit with glass and miniature shrapnel fragments. Wind whistles in the cockpit and I have to pull my head down so that my helmet won't get ripped off by the blast.

I ease the throttle and pull back the stick, bringing her out of the 500-mile-an-hour dive. Damn! She's coming out too quickly. Centrifugal force pulls my jaw down. Even the chin strap can't keep it shut. My eyelids become too heavy to keep open. Then consciousness fades away.

When I come to an instant later the Spitfire is thundering along in level flight. Two streams of fire whip past the starboard wing. Tracers from a Messerschmitt! I had almost forgotten them. Yes, one of them's right behind, his guns blinking like lights. There's just enough daylight left for him to see me if he's close. And he's much too

close. I bank over in a tight turn. He's right after me. I twist and writhe, but Jerry won't shake loose. His bullets thrum a tattoo somewhere on the fuselage. If an incendiary bullet starts to work it's all over. The Spitfire responds to the controls slowly because of the ruined aileron. That's why Jerry can follow me.

Only one thing left to do—go into a spin. With the aileron damaged, the Spitfire may not come out of it, but it would be a lot better to take that chance than to sit here and get shot in the back. I gun the throttle and jerk the stick toward me. Instantly the lift on the wings is gone. The Spitfire stalls at nearly 300 miles an hour and whips over and down in a shrieking spin. Consciousness again leaves me, but I know Jerry has zoomed past overhead.

V

As I begin to come to it seems as if a dozen huge propellers were spinning in my head. I shake my head to throw off the nauseating sensation and take a deep breath of oxygen. As my vision clears, I realize that the ship is still spinning. The altimeter reads 3,000 feet. I've got to bring her out of it fast. Wondering if the bad aileron will let her come out, I shove the stick forward and reverse the controls. Nothing happens. The altimeter shows 2,500 feet. The Spitfire is dropping at a little more than 200 miles an hour, the speedometer indicates, the spin having slowed her down.

Still holding the stick over, I grab for the hatch with my left hand and try to jerk it back. It's time to jump. In an awful instant, I realize the cannon shell has jammed the hatch. Clenching my teeth and trying to swallow a panicky emotion that keeps welling up in my throat, I grab the throttle, opening it wide, and pull the teat. It's kill or cure this time. The plane gathers speed.

Slowly—and I can hardly believe it—the controls grow firm and the spin slows. Then it stops as the speedometer needle climbs to 250 m.p.h.—275—300. Quickly I ease the throttle and bring the stick back slowly on the left side. I must keep the starboard wing up. If she dives again it'll be my last ride. I don't even know if I'm coming out of this dive before ramming into the ground.

The altimeter reads a scant 800 feet. I'm flying entirely by instruments now as it's dark everywhere except for the glowing instrument panel.

At 300 feet the Spitfire levels off and I gasp a deep breath, lifting my head a little to let the air blast cool it. Snapping the radio switch to send, I call operations, asking for an emergency homing. I flip the key to receive and listen, wondering whether the radio still works. It does! The steady, unruffled voice of operations orders:

"Talk for ten seconds."

This is to enable operations to get a bearing on me. I mumble something into the mike, hardly aware of what it is. Now there's silence except for the roar of the motor and the wind screaming through the hatch and gun mouths.

It seems hours, but in reality it is about fifty seconds when operations notifies me that I'm over an airdrome. There's nothing but blackness below as I bank the Spitfire carefully in a descending turn. As the altimeter drops below the 1,500-foot mark, a red-and-white Very rocket shoots up from somewhere beneath. A welcome sight, these colors of the day! On a telegraph key I tap out in Morse code "A" and "T," the letters of the day. The dots and dashes blink from lights under my plane—that is, if they haven't been shot off.

I guess they haven't, for almost immediately a row of dim lights flashes on, marking the runway of the airdrome. By their yellow color I know the lights are oil pots. This means there's a ground haze, oil lights penetrating it better than electric lamps. Inexperienced pilots sometimes try to land on this haze—which hugs the ground to a depth of about four feet—because the top of it looks like the ground surface.

I lower the landing wheels and nose the Spitfire down, keeping the starboard wing up slightly. The plane slants to the border of the runway and I edge her through the thick haze at 100 miles an hour. She hits the ground with the port wheel, bounces up, slides through the air a moment, then settles down on the runway. I shove gently on the brakes and she eases to a stop. Suddenly I feel very much all in.

The duty pilot and a crew of mechanics and armorers race up to take the ship over. They pry open the badly damaged hatch and inform me that I am fifteen miles from the home airdrome. We inspect the ship and I learn that Jerry is making a heavy night assault on Coventry. The night fighters, who take over our job at dusk, were attempting to break up the big German bomber formations, the duty pilot informs me.

As for my plane, her starboard aileron is more than half gone, part of the rudder has been shot away, three control wires are badly frayed, the cowling is smashed in near the hatch, and there are innumerable bullet holes through the fuselage and wings. Still she brought me in safely. That's a Spitfire for you!

After telephoning home, I climb into a truck and spend a bumpy half hour before reaching headquarters. I arrive in time for a victory celebration. We have brought down three Jerry bombers sure and one probable, as well as two fighters. The bomber I rolled over was classed as probable because I didn't see him go down in flames or crash. The only one not there to help with the festivities is Bud. We drink a toast to his memory.

Later that night in our room Luke takes Bud's photograph off the wall.

"Guess we'd better put him away until after the war," Luke says, placing the picture in his suitcase. Then he adds, "This is going to cost Jerry plenty!"

We solemnly shake hands on it.



MR. FORD IN THE JUNGLE

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

SEVEN hundred miles inland, fronting the Tapajoz River of tropical Brazil, is the largest rubber plantation of this hemisphere. The name of the plantation is Belterra. The proprietor is Henry Ford of Dearborn, Michigan. Belterra is probably the most significant farm property within this half of the world.

Thirteen years ago the Ford Motor Company began manufacturing automobile tires. During 1928 Henry Ford announced that he proposed to grow rubber on plantations in Brazil and thus make an effort to restore to the Americas the production of an essential material which Brazil had first given the world, only to have it filched by a British-Dutch monopoly.

Mr. Ford is well informed about the international rubber trade. Rubber is as essential to the automobile industry as iron or glass. Nearly three-fourths of the rubber imported into the United States goes into automobile tires and tubes. The other fourth fills about 4,000 commercial uses which include manufacture of brake hose, airplane fixtures, footwear, raincoats, and war machines. Before the present war we had been importing about 500,000 tons of natural rubber per year. Most of it came from British Malaya which grows about 42 per cent of the world's supply; the rest came from the Netherlands East Indies, which produce about 38 per cent, and from Indo-China and the Philippines.

Mr. Ford was tired of the British-Dutch rubber monopoly, which has made it possible for Hevea plantation profits in Malaya, Java, and Sumatra to rise to a height of 1,300 per cent in a single year, and has frequently permitted profits of between 20 and 50 per cent; and he meant to do something about it.

The British-made Stevenson plan, devised in 1922 to limit supply and raise the price of Far East rubber, applied only to Malaya and Ceylon. The plan estimated the cost of producing a pound of Hevea rubber at 19 cents and sought to establish a world price of 34 cents. By 1926 the cartel had actually jockeyed the world price to $1.23 while producing costs had dropped far below 19 cents. But late in 1928 the Stevenson plan collapsed and until early in 1934 rubber production went without regulation. By 1933 the world price of rubber had tumbled to three cents a pound.

In June, 1934, British rubber interests brought their Dutch competitors into the International Rubber Regulation Agreement, which now effectively regulates Far East acreages, export quotas, and world prices. During 1934 this cartel "caught" world rubber prices at 13 cents a pound, by 1937 it had hoisted them to 37 cents and from 1938 into 1940 it held the world price at about 20 cents, or roughly twice actual production costs on reasonably efficient plantations. The present world price is about 25 cents as this article is written.

Officially the cartel has chosen to ignore the rubber-growing efforts of Henry Ford, but there have been comments from the sidelines. The British admit

that rubber-plantation wages in Malaya and Java are low—as low as 14 cents a day and as high as 45 cents. This is lower than wage scales now common on prospering farms of the American tropics, with the exception of a minority of coffee *fincas*. Even so, rubber wages in Malaya and Oceania are probably no lower than net earnings of hundreds of thousands of sharecroppers in our own South. Living standards, native arts, crafts, theaters, and public education, not to mention law enforcement and sanitation, in those faraway hot lands, are said to offer a favorable comparison with those in the American tropics or poor-land areas of the United States.

Defenders of the rubber cartel say truly that wild rubber taken from the Amazon jungles could not supply the growing demand. They say that Brazilian rubber men allowed crude-rubber prices to boom to fantastic heights, and that if there had not been systematic control of Hevea culture the development of substitute or synthetic rubbers would have robbed the world of a legitimate rubber agriculture long since. Spokesmen for Malaya and East Indian estate owners have further pointed out that they cannot understand why Henry Ford should be such an anti-imperialist. The Ford Motor Company, they argue, is itself a sort of empire. Furthermore, Ford has diligently promoted the sale of Ford cars throughout the Oriental rubber "empires," not to mention the United Kingdom and the rest of the world.

This is a hard argument to answer. But when British rubber publicists dwell upon the importance of Malaya to our export trade they are talking nonsense. Actually we are now buying 58 per cent of all our rubber and 72 per cent of all our tin from British Malaya. From 1937 through August, 1940, our imports from Malaya averaged $185,000,000 per year; our total exports to Malaya have been less than six per cent of this amount, averaging only $10,345,000 per year. According to the newest surveys made by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, conditions suitable for growing Hevea rubber exist in fifteen Latin-American republics, extending from Mexico to Bolivia. We actually have favorable trade balances with most of these countries. All are within 4,500 miles of United States ports by way of shipping lanes which we can protect, whereas Malaya is more than 12,000 miles from any United States port and in immediate peril of Axis aggression.

II

Hevea, the standby rubber tree, is native to the Amazon Basin. It is a graceful, poplar-like tree with bark about the color of wood ashes, shiny green leaves, small yellow tulip-shaped flowers and podded seed. Its milky sap which oozes from a thin layer of inner bark provides most of mankind's supply of natural rubber, perhaps 96 per cent of our own supply.

The life of a healthy Hevea tree is long. At maturity its yields of latex range from five to fourteen pounds yearly. The tree grows rapidly. It is not injured by correct bleeding. It responds well to budding and breeds true to type. It is adaptable to a broad range of tropical soils and climates, probably to millions of square miles where altitude is under 1,000 feet, where annual rainfall is round 100 inches, and where violent wind storms are not too frequent.

Once started, Hevea is an easy crop. Budding and tapping require skilled labor. Usually high-producing, disease-resistant trees are bud-grafted upon hardy scrub roots, much as apples are. Thus every Hevea farm requires a nursery and a more or less continuous routine of seeding, budding, replanting, and discarding. One healthy "parent tree" supplies enough buds to spread its strain over several hundred acres of orchard. Unlike many bud-developed trees, Hevea rarely ever reverts or "throws back" to basic strains.

The harvest, or bleeding, is a matter of making spiraled cuts or wounds near the base of each tree trunk, cuts designed to

feed the greatest possible amount of the milk-like latex into shallow aluminum cups which are clamped to the tree base. The tapper's knife must stay within paper-thickness of its mark in order not to injure the tree.

A child can do the rest of the job. During the morning (sap flows best between dawn and mid-morning) the "tenders" make the round of trees, carry in the latex, spread it in open pans and cover the layers of milky sap with a dilute solution of formic acid. By next morning the sap is coagulated so that the workers can wipe off the sheets and run them through one or more hand wringers. That reduces the sheets to the general appearance of badly worn Turkish towels. The final step is to hang the rags in a tight smokehouse, build a slow fire under them, and so smoke the rubber, just as one smokes ham or bacon. Drippings are collected as scrap rubber and the smoked sheets are wrapped in 200-pound bales ready for cash sale. During a long morning a good worker can carry in and set from 40 to 90 pounds of raw rubber. Rubber workers can supplement Hevea harvest with subsistence gardens and fields, and they can carpet the orchards with livestock feeds such as soybean and lespedeza.

All of these facts are well proven in British Malaya, which since 1900 has changed from a disease-plagued region to the garden land of the Orient, thanks to Hevea and British farsightedness. Back in 1872 the British Government sent Sir Henry Wickham and an exploration party to Brazil to secure Hevea seed and to consider the tree as a possible plantation crop for tropical colonies. The following year the naturalist returned to London with about 70,000 selected Hevea seed and almost as many selected ideas regarding the "tree of elastic magic." Among other items Sir Henry noted that Hevea trees do not grow close together in the original jungle, but are far-scattered, perhaps for protection against the spread of virulent fungi. He suggested that Hevea might be slow to respond to plantation culture. It was, but British and Dutch capital and government agencies were interested and persistent.

By 1910 the spectacular development of the automobile industry had enormously increased the demand for rubber and stimulated a feverish rubber boom in Brazil. At the same time, 13,000 miles to the East, the first Hevea plantations were coming into bearing. By 1920 plantations and estates within the British and Dutch eastern tropics were growing more than two-thirds of the world's rubber supply. By 1928, when Mr. Ford began to speak of rubber and Harvey Firestone had undertaken Hevea planting in Liberia, Brazilian rubber was knocked into a cocked hat. Singapore was the rubber capital of the world and in Malaya there were about 3,000,000 acres planted to Hevea. About 2,500 plantations absorbed 2,000,000 of those acres at investments ranging from $180 to $210 per producing acre.

III

Nevertheless Henry Ford determined to grow rubber in Brazil. He gained a free concession from the Brazilian government for about a million hectares or 2,470,000 acres of wild lands along the Rio Tapajoz, which is probably the ancestral home of Hevea.

That acreage was about five-sixths the size of Connecticut, but when compared to the colossal Amazon basin it was a mere garden patch. Forthrightly the concession was named Fordlandia. On the whole it is good land, considerably above the Amazon basin average. But it is more than 700 miles from a seaport, much of the terrain is rough and steep, and the river is not very dependable for ship traffic, since it floods badly during the wet season and sinks far below the dock sites during the dry season.

The people of the Amazon region lead a river-bank life. They build palm shacks or thatch villages or log trading

posts along the river. The river therefore becomes their highway, trade route, and sewage-disposal system. When prolonged rains put the "undertable" lands beneath inches or feet of water the bank combers merely hop into a boat or straddle a log, and float to fairer grounds. Few of the natives work. They are principally squatters. They wear few clothes. They don't know much or want much.

But both the people and topography of the Tapajoz region are superior to Amazonia at large. Much of the adjoining land is above the water-table, and as the Ford men have proven, much of it can be traversed by roads. Hevea trees grow best on flat peaty soils or alluvial valley soils or undulating foothills. Fordlandia has plenty of all.

Official Brazil was more than mildly pleased about the Fordlandia project, but some of the jungle-edge gentry, particularly of Manaos, once a world-renowned capital of wild rubber, were amazed and alarmed. Mr. Ford was carrying the spirit of River Rouge and Dearborn Commons into the jungle. He proposed to build a completely modern jungle town with sewers, hospital, paved streets, electricity, and modern bungalows. He proposed to pay high wages, two dollars a day up to five dollars a day for native labor, which would be anywhere from seven to twenty times the former rubber-tapping earnings of the vanishing freelance *seringueros*. The native rubber aristocracy pointed out the demoralizing effects of spoiling the jungle people with exalted living standards.

It was not the amount of Mr. Ford's proposed spending that bothered the magnates of Tapajoz and Rio Negro. Actually Ford's investment to date in all his Brazilian rubber properties is probably no more than $8,000,000, which is a mere pittance compared with investments in large Hevea estates of Malaya or Java and hardly equal to an ordinary year's tropical investment of the United Fruit Company of Boston, which is much the largest U. S. developer of tropical agriculture. Back in the wild-rubber boom days some of Brazil's independent rubber buyers had netted as much as $8,000,000 per year. I am told that in 1910 the jewelry trade alone of Manaos, a city of less than 90,000 persons, exceeded $8,000,000; and Manaos built a million-dollar municipal opera house which, contrary to news stories, is still standing in good repair.

It was Mr. Ford's principle, not Mr. Ford's money, which nettled. There remains in Brazil a landed gentry who simply cannot derive joy from seeing poor Indians get ahead. But Mr. Ford was not impressed. His men, headed by Archie Johnson, who now directs Ford airplane-factory construction, led a frontal attack on the jungle. Within the first year more than 1,000 acres were cleared and planted to native Hevea. Draglines and bulldozers marked the first roadways; for here too Ford workers were to have the opportunity to own, drive, and enjoy Fords.

They assembled a sawmill. Back in Dearborn the Boss directed that the Fordlandia job be farsighted and thorough. Fordlandia timber was to build or help build hospitals, homes, and commissaries. But here he ran into trouble. God had previously directed that Amazon hardwood be the hardest hardwood in the world, a truth which Mr. Ford's sawmill shortly confirmed. Saws simply could not cut the logs. A round-saw would scream halfway through a giant log and stop dead. A band-saw would melt into smoke, leaving its job undone.

Then a Ford efficiency expert ordered that the saws be speeded up, since any Ford efficiency expert knows that when a power saw cannot function at normal speed it can and should at double speed. Not the Fordlandia saws. Foremen speeded the gauges. The saws shook down their stations and almost wrecked the mill, but still failed to rip the incredibly hard jungle wood.

Housing caused more trouble. A temperate-zone style of architecture was

finally selected and low-set brick and cement bungalows were built, very like those in Greater Dearborn or in Long Island suburban towns. (The harassed sawmills finally managed to provide a limited amount of local timber for floors.) But tropical housing is different. Throughout the brushier areas of the Amazon basin most native homes are built upon high stilts. Projecting thatched roofs keep the "under-decks" comparatively dry. There are no screens and usually no plumbing. Wives build their cooking fires beneath the house and honest smoke helps keep away mosquitoes and other uninvited callers.

The United Fruit Company, which has spent some $25,000,000 in building employee homes and work camps throughout Central America, Cuba, and areas of South America, has long subscribed to the house-on-stilts idea, because it helps ventilation, keeps the house cooler, provides more work space, and offers considerable protection against earthquakes. In the Eastern tropics most plantation houses are built on the ground without ventilation from beneath; but the ceilings are high.

Not so with the early houses of Fordlandia, which are consequently midget hells, wherein one lies awake and sweats the first half of the night, and frequently between midnight and dawn undergoes a fierce siege of heat-provoked nightmares. The early houses of Fordlandia were methodically screened, which is likewise contrary to common custom in tropical living. As a rule tropical people loathe doors and leave them open. A screened house collects disease-carrying mosquitoes much as an old-fashioned fly-trap collects flies. Otherwise Fordlandia dwellings are superior to most farm homes anywhere in the hemisphere.

But final costs far exceeded the original estimates and that led to the next difficulty. Mr. Ford decided that employees would have to pay a "reasonable" rent. Rents, reasonable or otherwise, simply do not belong in the American tropics. Usually experienced tropical operators do not attempt to charge rents for employee houses, since according to ripe tropical tradition a house is merely something that Providence, the Boss, or the Company is supposed to give one.

Native workers had trouble with Ford living standards. They were earning enough to buy their wives silk stockings but their wives and daughters had not learned about wearing shoes also, and silk hosiery deteriorates in the mud.

There was intense jealousy among wives of workers, and strange rifts and feuds developed within the new colony. A workman's mess hall was set up but native workers did not like the wholesome Detroit-style cooking, and complained bitterly of indigestion. North-American fare in the jungle no more pleases the customers than a quick change to Amazon fare would please you or me. Furthermore, the natives did not choose to square-dance on the village green, or to sing the quaint folk songs of Merrie England, or to treasure Longfellow, or revel in the Sunday Evening Hour.

But from the beginning the Ford medical facilities were excellent and within a few months the health of the Fordlandia colony was actually superior to that of neighboring settlements. Skillful medication and energetic efforts at field sanitation thwarted or reduced the onslaughts of malaria and blackwater fever which usually harass new settlements in the tropics.

The work went on. Most of the first thousand acres were planted with native Hevea, either from local seed or transplanted directly from the jungle. The new planting did not start well. After the wilderness was cleared torrential rains washed off the surface humus. Droughts came and the young trees suffered from fierce sun; they were attacked by leaf-eating insects and the much-dreaded South American Leaf Wilt.

Leaf Wilt, a roundspore leaf-killing fungus, is the most serious enemy of Hevea. The spore rides the wind, settles upon the leaves and sets up a quick

cycle of reproduction. Leaves begin to vanish, sap ceases to flow, and frequently the Hevea dies.

IV

The year 1930 found the Ford rubber men in a tough spot. A prolonged drought almost halted river transportation. Much of the Fordlandia site proved too hilly for efficient cultivation, and they had planted the wrong kind of trees. Moreover, world rubber prices were on the skids. Nevertheless, Ford determined to keep on and accepted a suggestion for a drastic change in plantation site. About 80 miles down the Tapajoz Ford engineers picked another and better location, a 700,000-acre plot which is superb land because of its drainage, terrain, and sanitation advantages. The Brazilian Government agreed to give the site for return of a like area of the original Fordlandia tract, and approved a 40-mile river frontage for the new Belterra site.

With that major change, Mr. Ford's jungle experiment was headed for practical production of rubber. Impulsive notions of creating a jungle Utopia were shelved. Fordlandia was relegated to use as an experiment farm and supplementary plantation. At present its population has fallen to about one hundred and fifty workers. Thus far Belterra has found or developed at least two outstanding leaders. One is a pathologist and rubber expert named Dr. James R. Weir; the other is Curtis Pringle, ex-sheriff of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Dr. Weir was convinced that simply transplanting wild Hevea to cultivated orchards is folly. He had wide acquaintance with Far-East rubber culture and he knew that, whereas the best yields of ordinary scrub Hevea are rarely as much as 400 pounds per acre yearly, with averages as low as 200 pounds or less, the skilfully budded Hevea trees developed in Malaya, Sumatra, and Java frequently yield as much as 700 pounds of marketable latex to the acre and have touched record yields of 1,900 pounds.

During 1933 Dr. Weir went to Singapore and after diligent shopping about purchased about 2,000 selected Hevea seedlings from some of the best-managed Malayan estates. He brought these seedlings back to Belterra, planted them, and was delighted when nearly 1,200 of the high-yielding, disease-resistant scions took root in the Ford fields. That, apparently, was the real turning point of the Ford experiment. Dr. Weir proceeded to develop a nursery for Belterra. As soon as promising parent trees could be selected a renewed bud-grafting and planting program got under headway.

That was in 1937. In Singapore the International Rubber Committee promptly forbade further export of Hevea seed or seedlings from member areas, but they were too late. Mr. Ford had his rubber trees.

Meanwhile the ex-sheriff of Kalamazoo was busy. Pringle built houses that were cheaper than the original ones at Fordlandia and more in keeping with native customs and needs. Mr. Ford and Brazil are still somewhat in disagreement in matters of doors, screening, and heights of ceiling, but the ex-sheriff has proved himself an excellent arbiter. He does not insist upon square-dancing or wholesome Detroit-style cooking. He has helped make available numerous conveniences such as paved streets, electric lights (the Sunday Evening Hour is now available to the scores of Belterra radios), and an efficient company medical service.

For several years past Ford rubber wages have been dropping to a level which is now competitive with the higher brackets of Brazilian farm wages. At present Belterra is meeting considerable difficulty in holding its force of some 2,600 laborers. New cotton plantations in adjoining areas are paying almost as high a wage and Brazil in general is experiencing a flurry of prosperity and an improving labor market.

It is my impression that Ford's labor policy in Brazil has proved reasonably successful. Limited acquaintance with

tropical labor problems has shown me the many difficulties incident to recruiting, training, and maintaining a permanent plantation personnel in the hot countries. The task involves enormous expenditures and unending details in matters of manual training, common schooling, medication, housing, and general civic establishment. It is certainly no simple matter of hiring and firing, being union or non-union, or paying so many cents per hour for a 40-hour week. In the rural tropics when you hire a man you also adopt him, his family, his wife's family, and a considerable portion of his tribe, clan, or village. He and they are yours to look after 24 hours a day, Sundays included.

Belterra has hundreds of miles of roads. You are not obliged to ride on a mule in the easy-going Latin-American manner. You can and probably do drive to the fields in a Ford.

Much of the new planting is of double-grafted trees. That is, buds of high-yielding varieties of Hevea are first grafted to hardy native Hevea roots, then other buds of healthy leaf strains are transferred to the plant in order to develop disease resistant tops or crowns.

The spray pump also comes into use — a new departure in Hevea growing. Ford laboratory men have recently developed rotenone insecticides which they make from Timbo, a poisonous plant native to the Tapajoz country. Entire trees are sprayed with this insect-killer, though Walter N. Bangham, who directs plant research for the Goodyear Rubber Plantations Company, tells me that his Company does not favor spraying Hevea trees after they have been transplanted from farm nurseries.

V

To-day the Ford rubber orchards are actually in harvest. At Belterra "test tapping" is in progress to determine which are the highest-yielding trees. At Fordlandia several hundred acres of the earlier scrub plantings are being put under knife. The first latex yields are comparable to those of similar Hevea stands in Malaya. Certainly the tapping is profitable.

June, 1941, finds Mr. Ford with about 3,000,000 growing Brazilian rubber trees. About 2,000,000 of these have been budded with Malayan stock. The budded trees will come into bearing during 1943. Seven years from now Ford's harvests of Hevea latex will, or should be, between 12,000,000 and 15,000,000 pounds. The 1941 "take" may total as much as 1,000,000 pounds though it is still early to make prophecy. Present manufacturing needs of the Ford Motor Company require medium yields of about 7,500,000 mature trees.

The planting of trees continues. The present total of Hevea planting is about 16,000 acres, about three-fourths of which belong to Belterra. Hevea acreage is not easy to compute since new-style propagation involves tentative or wait-and-see planting. If the new trees start well they stand. Otherwise it is good management to discard them promptly. This means that the best gauge of a plantation's ability to expand is the status of its nursery and "parent trees." One well-developed parent tree, selected for superior yield and leaf development, provides enough buds to bud-graft several hundred acres of orchard stand.

As Ford's Brazilian properties show increasing promise, the U. S. Department of Agriculture is sprinkling Central America with ten new Hevea experiment stations. The Goodyear Rubber Company has two highly promising Hevea experiment farms in Central America, one of them in commercial bearing.

Hevea may shortly be in large scale production in Central America. Hevea can be grown successfully upon small independent farms. But in terms of modern plantation operation Henry Ford is the greatest pioneer in rubber cultivation in this hemisphere.

WOMEN ON THE HOME FRONT

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

IN DAYS like these only the woman who is a spiritual isolationist or is altogether shallow wants to go on living as usual, absorbed in her own everyday existence. No woman of sense and sensibility can be oblivious to the fact that humanity in many parts of the world is being tortured and that our own country, whether or not it joins this year in a shooting war, has committed itself to a preparedness program which will call for overwhelming effort. I know some women who have found peace of heart sewing in Red Cross or Quaker workrooms, making garments for child victims of war wherever they are to be found. I know others who, intent not only on succoring the afflicted but also on helping the British to the utmost, are knitting and "bundling" for Britain. Close to a million women are working for the Red Cross, sewing or making bandages or surgical dressings; in New York, business girls who must be tired from sitting at their desks all day long flock to Red Cross workrooms during the evening, preferring relief work to personal pleasures.

This sort of work is peculiarly satisfying because it is specific and effective. The accredited war relief agencies are organized to do a definite job; they have had time to set up and test their procedures; and the woman who knits a garment or rolls a bandage may feel sure that—if it is not sunk on the way to its destination—it will have a welcome value. But there are also large numbers of women—and these include some of those who have been most active in relief activities—who would like to *serve their own country*, directly, in some active way; and the prospect which they face is by contrast bewildering. They aren't sure what work will be useful and what will turn out to be wasted effort. They want to *do something* and they don't know what to do.

Many of these women, expecting that we may be bombed or suffer from a campaign of sabotage on short notice, are taking courses given by the recently formed American Women's Voluntary Services and other groups, in air-raid precautions, fire-fighting, motor-mechanics, map-reading, and canteen feeding. On the West Coast wives of yacht owners in Tacoma are making more directly military preparations, getting ready to man ships for harbor defense, and khaki-trousered members of the National Service League Motor Corps are taking an aviation ground-school course. In New England the Women's Defense School of Boston is giving an intensive course in canteen and field cooking in which women are taught to cook "the Army way," and a town committee of men and women of Fairfield, Connecticut, has made elaborate plans against air attack: temporary hospitals have been set up on paper and "purple flag" ambulances, or undertakers' wagons, have been listed.

Here and there women have even got into uniforms and are doing squads right and squads left and learning to shoot. The recently formed Women's Defense Corps of New York; the Green Guards of Washington; the Powder Puff Platoon

of Joplin, Missouri; the Home Guard of Kalamazoo, Michigan; the Air Rifle Corps of Tulsa, Oklahoma; and the Prescott, Arizona, Rifle Corps are all semi-military outfits.

Before long the roads of this country may be crowded with women's motor corps. In Baltimore a Croix de Guerre ambulance driver of the war of 1914–18 is head of the new Women's Ambulance and Safety Patrol. In Oklahoma 250 women have enrolled in a corps sponsored by the National Patriotic Council of Oklahoma City. In New York the Women Flyers of America, whose women pilots would undoubtedly be useful in wartime (for example, to ferry planes about in this country and thus release military pilots for action), are branching out and organizing their own motor corps, as well as sponsoring a sixty-hour course in parachute-rigging.

There is an epidemic of registering for possible war service. Such organizations as the National Women's Republican Club, the American Legion Auxiliary, and the American Association of University Women are collecting members' cards, hopeful that as crises arise these cards may be consulted and the right women assigned to the right jobs. In San Francisco and Pasadena, in Montclair, New Jersey, and Mecklenburg, North Carolina, homes and office buildings have been canvassed for rosters of reserve woman-power.

Other women would like to find some way of helping our soldiers in camp. Not long ago a government official received this letter from a woman in the little town of Havre, Montana: "Five boys in our community enlisted for three years in the Army. I was talking things over with their parents and we came to the conclusion that we would like to organize a club for the social and possibly economic welfare of these boys, in order to encourage them and to show our appreciation of their work. Their training camps are located near San Francisco or near the Coast, which is quite a distance from Havre, Montana. So possibly they might need extra money for coming home on their vacations. In fact we have already decided to give dances, raffle quilts, etc., for their benefit. We would also like to send Christmas presents for next year."

Like this woman from Montana, countless American women would like "to get some basis to work on" so that they will be ready to help their country. (I refer only to women who want to volunteer their services, not to those who will be drawn into paid jobs in defense industries if expansion reaches the point where they are needed in quantity. Nor am I discussing here the women whose energies are spent in campaigning to influence our national policy or to arouse their communities.) In the field of volunteer work, which efforts are wise and which are foolish—or at least likely to result in frustration? Little can be accomplished without organization; but what kinds of organization are likely to be most fruitful?

These questions are not readily answered, for nobody can foretell just what emergencies we may confront. Most military experts discount the possibility of a large-scale invasion, but they do not rule out as improbable demonstration air attacks on the east coast that would be designed to shatter civilian morale if war came. Even in high places there has appeared to be some confusion as to what women should do. On April 18th, for instance, President Roosevelt called for five-hundred thousand volunteer roof-spotters prepared to detect approaching bombing planes, and suggested that many women could serve in this capacity; and on the very same day Mrs. Roosevelt went out of her way to say in an interview, "Mass nutrition education is the most important kind of defense work for women, far more important than learning how to drive an ambulance which may never have to be driven."

Even when the government has pointed the way, there will still remain a wide range of choice for the individual woman, who should obviously consult her own

special capacities before she makes her choice. In this article I shall try to report not only what women have started to do, but how they can, in the opinion of those who have studied the problem, best serve the community and the national welfare at this critical moment in our history.

II

As I watched one night the khaki-clad Women's Defense Cadet Corps, Manhattan "battalion," drilling in the American Women's Association clubhouse in New York City, it seemed to me that this was where I came in during the last war—but with a difference. Fresh out of college and filled with the spirit of adventure, I joined in April, 1918, the French-speaking women's telephone unit of the Signal Corps. When in October we were brought to New York to prepare for sailing, we were drilled in squads right and squads left by an infantry lieutenant. This drilling made some sense, since we were attached to the Army and would have had to be moved about in orderly fashion. After the Armistice, while we were hung up in New York for two months waiting to be demobilized, we were still obliged to drill in a Brooklyn armory, and our marching and counter-marching seemed to me singularly pointless. It all came back to me as I watched the completely unofficial Women's Defense Cadet Corps in the year 1941.

"Quiet!" bawled a captain of the United States Reserves. "Straighten out your lines there. Up with your chins. . . . Company hunch!" Sixty-five women fell into step. Most of them were young, a few not so young. Their carriage and outlines were anything but military, but their expressions were as serious as though they were about to be ordered to charge with the Light Brigade. They were business girls like Kitty Foyle and they were trying their level best to be soldierly. There were 200 more of them, I was told, in the Brooklyn Battalion and 300 in Queens, where the Corps was founded last summer with the blessing of the flag-waving Borough President, George U. Harvey. In April the girl cadets were hoping—vainly I should think—to be voted an official status by the Legislature.

The reserve captain, a civil-service worker in private life, confessed to me that he had his doubts about the real value of what the girls were doing: he was drilling them to be obliging. Another reserve officer who drills the Queens "battalion" justified the enterprise on the ground that the girls were learning discipline. "They like us to be tough with them," he laughed, "they want to be treated just like soldiers. . . . One night I even told them to suck in their guts."

After an hour's drilling those of the cadets who were not in training to be "non-commissioned officers" changed from their khaki skirts and blouses into slacks, in order to practice artificial respiration in a Red Cross first aid course. This seemed a practical enough activity, but I should have been more impressed if the woman "colonel" of the corps, who had herself taken first aid, had had any luck removing a cinder from my eye. The trouble with studying first aid or any other skill is that you are likely to forget much of what you have learned unless you can continue practicing.

Cadets who can drive cars go on from First Aid to take a course in motor mechanics, taught gratis to groups of women by a number of obliging New York City garages. The instructor of a large class of 80 girls said that about half of them were actually getting "a grasp of what an engine is all about," while the rest "just did not seem to be mechanically minded." I have only admiration for women who can learn what causes cylinders to fire in proper turn, and I am sure that the ability to make even minor repairs would be useful to women drivers in all sorts of mishaps. Yet I should say that the girls who had no mechanical aptitude were getting nowhere fast.

The Women's Defense Cadets also hoped to be initiated into the mysteries

of an airplane instrument board—for what purpose I could not make out, since they were not planning to become aviators.

The woman "colonel" who had organized the outfit said that the drilling would teach the girls to take orders from "people in authority in an emergency." That may be true, for whatever it is worth; but in view of the fact that women would hardly be expected to do military duty until after some twenty or thirty million men had been put under arms, the drilling seemed to me an almost perfect example of misdirected effort.

Of all the new women's defense organizations, the one which has cut the widest swath is the American Women's Voluntary Services. They have New York and national headquarters, a workroom and warehouse for British relief, and seventy-three branches in twenty States. Founded last summer by a woman with a fortune, Mrs. Alice McClean, who has spent much of her life in England, this organization was closely patterned at first on the British Women's Voluntary Services. Mrs. McClean's idea was that training in methods of defense against blitz warfare should be given free of charge to all women comers. In New York City the idea has caught on like wild fire. A total of fifteen hundred women a week—as many business girls in the evening as leisure-class women in the daytime—attend the classes given in the New York headquarters.

The most popular courses are in air-raid precautions, first aid, motor mechanics, and code practice. The air-raid-precautions course consists of an introductory talk by a member of the New York Fire Department and six talks by an American woman who was attached to the ARP in Yorkshire for a year. She discusses the handling of bombs, the use of air-raid shelters, etc. Up to the present eighty leisure-class women have finished the course and are waiting to take the intensive course for auxiliaries given by the New York City Fire College, the AWVS being the only women's group with which the Fire Department has arranged to co-operate.

Practical lessons in fire-fighting would always be useful to women in their own homes, and would be especially useful if the unpredicted were to happen and New York were to suffer from a wide-scale air attack. But with all due respect to the Fire Department's good faith, it seems doubtful if women auxiliaries would be called out by the city so long as able men were on hand. Older men will still be available, and Mayor La Guardia, when speaking of the necessity of recruiting personnel for emergency tasks, not long ago pointed out that "we have very splendid young men who have received exemption from selective service because of dependents, who could be trained after work hours so that they would be available for home defense."

Another course keyed to the looked-for emergency is one in code practice, covering fire signals, teleprinting, and radio. It is taught by Western Union technicians and amateur radio operators who volunteer their services. Last May one hundred women were enrolled in the two classes, meeting twice a week in the New York building. Those who become proficient enough to secure a short wave operator's license may monitor the air and report to the authorities any unauthorized signals which they hear. Whether their services will be needed is anybody's guess.

The AWVS courses are taught by competent instructors who give their time. Standards are fairly high. In New York applicants for all but the air-raid-precautions course are interviewed by the educational director, an able professional woman, and only those who seem to have some aptitude for the work are enrolled. The motor mechanics classes are limited to an attendance of twenty, and at the end of ten lessons the members must pass a moderately difficult examination to get a certificate. The canteen class, taught by an assistant of Oscar's at the Waldorf, is open only to

women who have some knowledge of dietetics, and forty hours' practice in a settlement house or a day nursery are required as part of the course.

Yet while the AWVS is trying to give its program a practical orientation, numbers of women are busily attending classes and lectures without being too sure of where they will go from there. In an evening course in map-reading, given by a representative of the American Geographical Society, I found a statistician and several laboratory workers and private secretaries working industriously at their mathematical computations. A few thought their knowledge of map-reading would be useful if they became ambulance drivers. The others patriotically wanted to be ready "to do something."

I understand from the new director of the AWVS, Mrs. Mary Steele Ross, formerly head of the District of Columbia WPA, that health standards and peacetime as well as wartime service are to be emphasized from now on. In an afternoon nutrition class, taught by a representative of the Red Cross, I saw well-dressed women conscientiously taking notes and asking sensible questions about food values.

Women who want to get down to a job right away are sent by the AWVS to the workroom for British relief or to a hospital or day nursery for some form of social service. A number who own cars carry patients to clinics, and a small group who have taken the course in recreational therapy have been assigned to the Children's Hospital on Welfare Island. In Washington, where wives of Cabinet members are on the board, the AWVS has made a survey of community needs and opened outdoor kindergartens in backyards for children of government workers.

The rapid growth of the AWVS is not surprising, since it has had lavish financial backing and its classes offer an outlet to the many women who want to be prepared to take a definite part in national defense. While it hopes to have at least many thousands of women trained to serve in an emergency, the weakness of its program is that it has not yet set up any comprehensive plan for what the social workers call "in-service" training. Unlike members of the disciplined Red Cross services, most of the women on its rolls have still to prove their capability and reliability as volunteers in any exacting jobs. And there remains the question whether some of the students may not be acquiring knowledge and skills that they may have no opportunity to use directly, no matter how intense the war emergency may become.

III

Many readers will recall that this country was caught shorthanded during the flu epidemic of the last war—so shorthanded that women volunteers with no nursing experience at all found themselves wearing masks and nursing sick soldiers and civilians in hospitals. Now the Red Cross is preparing while there is still time. Through its nurses' aide and its home-nursing courses it is trying to train as large a reserve of women as possible in the rudiments of nursing.

Go into one of the large municipal hospitals in New York, where the regular nurses are always overworked, and you will find in the wards one or two Red Cross nurses' aides helping with the care of convalescent and chronically ill patients. The Red Cross nurses' aides not only wear trim uniforms and service pins: they do real work on an average of one day a week. When they enroll they pledge themselves to serve a minimum of one hundred hours a year for four years, and if they fall behind they must give up their pins. Many of them come from comfortable homes, but not all. One of them travels a long distance on the subway to get to Bellevue Hospital, leaving an invalid husband at home one day a week, and has to count her pennies for carfare; another is a French maid whose mistress gives her time off for the work and gets a vicarious satisfaction from

hearing about her employee's hospital service.

Besides the 67 nurses' aides, called "pink ladies," serving in New York hospitals, as many as 217 "gray ladies" or hospital assistants help in the two government hospitals in New York, where they take full charge of recreation, ward visiting, and the distribution of Red Cross supplies. They too must put in a minimum of 100 hours of service a year.

Some communities are more receptive than others to volunteer workers in the hospitals. In Westchester County, New York, the nurses' aide service has been popularized by a doughty Red Cross teacher who has managed to instill in a large number of leisure-class women a real zeal for bedside nursing. At present 340 Westchester women are giving a day a week in the county's various hospitals, both public and endowed; and during the mild flu epidemic of last winter, when regular nurses were ill, they answered emergency calls from the hospitals. At the White Plains Hospital the superintendent of nurses, who at first had not been hospitable to the nurses' aides, warmly praised their work.

As a rule the nurses' aides are allowed to bathe chronically ill and convalescent patients, give bedpans, chart specimens, carry trays, feed helpless patients, take temperature, pulse, and respiration, keep records, etc. In an emergency they might be called on to assume heavier responsibilities. In the meantime they are learning through practice and observation a great deal about hospital routine.

Business women and others who are too busy to give a day a week to hospital service can do the next best thing and take a home-nursing course. To women who have wondered how they ought to prepare for the defense emergency, I suggest that this course, given twice a week for two-hour periods for six weeks, is an excellent place to begin. At the least it will prepare you to care for seriously ill members of your own families at a time when the hospitals may be overcrowded. But you will have to be earnest about it and attend regularly in order to get a certificate.

In Los Angeles the Red Cross home-nursing classes, held in churches, clubs, and evening schools, are attended by a wide variety of women, including the wives of movie directors and of professors. In New York City, 212 Red Cross home-nursing courses were under way this spring, with a total enrollment of 3,500, twice as many as a year ago. The value of such training for all women, in peacetime as well as in wartime, hardly needs to be emphasized.

The Red Cross also conducts first aid classes wherever they are requested. In Westchester County 75 classes, held in the daytime and in the evening for both men and women, with an average attendance of 20 each, were in progress this spring—three times as many as a year ago. The first course of ten lessons —partly lecture and partly practice— covers anatomy; treatment of wounds, infections, fractures, sprains, blisters, boils, colds, earache, hives, poison ivy, frostbite; bandaging and splint-making; the removal of foreign bodies, artificial respiration following immersion, gas poisoning, electric shock, choking, drug-poisoning, and heat exhaustion; and transportation of patients. Following an advanced course, a teachers' course is given to those who have particular aptitude. Here is a chance for volunteers with the requisite ability.

Certainly all of us should be familiar with first aid technics, but since victims of accidents or of any kind of a catastrophe often have to be nursed back to health, and since illness is a constant hazard, it would seem only sensible for the many women who are flocking to first aid courses to take the Red Cross home-nursing course next. All high school girls, I believe, should take it, just as they should, for their own and their future family's sake, study cooking and nutrition. Women's colleges that wish to prepare their students for the unchartable future might offer extra-cur-

ricular courses in home-nursing and nutrition. These would seem more surely essential than courses in motor mechanics, blue-prints, and aerial mapmaking—which, with canteen cooking, office work, and first aid, constitute Barnard College's "National Service" program.

Learning how to feed your family economically and healthfully is not a skill to be discounted. In New York 250 women were enrolled this spring in Red Cross nutrition classes, taught by home-economics experts. The enrollment had quadrupled in a year but was still only a tiny fraction of what it might usefully be.

Women who join the Red Cross canteen service, after covering nutrition, study mass feeding, and in New York City get some practice in the chapter house's cafeteria. After a tour of duty there, they graduate to the Disaster Unit and remain on call on half an hour's notice. Since New York City has been fortunately spared disasters, the Red Cross canteen workers have used their mobile unit so far only in feeding child refugees from Europe at the dock.

Women who have cars, the price of a uniform, and money for gas may apply for membership in the Red Cross motor corps. They must qualify by taking courses in first aid, motor mechanics, and safety driving, and by passing a day and night driving test. Members of the corps put in about a day a week carrying relief patients and the blind to clinics, transporting supplies from workrooms to warehouses, taking soldiers and sailors to Army and Navy hospitals, and doing whatever other transportation work the chapter needs done. In Westchester County, where most people own cars, 130 women are in the corps and more are on the waiting list. The one criticism I have heard of the Red Cross motor corps is that the cost of the uniforms is prohibitive for many women.

Other motor corps that organize should be ready to co-operate with the Red Cross. In the last war there were three national motor corps—one sponsored by the Red Cross, one by the National Women's Service League, and one by the Women's Motor Club of America—and the rivalry between them in Westchester County became so furious that one fine new ambulance never was used!

Women with free time, who have no cars and would rather not do hospital work, may take a Red Cross staff assistant's course which would qualify them to help in the chapter office. (Women who can type well are always useful.) Or they may put in as many or as few hours a week as they are able in Red Cross workrooms.

To women who long for excitement the Red Cross may seem like a twice-told tale. Certainly it is not so free in some communities as it should be of intramural politics and it is less well organized in some places than others. Yet it is preëminent because its services and all its classes have to do with the preservation of life and health—surely a suitable concern for our sex. I think well of this phase of its program because what it teaches is likely to be of value under any circumstances and may be of high emergency value; and because the pins and uniforms which its workers wear are badges of service and not of vanity.

IV

The job that most needs to be done is not always the job that seems most glamorous and heroic. Speaking at Vassar College on April 5th, Mrs. Roosevelt said that the need for women to engage in some tangible activity directly connected with military defense was much less important, in her opinion, than for them to do their regular work better than they have ever done it before. If a woman has any time left over, Mrs. Roosevelt urged, let her next study her own community and do the thing that is most needed there.

This may seem unexciting counsel, but spokesmen for the Administration have struck this note again and again. Miss Mary Anderson, director of the Women's

Bureau of the Department of Labor, reminds us that 45 million of our people, according to Department of Agriculture reports, are living below the danger line in terms of nutrition. Surgeon General Parran calls it "a national disgrace that from 30 to 40 per cent of men otherwise available for military service are being deferred by reason of physical defects," and Miss Katharine Lenroot of the Children's Bureau points out that to-day's young men of military age were the war babies of twenty-four years ago. "If," the *New York Times* comments, "all that could have been done for them after 1918 had actually been done, they would now be in better physical shape, not merely for a year of soldiering but for the battle of life."

I would rather not think of saving to-day's children in terms of their military usefulness in 1960. Yet the truth is self-evident that the strength of our country depends, now and in the future, largely on the physical, mental, and moral stamina of its millions of citizens. Consider these facts. In only one-third of our counties are medical examinations or inspections given in the schools, and even to-day only one-sixth of the children who are undernourished are getting the free school lunches they so badly need.

Malnutrition is clearly our greatest producer of ill health. "We are wasting money," Dr. Parran declares, "trying to educate children with half-starved bodies. They can't absorb teaching. . . . A plan to feed these children properly would pay incalculable dividends." Schoolteachers who have seen undernourished children come to life mentally after a month of so of free school lunches echo Dr. Parran's argument.

A great national health campaign, launched by the government, would give innumerable women the direction they are looking for. Already a nutrition campaign is under way. In New York State a Nutrition Conference of medical and home-economics experts is working with the State Defense Council; and county committees of welfare workers, visiting nurses, educators, and dietitians are promoting home gardens, classes in nutrition, education by press and radio, school health examinations, and school lunches.

One county committee, I note from its minutes, passed a resolution "to make a program for the well-to-do with nothing to do." The phrasing suggests the Chinese wall that too often separates the trained women in a community, who incline to be professionally arrogant, from the housewives and leisure-class women who want to help but too often go round in circles. Yet as a matter of fact there is nothing to stop a woman's club from doing a good job in a community in this matter of nutrition. Take the matter of school lunches. The Surplus Marketing Administration has been making tons of food available for free school lunches for undernourished children. By the end of 1940 a million and a half American children were getting lunches, but there was enough surplus food available for 5,000,000, while as many as 9,000,000, Dr. Parran estimated, needed supplementary feeding.

A woman's club that has made good use of the surplus food is the Fortnightly Club of Catskill, New York, a town of 8,500. A little more than a year ago it organized a school lunch project and the Parent Teachers' Association gave a shower to collect kitchen utensils and dishes. Over a period of fifteen weeks as many as 200 children were served 13,629 meals.

In Catskill the lunches were cooked and served by NYA and WPA workers, as they are in the New York City schools. But I understand from the Albany representative of the Surplus Marketing Administration that in many communities women's clubs are needed to provide the labor as well as the direction, and to supplement the food supplies when the government surplus is not adequate for well-balanced lunches.

Here, certainly, is a specific and important job for women volunteers. I would suggest that you first find out—

under the supervision of the county nutrition committee, if one exists, or of the local defense council or health authorities—whether school children are getting health and dental examinations, and how many are undernourished. In case a number of children are found who need supplementary feeding—and some of those above the relief level occasionally do—you and your group can make an application for surplus food from the government and start a lunch project.

In the progressive State of North Carolina the members of the State Federation of Women's Clubs have done a fine job under the leadership of their recent State President, Mrs. John D. Robinson, of Wallace, the wife of the country doctor.

"Our women's clubs," Mrs. Robinson writes me, "have started all kinds of health clinics—tonsil, t.b., etc.—in the colored schools as well as the white schools. Several clubs have started nutrition classes for mothers. . . . Our clubs are helping with school lunchrooms. . . . We have also had children who come from comfortable homes, bring food and clothing to give to the underprivileged children. We are making plans to have surplus foods canned during the summer for school lunchroom consumption. Many of our clubs are paying for gallons of milk each day for the school children. The children are weighed when they start visiting the lunchroom and a chart is kept each month."

I am impressed by the message which Mrs. Robinson sent to the women of her State this spring. "I have had material," she wrote, "come to my desk giving facts and figures that almost terrify you when you ponder over them. On the one hand, I realize just how serious things look for the United States and how our American way of life is being threatened. On the other, I realize what a great potential force you are. . . . I know all you need is a reminder; so I will select this reminder: the lavender 3-cent postage stamp that is used so much to-day. On it are the words, 'Security, Education, Conservation, Health for Defense.'"

V

Many an American woman, like John Gilpin on his horse, is in danger of being carried along by the present emergency without knowing where she is going or why. So it is good news that—as I write—some fifty cities so far have organized volunteer defense bureaus under the auspices of the welfare agencies and the local defense council where one has been appointed. The impetus more often than not has come from the Junior League, which sets high standards for its own members who volunteer for social service.

The function of such a bureau is to register all volunteers; to ascertain from their cards what work experience they have had and what type of job they would like to do in their free time; to arrange for such training courses as are needed; and to place as many volunteers as practicable in jobs where they may serve their community now. This type of local registration seems to me to make more sense than the collecting by large women's organizations of members' cards which may never be taken out of the file. When and if a catastrophe comes, women who have already proved they can do a job will be the first to be called upon.

In Troy, New York, the Women's Committee for Home Defense, working under the Volunteer Bureau of the Council of Social Agencies, has collected registration cards from 5,000 women. Requests for training ran as follows:

Food planning and conservation	348
First aid	899
Motor corps	312
Surgical dressings instruction	276
Nurses' aide	723
Radio in community education	228
Public speaking	76
Home hygiene	351
Mass feeding	196
Recreational work	206
Group leadership	177

Typing and stenography	317
Telephone and telegraph	186
	4,308

By April there had been started 18 classes in first aid, 11 in food planning, 10 for nurses' aides, four in typing and motor mechanics each, and one each in public speaking and group leadership.

Notice that almost as many women expressed an interest in the nurses' aide course as in first aid, while as many checked home hygiene (home nursing) as wanted to drive in a motor corps. At a time like the present almost any proposed course will attract students; I dare say that a few women at least would register for a course on flying to Mars if one were offered. For this very reason guidance from a responsible bureau is badly needed. In Syracuse Mayor Marvin gave such guidance when he announced on behalf of the Women's Volunteer Defense Committee that no organization for training women firefighters was so far contemplated; if the need became apparent plans would be made.

In the same city a parallel men's committee is enlisting volunteers, and in Hartford, Conn., four of the board members of the Volunteer Bureau are men. "I feel," one of the women leaders writes me, "that any group trying to use and enlist all volunteers will certainly have need for men and should have some on the board. Women, organizing just as women, are not being realists about how the world functions. Obviously the majority of the volunteers at present will be women, but their work will have to be keyed to what the men are doing."

This is one plain lesson we should have learned from the last war. In 1917 a vast system of women's committees for defense was set up under the ægis of the government, and many of these committees had little chance to go into action because when specific war campaigns were undertaken they were inevitably organized on a functional rather than on a sex basis.

The new Office of Civilian Defense, which as this article goes to press has just been set up in Washington with Mayor LaGuardia as its director, will undoubtedly do much to clarify the needs of the country for voluntary work by both men and women. Yet even when its plans have been developed in full, the State and local defense bodies will have to carry them out. All hands agree that the Administration would have made a fatal error if it had carried out its original plan, tentatively announced and then shelved in January, of sending into the forty-eight States a whole new staff of supervisors and directors. Here again there is a clear lesson from the experience of 1917, when too many war agencies set up national organizations without due regard to local machinery already organized and ready for use.

It is generally agreed too that registration and service by women should be on a voluntary basis, since we live in a democracy. I have heard it argued that, since men of military age must submit to the requirements of the Selective Service Act, women too should be marshaled for service. This argument would have validity if women of our culture traditionally bore arms and were as essential to the defense effort as men are. But it is patent that any national program for placing all able-bodied women in special wartime jobs would seriously disrupt the normal flow of life which must go on.

In every community the volunteer defense bureau, when one is formed, will have to look round for jobs that need to be done, and publicize its services in the press and over the radio in order that those who can use its services will know how to tap them. In some localities, for instance, the draft boards or their medical examiners may be shorthanded and glad to use competent volunteer assistants, if they know just where these may be found. Again, nurses' aides and "gray ladies" might be used in a number of places outside the hospitals. New York City health centers, for instance,

are so understaffed that the woman who comes to get her baby weighed is given no advice about playgrounds and day nurseries, about classes in meal planning, and about free hospital clinics. Intelligent volunteers, properly trained, could be of help here.

At present it would be difficult for a New York City volunteer bureau to find a useful job for every willing woman—particularly for business girls like those in the Women's Defense Cadet Corps who have only their evenings free. Our social services in the city are already highly organized; our worst problems, such as housing, call for vast expenditures of money rather than for volunteer labor; we have no new defense industries; and so far we have had no great influx of service men in transit or on leave. It is true that the women sponsors of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club have opened an annex with added sleeping space, and more such clubs would be a boon to service men; but quarters of this kind would call for a greater investment of money than of women's labor.

Since cities and towns within easy reach of the training camps were not prepared for the influx of large numbers of service men, the Federal Security Administrator has been asked by the President to stimulate and co-ordinate a recreation and health program in all areas affected by the defense effort. It is expected that additional recreation centers will be built with federal funds, and these centers are to be turned over, for operation, to the United Service Organizations. These six agencies, the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., Salvation Army, Jewish Welfare Board, National Catholic Community Service, and Travelers Aid, have gone to the country for an initial budget of ten million dollars.

In every community the program is to be locally directed. While professionally trained leaders will be engaged, "there will be," the office of the Federal Security Administrator writes me, "many opportunities for volunteer service by women." Already, in 250 communities, representative committees, sometimes composed of both men and women, have opened recreation and refreshment centers (canteen workers could help here), have organized transportation facilities to and from camp (a chance for the various motor corps to be of service), have arranged regular dances and parties for soldiers and sailors, and have planned hospitality programs.

In large metropolitan centers such as San Francisco, Atlanta, and Cincinnati, volunteers are working with the Travelers Aid, giving needed information on rooms, recreation, etc., to service men who find them in booths established at strategic points.

Where there are no soldiers near at hand, home-town women can always form a committee, as suggested by the woman from Havre, Montana, to send good books, magazines, local newspapers, and a few comforts of life to the drafted boys from their area.

Not to be neglected are the workers in the defense industries, many of whom are now living in overcrowded areas under shocking conditions. Where industries have expanded rapidly there is a serious shortage of schools and kindergartens. In one defense area, according to the National Association of Day Nurseries, children of ten families were found locked in trailers during the daytime!

The industrial defense areas, like the camp areas, are within the province of the Social Security Administration and the United Service Organizations. But the needs are so great and so little has been done that the communities concerned should lose no time making a survey of housing, recreational, and school facilities.

These are only a few scattered suggestions as to the sort of work in which volunteer women might suitably engage under the supervision of either the N.S.O. or the local defense council or volunteer bureau. But let me emphasize again that no council or bureau can do such things effectively unless it makes its existence known, keeps its eyes ceaselessly

open for opportunities to serve, and accepts responsibility for whatever it undertakes. Bad organization is worse than no organization at all, and a committee that exists only on paper is futile.

A young woman telephone operator employed by the City of New York, interviewed in a motor mechanics class, told the reporter that she had just completed a sixty-hour course in parachute rigging (at a cost of $25) and that she was next going to study map-reading. She was, she said, taking as many courses as she could so that she "would be able to do a man's job if necessary."

This young woman should not have had to be reminded that a telephone operator would be needed under all circumstances at her switchboard. In wartime, as in peacetime, men and women must co-operate in a number of fields, but it would be foolish for women to get into a dither about pinch-hitting in jobs for which in all probability there will still be men available.

"The one thing I dread," Mayor LaGuardia said when he suggested that young men with dependents be trained as auxiliary fire-fighters, "is confusion from overlapping of jurisdiction and duplication of effort. There are now in existence enough councils and committees and boards and agencies dealing with defense to cause confusion without the aid of an enemy. Each is well meaning and anxious to have a part in the defense program. The complete lack of coordination and training is the problem."

So I should suggest that the untrained woman who wants to enlist for the duration ask herself these questions before she rushes out to sign up with the first defense group she hears about:

Is the organization I am about to join an integral part of the local defense machinery? Am I fitted for this type of work? Is there a more important job to be done in my own home and in the community? And finally, what kind of instruction will give me a chance to do a volunteer job here and now, so that I may be qualified as a dependable worker if and when the emergency arises?

The woman who asks herself these questions and answers them will be on her way to making her best contribution to her country.



AMERICANS NEED PLAY

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

We have a job to do. You and I and everyone. Our job is this: to make America strong. We have lands to hold, our waters to protect, our skies to guard. We have these; but we have more. We have people.

Defense is planes and guns. It is building the health, the physical fitness, the social well-being of all our people and doing it the democratic way. Hungry people, undernourished people, ill people do not make for a strong defense.

This, then, is our job, not all of it, but a vital part; let us make every American stronger, stronger than ever before, sturdier in body, steadier in nerves, surer in living.—HARRIET ELLIOTT, *Consumer Commissioner, National Defense Advisory Commission.*

TO MAKE this country strong we must have a healthy nation. To have a healthy nation we must have, among other things, leisure time and a chance for recreation. Americans have the first. How best at present can they use this chance? Particularly, how can the poorer one-third of the country build its health through outdoor recreation?

There are difficulties. Andy Nason is a drug clerk in Tucson. From June to September in Arizona the temperature is well over 100° by day and 90° at night. Andy stands on his feet eight hours in this heat. How is he going to obtain outdoor recreation to become a healthy American?

Sam Polaski works in a Pittsburgh steel mill. He doesn't want exercise; his job gives him plenty of that. What he needs is a change, rest, sunlight—something like the chance to lie on a beach under a hot sun. Beaches are scarce in Pittsburgh. What chance has he there to become a strong American?

Stan Fiske is a boy who worked his way through Northwestern where he liked to play tennis. Now he is a reporter on a Chicago newspaper and lives with three friends in a small apartment off the Loop. On $18.50 a week he can't afford to join a country club even if he had a car to reach one. Where can he find inexpensive exercise near at hand?

Gene Smirko is on the assembly line in a Detroit automobile factory. He drives home to Hamtramck every night in a 1938 Dodge, pretty exhausted. When Saturday comes he could of course go to Briggs Stadium; for he follows the Tigers. But he would prefer to do something himself, something active. You enjoy golf; maybe he would also. Once a week he needs to get outdoors and forget the grind of the assembly line. How can he manage it?

Here are four Americans. They all earn less than $1,500 a year. Two of them have families. Typical of one-third of the country's population, these Americans cannot take a few weeks to fish in Canada, play golf at Wee Burn, or swim in Florida. Why should they, you may suggest? What about the old swimming hole which was good enough for our fathers? Unfortunately this urbanized population lives far from swimming holes in terms of time, money, and distance—and few swimming holes exist anyhow. What about a trip to the beach? Even if they lived near beaches they might have no chance to swim there. In 1939 the U. S. Department of Agriculture reported that only one per

cent of the entire coast line of the United States was open to public use.

Yet these city dwellers need desperately what these things can bring: sun, air, water, exercise. If when the test comes one third of the nation are unhealthy and underdeveloped we shall be weak indeed. They need to swim, to fish, to lie in the sun. So do their families. How can they become "sturdier in body and steadier in nerves" on small incomes?

Something must be done. Something *has been done.* Since 1935 the WPA, CCC, and NYA, all acting under the supervision of local authorities, have spent $777,000,000 on golf courses, swimming pools, public beaches, roads, camping sites, tennis, handball, and shuffleboard courts for the urbanized population of the country. They have built 1,000 skating rinks, 300 miles of ski trails, toboggan chutes, bob-sled runs, tows, slalom courses, and winter-sports areas. Thanks to governmental aid almost every large city and many small ones now have outdoor-sports developments at hand. If this kind of thing were not available for the four American families described above they would have nothing. Their leisure would be spent in pool rooms, on grimy front porches, in bleachers at ball games, or listening to the radio in steaming kitchens.

Notice too that this kind of recreation is American. It is democratic. It is voluntary and not obligatory. It is in contrast to the recreation in European nations where emphasis is not placed on fun, or a good time outdoors, or rest and relaxation; but on creating a disciplined, regimented, and unthinking group of physically fit youth for the service of the fatherland. Here the emphasis has been on recreation for the benefit of the individual; there, on recreation for the good of the state.

II

Do the American people use these facilities provided? They do. The National Recreation Association reports a steady use of public athletic layouts. This is confirmed by the officials of the public parks, of the Forest Service, by local recreation authorities all over the nation. Not only are the pools, courts, archery ranges, softball diamonds, beaches, and trails thronged with out-of-door Americans of every age; but recently improvements in flood lighting have multiplied their efficiency. Many are now usable at night. This is a great advantage, especially in the South where torrid heat in midsummer renders physical exercise by day almost impossible.

Some examples of how these public facilities for outdoor play are actually used may be interesting. New York's Department of Parks reports that the number of people playing on their golf courses in 1939 was more than 600,000. Ten years ago there were 50 public tennis courts in Cincinnati; to-day there are almost 200. In 1939 they were used by 211,000 players. More than 30,000 lovers of the outdoors went on nature walks in the parks of Iowa one summer. A million and a half winter-sports enthusiasts visited the National Forests of the West in 1939, largely in the States of California, Oregon, Utah, Washington, and Colorado. All these figures will be exceeded when statistics for 1940 are available.

For many years sports writers, coaches, and followers of athletics have speculated as to why championship material comes in such volume from the Pacific Coast. In track, in tennis, in rowing, in swimming and half a dozen other sports, Californians have led the nation. One little-appreciated factor has been the provision for public recreational facilities in that State. Los Angeles was the first city in the nation to have a separate municipal department devoted solely to public recreation. California cities long ago recognized the need to furnish outdoor sport for those who could not afford to belong to country clubs. Then they did something. The results are astonishing—and not merely in the mass production of champions.

Thus Los Angeles, which styles itself "the city of recreation," has 100,000 tennis players who use its public courts each year. Every summer their public courts tournament lists over 3,000 entries; 50,000 took part in an adult sport program recently; 17,000 young men played in the municipal baseball league at night; 9,500,000 swarmed on playgrounds and beaches along Santa Monica Bay the same summer; 450,000 boys and girls swam in the city municipal pools. Other cities are following the example of Los Angeles, demonstrating that wherever facilities are reasonably cheap and accessible they are used by those for whom they were intended.

Sometimes you may have said to yourself, as many Americans have done, "If only I were rich I'd buy a Cadillac." Or, "I'd visit the Yosemite." Or, "I'd take a cruise." But you *are* rich by contrast with the bulk of the American people. Only 3 per cent of our population earn as much as $5,000 a year. The majority of them live on a bare subsistence level. This is the majority for whom these facilities were intended. You may be interested in seeing how some individuals from that group spend their leisure time.

The Pittsburgh steel worker, for instance. He makes $1,450 a year, has a wife and two children. Where can he obtain that rest and relaxation, that chance to lie on a beach under a hot sun that he and his family need? Representative Otis Bland of Virginia recently introduced a bill to provide for the establishment of a National Seashore under the control of the Park Service, stretching from Cape Henlopen, Delaware, to the south end of Assateague Island, Virginia. But that is 350 miles or more from Pittsburgh.

However, that steel worker has an adequate substitute at home: the Olympic Pool in North Park, 150 feet wide and 500 feet long, one of two in the United States. This pool, built with WPA labor and money, is located in a natural park of 80 acres on the outskirts of Pittsburgh. Here is the answer to Sam's problem. He cannot get to an Atlantic beach, but he can take his family up to North Park where there is swimming for all of them in different parts of the pool. The same sun shines there as along the Atlantic seaboard.

What sort of people use the forests of the nation? All kinds; but mostly people who need them badly. Miss Althea Dobbins tells about some of them in *Forest Outings*, published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture: "Anaconda, the copper town, lies in a sweltering valley. The rows of paintless houses that creep up the hill to the mill belie the bright activity of the main street. Towering over the city stands the giant smelter smokestack, belching yellow smoke over the bare brown hills. The air is hot and smells of acrid fumes from the plant.

"Twenty miles to the west lies the Deerlodge National Forest, with Echo Lake and the cool recesses of the forest to which these people can escape. Many families drive out for picnicking and camping; but the majority of users are young people who run up for some fun and privacy in the out-of-doors." She describes them. They drive ancient flivvers that must be rocked to make the self-starter work. They swim, build fires, camp out in the forest. Where would these young people and others like them in the vicinity go, and how would they get any life outdoors, if they could not visit a National Forest?

Gene Smirko has a different recreational problem. He is twenty-five, single, husky; as I have said, he works in a Detroit automobile factory. During a lay-off in 1932 he got a job as a caddy at the fashionable Lochmoor Club at Grosse Pointe. There in odd moments he learned golf. Back on a factory job the next year, he continued playing, on a municipal course.

Gene hits a hard ball. On recent Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays he can be found early at the Rackham Municipal Links. Some day he may be good

enough to win the city title and so qualify for the National Public Links Championship. He may even win that. (This isn't as fantastic as it sounds. In 1940 the four semi-finalists in this tournament were a thirty-two-year-old metal polisher from Utica, New York, a thirty-one-year-old salesman from Minneapolis, a twenty-four-year-old clerk from Denver, and a twenty-eight-year-old automobile worker from Detroit.)

These young people are typical of the Americans who make use of the 700 municipal golf courses dotted across the nation, the 10,000 tennis courts constructed by the WPA between 1935 and 1940, the miles of ski trails in the National Forests, the handball and horseshoe courts, the skating rinks, playgrounds, bicycle paths, and public beaches. In 1940, 38 million Americans visited the 175,232,000 acres of the 165 National Forests. They camped and fished and swam in the 27 National Parks that cover 21,550,000 acres in a dozen States. They used the county parks in urbanized sections. The 34,000 acres of the Cook County Forest Preserve are within a minute to an hour's reach of 4,000,000 city dwellers. Stan Fiske, who plays tennis there, is one of them.

You can appreciate the variety of outdoor recreation now used by the American citizen by observing a typically modern set-up such as that in the Union County, N. J., Park System. (There are national, State, county, and municipal parks in this country.) F. S. Mathewson, Superintendent of Recreation, in his annual report lists the sports available as archery, badminton, baseball, bowling, camping, cross-country, field hockey, golf, handball, rifle shooting, soccer, softball, skeet, swimming, tennis, track, trapshooting, and winter sports of every kind. What university can show as complete a sports program for its students?

A forerunner of the recreational centers of the future is the Rancho Cienga Playground of thirty acres built along Exposition Boulevard in Los Angeles several years ago, at a cost of $218,971, of which the WPA contributed $166,824. This field includes 4 baseball diamonds, 2 softball diamonds, 12 tennis courts, 2 soccer and football fields, a running track, outdoor basketball courts, volleyball, croquet and horseshoe courts, ping-pong tables, and an outdoor gymnasium, as well as dressing rooms and other facilities. It too is used constantly.

Commissioner Robert Moses of New York (I had hoped to get through this article without quoting Mr. Moses but it appears impossible) said recently: "All age groups have been provided for in the active recreation field. For younger children there are slides, swings, and sand boxes, and safe facilities for bicycling and roller skating; for adolescents there are paddle tennis, roller and ice hockey, basketball, baseball, football; while adults are provided with golf, tennis, croquet, shuffleboard and bocci, in addition to bridle paths and hundreds of miles of paved walks." In most cities to-day recreational facilities are ingeniously adapted for year-round use. Thus when the swimming season ends, pools are drained and changed into outdoor play centers with space for shuffleboard, volley ball, paddle tennis, and basketball. Bathhouses become indoor play centers during the same period.

These are the outward and visible signs only. What the intangibles must be in health, in improved morale, in gains in physique and stamina; what this program means as an asset to the nation in critical times, is difficult to compute. What is it worth to that drug clerk in Tucson, where an egg can be fried on the pavement outside his store in midsummer, to have a mountain park within driving distance where he and his children can swim in cool lakes and sleep out all night under blankets?

To be sure, public recreation is by no means new in the United States. It was Theodore Roosevelt who first gave public appeal to the work of the Forest Service, and during his terms of office

set aside 132,000 acres of timberland as national forest reserves. Public recreation assumed real importance in the middle twenties, and made advances rapidly under the Hoover Administration. But not until 1935 was the WPA put to work enlarging and strengthening athletic facilities. It was the WPA that built the pool in Pittsburgh where Sam Polaski's family sun-bathe and swim in summer. It was the CCC which opened up the road that Andy Nason takes with his family along the mountain slopes on torrid week-ends in July and August. Where would they go, what would they do, how would they exercise outdoors, these Americans, if such opportunities were unavailable?

Remember they are not offered free. Not at all. But they are priced so that Americans in low-income groups can afford them. The golf courses round Manhattan collected $295,727 from 603,000 golfers in 1939. (Back in 1934 they took only $161,000 from 343,000 players.) Those municipal pools in Los Angeles charge five cents to boys and girls, ten cents to youths up to the age of twenty, and twenty cents to adults. In Cincinnati public recreational facilities earned $114,000 in 1939—more than was allocated to the Recreation Commission of the city from tax moneys. In this country-wide provision for outdoor exercise little is actually free. It is, however, within the range of the pocketbooks of the poor. Occasionally tennis courts and sports grounds are self-supporting. As a rule they are not, because the fees are purposely kept low.

Now experience has demonstrated that the most valid recreational program is of little use without competent leadership. That means trained leadership; men and women who have good technical education, who possess enthusiasm and a natural aptitude for this kind of work. Until recent years little was accomplished in the way of leadership training. At present, however, over thirty colleges have established courses in the training of recreational leaders. The need is recognized and something is being done about it. This doesn't mean the rearing of a class of sporting bureaucrats attached to the state. It simply means that if you have golf courses and tennis tournaments you must have supervision. Tennis tournaments do not just run themselves.

To-day public recreation is a force for democracy. That this immense program is valid in terms of the national good is hardly arguable. That it is used, sometimes over-used by millions, is evident. That it is getting increasingly competent leadership is admitted. Then what is there to worry about? The danger—and it is a great danger to-day—is that having achieved the impossible in public recreation since 1920, we stand to lose it all if we are not careful.

III

For there is a real danger that in the effort to meet the defense bill we may cut down on the recreation bill as if it were a needless luxury, and throw away this tremendous national asset. The problem facing every park authority, every recreation department, and every government official serving the nation outdoors at present is one of maintaining the existing structure. Funds for recreation are no longer following the general upward curve with its resultant demands for increased service. Everywhere is the cry for retrenchment.

In 1939 the Department of Playground and Recreation in Los Angeles had to maintain many more public facilities with a broader program and much greater attendance, with no more revenue than in 1929! It was allotted six cents on each $100 of assessed valuation, which amounted to fifty-five cents per capita per year. That is the price of one motion-picture show ticket. In New York, Commissioner Moses budgeted this year for $12,995,413. His request was slashed almost 20 per cent to $10,778,451. "Once again," said Mayor La Guardia," I am bank-

ing heavily on the ingenuity and efficiency of the Park Department to pull through."

The Pittsburgh Superintendent of Parks, Ralph E. Griswold, reported recently: "Since 1936 the City has enhanced its capital investment in park facilities by regular contract projects which have more than doubled public use of the parks. Compare this 100 per cent increase in use with a 24 per cent increase in appropriation for operation and maintenance." He continues, "No amount of mechanical equipment or temporary relief projects can compensate for insufficient florists, foresters, animal keepers, carpenters, painters, and attendants for recreational facilities such as golf, tennis, bowling on the green, picnics, and playgrounds. Improvements and regular city contracts have expanded park use out of all proportion to appropriations for annual maintenance and operation. We are in the situation that a factory would be if it invested vast sums in new machinery and did not provide enough men to operate the machines to capacity."

Everywhere the problem is the same. In Cincinnati where they are operating 170 more tennis courts than in 1932 with no more tax moneys, Tam Deering, Director of Recreation, reports: "The Recreation Committee by multiplying its maintenance staff through utilization of the Work Relief Program and by multiplying its earnings, has mastered at least temporarily the problem of maintenance as created through the trebling of its acreage and facilities. But the Commission has not solved and cannot solve the problem presented in the rapid deterioration of buildings and swimming pools, with no funds for rehabilitation."

Conrad L. Wirth, Supervisor of Recreation for the National Park Service, states their philosophy: "Every individual is an important social entity in our Nation, and care of this individual's leisure time in a healthful and enjoyable way is a national family problem." Since 1935 an attempt has been made to overcome the difficulties of outdoor recreation for low-income groups in this country. Now the problem rests with the citizens. Shall they add the few mills necessary on local taxes to support this public endeavor or do they prefer to see it gradually disintegrate?

One cannot ask people to save, to sacrifice, to risk their lives in war unless they are offered something to fight for. Propagandists for democracy (of whom I am one) do no service to their cause or their country when they overlook the achievements of democracy in the field of public recreation. There is nothing comparable anywhere on earth, not even in Germany, where no small proportion of the public recreational facilities was paid for back in boom times by loans from American bankers.

Nothing which is furnished to the American citizen in public recreation is compulsory. Some of us find constructive leisure-time activities by ourselves without any public assistance. On the other hand, millions are stimulated when given the chance of using public places for recreation, of joining group activities. For these citizens, of every age and both sexes, this nation-wide program is vital. Yet this "pursuit of happiness" is now threatened. What has been slowly and painfully achieved may be lost.

A young man in the New York area, about to be drafted, was asked what democracy meant to him. He answered in two words: "Jones Beach." There have been worse definitions.

"THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE"

THE QUESTION OF POST-WAR RECONSTRUCTION

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THERE is a current popular song in which the phrase "There'll be some changes made" recurs again and again. The mood of the phrase—vague, tinged with hopeful longing and good intention—comes uncomfortably close to the tone of much of the discussion of what must be done "after the war is over." After the war is over—if our friends win—troubles that have plagued the world since time immemorial will vanish like mist in the sun. Well, nearly vanish.

It is as though the shock of war had crystallized intimations felt for twenty years: that the economy of the entire world was out of joint, that things could not go on as they had been going and that something must be done. Men of good will—some of them in big political jobs—assure us that restrictions on freedom and, especially, economic freedom will be, must be, done away with. Big business people, experienced in international trade, feel that economic reorganization of the world has got to be accomplished somehow if anybody hopes to do business at a profit any more. Of course the moralists are absolutely certain that the great reform can and must be done. Well, how? More skeptical politicians, accustomed to a world of business and thinking in business terms, may have doubts about the men of good will, but just the same some changes will have to be made. Well, what? The phrase implies a conscious application to the task and some sense of direction.

The world will be confronted with the problem of development. Development implies change, readjustment, adaptation, anything but a static condition. If it is to be made the watchword any talk of a return to the *status quo ante bellum* is nonsense. If the war itself is not a sufficient guarantee that this is impossible, then the nature of the programs proposed for the future is a guarantee that a return to the old ways is not wanted. It is true that a plea for business as usual will make a tremendous appeal to business men and that most politicians will not have any other sort of program anyhow. If, then, the men of good will are not to be routed they had best look sharp at their own plans, and remember that the people are not interested in business as usual. In this country, for example, they do not want to go from WPA through war back to WPA again.

We must assume that the crusaders for social progress have thought up a strategy. We must assume too that they have thought up a way of differentiating sharply between schemes for adapting ourselves to the post-war chaos and schemes for surmounting that chaos. A sharp distinction must be made between *rehabilitation* (repairing the ravages of war) and *reconstruction* (a fundamental reordering of economic and social life). The basic criterion of the latter will be higher standards of living all round.

After the last war the passion for

"normalcy" and the lazy-minded acceptance of the sufficiency of providing jerry-built storm-cellars as refuges from the winds of chaos blowing through the world, led us imperceptibly into the card-catalogued chaos which existed when the present war broke out. We, and most persons, were flattered into the belief that various and sundry controls over production and trade were the answer to all the social and economic problems that confronted us. We now know that that was not true. The present cry for change is a revulsion from the goings-on between wars. Revulsion from one mistake may lead, if thought is not taken, to the making of a new error, different in kind but equally disastrous in consequences.

In order to make intelligent changes we must know where we shall be when the time comes to begin work; we must clearly understand the way in which the development of the world was accomplished in times past and to what degree that way is relevant to-day; and we must give intensive thought to the discovery of new approaches to the problem. We must, moreover, keep a sharp watch for perversions of our constructive purposes into which we may be led by appeals to traditional ideas. To reconstruct the world will be a harder task than to save it from the Nazis, for we shall have to do it when tired out by war and confronted with the enormous but incidental job of rehabilitation, which will absorb a great deal of our energy.

II

The few rich nations of the world will desire to reconstruct their own economies and also assist as far as possible the poor nations to develop theirs, at least to the point of escaping grinding poverty. We must know how the nations line up as to wealth and poverty. The best quick view of the situation is to be found in Colin Clark's *The Conditions of Economic Progress*, published in London in 1940, where there is a classification of the nations on the basis of real income per head in terms of a statistical fiction he calls the international income unit. We get this picture: before the war broke out, six-tenths of the people of the globe lived in extreme poverty; one-tenth lived in the midst of relative abundance; and the rest were ranged between these extremes.

The fortunate tenth lived in the United States, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Great Britain, Switzerland, Holland, Irish Free State, and Argentina. We all know that within these countries there were appalling extremes of well-being explicable in terms of income maldistribution; but that is not our present concern. Contrasted with the nations enjoying relative abundance, were those in which extreme poverty was the prevailing condition. These were China, British India, the Dutch Indies, and much of Asia outside these areas, most of Africa, most of Oceania except Australia, New Zealand, and perhaps Hawaii, and a large portion of Latin America. These areas and nations have traditionally been the fields in which the wealthy nations have operated as imperialist powers; and it is to their problems that a great deal of attention will have to be directed in the future. Between these extremes we find a long list of nations scattered over four continents. At the top of the list, close to abundance, were France, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, Belgium, and Uruguay in South America, followed on a slightly lower level by Norway, Spain, Chile, Yugoslavia, and Brazil. Lower still in the middle group —and therefore trending toward extreme poverty—were such European nations as Greece, Finland, Poland, Italy, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Portugal; such Far Eastern nations as Japan and the Philippines; such Near Eastern nations as Turkey and Syria; and such African nations as Algeria, Egypt, Morocco, and South Africa. Many of these have also in the past been given attention by the imperialist nations.

To clarify this picture several general-

izations can be made. Only two of the five continents have thus far achieved relative abundance—North America and Australia—the former on a higher and more secure level.

Europe is best understood by recalling a concept developed by the French economist Francis Delaisi. According to him there are two Europes: industrialized Europe, based on coal and iron resources, and satellite Europe, based upon agriculture. Delaisi has drawn a circle on the map to bound industrialized Europe. The line runs from Bergen in Norway to Stockholm in Sweden, down through Danzig and Cracow, Poland, to Budapest in Hungary, from whence it drops to Florence in Italy, skirts across northern Spain through Barcelona and Bilbao, runs up through Belfast in Ireland to Glasgow in Scotland, and thence back to Bergen. Completely inside the circle are England, France, Belgium, and Germany. These nations are either among those which have had relative abundance or high up on the list of those standing between abundance and extreme poverty. The European nations which have stood so far down the intermediate list as to be perilously close to extreme poverty are all outside the magic circle. Asia and Africa are the poorest continents of the world and no nation on them has achieved anything approaching relative abundance. Japan, politically the most important Far Eastern nation, has been low down in the intermediate group. In the Near East a nation like Turkey has been just over the edge of extreme poverty. In Africa the nation standing highest has been Algeria, but its level has been equivalent to that of Japan. The rest of the continent has been in a sorry state.

It must be emphasized again that this classification is based upon real income per head, the determinant of prosperity or the reverse. It tells us nothing about the distribution of income within the nations; and certainly tells us nothing about how the governments employ that share of the national income they obtain through taxation. It is well known that, while Japan is far down the list, there are in that country many fantastically wealthy individuals and corporations and that a tremendous proportion of the national income is expended on armaments to aggrandize the national power. A nation may, therefore, appear before the world in false-face. But markedly to improve living standards requires more than a mere redistribution of the existing income; it also requires steps to raise individual productivity. The Japanese would be better off if the income going into armaments were devoted to social services; it is true that a welfare state is better than a power state. But without fundamental domestic reconstruction Japan could not get to a very high level even as a welfare state.

In general, poverty in our world is closely associated with peasant farming and the plantation system—with the production of foodstuffs and raw materials under these conditions. Also the more subsistence farming the poorer the nation. The poverty areas are further characterized by the fact that they usually stand in a "colonial" relation to the highly industrialized countries. Even within Europe this is true, for the poor countries outside Delaisi's circle have stood in colonial relation to countries inside. To make the same point in a different way, a classification of the nations into those which have been exporters of raw materials chiefly and exporters of manufactures chiefly, with reference to the earlier list, gives this result:

RAW MATERIAL EXPORTERS

Netherland Indies (poverty)
Tropical Africa (poverty)
South Sea Islands (poverty)
Mexico (low intermediate)
Central America (poverty)
Brazil (intermediate)
United States (abundance)
Canada (abundance)
Australia (abundance)
South Africa (poverty)
Argentina (abundance)
Bulgaria (poverty)
Rumania (poverty)
Yugoslavia (poverty), et al.

MANUFACTURES EXPORTERS
Great Britain (abundance)
France (close to abundance)
Belgium (close to abundance)
Holland (close to abundance)
Switzerland (abundance)
United States (abundance), et al.

The nations which have exported raw materials and have escaped poverty are found to have two important characteristics: high productivity in the agricultural industries and no peasantry or plantation production, and a considerable development of manufacturing. We shall return to their characteristics later.

In dealing with the problem of further development of the world's resources, the fundamental task of post-war reconstruction, we shall have to solve the problems of the technology of production and also those of capital investment and trade. And it is not the problems of technology which will chiefly cause trouble. These cannot be dismissed with a wave of the hand, but they can usually be solved without too much difficulty. In many instances it is a question of applying existing knowledge. The problems of capital investment and trade, on the other hand, can be solved only after hard thought. If we really want to bring the poverty-stricken nations up toward the levels which have existed in the better-off nations, we shall, I am sure, have to build new institutional structures in these fields. To make it clear why this is true we must examine the way in which the world was developed during the nineteenth century, the century of greatest progress in this respect. The country which took the lead was Great Britain.

III

The story of British developmental activities round the globe in the nineteenth century has often been told, both in terms of economic history and of romance. From either angle it is a remarkable story. It embraces a considerable and by no means the least important part of the histories of such nations as the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, Argentina, and large tracts in Africa and Asia—a perfectly amazing proportion of the territory of the globe. It embraces such commodities as wheat, wool, cotton, gold, base metals of all kinds, rubber, meats, hides, dairy products, sugar—practically everything modern man requires. However sardonically we may view the official ideology of the adventure, it would be a blind person who failed to understand that the British in the nineteenth century were either directly or indirectly responsible for a tremendous proportion of the economic development which took place.

The early part of the adventure is readily summarized:

> In the nineteenth century there developed a highly interdependent world economy. The equilibrium of world economic forces was based on an international division of labor which had slowly and gradually evolved. The world had become a closely knit, integrated economic structure with interdependent parts radiating from a central point. That center was the manufacturing belt of northwestern Europe, erected on the basis of rich mineral resources. London was the commercial and financial heart of the whole system. Round this center, spreading in ever-widening circles, were areas of intensive animal husbandry, grain production, and forestry, and, in the remoter parts, the extensive production of animals, cereals, foods, and fibers. The closely articulated trade of quality products at the center rested upon the possibility of drawing the needed raw materials from the periphery of the integrated world economic structure.
>
> This localization of industry and the interchange of products between nations and regions were a direct consequence of the unequal distribution of material and human resources. First and foremost was the unequal rate of progress in mechanical technics and skills. Of these England retained well nigh a monopoly until the third quarter of the nineteenth century. There was so much to be gained from an exchange of goods that it was inevitable that England with her new industrial technics should enter into extensive trade relations with the rest of the world. The industrially backward countries found their raw materials had become invested with new value and that they could now be exchanged for a variety of manufactured goods.
>
> About the middle of the century, economic internationalism reached its zenith.

What happened then? The point is of crucial importance.

What happened was that Englishmen discovered that they could export the machinery and skills required to produce commodities as well as the commodities themselves. The consequence was the "internationalization of modern technology." England's monopoly of mechanical technics and skills began to disintegrate. This was an immensely important development: a basic factor in any satisfactory explanation of what has happened to the world in the past seventy-five years.

What this export of technology has meant in the history of the United States needs no elaboration, for it is the foundation on which our industrial structure was built. The same is true of Germany. And it has played an exactly similar role in Japan. Technology revolutionized India. Canada and Australia have taken advantage of it; also Argentina and Brazil. Wherever you turn you will find that the rise of manufacturing is a fundamental factor in the history of nations in recent times. The degree of development differs widely, but it must not be overlooked that the process is still going on. The "internationalization of modern technology"—the trade in machines and machine tools—is not an impulse that has exhausted itself or that shows signs of exhaustion. Rather, the signs point to the acceleration of the process in the future. It is a fundamental factor in world economic relations yesterday, to-day, and above all, tomorrow.

From the very moment that the English began to export their mechanical technics and skills they were destroying the foundations of the particular kind of prosperity that they had enjoyed in the middle of the nineteenth century. They were, whether they realized it or not, transforming the basic factors in international economic relations. In the beginning this export of machine technics was all to the advantage of England. English money flowed out of the country to build railways and other communications in the far parts of the world, including the United States. Materials for their construction also went abroad. As the facilities came into use, English money went out to develop new plantations, estates, stations, farms, and mines. Incredible quantities of foodstuffs for English consumption and raw materials for processing flowed back to England in payment. The English merchant marine flourished on the traffic out and back; banks and insurance companies throve mightily. But when the next stage was reached, the stage of building manufacturing industries in the outlands (an Englishman traditionally goes "out" from England to every other part of the world), then the foundations of trouble were laid. The reciprocal relation described in the long quotation began to be weakened.

England's trade began a slow transformation. And when the outlands reached a stage of industrial development where they could dispense with supplies from England, England's own industries could continue to thrive so long only as sales of these particular commodities could be made to countries which had not yet industrialized.

For a long time this was possible. But with the older customers England could continue to trade only by beating a retreat in such lines as they could now supply themselves and trying to gain and hold the trade in lines such as they had not yet begun to make for themselves. When the process of adjusting English industry to new conditions got out of hand the result was the appearance within England of depressed areas, areas in which the industries which had formerly supported them had fallen victim to the consequences of the internationalization of modern technology. This happened between wars.

There is another aspect to this story. No sooner had this export of technology begun than tariffs were set up. The young American iron industry did not want to stand the competition of im-

ported English iron manufactures; the New England cotton spinners were not eager to see Manchester goods in American stores. Tariffs were promptly provided to protect our infant industries. What the United States did, the dominions and other countries did also. The free flow of manufactured goods out from England and raw materials coming back was impeded; a conflict of economic policy between the dominions and the mother country began. It has never stopped. The dominions wanted to increase their manufactures and sell more food and raw materials to England; other countries did too. During the past forty years repeated attempts were made to adjust the differences between England and the dominions through preference tariffs of various sorts. The most notable attempt was the Ottawa Agreement of 1932, when England finally accepted the preference-and-protection system for herself. W. K. Hancock, the brilliant Australian historian, explains the triumph as revealing "not only a growing awareness of progress in the overseas Empire, but a growing realization of stagnation at home." But even the Ottawa schemes had broken down by 1938; there simply was no way in which England could absorb all that the dominions could send; the growth of manufactures in other countries and the dominions steadily whittled away the English markets.

No longer was England in a position to encourage increases in primary production in the dominions. The dominions must look elsewhere for outlets if they chose to increase production—outside the Empire, but where? They could seek relief through industrialization—even little New Zealand adopted this line of escape; but obviously that would put England in a difficult position as exporter. Nevertheless . . . When the present war broke out, therefore, the British world-community was facing severe economic troubles. The England of the nineteenth century, the England which was the thriving center of a constantly expanding world system of production and trade based upon the international division of labor, no longer existed because the international division of labor no longer existed. The internationalization of modern technology had destroyed it.

The emphasis thus far has been placed upon the consequences of spreading industrial equipment throughout the world. To complete the picture it is necessary to deal with the question of surpluses of foodstuffs and raw materials. Surpluses arise in a variety of ways, but basically they are caused by a greater increase in production than is warranted by demand. They may be created when a former importer decides to produce the particular commodity at home, whether to develop an economy able to endure siege in wartime, or to escape the necessity of using up foreign exchange which it has become difficult to obtain because of a poor competitive position in the world market, or to develop an imperial domain. France and Italy acted this way between wars with regard to wheat, among other things. Efforts of this kind leave old suppliers in the lurch and surpluses result. Or surpluses may be created by the failure of an importing nation to establish and maintain, for various complicated reasons, a healthy import-export relation with its natural opposite numbers. When Germany's normal trade relations collapsed in the early 30's the foodstuffs and raw materials that she had been buying in the Balkans and South America became surpluses in those countries. Frequently surpluses have been created simply because, in the absence of a natural monopoly due to geographical factors, several nations have sought to develop their territories by engaging in the same line of production. This is true of wheat, sugar, and cotton. And surpluses may be created when a nation seeks to escape the consequences of one surplus by turning to a different but already freely available commodity, as when Brazil, despairing of coffee, turned to cotton.

The matter is of interest because it represents in the field of agricultural and raw material production generally an internationalization of production technics comparable to that in manufacturing; because the difficulties thus caused have been met by resorting to protection, as with manufacturing; because where favors on the home market have not sufficed, restrictions on production have been imposed; and because, finally, the upshot has been not only interference with full production in already developed areas but also interference with the opening up of new areas except under special conditions.

For example, Australia has developed the only really rich portion of its tropical territory by establishing a cane-sugar industry. But that industry cannot compete in the world market, so it is elaborately protected and granted favors in the home market. What sugar cannot be sold there is sent to England, where it has a favored position as an Empire product, and is sold for what it will bring. But since no final answer has been found within this system, the bringing of new areas into production is prevented by law. Again, when Japan decided to develop its Mandated Islands just to the north of Australia, it paid no attention to this situation and carried out the development on the basis of sugar. How? Not with regard to the international division of labor, but by incorporating the islands into the Japanese home economy, thus giving them a preferred position in the Japanese market.

Just as manufacturing has traditionally developed outside England behind tariff walls, so agricultural development has increasingly taken the same tack. Since the division of labor no longer exists in world agriculture, it has become increasingly difficult to develop new areas in relation to the open world market. In recent years new development has taken place chiefly by tying new areas of production to a particular market and closing it tightly to competitive suppliers. When this is impossible potential areas of production have not been opened up. Thus Negley Farson tells us in *Behind God's Back* that rich tracts in Africa held by the British are not being developed by them. He regards this as disgraceful, but he incidentally admits that the trouble is lack of markets. This is the heart of the difficulty. He would have felt the same annoyance and confronted the same difficulty had he visited the great island of New Guinea, or the Fiji Islands, or wide areas in South America. This was the situation when the present war broke out.

As the present world situation developed state controls have multiplied in manufacturing and industry. Government "interference" with business became epidemic. The present war has multiplied and extended the controls until in actively belligerent countries they have become "total," when not totalitarian. Few realists expect that they will be discarded when the war is over. Rather there will be a sharp political struggle within each nation to gain the right to manipulate them. For just as during the war the state (or the government wielding state power) can determine the nature and extent of production to fit war needs, so after the war will it be proposed to use the new machinery to raise living standards, or to insure the position of the owner-producers, or to aggrandize the state through armaments, lavish public works—or what have you. Those who expect this war to lead to a return to the free market system are doomed to disappointment. Wendell Willkie's war aim isn't in the cards.

IV

We have concentrated attention upon the decline of the English nineteenth-century pattern of international activity in industry and agriculture, accompanied by money lending and trading. The position of the United States must now be defined. That position is also a classic. It is being duplicated elsewhere, as we shall see. But it is, on examina-

tion, not as easy as that of England to understand. The American economy is rather more complicated, far more difficult to manage, and no generally accepted principles of management have ever been discovered.

The United States was originally developed by establishing intimate reciprocal relations with the "manufacturing belt of northwestern Europe" of which "London was the commercial and financial heart." As the English system of world development progressed in its appointed round this country was one of the outstanding beneficiaries, taking precedence, as dominion historians often point out, over the British dominions themselves. But the United States by deliberate policy from very early in its history, and especially after the Civil War, adopted the policy of protection. The purpose was to develop manufacturing. So spectacular was American success that its example has carried enormous weight with other "new" countries.

But as things turned out, the United States did not become another England in the field of international economics. It became instead an absolutely unique nation, especially after the financial consequences of the First World War were digested. It was an exporter simultaneously of foodstuffs and raw materials, manufactures, and money. The economic system which made this possible cannot be compared to that of nineteenth-century England. It leaves infinitely fewer *imports* which can be freely received. Our imports are huge because of the size of our economy, but in all-important diversity, they do not measure up to what England was able to take in by way of payment for exported manufactures and money.

But in the absence of any but the English theory of running an international economic system, a desperate effort was made between wars to make the American economy run along nineteenth-century English lines. The effort was a distressing failure. We tried to be internationalists as sellers. But we also tried to be strict nationalists as buyers even within our limited range. We see our trouble, but we are still blundering, trying to make our complex economy function satisfactorily in an international context. About the only way in which we might become another nineteenth-century England would be to destroy by policy that huge part of our economy which makes us different in kind, let alone size, from nineteenth-century England. That is the part devoted to agriculture. We should have to destroy all of it that produces for export, and destroy an appreciable proportion of that which is producing for domestic consumption. We don't like that idea at all.

A number of the "new" countries in which manufacturing is being developed are assuming the economic shape (though not the size) of the United States. They are now sufficiently far along with their industrial development to be wondering where they are going to end. What they really confront—I refer to such countries as Australia, Canada, Brazil, Argentina, and so on—is well expressed by Emile Bruguiere in the *Survey Graphic* with regard to Argentina:

> The question that plagues Argentina is whether further plant expansion and the development of new industries will mean decline of the port [Buenos Aires] and the great agricultural hinterland it represents. To-day Argentina is divided against itself in the hope for self-sufficiency. With the value of food stuffs at present almost the same as that of industrial production, the cleavage is both serious and bitter. The country wants continuation of reciprocal trade; the city demands industrial expansion. The country admits that trade reciprocity holds no golden future and keeps Argentina tied to foreign apron strings; the city confesses that it has no solution for the dilemma its industry creates.

The present war is giving the upper hand to the city in the new countries. But that circumstance is not solving any problems. We still do not know how successfully to run economies highly developed industrially and agriculturally, especially when both parts demand export outlets.

Only one new country can be said to

have reason to believe that it can function along the classic English lines. That is Japan. But Japan tried to work the English system and failed, for very important reasons. She failed because, while welcome as a buyer, she was not welcome as a seller. As a seller she collided with an old established international seller, England, and a new international seller, the United States, and also with the growing industries of the countries from whom she was prepared to buy raw materials, like Australia. She came too late to be another England.

Germany is also a nation which might function along the classic lines. That is really what she proposes to do. And the way in which she proposes to turn the trick is a devastating proof that the system will not work smoothly in a free world. Reporting Nazi proposals for trade relations after the war, John Cudahy wrote in the *New York Times* for April 27, 1941:

> On this [Nazi] economic map [of Europe], the Continent would be partitioned into spheres for raw materials and industry . . . in this new economy there will be an international labor and economic grouping, each area producing in accordance with its capacity and all complementing each other with reciprocal trade relationships under the direction of Germany, with Berlin as the central clearinghouse.

If this isn't a planned reversion to the English system in its most primitive form, a reversion brought about by force and maintained by force, what is it? We learn elsewhere that the raw-material countries will be deindustrialized to insure to Germany all of their domestic markets. This seems to nail down my contention that the prospects of progressing to higher levels by attempting to revive the collapsed nineteenth-century system are non-existent. England can no longer make it work as a principle of forward action, of further development. The Nazis can revive it only by force. The Japanese apparently intend to do much the same in their co-prosperity sphere of Greater East Asia.

The people of the United States are being asked to-day to pay particular attention to the problems of Latin America. This continent is in need of development and, for economic, political, and geographical reasons the United States should take an active part in the task. It is said to be our special assignment in the task of developing the world to eliminate poverty. Experts have made it abundantly clear that there is plenty to do and that it is technically possible to do it. I have read no comment on Latin America that suggests that there are insoluble technological obstacles to full development. Where the whole business becomes exceedingly difficult is in the fields of money lending and trade.

Even here, suggestions have been made which seem to provide answers, but on examination they fit in ill with the professed aims of men of good will. The United States professes to seek a system in which the benefits will be spread in an equitable fashion and make the economic relations of nations mutually, instead of exclusively, profitable. That is the approach we are supposed to make to Latin America. Can we do it?

First of all, because of the character of our own production the United States cannot offer a market for the principal temperate-climate products of Latin America. These must continue to find outlets in Europe and the Orient as in the past. This is widely understood, even by those who deplore it. The search, therefore, is for products the United States can import as payment for capital lent and goods sold. These are chiefly minerals, tropical agricultural commodities, and specialty goods. Of these our established trade with Latin America is chiefly composed.

It is surely plain that we have not reached our present stage of development without the new things we propose to take. Rather we have drawn them in large quantities from other than Latin-American sources, for example rubber and quinine. We could of course encourage the production of these in Latin America. Both were originally found

there and acclimatized elsewhere for intensive commercial production. They could be brought back to South America without too much trouble. And they are only two items on a very long list.

Three types of people argue that we should assist actively in developing tropical Latin America so systematically that practically nothing that can possibly be produced is ignored. One type I should rudely call the thoughtless; another thinks in terms of the economics of siege and argues that we must produce all our necessities within our area of military power; and the third accepts as inevitable the division of the world into huge, hostile blocs. The spokesmen for the economics of siege and for the bloc system presumably know what they are about, and the thoughtless people nobly play into their hands.

For if we rush into Latin America to develop its enormous potentialities as a supplier of all the tropical commodities we need, we shall in many instances be creating alternative sources of supply of these goods for the American market. If we do this we shall have to guarantee the new producers a place in our market, for otherwise we shall have thrown our capital away. And if we guarantee them an outlet we shall have to give it to them at the expense of existing suppliers.

In his book *Pan America* Carleton Beals argues for just this procedure. He wants Latin America developed to free the United States from dependence upon its existing suppliers. Beals spices his argumentation with a strong anti-British bias, for many of the sources from which we now draw tropical commodities are under British control. To a lesser extent he is anti-Dutch also. He feels strongly that the British and Dutch are not only traders but also monopolists who have not scrupled to squeeze the United States in times past with regard to prices for rubber, quinine, etc. He would break these monopolies with South American production. He also supports his proposals by reference to the economics of siege and a firm belief in the triumph of the bloc system. Granting the truth of these arguments, Beals's case is beyond contradiction. So also are the cases of persons who select only one of the three, including Secretary Hull, who, under the compulsion of our war needs, thinks in terms of the economics of siege.

But if we base our post-war practice in Latin America on any or all of these arguments we shall not be solving the economic difficulties of the world. We shall rather be accentuating them by slowly forcing existing suppliers out of our market—in many instances the greatest in the world—and thus creating new and vaster surpluses. We shall have multiplied the facilities of production and further undermined the international division of labor on which the old trading system was based. We shall, in short, have accepted as final the economic chaos which we are supposed to try to escape.

As we progress along these lines we shall find ourselves adopting the technics of protection and tied markets for these products and slowly erecting a Western Hemisphere bloc whether we intend to or not. That isn't at all what we profess to desire. In the same statement in which he says that our Latin-American activities are justified on the basis of the economics of siege (hemispheric defense considerations is the better known way of putting it) Secretary Hull affirms his devotion to his reciprocal trade treaties. Who is compounding confusion now?

V

We must have a program that makes sense. As a contribution to the discussion, I submit the following propositions:

(1) It is incumbent upon the advanced nations to engage in internal reconstruction for the purpose of raising living standards, a task which will increase their power of absorbing the commodities now produced (with exceptions like wheat) and the additional supplies which may come forward. On how to do this I gave my considered opinion in *Harper's*

for August, 1940: I argued that a lift in the standard of living must first be based, not on an expansion of agricultural or industrial production, but on an expansion of the production of services—ranging all the way from domestic services to education, recreation, and the arts. Reconstruction at home lacks the attraction of adventures in development abroad. In 1934 the Commission of Inquiry into National Policy in International Economic Relations said in its report, "Reconstruction will not hold out to investors the same promise of large rewards that original construction in new countries holds out." For that reason a stiff fight for domestic reconstruction will have to be made. It must be insisted, however, that it is internal adjustments, not external adventures, that will solve our problems. Let us try to keep first things first.

(2) The poor nations of the world should be encouraged to industrialize if their resources permit, but it should be insistently pointed out that this will be socially profitable only if their guiding principle is to raise domestic living standards, not to crowd into the international market late in the game, after the fashion of Japan. As their living standards rise they too will absorb more and more raw materials—their own and those of different climates—thus stabilizing production. Nathaniel Peffer writes in his interesting book *Prerequisites to Peace in the Far East* as follows: ". . . there is necessary . . . a redistribution of income within Japan. The peasant cannot be kept on a subsistence level and the worker on the wage level of a handicraft artisan. Economically the lower classes must be permitted to rise in the social scale. In short, there must be social reorganization within Japan as well as economic opportunity outside Japan, if Japan is to rest on a solid foundation." If the poor nations are not to repeat the mistakes of Japan, they must from the very beginning spread social advance through their entire populations.

(3) While in the beginning a nation like the United States may do a tremendous export business in capital goods for industrialization, it should be recognized that this cannot go on forever. As the importers get their machinery into operation they will begin to cut down their requirements for manufactures from abroad.

(4) This will require their old suppliers to keep a close watch over their export industries to insure that proper adjustments are made and no depressed industries and areas develop. In practice, the simpler manufactures will be first to suffer. The specialty lines will be the last to require adjustment. In the end the older industrialized countries will be forced to concentrate on specialties. Vice-President Wallace is quite right in emphasizing the "great variety of inherent national advantages." All I am saying is that those advantages are not distributed as they were in the nineteenth century. We must base our policies on that fact.

(5) Until we see clearly what volume of demand we can create we should proceed very cautiously in opening up new areas of production for raw materials and foodstuffs. If we are reckless we may be forced into a bloc system which we profess not to want. Even in meeting the requirements of the economics of siege (as we probably shall have to do) we should always keep in mind how we will handle the new areas of production when the emergency is past, and what effect their existence will have on old areas.

(6) We come back to the basic proposition: only by raising living standards so that demand increases can development of a legitimate character take place. The nations now having high standards have an obligation to take the lead in doing this.

Now is the time to deal with the problem of means; and the traditional means appear inadequate to the purpose. If America must lead let it lead in this direction.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

THIS is a completely spontaneous and unrehearsed department, made from the naturally milder tobaccos, and the first question to-night comes from Paul C. Bartholomew, Associate Professor of Politics, University of Notre Dame, South Bend, Ind. This question was asked in a letter which Professor Bartholomew wrote to the *Times*, dated April 26th, but I didn't notice that the editor of the *Times* answered the question, so I will.

"Just what has Germany done to the United States that would justify our making war on Germany?"

The Professor has posed a good one. The things Germany has done to us are subtle, hard to put one's finger on. Norway will remember the strange formless deeds, and Holland, and Yugoslavia, and the other nations who were unprovoked, and undone. What has Germany done to us? No bomb has fallen on Radio City, no American sailor has gone to the bottom, our prairies and our mountains are unmolested; in South Bend the flowers are in bloom, the motor roads invite, the movies are well attended, and the seniors sing together on green lawns. What indeed has Germany done?

I think Nazi Germany has done to us the worst that one country can do to another country. It has made the unpardonable thrust. Specifically, Nazi Germany has notified us (first in pencil on scratch paper, then in ink on an official letterhead, then in blood on the map of Europe) that the chair of politics in our University of Notre Dame is on the way out and that it is just a matter of time. Universities dedicated to free inquiry are meaningless, we have been informed, and in due course, as soon as certain necessary territorial readjustments can be completed, they will be supplanted by something more vigorous. Politics, we have been notified, will be explained, not explored. The same with other subjects that occupy the attention of plastic young minds.

In this time of dead and dying universities it is our habit to assume that a special immunity will be granted to our campuses and our hallowed halls. Yet all the while there is a movement abroad to unwrite the books, to unkindle the flame, to unsing the songs. This is what has been done to us.

I like your job the way it stands, Professor, and hope to see it remain what it is—including the extra-classroom activity of asking questions of the editor of the *Times*. I like the way I am permitted to pull your letter out of the newspaper and answer it in a magazine piece a couple of months late, when it is all fuzzy with dust. These privileges adorn our society. When a rapidly expanding foreign power wielding the biggest army in the world informs us that our universities and our newspapers are haunted houses whose shutters rattle in the wind, I take such notification to be the most provocative and menacing act that can be committed against us. The war will be fought with guns and blood, but it will be won with ideas and protoplasm, as usual; and for this reason a torpedoed idea is more damaging to our structure than fifty torpedoed ships.

The letter which Professor Bartholomew wrote states the case well for the many reasonable and civilized people who believe that our problem is essentially one of defense and that to take any action against Germany would be to become an aggressor. It is a fair question. We still think in old-fashioned terms, of an enemy who will first attack

us violently and then, if he is able, do something else to us. We feel we have to be caught before we can be despoiled. But the new technic of war reverses the procedure. First a country is despoiled, then it is invaded. This is so new, so subtle, there are still millions who haven't caught on.

I hope my country will not long be deceived by the myth of defense, for there is no greater modern delusion. A castle which has been made virtually impregnable is a castle foredoomed. The moat was never built that couldn't be swum or bridged, and the only impregnability known to man is a clean blade and a high heart when the moment comes. Mere stoical defense is no good.

When I was in high school I used to play ice hockey in the winter afternoons, and I remember that when you were playing goalie there would come a time when the only realistic and effective way to block a play was to go where the puck was. If you merely crouched at the entrance to the cage and spread yourself as broad as you could, your guard would be pierced and the other team would score. The United States is now in that predicament—trying to defend its property by spreading itself broad. To support a fight without getting into it is like trying to hold a sneeze in—it leaves the system out of balance.

It is a marvel to me that the Professor doesn't see the skids under his seat. He, of all people, should be most aware of them. Surely he has heard from our foreign philosopher that democracy is stupid, has read the obituary notice of our Congress, has been told that our forums are a sign of national debility, and that our press needs a firm hand. A student of politics, he must have read of the ineffectiveness and puerility of majority-rule government, of the obsolescence of personal and national honor, of the expediency of deceit, of the perfidy of the Jew. Maybe he missed them when they were still in manuscript form, but I don't see how he can miss them now, hot from the blood-soaked presses.

"There is no principle looked at objectively that is as wrong as the parliamentary principle."

We can take that, Professor, or we can leave it. It started in the pages of a book, but now it is coming straight at you. And as for provocation, and the nice question of who shall be the aggressor, the United States has already provoked Germany in exactly the same degree to which Germany has provoked us—which is totally. The Lease-Lend Act implies that America doesn't subscribe to the New Chaos and that we are determined to stick to our principles. Our country is at war, even though many people are still reading yesterday's papers.

In his young days, when he was pondering and suffering and when his views were taking shape, Hitler read the papers too. Once, in a Viennese newspaper, he read a criticism of the German Kaiser. He reported in *Mein Kampf* that it infuriated him that a paper should have the right to criticize the German leader. It made the blood rush to his head, he says. "It was this," he wrote, "that made me look upon the great press with increasing caution."

To-day, after many years of hard work, he has stemmed the rush of blood to the head by eliminating the press and the radio from the continent of Europe, so that no voice can make a noise that jars upon his ear. If his tanks and planes continue their accurate aim and steady progress there may soon be nothing in England either that infuriates him. And from England there is only one way to turn—west, toward the *New York Times* and the professorships of politics in the universities of the Middle West, his last excrescences of stupidity, his final infuriating institutions.

Only time will tell whether I owe Professor Bartholomew fifteen dollars and a complete set of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

THE next question comes from Roger E. Hammer, of Chicago, who writes me: "I have hopes of being able to write

some day and naturally am interested in the manner in which you wrote this intriguing article. Did you write it directly following such an experience or was it simply a product of your imagination? Are you in the habit of making notations of various interesting incidents to facilitate the writing of your articles?"

Roger, you embarrass me. There are times when what I write follows an experience so closely that it is all I can do to keep clear. There are other times when the stealthy lowering of my typewriter's dust cover indicates a slight lapse of time, such as twenty years. I always make notes of everything I see and hear, but I never have anything to make them on except the inside surface of a book of paper matches, and this turns out to be a great waste of time as, when I come to use them, they are either too blurred to be decipherable or too terse to be useful. Thousands of times I have made an entry in a book of matches; the results have been negligible. After three drinks I make voluminous notes on borrowed paper, and these too are useless. They are beautiful reading, but useless.

M. D. Follin, of Dunedin, Fla., writes: "My dear White: As I was grinding my wheat for my to-morrow's breakfast it occurred to me to fix a breakfast for you. This is not what you buy at the store, precooked, predigested, etc. In the old days a man took his wheat to the mill, paid 1/10 of a bushel for grinding, carried the flour, bran, and all back home —cost 10 per cent to make his flour. Now sells his wheat for 90¢ or less, pays 6 to 12¢ for flour (I paid 35¢ for a 3 pd pkg whole wheat flour) and $200 a ton for patent bran. How much does it cost him to grind his flour?"

How swift was the current in the river that turned the mill wheel? I'd have to know that.

And here is a question from Dr. N. C. Illegible, Lost Address, Ohio. "It hurt me no end to read in one of your articles that you had voted for Mr. Roosevelt. I couldn't conceive how such a sensible person, as you must be, could vote for such a man. The truth is not in him. He lies whenever it is convenient and even when it is not necessary. Will not the structure he has created fall about our heads, in due time, like a house of cards?"

Quite possibly. The structure of all societies seems to crumble after a period of time, and then the people pick up the old bricks, clean them up a little by knocking the old mortar off with the claws of a hammer, and start building something else, based partly on past experiences and partly on new hopes. The important thing is to pick them up, and to have the strength to pick them up, and to believe in experimentation and new interesting forms, and most of all to believe in the fundamental soundness of government by the will of the people. Abraham Lincoln is a good man to remember when you are cleaning up the old bricks.

I don't know whether Roosevelt tells lies or not, but I know I should if I were President. I don't see how anybody can be President and not tell a few lies. The only time I was ever president of anything I lied like the devil the whole time.

Next question is from Elizabeth B. Dean, of Council Bluffs, Iowa. "I was raised in Maine, and I like your piece in *Harper's* about Maine speech. Have you noted 'up attic,' which is just as logical as 'down cellar' . . . and 'like' as an intransitive verb? If one of us went away to live or teach school the question asked was: 'How does she like?' and one either liked or one didn't."

Yes, I have noted these things. I have just come from up attic, where I went to scare up these letters from readers of this department. Some of my readers like, some don't.

And now we will listen to Mr. Cross for a moment and then back to a question from Louis Towley of St. Paul.

"I want to raise a question of usage: the use of 'that' and 'which' in sentences like 'The river that goes past London is the Thames' and 'The Thames, which flows through London, is tidal.' The two sentences illustrate my understanding of the distinction between 'that' and 'which' in similar meanings: 'That' defines the river meant; 'which' comments on a river already defined. . . . There is something lost if no distinction is made, but usage of few writers, not even your's, ordinarily recognizes the difference. And usage is the all-conquering, ruling invader, who is to be obeyed. If there is no longer any difference between 'that' and 'which' in the relative clause construction, why has it come about when there is an advantage in keeping the distinction?"

Those who are familiar with Fowler's *Modern English Usage* (and I take it my correspondent is, or the Thames wouldn't have got into a relative clause so easily) will remember the *which-that* section with a glow of pleasure. The slatternly habits of the modern relative pronoun are more than hinted at in that cautious paragraph of Mr. Fowler's: "To substitute for the relative used in any of those six examples either of the others would be, if the principles in this book are correct, a change for the worse; &, roughly speaking, the erroneous uses (if they are so) illustrated below are traceable to neglect or rejection of A, B, & C."

I think neglect is the explanation, all right. I have periods of knowing, or thinking I know, or hoping I remember, the distinction between *which* and *that*. But most of the time I sling whiches and thats around like sofa cushions, and trust them to fall approximately into position. In the heat of battle one grabs the nearest relative pronoun and all he asks of it is that it doesn't get between his legs and throw him. In general, the ear is apt to be more reliable than the mind; if a thing sounds right, I don't much care whether it parses or not. Clarity is a first objective; be clear at all costs, and after that be good. I sometimes think that my creative side is activated principally by a sense of pity for the reader.

All kinds of odd catastrophes can happen within the narrow confines of a simple sentence. For instance, take the apostrophe—in the word "your's" in Mr. Towley's letter. It just happened to jump into this particular letter he dashed off to me on English usage. Doesn't mean anything; just sits there in the letter, all alone, grinning.

Donald R. Murphy, Des Moines, asks this question: "Who milked the cow when you were snowed in and kept away from the farm overnight?"

Nobody milked any cow. I have no cow. Even though a cow is admittedly the foundation on which to build a properly rounded farm, I have no cow. Occasionally I transport my neighbor's cow in my truck, to a barn of ill repute, and thus I get all the glamour of dairying without having to do any milking. Our milk arrives by the mail truck in the morning, in a zinc-lined wooden box, and it costs like the old Harry. But it is the best milk I ever tasted.

And here is a sheep question from Katherine Turrell, secretary of the American Cheviot Sheep Society, Oneonta, N. Y. "Wouldn't you like to send me an article for use in my Cheviot notes to the various sheep papers?"

Nothing would delight me more than to write exclusively about sheep, exclusively for shepherds. But I feel that I'd better relax till I know more about the subject. One thing I learned this week was that I let my buck in with my yearling ewes too soon this winter. Such a pretty little miscalculation, though, with soft, trustful eyes and dainty black hooves! Beloved of all.

SUPERIOR PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Easy Chair

THE IMAGE OF NAPOLEON

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE speed of events requires a columnist in a monthly magazine to date his remarks if their orientation is to be clear to a reader. This column, then, is written immediately after Mr. Charles A. Lindbergh's resignation of his commission in the United States Army.

The Easy Chair is not sure that President Roosevelt's handling of the case was wise. In a comparable dilemma Lincoln might have called Mr. Lindbergh into active service, assigned him as a military observer in Germany, where his admiration and terror of the air force could have expended themselves harmlessly, and left him there for the duration. That method would have avoided the additional irrelevance of martyrdom in a case already so packed with irrelevance that few keep in mind the only issue, which is: how important are Mr. Lindbergh's ideas about foreign policy?

In the opinion of the Easy Chair the historical parallel which Mr. Roosevelt drew was unfortunate. For it does not appear that Mr. Lindbergh has anything in common with Clement L. Vallandigham beyond an essentially romantic mind, an inability to think logically, a conviction that the United States must lose its war, a skill (his own or someone else's) at making opposition to him appear persecution, and a willingness to let his position be used by much more intelligent and much less innocent men. There is not, that is, any question of Mr. Lindbergh's patriotism, whereas Vallandigham committed treason: his co-operation with some of the foulest birds and most hostile reptiles (the epithets are Lincoln's) in our history was voluntary and overt.

A somewhat closer parallel was at hand in General George B. McClellan, whom Vallandigham finally supported for the Presidency against Lincoln, as there is hope among certain groups of eventually supporting Mr. Lindbergh for President. McClellan's platform (true, he was forced to repudiate it) asserted, at a time when the outcome of the Civil War was still in doubt though history shows that the North had already won it, that the North could not possibly win and that the enemies of the United States must be appeased at any cost, lest we should all go down. As a commanding general, McClellan had great organizing and administrative ability, but he had despairing hallucinations about the enemy. He honestly believed that they were invincible and that he, with the United States, was licked before he could start. In his conviction of defeat he futilely threw away thousands of American lives which, if they had to be lost, a braver man could have expended in the cause of victory. Furthermore, McClellan was a romantic and his romanticism became a terrible peril to his country. He not only fought battles in the belief that he must lose them; he dangerously thought of himself as alone in valor and righteousness against the field. He rejected the counsel of more intelligent men and

better soldiers, and at last he soared off into what has to be called megalomania. His diary shows that he thought the common man brutish, a mere clod without usefulness. His letters show that he thought Lincoln also a clod and his Cabinet and generals not only stupid but corrupt. In the terrible emergency there seemed to be only George B. McClellan. Some called him Little Mac, others called him the Little Napoleon, and the image of the Corsican flamed in his eyes. The vision grew so vertiginous that at one time he contemplated saving the nation by making himself dictator, then winning the war alone, and finally, victory achieved, perishing by his own hand, downstage, full center, in red fire, so that lesser men might resume the democratic process. At this distance that fantasy seems screamingly funny. But it threatened the existence of the United States, and we had better not let anyone to-day wander on the mountain tops arm in arm with Napoleon.

Here and there a similarity sticks out, but the parallel will not hold—and the Easy Chair suggests a closer one. The heart of the matter is the willingness of the American public to let men who have achieved excellence or fame at a particular job speak as men having authority about questions of public policy. That willingness is usually harmless and sometimes picturesque, as when Babe Ruth is encouraged to pontificate about economics or Clark Gable is interviewed about the blitzkrieg. But it has sometimes, before now, done the republic much harm, and we may derive instruction from the career of John Charles Fremont.

Fremont was a young man of winning personality, a romantic cast of mind, rigidly limited intelligence, and a gift for modestly scorning publicity while making expert use of it. A competently trained topographical engineer, he did a good job mapping some empty country and learned how to maintain himself in the wilderness. Then he married Jessie, the beautiful and talented daughter of Senator Thomas Hart Benton, a great public figure, and emerged from obscurity into the blinding limelight which he loved and in which he was to bask and suffer alternately for the rest of his life. In the service of Benton's cause—Western expansion—he was sent to Oregon and California. For a quarter of a century every mile he traveled had been perfectly familiar to the true explorers of the West, the trappers, and he did nothing extraordinary. His first two expeditions never touched unknown country and, though he conducted them successfully (under the guardianship of trappers), they were routine and insignificant compared to dozens of earlier expeditions through the same territory.

He came home and, assisted by his wife, who was a talented writer, wrote a report. Benton and his fellow-expansionists sowed it broadcast, and tirelessly praised him in the House and Senate, the most powerful focus of publicity in the country. So, on the basis of two competent but quite unremarkable sojourns in the wilderness, Fremont became a national hero. No one called him the Lone Eagle but nearly everyone called him the Pathfinder, though he had found no paths. Like Mr. Lindbergh, he became a symbol of daring and splendid achievement. He was a great man in the nation's eyes and so he became one in his own. A sense of destiny began to swell within him. This rather stupid young man with an appealing streak of Byronism in him began to think of himself as a romantic hero. From then on he tried to act the role. He never quite succeeded. The robes were too big for him and flapped a little, like a clown's pantaloons. He declined into what would have been tragedy if it had not been more than a little sinister. For on the way down he repeatedly brought the United States into peril.

When hostilities over Oregon and California seemed to be approaching the War Department sent him west again.

The Administration had plans for California. Arrangements had been made to acquire it peacefully; alternative arrangements had been made to conquer it if meanwhile war should break out. Neither plan contemplated using Fremont, who had no diplomatic and no military training. But in California he saw a chance to play his role of romantic hero. From motives unimpeachably patriotic, and equally histrionic and self-seeking, he co-operated with—in fact, probably fomented—the Bear Flag Revolt, a comic-opera filibuster. He thus completely frustrated the Administration's plans for peaceful acquisition and created a domestic bitterness which lasted for many years. He also endangered the lives of all Americans in California, for only the arrival of the alternatively arranged military expeditions prevented a guerrilla war that would have wiped them out. No reason: just a young man who had been encouraged to develop outsize ideas about himself and wanted to be a hero.

At the head of an irregular force, which can be exactly described as the horse marines, Fremont then swept about California, playing general. When the Army arrived he not only interfered with its plans but refused to acknowledge the authority of his commanding officer—he had grown still bigger. He had to be court-martialed. The court found him guilty; the President offered leniency; but the romantic hero would not accept discipline and resigned his commission. (Years later he was to resign another one.) Thereupon, to get some of the gilt back, he led a private expedition into the wilderness. It became one of the most shocking failures in the history of American exploration.

His original small success had been converted into a symbol of national achievement, you observe, and Fremont had been encouraged to act a role he was not big enough to fill. Then his illegal and insubordinate activity in California had compromised the government's plans and created a situation of grave danger. He was a public hero and so privileged to act in fields where he had no competence. Furthermore, as a symbol he was valuable to men who knew how to use symbols. And let it not be forgotten that he had done very well for himself. A commonplace exploration and a filibuster outside the government's intent ended by making him, in the words of one historian, "a popular hero, a Senator of the United States, a candidate for the Presidency, a millionaire ad interim, [and] a major-general."

For there were shrewd men who saw a profit in keeping the heroic image burnished. The disciplinary action of the government was publicized as vindictive, and the national hero became a martyr. The Pathfinder who had found no paths became the Conqueror who had made no conquests, though he had seriously interfered with one, and the symbol grew and grew. So when the young Republican Party chose its first candidate for the Presidency it found the popular admiration of Fremont irresistible. He had no qualifications whatever for the office—he was an agreeable but rather stupid man who by now saw himself as more than a little like Napoleon. The history of the United States would have been different and very likely happier if some better qualified man, say Charles Francis Adams, had been chosen to head that first ticket. But Fremont was nominated, a new series of haloes was added, and the symbol went on growing.

By the time the Civil War broke out it had grown so great that this man without military training, judgment, or experience, without in fact a common endowment of intelligence, had to be made a general. He did competently a minor job of organization, but he was out of his depth and he got into trouble. He was still unquestionably patriotic, but a stupid man in a position of power draws foul birds and hostile reptiles from all round. They surrounded Fremont and their grafting became a national scandal.

Then stupidity and his growing megalomania led him to interfere with Lincoln's policy of state; as a result, he nearly lost us the border States and the war. He had to be removed, and when he was given command of troops he was again beyond his depth and he was beaten badly. Meanwhile virulent hates and jealousies had been aroused, he became a storm center of intrigue which sometimes came close to treason, and finally, in the hands of still another group of shrewd men who knew how to use a symbol, he was in a position to destroy the republic in the summer of 1864. Only the ordinary man's trust in Abraham Lincoln prevented Fremont's paranoid ego from losing us the war.

Chance, the willingness of the public to let picturesque heroes pontificate about matters of state, the management of smart men who were expert at publicity, the collaboration of a literary wife in the writing of a best-seller, and an immeasurable belief in his own greatness converted an ordinary lieutenant of topographical engineers into a national hero and eventually into a national danger. It is not a pretty story. And, though the republic survived the greatness of John C. Fremont, one doubts if there is health in traveling that path again.

Mr. Lindbergh's heroic transatlantic flight and the subsequent tragedy in his private life have given him, in the public mind, authority in matters where he actually possesses no authority. He has every right to preach his confused gospel of despair, but it is a national misfortune that that gospel is buttressed by the irrelevant consideration that he flew the Atlantic fourteen years ago.

Mr. Lindbergh's opinions about the nature of air power and its relation to our defense are better qualified, certainly, than those of the man in the street. But they are not expert opinions. His training has been in commercial aviation, and his knowledge of military flying and military strategy is open to question. But the real danger to the United States is not his opinions about air power but his notions about statesmanship, domestic and foreign policy, and the future of the world. No man's opinions about such things are better than his intelligence, education, and experience—and Mr. Lindbergh is not qualified. The honesty of his gospel is not here impugned, but it is groping, bewildered, full of violent contradictions, inexpressibly naïve, and clearly a product of limited intelligence. If the anonymous layman expressed it, we could dismiss it as a sum of contradiction, confusion, the fantasy of panic, and mere stupidity. But there is added to it the power of irrelevant achievement and adventitious publicity—and of some publicity that is not altogether adventitious.

For there is one striking thing. The sum of Mr. Lindbergh's ideas is contradiction and confusion . . . but let us quote Abraham Lincoln more fully. In a time of civil dissension, Lincoln said, "Every foul bird comes abroad and every dirty reptile rises up. These add crime to confusion." In the contradictory sum of Mr. Lindbergh's ideas there is comfort for him and many other honest men, and yet that sum remains a contradiction. But every single item that goes into it is extremely serviceable to certain groups who are not in the least confused but know how valuable confusion can be. Such birds and reptiles act in the knowledge that the sum does not matter, whereas every item in it can go a long way under its own power. Particularly when there is added to it the power of a symbol.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

VOLUME 183 AUGUST 1941

Harpers Magazine

JOURNEY TO ENGLAND, 1941

FOOTNOTES FOR A FUTURE GIBBON

BY ELMER DAVIS

THESE disconnected observations of a traveler will no longer be news by the time you read them, and may no longer even be true; things change fast these days, and seldom for the better. But they were true in May, and they are here set down in the hope that some of them may be possible source material for the historian of the future; as anything written nowadays might have some value for those who may some day be fortunate enough to survey these times in retrospect, and to discern relations and significances that are hidden from us now. Sidonius Apollinaris, writing in an earlier time when European civilization was being destroyed by the Germans (but Germans of a different type, who had some respect for a culture created by other races, and were willing to save some of it if they only knew how) —Sidonius Apollinaris, whistling to keep up his courage among evils which he seems to have hoped were transitory, doubtless thought that his correspondence would be preserved for the elegance of his style. It would have pained him to foresee that he would be read by men who thought his style atrocious but found his letters invaluable for their passing mention of things going on around him to which, the reader sometimes feels, he paid no more attention than he could help.

So present-day estimates and forecasts would be sounding brass and tinkling cymbal to the future historian who may find something useful in trivial incidents of travel—supposing, that is, that there are any future historians. If the Nazis win this war its history will be written by men trained in the school of Dr. Goebbels, and nobody will ever know what really happened; past and future history too may be streamlined into something that would not have been recognized as history by any historians of the past, except the teleologists of the Deuteronomic school. But since, at this writing, it seems likely that the Nazis can be licked if the American people

Copyright, 1941, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

seriously want to lick them, it may be worth while to put some source material on record.

To that future Gibbon it will no doubt seem a matter of course that it is far safer, as well as far swifter, to cross the Atlantic by air; but our age, which invented the submarine as well as the airplane, is still a little astonished at this testimonial to its own ingenuity. You can cross on a ship—provided you have plenty of time—but if you are in a hurry you must fly; and it is something of an extra dividend to realize that in saving time you are also saving your skin. *Cras ingens iterabimus aequor* has once more the same ominous connotations that it had in Horace's day; but not if you are going to look down on the sea from two miles above it. And a clipper is on the whole more comfortable than most of the ships that ply the sea these days. The berths are considerably bigger than those on a Pullman, the food is considerably better; and it is something to be able to start a bridge game above the Azores after lunch and finish it, in sight of Lisbon, in time for dinner.

No doubt there are hazards; but the admirable precautions of Pan-American Airways take care that passengers never encounter them if they can be foreseen. But you recover a realization that man is a terrestrial, not an aerial, animal when you fly with the Dutchmen from Lisbon to England. Pilots and ships of the Dutch K. L. M. lines now take care of the land route for the British Imperial Airways, while British ships and crews make the seaplane trip to a different terminal. Unquestionably the Germans could knock off either of these lines any day they choose to; but for various reasons they find it to their advantage to let them alone. Meanwhile it is a convention that one does not name the terminal ports in England of the planes from Portugal, though the Germans undoubtedly know them as well as anybody else.

I took the land route, and it was not only an eye-opener but a hair-raiser to one used to air travel in the United States. Great flyers, these Dutchmen; and they have to be. When we took off from the Sintra airport, with a capacity load (including plenty of gasoline), the field was a swamp after three days of hard rain; so the Dutchman trundled along till he came to the stone wall around the field, and then he simply pulled up his landing gear and hurdled it, never getting more than twenty feet off the ground till he was a couple of miles farther on. Sintra is in a pocket of the hills, a few miles from the sea; coming back, we flew in just above the hill tops, indifferent to the air bumps over the ravines in between, and when we got to the airport the pilot banked at an angle that only stunt flyers would employ in this country. If his wing tip missed the hillside by no more than a foot—all right, he missed it, so what are you worrying about? But it's a good thing there's a bar at that airport; you need it.

Speaking of Portugal

By the time you read this, Lisbon may be one with Nineveh and Tyre, with Oslo and Athens; for the German parachute divisions could take over continental Portugal any time they choose. (The islands are a different matter.) The Portuguese do not like to have anybody say this, but they all know it is true; indeed, they think about little else. Meanwhile they maintain, under considerable difficulties, a decent and civilized life of a type almost forgotten in Europe; and their capital, for the first time in its history, is enjoying a perverse and maddening sort of tourist season that does it no good at all.

Parts of Lisbon are very beautiful; parts are merely gaudy, but with the tropical Latin gaudiness—blue and green and pink trimmings on white buildings—which the traveling Northerner finds attractive; and the vegetation too is sub-tropical. Why, I do not know, for the town is in about the same latitude as New York, and at the end of April and again at the end of May I encountered

only cold rainy days; but the Portuguese said the weather was very unusual, and the American Minister, who comes from Florida, looked as if it was a pleasure to be for once on the receiving end of that story. At any rate here is an attractive and a very clean city, with palm trees and a pleasant landscape—hillier than Florida, greener than California. It looks like a natural for the winter tourist trade, yet few tourists ever went there; the town's one first-class hotel has less than forty rooms.

But now at last Lisbon is full of foreigners—all of them desperately trying to get out as fast as they can. Some of them are inbound, to England or the Continent—on business, these, official or semi-official business, which can tolerate no avoidable delay; far more are refugees, fleeing from a continent which has become one vast City of Destruction. In Lisbon they pay hotel bills, but they spend little money anywhere else; they do not enjoy the beauties of Nature, they do not view the historic monuments so abundant in a city which has a great past and only an indifferent present. No, if you spent six months in Lisbon—and there are plenty of people who have been bogged down there longer than that—you would do the same thing every day: you would make the rounds of airways or steamship offices, and the British Embassy or the American Legation, and the headquarters of the International Police, hoping for the permits and priorities that would enable you to get out of town to-morrow.

The two most bedeviled men in Lisbon are Wing-Commander Schreiber, air attaché of the British Embassy, who assigns priorities for passage on the planes to England; and Kelly of Pan-American Airways, who gets you aboard the planes for New York. Neither has much latitude; most of the priorities are set by the Air Ministry in London or the New York office of Pan-American, and anybody's priority might be superseded over night by the prior priority of some great man traveling on short notice. Still Schreiber and Kelly have just enough authority to make everybody in Lisbon believe that one or the other could get him out if he only chose; so they lead a hard life.

Everybody eats too much in Lisbon; for the food is excellent and copious, and all the foreigners either have come from some place where they have not had a square meal for months or are bound for some place where they may never get a square meal again. Everybody drinks too much in Lisbon; for by four or five in the afternoon you have found that you can't get out of town to-morrow, and there is nothing else to do till dinner-time, which is nine or later. So they all sit round the hotel bars, drinking and talking about priorities in the single-minded concentration with which people in Miami talked about real estate during the boom.

I did see a few monuments—from my taxi window while I was chasing priorities and exit visas; and I noticed that Lisbon is remarkably full of statues of people who at some time or other liberated the country from somebody or other. Portugal seems to have needed quite a lot of liberation in its time; and time goes on. Somewhere there may be an American admiral or general who will in due course have his statue in Lisbon, as the man who liberated Portugal in—well, shall we be optimistic, and say about 1943? They will have to smash that German air force first.

Are Your Papers in Order?

I believe there is a saying in Russia that man used to be a body and a soul; but now the Communists have abolished the soul, and man consists of a body and a passport. That is true now in countries more civilized than Russia.

You cannot blame the Portuguese for being fussy about foreign visitors. They have taken in a swarm of refugees, and to their everlasting credit have treated them better than any other country in Europe; and there are greater swarms in Spain and France who long for Portugal as the

hart panteth after the water brooks. Also, the Portuguese food supply, though gargantuan by contrast with their neighbors, is limited. So to get into Portugal you must have a visa, which consulates are no longer empowered to grant on their own authority. In this country you can manage it through the Legation in Washington; but the applicant in London must cable, at his own expense, a request to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Lisbon, two weeks in advance.

Nobody knows what happens to those cables to Lisbon; the general belief is that the Ministry of Foreign Affairs sticks them on a spike and then goes out to lunch. At any rate, I never heard of anybody who got a visa out of one of them. What happens is that you wait two weeks and hear nothing; and then on the last day you get a friend with influence to put pressure on somebody, who puts pressure on somebody else, who puts etc., etc.; and eventually you get your visa in two hours.

But that only gets you in; you must have another visa from another authority (price five dollars more) to get out. You would suppose that any country would be glad to get rid of its foreigners nowadays, yet not only the Portuguese but the British make it about as hard to get out as to get in. And to get your exit visa in Lisbon you must leave your passport and come back for it six hours later. Those who sit peacefully at home do not know what those six hours are like in a strange city, a foreign land. Without your passport you are disarmed, paralyzed; you have lost your pants, you have been stripped of identity and humanity; you cower in hiding like our anthropoid ancestors, hoping you will not attract the notice of a stronger and more ferocious animal. But then at last you get your passport back; and your pants are on, your chin comes up, you can once more look any man in the eye and tell him to go jump into the Tagus.

All this is worse in theory than in practice; from some Portuguese officials in New York, Lisbon, and London I got not only courteous but speedy attention. The English are just as fussy, in theory; but there too it seems to be chiefly a matter of inconvenience, filling out interminable forms and waiting while every item on them is copied and checked on countless other forms to be filed away. The paper shortage in England has reduced the size of newspapers but doesn't seem to have reached the departments that control the movements of aliens. But, again, the bark is worse than the bite. I arrived in London late at night and had eaten a hearty meal before I discovered that I had to have special permits to eat and to be out of doors after dark. To get this latter permission took ten days; meanwhile I had to broadcast, and owing to the time differential, to broadcast very late at night. For most of those ten nights I was out around town, sometimes till five in the morning, and nobody seemed to know or care that they had in their midst a scofflaw who had no right to be out after dark at all.

To get out of London I had to get a British exit visa, a Portuguese entrance visa, a Bermuda transit visa, a notation on my passport from the American Embassy, the consent of the police, and a censor's approval of every scrap of writing or printing that I carried with me. Six items (besides priority for the plane trip) to get out of a city which ought to be glad that somebody is going away and will no longer be a parasite on the food supply. But at any rate it no longer costs as much as it used to. Twenty years ago I had a passport which in the course of a few months' travel in eastern Europe piled up about two hundred dollars' worth of visas. You can't spend that much on visas now because there are not that many countries left.

Yet in these times, when even the native-born possessors of American passports can hardly turn round in Europe without a police permit, I met a man in London whose sole documentation was a statement from the Hungarian government that they did not believe he was a Hungarian. Not to be a Hungarian is

not a very precise identification, yet he had got from America to England, and he was getting about.

Does It Look as Bad as You Expected?

No—not at first sight, anyway; looking a second time, more closely, you perceive that a good many front walls have nothing behind them. But still it isn't as bad as you expected, though it may perhaps be worse by the time you read this. London has suffered terrific damage, but it is a big place and by far the greatest part of it is still there. In many parts of London most of the windows have gone, broken by concussion; and it makes little sense to replace them when they might be broken again in the next blitz. Even on the whole front of Buckingham Palace the windows were simply boarded up, in May. But you get used to it. If you meet a friend who has lost a couple of front teeth you are startled; but if everybody you see has lost a couple of front teeth you will soon be startled only when you meet somebody whose teeth are all there. In twenty-five days in England I did not become so used to the blackout that it seemed strange to come back to a city where all the lights were on; but in Lisbon and New York it was hard to get used to streets where you saw no broken windows.

Or for that matter to streets where all the houses are still standing, with no unexpected and unsightly gaps of shattered walls and twisted girders and heaps of rubble and dust. (Some people find the dust of pulverized bricks blowing round the streets weeks later the most persistent, if not the most acute, annoyance of the air raids.) There are spots in London, as there are spots in other cities, where whole blocks are in ruins; there are rows of great houses of which almost every one is a blackened shell; and you can still travel for miles in areas utterly untouched. But the commonest sight is a street in which only one or two houses have been wrecked. Sometimes a single high explosive; more often the work of fire bombs falling on the roof of an empty house, whose fire watchers, if any, had gone to the country for the week-end. An American resident told me that on the night of May tenth, strolling around the streets near his home, he saw six fires burning in empty houses, with no one paying the slightest attention to them because too many other fires were keeping the firemen busy. It is literally true that many Englishmen, who would willingly lay down their lives for their country, have refused, so far, to lay down their week-ends; and at this writing it is precisely these fires in empty and unwatched buildings that are the most serious problem of the air raids. They have been the most serious problem ever since the great fire in the City of London on December 29th, but nobody has taken drastic action yet. The English are that way; and those who know them best cannot be quite sure whether this trait is a national weakness or a national strength.

But in the country—most parts of the country—you could drive for miles and never know there was a war except for the fact that trucks far outnumber private cars on the road. (The private citizen who drives only for pleasure is allowed just enough gasoline for a hundred and twenty miles a month.) Now and then you may meet a truckload of soldiers, or a Bren gun carrier, or one of those huge R.A.F. trucks carrying a new plane (or the wreckage of a not-so-new plane, British or German, shot down the night before). But these are rare encounters; normally in the country you are reminded of the war only when you see a patch of trees cut down for firewood or when you pass by one of the tank traps that stud the roads clear up into the very heart of England.

It betrays no military secret to say that these tank traps are no longer expected to amount to very much in the defense of England if invasion comes; which is just as well, for they never would have amounted to much. They were hastily put up last summer, when invasion was expected any day and there was nothing much but the Navy and the R.A.F. to

stop it; and in most areas they were left to the local authorities, who built them everywhere to show their zeal. (There is one right in front of Anne Hathaway's cottage, which surely is no very important military objective.) They were perhaps the best that could be done at the time and it made people feel better to see them on the roads; but present plans for the defense of England are of a different and much more formidable sort.

But this placid countryside is not quite so peaceful as it looks. We were driving through Kent one Sunday afternoon—an expanse of empty green fields, with nothing but the scantiness of traffic to hint at war—when the siren sounded the alarm on the coast behind us. And up from one of those empty fields a couple of hundred yards away soared a pair of Hurricanes, rising like larks and climbing at a crazy angle; and a mile or two behind us, four more. . . . That was a false alarm, but they are ready for a real one. A little farther down the road we passed a country lane between hedgerows; and only a hasty glance as you drove past would have told you that half a dozen tanks were parked in it. Camouflage and dispersal; a very formidable force could be hidden in a countryside, and the casual passer-by would hardly know that anything was there.

Acknowledgments to One's Guides

Thanks to the demon driving of Ed Murrow in his Sunbeam-Talbot, I saw more different parts of England in a single week of last May than in the three years I lived there; and was rather surprised at my thorough knowledge of landscapes I had never seen. Dr. Watson, on a memorable hot summer day in London, longed for the glades of the New Forest or the shingle of Southsea; when I saw them both I had to acknowledge an obligation. With no sense of novelty I traversed the New Forest, following the route of Alleyne Edricson from Beaulieu to the ruins of Sir Nigel Loring's castle; I retraced the footsteps of Micah Clarke from Taunton to Bridgewater—an army could still get lost on Sedgemoor, I should judge, as did the Duke of Monmouth's levies; and I crossed Bristol Channel about where Micah did, on his unlucky endeavor to line up the Duke of Beaufort with the rebels. Only around Liverpool and Manchester did I feel away from home; Hampshire soldiers never got that far in the old days, and Sherlock Holmes seldom had business in those parts.

Conan Doyle may not have been the greatest author who ever wrote; but I have derived more pleasure from him than from any other I ever read—and pretty nearly as much information.

English Ports

I saw five seaports—Southampton, Plymouth, Bristol, Liverpool, and London—which had been repeatedly blitzed, and so far as any damage done by the Luftwaffe was concerned, they were all still functioning. They all had been hit and hit hard, but none of them had been anywhere near put out of action.

The censors will not let you tell just what has been hit and what has not, for a perfectly good reason: the Luftwaffe might come back and try again to-morrow night, and the inhabitants of the blitzed towns are the most urgent in their demand that you mustn't let the Germans know they missed anything. But it violates no secret to say that in each of these towns the principal damage was done in the business district—except perhaps at Plymouth, where business and residence districts were battered with an equal ferocity.

You can do a great deal of damage to an organized community by wrecking most of its business district; you can put people to the trouble and inconvenience of finding new places to buy things—places much farther away, perhaps even in the next town; you can discommode everybody, slow them up, reduce their individual and collective efficiency. Make almost half their homes uninhabitable, as was done at Plymouth, and you hamper them still farther. Half the

PUBLIC LIBRARY

population of Plymouth is living in the back country, in villages or farmhouses (I hope by now they have got them out of the ditches, where many of them were sleeping a week after the last big blitz) and commuting to work. The buses that took them to and fro were far too few in May; it must have taken most of them hours to get home, hours more to get back in the morning. I have seen no more cheerless sight than dusk in Plymouth, with the crowd drifting away from the ruins where they had worked all day cleaning up, and trying to get out into the countryside—hundreds of them waiting for a single bus and then dropping back to wait patiently, God knows how long, for the next one. Their faces . . . Well, only a painter, and a very good painter, could give you an adequate impression of their faces. Yet there is reason to believe that in another week or so they again began to be able to smile; the human spirit is resilient given a few nights of unbroken sleep, a few mornings in which the first job is not to count the dead.

Plymouth was the worst I saw, the worst there was to see, in May; by the time you read this some other town may be worse off. Or maybe not, if American aid has been prompt enough and copious enough; perhaps the German air force can be slapped down to a point where no town will again have to take what London took last fall, Coventry last winter, and Plymouth and Liverpool last spring. Plymouth is a testimonial to how much people can take and still keep on working; yes, but it also suggests that there is a breaking point somewhere—not yet reached—beyond which they cannot take it no matter how firm their resolution. There is some sense in the Germans' insistence that they hit nothing but military objectives; for when you are making war against a whole nation and its will to victory everything is a military objective—stores and homes and hospitals as well as docks and railroads and power stations.

Southampton is dead—or at least comatose, for the moment; not as a result of enemy action but because it is too near enemy bases to be of much use as a port. (Which is true to a considerable extent of the Port of London as well.) The business district has suffered great damage and some of the residence areas have been pretty well knocked about; but it is not the bombings that have given the town that sleep-walking air, it is the lack of business. Months after the last big blitz, not much more had been done in the way of cleaning up than Plymouth had accomplished in ten days. The town seemed to have suffered considerable depopulation; the streets were half empty, hotels that used to be crowded now had only a sprinkling of people, and practically all of them in uniform—women as well as men. No doubt a good many inhabitants had gone where they could find something to do, but there was a listlessness about those who remained. You were reminded of some city, say in Gaul at the end of the third century, after the first great barbarian invasions. The Franks and Alemanni had been driven out, Rome ruled once more; but the town had been badly smashed, the population had declined, and those who were left lacked the hope and the ambition to try to clean up the damage. What was the use when the barbarians might come again?

But Southampton may come back with the return of peace, as Liverpool has come back with war. It too has been heavily pounded; but it has regained its lost position as the maritime capital of Britain. London long ago surpassed it in tonnage handled; Southampton skimmed off the cream of the trade, the big luxury liners; but now Liverpool, a few hundred miles farther away from German air bases, has recovered its primacy. In the lounge of the Adelphi Hotel you see merchant marine officers of half a dozen nations—Dutchmen, Norwegians, Greeks, Free French, even Danes; everything is as brisk and busy as the old days, and you forget that upstairs most of the windows are broken, and that

just across the street begins an area of ruins as extensive and as thoroughly ruined as the Roman Forum.

On What They Eat, and What They Smoke

Just at present there is food enough in England, such as it is—bread, potatoes, and some vegetables; including of course mountains of Brussels sprouts. The English (except their doctors) never paid much attention to vitamins; but they ate a good many vitamins without realizing it, and they miss them now. Here and there, people are beginning to break out in red blotches. They always ate far more in volume than we do, and Americans in England came to eat almost as voluminously—largely, I suspect, to keep warm. Now they eat even more in volume, to make up for what they unconsciously miss in quality; and one hears that in the Midlands particularly, workmen drink a good deal more beer to compensate for lack of food values.

Much of that deficiency should be made up this summer by shipments from the United States—powdered milk and fruit juices, canned meat and fish, sugar and cheese. Lord Horder, the King's physician, has said that the British upper classes always ate too much meat and sugar and that their present privations are good for them; the lower classes may be in a different case. The distribution of food supplies, different kinds of foods at least, is uneven; but local shortages seem to be mostly caused, so far, by shifts in population due to evacuation of cities by many women and children, and to shortcomings of a distribution system slow to adjust itself to new problems.

But I am no good judge of the food situation, having stayed all the time at good hotels, where ration cards are called on only if you live there a week or more. What you get at most of these is a three-course meal—choice of three dishes in the first course, of about six in the second, and of two or three in the third. For the first course, smoked salmon, or soup, or hors d'œuvres (in very limited variety); I always took the smoked salmon till one night the waiter whispered, "You know, sir, it's synthetic." What they made it out of God knows; but it tasted like smoked salmon. For the second course, choice of a couple of fish, perhaps an omelette, a vegetable dish or two. Rarely meat; almost never beef, very seldom pork; meat, if you got it at all, was probably mutton, sometimes even goat. And to finish off, a choice of two or three sweets—profiterolles, a cake; with less sugar than they used to contain, but still very good. But that is luxury; in small towns on the road we found restaurants where what they had was tea, toast, and potatoes; you could take it or leave it. In such a case you take it.

England last spring was beginning to be aware of another problem, of considerable importance for national morale—a cigarette shortage. Pipe tobacco was still plentiful; cigars had never been very popular (and always fantastically expensive); but cigarettes were beginning to run out. London still had them, but Oxford, overpopulated with evacuees and soldiers from the near-by camps, had none at all; nor did many other provincial towns. The vending machines, much more used in England than here, stood empty everywhere; tobacco shops usually had a fine window display, boxes of all the popular brands; but the boxes were empty too.

Again, partly the fault of distribution; partly of the shipping shortage in the Atlantic (but they are giving more space now to tobacco, for they find that cigarettes are a comfort during a blitz or on the morning after); partly of bombings that destroyed one or two cigarette factories. And partly of a misadventure in foreign policy. The English do us an honor which we perhaps fail to appreciate—they prefer our tobacco, straight, in cigarettes, whereas most Americans want the native product flavored by a little Turkish. Our blends are as unsatisfactory to them as are their Virginias to us; but by now in England you smoke what you can get.

And what they get is by no means al-

ways what they want. Last year the British bought vast quantities of Turkish tobacco; for Turkey had signed a treaty promising to fight beside England and France if there were a war in the Mediterranean, and it seemed well to reinforce the alliance with economic bonds. The Turks were all right so long as there was nobody on base; but in the clutch they stood there and looked at three called strikes. And the English, watching the Germans take everything around Turkey while the Turks do nothing, have to smoke the Turkish cigarettes they hate because they can often get nothing else. The tobacco is being burned up; so are the people who smoke it.

Not wishing to deplete the reserves of a besieged country, I took along a supply of Camels estimated as enough for my needs while I was there. Of course I underestimated; by the time I reached Coventry on my travels I saw that I was going to fall short. Coventry is in a sad state (though there too people are working hard, doing everything they can); food is less plentiful than it ought to be, and cigarettes, at that time, simply were not. We blew a tire in Coventry; and a garage manager, hopelessly overworked and understaffed, still let us have a service man to change it. Values are not measured in money in Coventry; I wanted to do the utmost that I could to express my gratitude; so I gave him one of my last cherished packs of Camels. He eyed it sourly—but then took it, observing, "Oh, well, nowadays one is grateful for anything that will burn."

What he wanted of course was a gasper.

Air Raids—or So I Have Been Told

By a freak of chance for which experienced persons tell me I was not properly grateful, I never saw or heard a bomb dropped, in twenty-five nights in England. Sirens, often; gunfire at planes passing over; a few bombs hit London one night, when I happened to be working in the soundproof sub-basement of the British Broadcasting Corporation; but the big blitzes always happened where I was not. So I never found out whether I could take it, but I suppose I could. For every American on arrival feverishly wonders if he is going to be able to stand a blitz; and he always does stand it. He, or she; on the terrible night of May tenth the Ambassador's wife was up on the roof with her husband helping put out fire bombs, and so were plenty of other wives.

They all tell you that they are afraid, but they all behave as if they were not. To the newcomer it would seem that people whose courage has already been amply proved take needless and reckless chances. Why should John G. Winant, whose life is highly valuable to two nations, go up on his roof or walk around the streets, where not only a bomb but one of the far more numerous shell fragments might hit him? Why should not Winston Churchill, whose life is more valuable still, take more precautions?

Well, the veterans tell me that you can't afford to take too many precautions: the habit might grow on you. A friend of mine spent three hours of that night of May tenth on a roof, watching what he said was the most beautiful as well as the most appalling spectacle he had ever seen. I ventured to expostulate; for his life is valuable too and he had no need to prove anything; he is renowned among those who know him as one of the most cold-bloodedly courageous men in London. "Well," he said, "I had work to do that night down cellar. And when I finished my work I stayed there a while; till all at once I realized that if I didn't get up on the roof that moment, I might stay down cellar the rest of my life."

The Germans, unless they have official business outside, are compelled by their government to go down cellar and stay there; none of this nonsense of trying to sleep through it in your bed, as the majority of Londoners do, and risking the mathematically small chance that a bomb will land on that particular spot. Perhaps the Nazi government thought that its people would be unable to take it;

and whether or not that was true at the beginning, every night they spend down cellar may make them less able to take it, if what they have to take increases in volume and intensity. There are qualifications of course; no one would willingly expose his children, or the old and sick. In the middle-class westerly part of London, I am told, there is a feeling that it is "not quite Anglo Saxon" to go down into the shelters; but in the more fashionable West End plenty of people with Norman blood, or what passes for it nowadays, do go down (though plenty of others do not); and for the East Enders, Anglo Saxon or not, there is some point in it, for they have seen that a whole row of their flimsy houses can be knocked over by the concussion of a demolition bomb.

Still in a blitz you will find plenty of people out and about besides policemen and firemen and taxi drivers; and millions of others sleeping in their beds or reading because there is too much noise to sleep. Hitler has made few mistakes; but to have compelled ablebodied adults to go underground when the whistle blows and stay there till the shooting is over may make a big difference, when the war comes to its last quarter of an hour.

People talk about a great raid afterward with a curious overtone of disgust and loathing—as if it had been something not merely destructive and dangerous and terrifying, but foul and obscene; like an invasion of out-size man-eating cockroaches or bedbugs. Not having been through one myself, I do not know just what it is that makes people feel that way (it was an emotion of which they themselves did not appear to be aware); but certainly a foul smell clings about a burned district for days afterward—charred wood and cloth and whatnot, and perhaps some reminiscence of the chemicals in the bombs. Also there are wrecked buildings, many of them, from whose cellars the occupants could never be removed, alive or dead; in that case they simply throw in quantities of quicklime.

We are apt not to think much of this aspect of air raids, for American correspondents in London have said little about it—perhaps because they are too revolted themselves; perhaps because they distrust their powers of description (no one, they tell me, can give an adequate idea of an air raid to those who have not been through it); or perhaps because the news after a raid is the damage, the casualties, and above all the fact that nevertheless the English can take it. But the result is that most of us think of an air raid as something that destroys historic buildings and gives people a chance to be heroic. It is that, but it is more.

An Englishwoman—a woman and emotional, but she happens to be a first-rate reporter besides—argued with me that an air raid ought to be reported differently: in terms of bowels blown about the streets, and lovely women smashed into a bloody pulp, and men digging frantically into the ruins of their blazing homes, unable to reach their screaming children. I did not see this; but others have seen it, and I pass it on. That is what they have to take; what they have been taking now for almost a year, and are willing to go on taking because they know that the alternative—surrender—would be worse. That is what an air raid means—in Germany as well as in England. There may be little hope for a species that did not acquire sense enough to stop making war before it learned to make war that way; but to such a species we belong and we might as well make the best of it. And the best at the moment is simply this: there is a difference between a nation that makes war to save its own liberties and to restore those of others and a nation which makes that kind of war to impose its tyranny on the world. With a Nazi defeat there is some hope of a decent future; with a Nazi victory, none at all.

There'll Always Be an England

Yes, but never again the same kind of England, win or lose. (In this kind of

war there can be no such thing as a draw.) That this is so if England loses anyone can see; but even if England wins . . .

Sometimes it is hard to believe that this England is one you will never see again. Lunching in the Savoy Window, with the new spring foliage of the trees along the Embankment hiding the ruins across the river, you can feel yourself slipping back in time, five or ten or twenty years. The same place, the same scene, the same kind of people, in outward appearance—yet that very night the most distinguished-looking man in the room might be roasted alive in the ruins of his home, the most exquisite woman might be smashed into unidentifiable chunks of meat; and they all know it. Such a juxtaposition of culture and savagery has not been seen in Europe since the Renaissance, and it is going to change the people who live through it.

Or strolling up through the Christ Church meadows in Oxford, toward a well-remembered view—one of the most satisfying views in the world, the same yesterday, to-day, and one might think, forever. . . . Yet that night the siren blew; and I stood on the roof of my old college with Allan Nevins (Harmsworth Professor of American History now, and Fire Chief of The Queen's College besides) looking for bombers. They were nowhere near; far away to the east, too far away for the guns to be heard, antiaircraft shells bloomed red in the sky; far away to the north somewhere was the flash of explosions, but they were only a whisper. Meanwhile the full moon overhead, and the spires and towers of Oxford in the moonlight; Oxford, which the bombers had not yet touched. . . . But they will get there if the war lasts long enough; and dons who have noted the German habit of concentrating on the downtown districts of provincial cities forecast gloomily that the bombers may play hob with the older colleges, and leave as the sole memento of English academic architecture that choice specimen of Victorian Gothic, Keble. . . .

Unless this war ends sooner than there is any reason to suppose the outward aspect of London and of many other English cities is going to be changed, perhaps beyond recognition. Not all of that is net loss; the Luftwaffe in certain areas has done a badly needed job of slum clearance—if post-war England will have the resources to replace the slums with something better; but a good many historic monuments, a good many splendid and gracious homes, will have gone too. Edmond Taylor, writing in Paris at the outbreak of the war—when the French expected mass air raids, and were steeled to take them—said that they knew that the stones of which Paris was built were less important than the spirit that had built Paris, and could rebuild it. But when the test came after eight months of Sitzkrieg the men who governed France decided that the stones were more important than the spirit. And so perhaps they lost both; for nobody would be surprised if the Nazis, should they ever realize that their defeat is inevitable, burned Paris to the ground.

The English, with their eyes open, are offering up the stones to save the spirit. But more than that will be changed after this war: the whole pattern of English life since Waterloo and the industrial revolution will have been altered—and any anachronistic endeavor to preserve the pattern will only mean that the inevitable change will be more dislocating when belatedly it comes. You will see a tougher, leaner, poorer England; more equalitarian, and probably on the whole very much better. Many amenities will have been lost; many refinements, spiritual as well as material, will have become luxuries the nation can no longer afford. But, by and large, a far more respectable England than ever existed before.

If they win. But they are up against a nation of far greater resources, greater energy, and far more efficient organization; every day it becomes apparent to more and more Englishmen that they cannot win unless we do far more than

we are doing at this writing. In other words, England with American aid on the present scale cannot win (and not to win against Hitler means disaster, there is no middle course); but the war can be won by an all-out effort of America and England together—a partnership in which America, by mere size and volume of resources, must be the senior.

Most of them are beginning to see that, and some of them don't like it—as we should not like it if the positions were reversed. Those who do like it, who welcome it, do so mostly because they think better of us than the evidence to date would justify; because they believe that we might be willing to make a real effort, not only of action but of thought—an effort not merely to defend ourselves but to reorganize the world, if we can, so that this sort of thing cannot happen again. I mention this with diffidence, for I am on record in these pages as doubting whether it can be done. Nobody knows whether it can be done; but in England, three thousand miles nearer the Continent than we are, they feel that it must be done.

At any rate, many of them begin to feel that they will never again be better than the Number Two nation. Some of them have talked to me, gloomily, of the island of Britain in wartime as a No Man's Land between America and Germany; in eventual peace as nothing but another Ireland or Iceland, a negligible piece of real estate off the European coast, with a past but no future. This is perhaps too pessimistic, yet even for that prospect they are willing to go on fighting and dying; even the poorest—especially the poorest—are willing to go on fighting and dying, as Willkie said, for the right to crab. There is no limit to their resolution; so far as conscious will is concerned, they would go on taking it forever. But there may be a limit to what flesh and blood and nervous systems can endure.

If we believe that English survival contributes to our own security it is up to us to see that the balance is tilted the other way before that limit is reached. Our own security, and more; whether we like it or not (and most of us would prefer to evade the burden if we could) it begins to be apparent that the world will be dominated in the decades ahead of us either by the ideals and practices now prevalent in Berlin or by those which have guided this country since 1776. Hitler will win unless we win; and we should find ultimate victory a good deal harder if we let the front-line troops—the men, women, and children of England—be overpowered before the reserves came up.

WHO GOES NAZI?

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

It is an interesting and somewhat macabre parlor game to play at a large gathering of one's acquaintances: to speculate who in a showdown would go Nazi. By now, I think I know. I have gone through the experience many times —in Germany, in Austria, and in France. I have come to know the types: the born Nazis, the Nazis whom democracy itself has created, the certain-to-be fellow-travelers. And I also know those who never, under any conceivable circumstances, would become Nazis.

It is preposterous to think that they are divided by any racial characteristics. Germans may be more susceptible to Nazism than most people, but I doubt it. Jews are barred out, but it is an arbitrary ruling. I know lots of Jews who are born Nazis and many others who would heil Hitler to-morrow morning if given a chance. There are Jews who have repudiated their own ancestors in order to become "Honorary Aryans and Nazis"; there are full-blooded Jews who have enthusiastically entered Hitler's secret service. Nazism has nothing to do with race and nationality. It appeals to a certain type of mind.

It is also, to an immense extent, the disease of a generation—the generation which was either young or unborn at the end of the last war. This is as true of Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Americans as of Germans. It is the disease of the so-called "lost generation."

Sometimes I think there are direct biological factors at work—a type of education, feeding, and physical training which has produced a new kind of human being with an imbalance in his nature. He has been fed vitamins and filled with energies that are beyond the capacity of his intellect to discipline. He has been treated to forms of education which have released him from inhibitions. His body is vigorous. His mind is childish. His soul has been almost completely neglected.

At any rate, let us look round the room.

The gentleman standing beside the fireplace with an almost untouched glass of whiskey beside him on the mantelpiece is Mr. A, a descendant of one of the great American families. There has never been an American Blue Book without several persons of his surname in it. He is poor and earns his living as an editor. He has had a classical education, has a sound and cultivated taste in literature, painting, and music; has not a touch of snobbery in him; is full of humor, courtesy, and wit. He was a lieutenant in the World War, is a Republican in politics, but voted twice for Roosevelt, last time for Willkie. He is modest, not particularly brilliant, a staunch friend, and a man who greatly enjoys the company of pretty and witty women. His wife, whom he adored, is dead, and he will never remarry.

He has never attracted any attention because of outstanding bravery. But I will put my hand in the fire that nothing on earth could ever make him a Nazi. He would greatly dislike fighting them, but they could never convert him. . . . Why not?

Beside him stands Mr. B, a man of his own class, graduate of the same preparatory school and university, rich, a sportsman, owner of a famous racing stable, vice-president of a bank, married to a well-known society belle. He is a good fellow and extremely popular. But if America were going Nazi he would certainly join up, and early.

Why? . . . Why the one and not the other?

Mr. A has a life that is established according to a certain form of personal behavior. Although he has no money, his unostentatious distinction and education have always assured him a position. He has never been engaged in sharp competition. He is a free man. I doubt whether ever in his life he has done anything he did not want to do or anything that was against his code. Nazism wouldn't fit in with his standards and he has never become accustomed to making concessions.

Mr. B has risen beyond his real abilities by virtue of health, good looks, and being a good mixer. He married for money and he has done lots of other things for money. His code is not his own; it is that of his class—no worse, no better. He fits easily into whatever pattern is successful. That is his sole measure of value—success. Nazism as a minority movement would not attract him. As a movement likely to attain power, it would.

The saturnine man over there talking with a lovely French émigrée is already a Nazi. Mr. C is a brilliant and embittered intellectual. He was a poor white-trash Southern boy, a scholarship student at two universities where he took all the scholastic honors but was never invited to join a fraternity. His brilliant gifts won for him successively government positions, partnership in a prominent law firm, and eventually a highly paid job as a Wall Street adviser. He has always moved among important people and always been socially on the periphery. His colleagues have admired his brains and exploited them, but they have seldom invited him—or his wife—to dinner.

He is a snob, loathing his own snobbery. He despises the men about him—he despises, for instance, Mr. B—because he knows that what he has had to achieve by relentless work men like B have won by knowing the right people. But his contempt is inextricably mingled with envy. Even more than he hates the class into which he has insecurely risen, does he hate the people from whom he came. He hates his mother and his father for *being* his parents. He loathes everything that reminds him of his origins and his humiliations. He is bitterly anti-Semitic because the social insecurity of the Jews reminds him of his own psychological insecurity.

Pity he has utterly erased from his nature, and joy he has never known. He has an ambition, bitter and burning. It is to rise to such an eminence that no one can ever again humiliate him. Not to rule but to be the secret ruler, pulling the strings of puppets created by his brains. Already some of them are talking his language—though they have never met him.

There he sits: he talks awkwardly rather than glibly; he is courteous. He commands a distant and cold respect. But he is a very dangerous man. Were he primitive and brutal he would be a criminal—a murderer. But he is subtle and cruel. He would rise high in a Nazi regime. It would need men just like him—intellectual and ruthless.

But Mr. C is not a born Nazi. He is the product of a democracy hypocritically preaching social equality and practicing a carelessly brutal snobbery. He is a sensitive, gifted man who has been humiliated into nihilism. He would laugh to see heads roll.

I think young D over there is the only *born* Nazi in the room. Young D is the spoiled only son of a doting mother. He has never been crossed in his life. He spends his time at the game of seeing what he can get away with. He is constantly arrested for speeding and his

PUBLIC LIBRARY

mother pays the fines. He has been ruthless toward two wives and his mother pays the alimony. His life is spent in sensation-seeking and theatricality. He is utterly inconsiderate of everybody. He is very good-looking, in a vacuous, cavalier way, and inordinately vain. He would certainly fancy himself in a uniform that gave him a chance to swagger and lord it over others.

Mrs. E would go Nazi as sure as you are born. That statement surprises you? Mrs. E seems so sweet, so clinging, so cowed. She is. She is a masochist. She is married to a man who never ceases to humiliate her, to lord it over her, to treat her with less consideration than he does his dogs. He is a prominent scientist, and Mrs. E, who married him very young, has persuaded herself that he is a genius, and that there is something of superior womanliness in her utter lack of pride, in her doglike devotion. She speaks disapprovingly of other "masculine" or insufficiently devoted wives. Her husband, however, is bored to death with her. He neglects her completely and she is looking for someone else before whom to pour her ecstatic self-abasement. She will titillate with pleased excitement to the first popular hero who proclaims the basic subordination of women.

On the other hand, Mrs. F would never go Nazi. She is the most popular woman in the room, handsome, gay, witty, and full of the warmest emotion. She was a popular actress ten years ago; married very happily; promptly had four children in a row; has a charming house, is not rich but has no money cares, has never cut herself off from her own happy-go-lucky profession, and is full of sound health and sound common sense. All men try to make love to her; she laughs at them all, and her husband is amused. She has stood on her own feet since she was a child, she has enormously helped her husband's career (he is a lawyer), she would ornament any drawing-room in any capital, and she is as American as ice cream and cake.

II

How about the butler who is passing the drinks? I look at James with amused eyes. James is safe. James has been butler to the 'ighest aristocracy, considers all Nazis parvenus and communists, and has a very good sense for "people of quality." He serves the quiet editor with that friendly air of equality which good servants always show toward those they consider good enough to serve, and he serves the horsy gent stiffly and coldly.

Bill, the grandson of the chauffeur, is helping serve to-night. He is a product of a Bronx public school and high school, and works at night like this to help himself through City College, where he is studying engineering. He is a "proletarian," though you'd never guess it if you saw him without that white coat. He plays a crack game of tennis—has been a tennis tutor in summer resorts—swims superbly, gets straight A's in his classes, and thinks America is okay and don't let anybody say it isn't. He had a brief period of Youth Congress communism, but it was like the measles. He was not taken in the draft because his eyes are not good enough, but he wants to design airplanes, "like Sikorsky." He thinks Lindbergh is "just another pilot with a build-up and a rich wife" and that he is "always talking down America, like how we couldn't lick Hitler if we wanted to." At this point Bill snorts.

Mr. G is a *very* intellectual young man who was an infant prodigy. He has been concerned with general ideas since the age of ten and has one of those minds that can scintillatingly rationalize everything. I have known him for ten years and in that time have heard him enthusiastically explain Marx, social credit, technocracy, Keynesian economics, Chestertonian distributism, and everything else one can imagine. Mr. G will never be a Nazi, because he will never be anything. His brain operates quite apart from the rest of his apparatus. He will certainly be able, however, fully

to explain and apologize for Nazism if it ever comes along. But Mr. G is always a "deviationist." When he played with communism he was a Trotskyist; when he talked of Keynes it was to suggest improvement; Chesterton's economic ideas were all right but he was too bound to Catholic philosophy. So we may be sure that Mr. G would be a Nazi with purse-lipped qualifications. He would certainly be purged.

H is an historian and biographer. He is American of Dutch ancestry born and reared in the Middle West. He has been in love with America all his life. He can recite whole chapters of Thoreau and volumes of American poetry, from Emerson to Steve Benét. He knows Jefferson's letters, Hamilton's papers, Lincoln's speeches. He is a collector of early American furniture, lives in New England, runs a farm for a hobby and doesn't lose much money on it, and loathes parties like this one. He has a ribald and manly sense of humor, is unconventional and lost a college professorship because of a love affair. Afterward he married the lady and has lived happily ever afterward as the wages of sin.

H has never doubted his own authentic Americanism for one instant. This is his country, and he knows it from Acadia to Zenith. His ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War and in all the wars since. He is certainly an intellectual, but an intellectual smelling slightly of cow barns and damp tweeds. He is the most good-natured and genial man alive, but if anyone ever tries to make this country over into an imitation of Hitler's, Mussolini's, or Petain's systems H will grab a gun and fight. Though H's liberalism will not permit him to say it, it is his secret conviction that nobody whose ancestors have not been in this country since before the Civil War really understands America or would really fight for it against Nazism or any other foreign ism in a showdown.

But H is wrong. There is one other person in the room who would fight alongside H and he is not even an American citizen. He is a young German émigré, whom I brought along to the party. The people in the room look at him rather askance because he is so Germanic, so very blond-haired, so very blue-eyed, so tanned that somehow you expect him to be wearing shorts. He looks like the model of a Nazi. His English is flawed—he learned it only five years ago. He comes from an old East Prussian family; he was a member of the post-war Youth Movement and afterward of the Republican "Reichsbanner." All his German friends went Nazi—without exception. He hiked to Switzerland penniless, there pursued his studies in New Testament Greek, sat under the great Protestant theologian, Karl Barth, came to America through the assistance of an American friend whom he had met in a university, got a job teaching the classics in a fashionable private school; quit, and is working now in an airplane factory—working on the night shift to make planes to send to Britain to defeat Germany. He has devoured volumes of American history, knows Whitman by heart, wonders why so few Americans have ever really read the Federalist papers, believes in the United States of Europe, the Union of the English-speaking world, and the coming democratic revolution all over the earth. He believes that America is the country of Creative Evolution once it shakes off its middle-class complacency, its bureaucratized industry, its tentacle-like and spreading government, and sets itself innerly free.

The people in the room think he is not an American, but he is more American than almost any of them. He has discovered America and his spirit is the spirit of the pioneers. He is furious with America because it does not realize its strength and beauty and power. He talks about the workmen in the factory where he is employed. . . . He took the job "in order to understand the real America." He thinks the men are wonderful. "Why don't you American intellectuals ever get to them; talk to them?"

I grin bitterly to myself, thinking that if we ever got into war with the Nazis he would probably be interned, while Mr. B and Mr. G and Mrs. E would be spreading defeatism at all such parties as this one. "Of course I don't like Hitler but . . ."

Mr. J over there is a Jew. Mr. J is a very important man. He is immensely rich—he has made a fortune through a dozen directorates in various companies, through a fabulous marriage, through a speculative flair, and through a native gift for money and a native love of power. He is intelligent and arrogant. He seldom associates with Jews. He deplores any mention of the "Jewish question." He believes that Hitler "should not be judged from the standpoint of anti-Semitism." He thinks that "the Jews should be reserved on all political questions." He considers Roosevelt "an enemy of business." He thinks "It was a serious blow to the Jews that Frankfurter should have been appointed to the Supreme Court."

The saturnine Mr. C—the real Nazi in the room—engages him in a flatteringly attentive conversation. Mr. J agrees with Mr. C wholly. Mr. J is definitely attracted by Mr. C. He goes out of his way to ask his name—they have never met before. "A very intelligent man."

Mr. K contemplates the scene with a sad humor in his expressive eyes. Mr. K is also a Jew. Mr. K is a Jew from the South. He speaks with a Southern drawl. He tells inimitable stories. Ten years ago he owned a very successful business that he had built up from scratch. He sold it for a handsome price, settled his indigent relatives in business, and now enjoys an income for himself of about fifty dollars a week. At forty he began to write articles about odd and out-of-the-way places in American life. A bachelor, and a sad man who makes everybody laugh, he travels continually, knows America from a thousand different facets, and loves it in a quiet, deep, unostentatious way. He is a great friend of H, the biographer. Like H, his ancestors have been in this country since long before the Civil War. He is attracted to the young German. By and by they are together in the drawing-room. The impeccable gentleman of New England, the country-man-intellectual of the Middle West, the happy woman whom the gods love, the young German, the quiet, poised Jew from the South. And over on the other side are the others.

Mr. L has just come in. Mr. L is a lion these days. My hostess was all of a dither when she told me on the telephone, " . . . and L is coming. You know it's *dreadfully* hard to get him." L is a *very* powerful labor leader. "My dear, he is a man of the people, but really *fascinating*."

L is a man of the people and just exactly as fascinating as my horsy, bank vice-president, on-the-make acquaintance over there, and for the same reasons and in the same way. L makes speeches about the "third of the nation," and L has made a darned good thing for himself out of championing the oppressed. He has the best car of anyone in this room; salary means nothing to him because he lives on an expense account. He agrees with the very largest and most powerful industrialists in the country that it is the business of the strong to boss the weak, and he has made collective bargaining into a legal compulsion to appoint him or his henchmen as "labor's" agents, with the power to tax pay envelopes and do what they please with the money. L is the strongest natural-born Nazi in this room. Mr. B regards him with contempt tempered by hatred. Mr. B will use him. L is already parroting B's speeches. He has the brains of Neanderthal man, but he has an infallible instinct for power. In private conversation he denounces the Jews as "parasites." No one has ever asked him what are the creative functions of a highly paid agent, who takes a percentage off the labor of millions of men, and distributes it where and as it may add to his own political power.

III

It's fun—a macabre sort of fun—this parlor game of "Who Goes Nazi?"

And it simplifies things—asking the question in regard to specific personalities.

Kind, good, happy, gentlemanly, secure people never go Nazi. They may be the gentle philosopher whose name is in the Blue Book, or Bill from City College to whom democracy gave a chance to design airplanes—you'll never make Nazis out of them. But the frustrated and humiliated intellectual, the rich and scared speculator, the spoiled son, the labor tyrant, the fellow who has achieved success by smelling out the wind of success—they would all go Nazi in a crisis.

Believe me, nice people don't go Nazi. Their race, color, creed, or social condition is not the criterion. It is something in them.

Those who haven't anything in them to tell them what they like and what they don't—whether it is breeding, or happiness, or wisdom, or a code, however old-fashioned or however modern, go Nazi.

It's an amusing game. Try it at the next big party you go to.

FLUSHING SUMMER

BY J. P. CHAMBERLAIN

BENEATH slaphappy buildings we spent an unreal summer
At a never-never constructed by large corporations.
Inside the Perisphere we were skeptical of bliss to-morrow.
On the Futurama we waited for war.

A parachute tower carried us up, up, up;
We saw the neoned Fair spread below
Like an MGM dream of fairyland:
Suddenly our stomachs went out from under as we fell.

We laughed at barkers, eyed the show girls' breasts,
Drank foreign liquors and examined Wonders of Science;
Were respectful before masterpieces and the importance of art.
Every day there were headlines in the papers.

Quick acquaintances we made, quick girls kissed in the evenings
As a loudspeaker distributed canned moods from the Dream Center.
We witnessed the fall of people of importance,
But did not forget our future.

No, Norman Geddes could not distract us long
Or siren Kaltenborn deceive with words of honey:
We did not need exhibits to tell to-morrow by.

LIBRARY

SYNTHETICS PREFERRED

THE REVOLUTION IN MAN-MADE FIBERS

BY JOSEPH L. NICHOLSON

If American silk manufacturers had not been so dunderhead, rayon might now be what it was in 1920—artificial silk, a cheap substitute for a luxury fabric. But the silk people took fright at a new sort of competition. They hired expensive publicity people and warned about rayon and got up silk crusades and adulterated their own fabrics in order to compete with rayon until at last the public became conscious of rayon. Thus forced into the open, the rayon producers were compelled to sell rayon on its merits, and this compulsion, in turn, compelled an incessant effort to improve the fiber. Now rayon and the other synthetic fibers have reached a point where in many instances they are preferred to natural fibers. Within the past few weeks hosiery manufacturers have been warned by their trade association not to label stockings as having "Nylon Reinforcements in Heel and Toe" unless they reveal the rest of the fiber content. The reason for the warning was that the stockings were ninety-eight per cent cotton and were being sold on the popularity of one of the most successful synthetic fibers ever invented.

Most persons accept the new fibers without being aware of how profound their effect has been on the textile manufacturer, the farmer, and the housewife. The competition of the synthetics with the natural fibers threatens to be devastating (168 of the new fibers are being produced in Germany alone) and more is yet to come. In the United States the synthetic-fiber industry is entering a boom. The editor of the *Textile World* in March viewed the prospect with some doubt. With the war boom in textiles, he said, "there will come plant expansion. But it's going to be tougher this time than last time. . . . Nor will there be merely the encroachment of a few million pounds of synthetics into the markets of the natural fibers. There will be, instead, the blitzkrieg from a great synthetic-fiber industry, running into hundreds of millions and eventually into billions of pounds annually."

All of this extraordinary development came from the effort to find a substitute for silk. For centuries silk was a costly luxury which only the rich could buy; in the days of the Emperor Aurelian it was one of those articles which cost its weight in gold. By the eighteenth century France was the center of silk manufacture in the Western world, and it is not surprising that the first attempts to make silk artificially should have occurred there. In 1735 a French scientist named Reamur developed a process whereby a solution—made from gums and resins—was forced through a small orifice and coagulated to form a thread. (The silkworm eats mulberry leaves and then extrudes a liquid gum through two microscopic orifices in its head; contact with the air hardens this secretion into filaments of silk.) After the Reamur

experiments there were intermittent attempts to make silk but with small result until, in 1884, Count Hilaire de Chardonnet was granted a patent by the French government for a process in which a solution of mulberry leaves was drawn through fine glass tubes, emerging as hairlike threads that hardened in contact with the air. De Chardonnet had worked with Pasteur in fighting a silk-worm disease and spent twenty years studying the worm. In 1890 French capitalists set up a factory to make artificial silk by the de Chardonnet process.

Presently in both England and America various persons tried to manufacture artificial silk commercially but none was particularly successful until 1905, when the famous English silk-manufacturing family of Courtauld produced a reasonably satisfactory yarn. (The Courtaulds were practically forced into the experiment against their will. They had made their fortune out of black silk crêpe, a standard fabric during the many years of Queen Victoria's mourning. When the Queen died the Courtaulds were on the verge of going out of business and only the determined insistence of one of their employees persuaded them to attempt to make artificial silk.) In 1909 Courtaulds, Ltd., bought out the Genasco Company which had been making artificial silk at Lansdowne, Pa. This subsidiary of Courtauld's—under the name of the American Viscose Corporation—became enormously successful. Until 1921, the year after the basic patents expired, the company had virtually no competition in the United States and even now it produces about a quarter of all the rayon made in this country. The original Courtauld investment is believed to have been less than a million dollars; out of the profits came large dividends and the capital to build six more plants in this country. When, in the course of the liquidation of British-owned American securities, the company was sold to an American banking group a few weeks ago, the assets were reported to be worth over $100,000,000.

The year 1920 marked the beginning of a change in the business in the United States. Under the pressure of the war the manufacture of chemicals had been revolutionized into a major industry. Forced to manufacture explosives on a huge scale, cut off from German dyes, American plants were expanded and when the war was over new products were needed to keep the plants busy. The profits of the Viscose Corporation had been enviously watched and by 1921, when the basic patents had expired, du Pont and two other companies were making rayon. While the silk manufacturers were occupied in their short-sighted campaigns to warn people about rayon, other processes and patents for the making of synthetic fibers were either being leased to Americans—complete with European machinery, chemists, and even plant operators—or were being brought in and set up by English, Belgian, Dutch, German, and Italian capital.

Until ten years ago the greater part of American production was either owned abroad or was controlled through cross-licensed patents or interlocking directors. The new competition cut the price from its high mark. The Viscose Corporation got a price of $6 a pound in 1920 when real silk was bringing $20 a pound and in 1921 the price of rayon fell to an average of $2.69 a pound. Despite the enormous profits, rayon prices have been cut steadily ever since; in 1939 the average price was fifty-two cents a pound.

In all there are fifteen producers of rayon now in production in the United States. Leading off with Viscose, the chief producers are:

American Viscose Corporation
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Rayon Dept.)
Celanese Corporation of America
Industrial Rayon Corporation
Tubize-Chatillon Corporation
North American Rayon Corporation
American Enka Corporation

Tennessee Eastman Corporation (Kodak)
American Bemberg Corporation

Throughout the history of all these companies the same trend can be observed: First the attempt to produce a substitute for silk, then the effort through experiment and new processes to set the synthetics on their own feet, and finally the successful invasion of the domain of every natural fiber. In the course of this development and in the hunt for new markets among people with small incomes, it was discovered that the new fibers could be used in hundreds of ways. One is reminded of the history of plastics. Seventy-five years ago the diminishing supply of ivory from the Gold Coast stimulated the search for a substitute. In 1870 John Wesley Hyatt, an Albany printer, aroused by the offer of a $10,000 prize for a material to take the place of ivory in billiard balls, discovered celluloid. Since then celluloid has been put to more than 25,000 other uses. The history of synthetic fibers is not dissimilar.

To-day there is scarcely any sort of weave or fabric against which synthetic fibers are not strenuously competing. But they have done much more. They found the textile industry deadened with inertia; the possibilities of the natural fibers were all familiar; the industry was largely content to work with routine methods and obsolete plant. Once the new fibers were forced to go it on their own, all this was changed; new methods, new machinery, new weaves, new fabrics, and new designs completely altered the face of the textile business.

It was long maintained that no artificial fiber could ever be devised that was as strong as silk, as warm as wool, or as washable as cotton. Yet Nylon has now beaten silk for strength, the manufacture of short-staple rayon is pressing woolen fabrics hard, and cotton, despite the fact that it far surpasses any other fabric in amount consumed, is being forced to give ground to synthetics.

Synthetic fibers divide into two groups, vegetable and mineral. So far the vegetable synthetics (cellulose is the basic raw material) are in the lead in quantity produced.

Cellulose, the fibrous or skeletal part of plant life without which a tree would dissolve in the rain like sugar, is obtained chiefly from wood and cotton. From time to time money has been invested in the manufacture of cellulose from cornstalks, potato vines, straw, and other agricultural wastes. But the handling and storage of these wastes is so costly and the spoilage is so great that their profitable use in the future is unlikely. Up to now perhaps twenty-five per cent of the cellulose used for rayon has been made of cotton and the possibility of harvesting the entire cotton plant and turning it into cellulose has been discussed as a "solution" for the cotton-grower's troubles. The hope has glimmered. For years spruce was considered the only wood that could be used successfully for cellulose, but improved processes have now made it possible to utilize the Southern slash or loblolly pine. When the cost of growing cotton and the amount of cellulose that can be got out of the entire cotton plant is compared with the cost of growing trees and the growth of cellulose in a tree during the year the balance is in favor of the slash pine.

In manufacture cellulose is chemically treated until it becomes a honeylike liquid; the silkworm performs the same function with mulberry leaves in its digestive tract. From this point on, the steps of the process apply to all synthetic fibers: the viscous liquid is pumped through a nozzle pierced with many tiny holes. After passing through the holes the fluid quickly coagulates into filaments which are twisted into thread.

II

It was not long after 1900 that rayon made its first timid appearance as an article for sale. Style then required that braid be used on every edge of material from hat trimming to petticoats. Rayon,

with its high and shiny gloss, turned the trick. It was not then strong enough to be woven as a fabric by itself, but its gloss could be utilized, and a few threads were incorporated in the weave of cotton table-covers to give them "flash."

About 1912 came the first bold step, the manufacture of artificial-silk stockings. They were terrible. The yarn had no elasticity and the stockings stretched and bagged at the knees and ankles. The knitted tricolette dresses of 1917 had no better luck. They stretched so that a woman might have to stop and chop off six inches to keep from wiping out her footsteps when she walked. The artificial-silk shirts that so inflamed the imagination of Hog Island shipyard workers sold briskly but proved no more durable than the tricolette dresses.

Then corsets went out of fashion. Skirts rose, the corset cover and petticoat vanished, and the whole design of women's undergarments changed with the invention of the pink silk bloomer. This meant a tenstrike for artificial silk and there ensued a boom. Manufacturers who knew nothing about the difficulties of knitting artificial silk and who had no regard whatever for workmanship fell over one another to supply the demand. By the time the rush was over, artificial-silk bloomers sold for twenty-five cents. Many women made their first acquaintance with artificial silk through this garment and got no pleasure from the experience.

Most people who bought anything made of rayon in the years between 1920 and, say, 1928 can recall the shortcomings of artificial silk. Laundries, knowing nothing about the deficiencies of the new material, turned garments into rags. When the traveling salesman's pajamas were returned to his hotel one leg might be half its original size and the other double in length. So malodorous did the reputation of artificial silk become that manufacturers began to call it "Gloss" and "Art Silk." But people were tired of the high gloss; the fabric looked phony and "Art Silk" still suggested artificial silk.

In the midst of this confusion the silk people continued their blundering course. Since the cellulose fabric resembled nothing but silk, the garment makers who used it—showing small imagination—had never got beyond trying to palm it off as something just as good as silk. The silk makers were apparently oblivious of the fact that they were now restricted to the luxury market and that their salvation depended on an intense effort to make the most of their fiber. Instead they chose to meet the new competition with a debased silk fabric. Silk was weighted, first with tin and then with lead. Before the campaign was over silks were sold that were three-quarters lead and one-quarter silk. Of course garments made of such material frequently cracked and split, and the enraged buyer often supposed that she had been sold artificial silk. The muddled state of affairs may be illustrated with this incident: On the 19th of June, 1928, a salesman tried to sell to a well-known New York department store a model made of lead-weighted silk. The buyer recognized it for what it was and refused to buy. Whereupon the salesman approached another buyer and tried to sell the same model as rayon! Dyers held solemn conclave to determine whether the amount of tin in silk should be no more than 30 per cent—or should it be 40 per cent—of the weight of the fabric.

Long before this the department stores had tired of the artificial-silk war and in 1924—the year of Chardonnet's death—a committee appointed by the National Retail Dry Goods Association adopted the name Rayon for all cellulose fibers. The name was suggested by Kenneth Lord, the commission merchant, who had seen early specimens of artificial silk in Europe years ago and had been one of the first to import it into this country. But it took some time before the makers would accept the name. During the next year, 1925, rayon appeared as a

woven dress fabric. This time the garment manufacturers took no chances; they did not say what their dresses were made of. They looked like silk and sold like hot cakes. Style was the thing; certainly two or three dresses in style were better than one good silk one that could be made over. Next year, in 1926, one producer made a satin out of rayon and called it Baronet Satin. By 1927 the number of pounds of rayon used exceeded that of silk.

Despite the efforts of the rayon people to hinder themselves by a persistent imitation of silk, the fiber continued to improve as a result of experiment and study; it gained in launderable strength and women were beginning to understand its limitations. But the drawback of the shiny gloss remained; it was too easy to identify rayon for what it was. Attempts were made to deluster the yarn by coating it, but the coating wore off easily and spotted in the rain.

In 1928 the problem was solved. A chemist working on pigments for paint discovered that small amounts of titanium dioxide when mixed with any substance having a mirrorlike surface, diffused light just as blotting paper does. It was possible now to make rayon yarns even duller than silk if style demanded.

The application of this discovery broke the curse of "artificial silk" and set the rayon manufacturers free to make the new fibers desirable for what they were and not as a substitute for something else. By 1937, when the Federal Trade Commission ruled that all fibers made from cellulose must be called rayon, silk had been left far behind and rayon, in the case of some fabrics, had become a luxury in its own right.

Constant effort in these past years has developed a number of positive advantages in rayon. It requires less laundering than other fabrics; most rayons have so smooth a surface that dirt does not stick to them as readily as it does to silk, cotton, and wool. A rayon dress can be hung up for a few days and it will freshen when cotton will not. Rayon underwear does not have to be ironed. Silk has to be bleached to keep from turning yellow; rayon does not. White rayon stays white forever. Rayon is never weighted. It is not affected by perspiration and it dries quickly since it retains little moisture.

But rayon has shortcomings still and to get the most out of a rayon fabric these shortcomings must be remembered. It stretches easily and when stretched doesn't come back. When wet it is not as strong as cotton, silk, or wool, though it is much stronger than it has been in the past and can now be "shrink proofed." A rayon garment or one that is part rayon must not be scrubbed on a washboard or wrung out. The garment must be shaped when wet, as it takes its shape in that condition. If the rayon is an acetate you cannot use ether cleaning fluids or the fabric will be eaten with holes. The same thing will happen if you spill nail polish containing acetone on an acetate rayon dress. Furthermore, acetates will melt if you use a hot iron on them.

Rayon manufacturers by continually lowering prices have made it possible for even the dime stores to sell rayon garments. From the high point of $6 a pound in 1920, the price coasted steadily until 1938 when it reached 49 cents a pound. The present price is 53 cents. The industry's record of reducing prices while steadily improving quality shows that the manufacturers have not been satisfied to live fatly behind a high tariff barrier. The present duty of 45 cents a pound or 45 per cent of value—whichever is higher—practically shut out imports after 1931 when the price of rayon fell to 75 cents. Though prices for similar rayon yarns are ordinarily the same for all companies—a fact which causes textile manufacturers to turn purple—the industry has been tolerably enlightened in its conduct and has passed on to the public the savings brought about by improvement in manufacturing. Prices are cut; the fiber is improved.

III

These developments are a part of the revolution that has jeopardized the position of the natural fibers. The advent of such mineral synthetics as Nylon, Vinyon, and Fiberglas—we shall examine them presently—only increases the threat.

The cultivation and sale of cotton, wool, silk, and flax are among the most ancient occupations. They began in pastoral times; they are associated with hand labor and with varying conditions of soil and climate, and are always subject to a speculative market. In recent years the natural fibers have suffered because of "over production" in various parts of the world and the murderous competition of the depression years. To such industries the artificial fibers have dealt a body blow.

The fortunes of cotton will serve to illustrate this revolution. Cotton is still the most widely used fiber in the world. In 1939, 3,625,000,000 pounds of it were consumed in the United States as compared with 396,000,000 pounds of wool, and 50,000,000 pounds of silk. For generations the chief world source for cotton was the Southern States. All this has changed. Cotton is now grown on a large scale in Brazil, Egypt, Russia, China, and India. But the nature of its cultivation in the United States is about what it has always been. Despite the exceptions—the great plantations which use the latest types of machinery—most American cotton is still raised by sharecroppers and small farmers, chopped and picked by hand, subject to varying conditions of weather, impoverished soil, the boll weevil and other pests, and the fluctuations of the market. Cotton-growing as a business and a livelihood has been so beaten and shaken in recent years that the government, conscious of the millions whose living depends on cotton, has been forced to sustain the fiber artificially by supporting a price above the market. We now have in this country an estimated surplus of 12,500,000 bales, an amount almost equal to the whole 1940 crop.

Now cotton with all its inherent shortcomings and the other natural fibers must stand the competition of fibers that are as nearly subject to complete control as ingenuity can accomplish. Two and a half million families get their living out of cotton. Its cultivation is still largely hand labor. It must be baled, ginned, carded, and combed. All of these operations are eliminated in the manufacture of the new fibers. In a factory the chemical constituents of the artificial fiber may be measured exactly from day to day. To raise a uniform grade of cotton or wool it is necessary to have identical soils or pastures with the same grasses. It has always been difficult to get a standard silk yarn. The silkworm's diet varies from day to day and one silkworm differs from another. The wool of the sheep varies from flock to flock and on different parts of the same sheep. In every natural fiber variation in strength and color is inevitable. This means unpredictable manufacturing losses due to rejects or seconds. Artificial fibers suffer from none of these handicaps.

The prices of cotton, silk, and wool are subject to violent changes with the weather and with every international incident. The minimum of change in any one year is 10 per cent. This increases the speculative character of textile manufacturing, for material cost is frequently 40 per cent of what the manufacturer gets for his cloth. In a single year the price of silk has doubled and that of cotton has dropped 60 per cent. In one year wool has fallen to a sixth of its former price—and then doubled itself in the next year. The character of the business has put a premium on guesswork. For example, the President of Bonanza Mills, having read about the bombing of the Burma Road, believes that silk is going up and buys at two dollars a pound. The President of Golconda Mills believes that silk will not go up so long as the British hold Singa-

pore—prices may even go down—and he decides against buying silk. It turns out that silk goes up to five dollars a pound. It is plain that Bonanza Mills do not have to be very efficient to make more money than Golconda. But if the situation had been reversed Bonanza Mills would have been caught with a large inventory of silk that cost twice what they can sell it for and Bonanza might have gone broke.

Artificial fibers are not subject to these crazy price fluctuations. For twenty years the price trend of the new fibers has been steadily downward. Since this is so and since rayon manufacturers can adjust their production from day to day to meet the needs of the market, it is unnecessary to tie up money in inventory to meet possible price changes. Since rayon and Nylon and the other new fibers have taken so much of the speculation out of textiles, more and more spindles are being switched from cotton, silk, and wool.

To meet this competition the more alert cotton manufacturers have installed new machinery, developed new weaves, and sought to devise luxury fabrics from cotton. Yet rayon continues to undermine cotton. To make the fabric used in automobile tires takes about 600,000 bales a year. For about eight years the rubber companies have been experimenting with the use of rayon in bus and truck tires. The reason for this is that rayon resists and does not generate heat. Not only is a tire subjected to the burning heat of the road in summer; the tire fabric is heated by the constant flexing back and forth of the fabric as the wheel rolls round. In a speeding car the heat generated in a tire is estimated in excess of 270° Fahrenheit, and it is at high speed that the greatest safety is required. Cotton subjected to such heat loses 40 per cent of its strength, rayon only 5 per cent. Rayon costs more than cotton, but it increases the life of the tire so much that the cost per mile is less.

Attacked at one point by technical developments of this character, cotton is hit at another. Japan has been one of the largest purchasers of our cotton; in 1939 she bought nearly 900,000 bales, more than any other country. The sales of Japanese silk in this country help to balance the sale of the cotton, but now Nylon is cutting the American demand for silk and this in turn reacts upon cotton. It cuts the amount of exchange available to buy it.

IV

If artificial fibers have threatened the position of cotton, wool is being just as seriously affected. During the last war, when Germany was cut off from the outside world, her supply of wool was finally exhausted and Zellwolle was devised to take its place. Both army uniforms and civilian clothes were made from the new artificial-wool fabrics. They did not wear well—it was a standing joke that a suit would put out buds in the spring—and their shortcomings were largely responsible for the unpleasant connotations of the word Ersatz. But with the advent of Hitler and the desperate need of the Germans for foreign exchange the development of artificial wool was taken up again, and this time with much more satisfactory results. The process employed in Germany and elsewhere is to cut the rayon fibers before spinning into the length of wool fiber. These short lengths, called staple fiber, when spun make a fuzzy yarn. When woven, this fuzz gives the cloth a nap.

Improvements in rayon have meant a more satisfactory artificial-woolen yarn. If a rayon blanket is not as warm as a woolen one (and if the attempts to crinkle the artificial fiber are successful the blankets will be as warm) the qualities of the new fiber have threatened the use of wool in other articles. Rugs made of rayon—four American manufacturers are now bringing them out—can't be attacked by moths and are resistent to abrasion. If the artificial crinkling process for the fiber is perfected, that means that the nap of a

rayon rug will stand up as well as a woolen nap, and wool may be knocked out of the rug and carpet business altogether.

But rayon staple fiber is not the only competitor of wool. Just as long ago chemists tried to duplicate the digestive processes of the silkworm in the search for an artificial-silk fiber, so in recent years chemists have analyzed wool in the attempt to duplicate it. Wool has a high percentage of protein. So has casein. Italy, growing no wool, began the commercial production of one of the new casein fibers made from milk. It was called Lanital from the Italian word lana, meaning wool.

The Lanital fiber was resilient and soft and took the same dyes as wool. It has little strength when wet, but progress is being made in correcting this weakness. Germany followed Italy with another artificial wool fiber, Tiolan, and now almost every country is making a fiber out of casein. In the United States the National Dairy Products Corporation produces Aratex which goes chiefly to the Hat Corporation of America to take the place of the rabbit fur (the European supply is now cut off) in the manufacture of felt hats.

The production cost of casein fiber is believed to be about fifty cents a pound; that is less than half the present price of scoured wool. The average cow produces enough milk in a year to provide, after separation of the cream, for a hundred pounds of casein. Since the supply of skim milk in this country, above that used for food and manufactured products, is almost unlimited, it is possible to produce a billion pounds of casein fiber a year, more than twice our annual wool consumption.

Hard upon the heels of Lanital, came another man-made wool. The soybean has a high protein content and samples of artificial soybean wool made by Henry Ford and the Department of Agriculture have the same characteristics as casein wool—it takes the same wool dyes—except that its strength when wet is even less than that of the casein fiber. It can be used successfully as a dilutant of wool, and the cost, forty cents a pound, is less than the cost of casein. On the average, a sheep yields seven and a half pounds of wool a year and it takes two acres of grazing land to support him; two acres will grow enough soybeans to produce a hundred and sixty pounds of soybean wool.

Experiments are going on constantly to discover new protein sources for artificial wool. The Corn Products Corporation is experimenting with Zein, a protein fiber made from corn. In Germany and Japan fish scrap and slaughter-house waste have furnished protein for fiber; if the latter source is ever developed in this country Armour and Swift will undoubtedly enter the textile industry. In England a fiber has been got out of the seaweed that grows so abundantly off the Atlantic coast of Scotland and Ireland. Recently Imperial Chemical Industries, Ltd., of London acquired a patent for making wool from peanuts.

V

But all the progress made with rayon, all the ingenuity shown in imitating wool, pale when one considers the prospects before the new mineral fibers. Indeed, it may be in the end that mineral fibers will jeopardize the existence of the rayon and protein fibers as they, in turn, have threatened cotton, silk, and wool. Rayon may overtake cotton in the making of tire fabric only to find itself displaced by a new fiber made of artificial rubber.

The great future promise of the mineral fibers lies in the fact that they can be produced even more cheaply than the cellulose and protein fibers and control in manufacture is even more exact. It is significant that Japan, dependent as she has been upon the sale of raw silk, has now not only outdistanced the United States in her output of rayon, but is moving ahead with mineral fiber. Two new ones were recently announced.

Nylon is probably the best known mineral fiber in the United States. The du Ponts say that it is derived from coal, air, and water. Considering the intricate processes involved, this is comparable to saying that we can get a house from a clay bank, but it is true that the basic materials used in Nylon are so cheap and abundant that they cannot be controlled by a monopoly and they are not subject to wide fluctuations in price. Already prices have been reduced by the du Ponts and further reductions will be possible with increased production. So popular have the new Nylon stockings been that the available supply of the fiber has not yet caught up with demand and numbers of hosiery manufacturers have taken advantage of the situation; retailers have followed suit, jacking the price of stockings from $1.35 to $1.50. They had best take their profit quickly for Nylon outwears silk, and one of our largest retail stores has predicted that hosiery sales—an important source of revenue—are likely to be reduced to a fifth of their present volume in from three to five years. Experiments with Nylon are going on constantly and the first fabrics made from it are appearing on the market.

Already Nylon has a competitor in Vinyon, another mineral fiber, made by the Union Carbide and Carbon Company and the Viscose Company. Its chief raw material is natural gas. Ladies' gloves made from Vinyon have recently been brought out and hosiery will follow as soon as some of the problems in knitting and dyeing have been overcome. Vinyon will press Nylon hard for its present price is half that of Nylon! Both of these fibers are stronger than silk and have greater elasticity but they have a common weakness—Vinyon to a greater degree—and that is a tendency to melt when exposed to heat over 150°. This will not hinder the use of Vinyon in hosiery and in lingerie which does not have to be ironed. Furthermore, Vinyon has another very important quality: it is practically non-absorbent of moisture. Fish nets of Vinyon in service for six months appeared almost as good as new, while nets of tarred rope had become worthless during the same time. Because of Vinyon's resistance to wet it will have a natural market for shower curtains, umbrella coverings, tents, raincoats, and bathing suits.

All of the new fibers appeared in one form or another at the New York World's Fair and visitors at the Glass Building will recall the exhibition of glass fibers there. Glass is not so much a competitor of the synthetics as it is of cotton, silk, and wool. Though it is too brittle for clothing and for textiles that are subject to much bending and creasing, Fiberglas has peculiar advantages of its own. It will not feed fungus or vermin, it is easily cleaned and resists fire, acid, and heat. Since the fibers do not absorb moisture, they will not sag or shrink. Fiberglas is already in use in the making of fireproof curtains and draperies for theaters and public places, but its greatest success so far has been as a tape and thread to insulate wires conducting electricity. Motors using Fiberglas for insulation may be lighter and up to 40 per cent more compact. This is an important advantage with motor-driven hand tools, vacuum cleaners, and starters for airplanes and motor cars. Fiberglas is useful in making oil-stove wicks that do not smolder and char.

One could go on enumerating other new mineral fibers. But enough has been shown to make clear the character of this extraordinary revolution. The time is not far off when we shall prefer the fibers that we once thought of as sleazy substitutes. When that time comes, it will be silk, cotton, and wool which will be regarded as the substitutes, the primitive and imperfect substitutes that man used until he learned how to make something better. And then the phrase will be not "silk—every thread of it" but "all petroleum and a yard wide."

HOW EDITH McGILLCUDDY MET R. L. STEVENSON

A STORY

BY JOHN STEINBECK

SALINAS was a dirty little California cow-town in 1879. There was a small and consistent vicious element; there was a large wavering element, likely to join the vicious element on Saturday night and go to church repentant on Sunday. And there was a small embattled good element, temperance people, stern people.

Twenty saloons kept the town in ignorance and vice while five churches fought valiantly for devotion, temperance, and decency.

The McGillcuddys belonged by right, by race, and by inclination to the good element. Mr. McGillcuddy passed the plate in the Methodist church; for the McGillcuddy family had joined the Methodists at a time when anyone who wasn't a Presbyterian was automatically an atheist or an idolator. Mrs. McGillcuddy labored at making the trousers that were sent twice a year to Africa and to the Sandwich Islands to curb the immorality of those backward peoples.

The little twelve-year-old Edith McGillcuddy, however, was a problem. Born to the good element, her instincts were bad in the matter of the company she kept. She could and did play decorously with the children of her own class but, left to her own devices, she invariably drifted to those dirty-faced children who, if they went to Sunday school at all, worshipped sticks and stones in the basement of the Catholic church. This was a matter of alarm and sometimes of anger to Mr. and Mrs. McGillcuddy.

One Sunday morning in summer, when the sunshine lay sweetly on the weedy lots and when the sloughs on the edge of town sent up an arrogant smell of moss and frogs and tules, Edith was given five cents and started on her way to Sunday school. She had no intention of going anywhere else. Of course she rattled a stick against the fence pickets as she went along, but it was a small clean stick. She walked carefully to keep dust from flying on her blackinged shoes, and she didn't climb a fence and cut across lots because by so doing she might have torn her long black stockings. She brought her blond braid round in front every now and then to see that the pink hair ribbon was stiff and perfect.

Had she climbed the fence none of this adventure would have happened. She walked around it instead and, at the corner, sitting among the mallow weeds, was Susy Nugger, a little girl of Edith's age but not of her class. Susy's hair strung down over her eyes like the forelock of a pony. Her face was sticky and streaked where candy juice had collected dust; one puffed cheek was tight-stretched over a black all-day sucker. Her gingham dress was gray with dirt and she wore neither shoes nor stockings. Susy reclined among the yellowing mal-

low weeds and looked at the light summer sky. Occasionally she removed the sucker to see how it was getting along.

Edith didn't see Susy until she came abreast and until Susy spoke. "Where you going?"

Edith knew she shouldn't stop, but she did. "Going to Sunday school. What you doing?"

"Sucking on a sucker, and I bet you wish you had one," said Susy. Her words were mushy because of the sucker. The two girls eyed each other belligerently.

"Well, I guess you better go on," said Susy. "I'm going to a free funeral." She watched with satisfaction the interest rising in Edith's face, and she saw with malice that Edith was unconsciously picking her hair ribbon.

"What's a free funeral?" Edith demanded. "They're all free. They don't even pass the plate at funerals. I been to lots of them."

Susy plucked some little cheeses from the mallow weeds and put them in her mouth on top of the sucker. "I bet you never went to a funeral that had a free train ride to it."

Edith's hair ribbon suffered. "Train ride to where?"

"To Monterey, that's where, and back too. And it don't cost a cent to mourners or friends of the deceased."

"I bet you aren't a mourner or a friend," said Edith.

Susy took the paling sucker from her mouth and regarded it maddeningly. "Well, if I cry a little ever'body'll think I am." Edith scuffed one toe in the dirt, forgetting the new blacking. "Why'nt you come along?" Susy suggested.

"No. I got to go to Sunday school. Got the nickel for the plate right here."

"Why'nt you wait till next Sunday and put two nickels in. They don't care just as long as they get it sometime."

"God might not like it," said the weakening Edith.

Susy guilefully pressed on. Nice-people she might not be, but logician she was. "When you pray for something do you get it right off? No, sometimes you wait a long time for it and sometimes you don't get it at all. I prayed for about a million things and I never even got a smell of them. Why'nt you let God wait a week for his nickel?"

This was wrong, and Edith knew it was terribly wrong, but Susy was powerful and subtle. Out of her gingham pocket she drew a huge all-day sucker, scarlet and shiny. "I was saving this red one for the funeral. It's a hot one."

Edith gave up. "The red ones always are hot," she said kindly.

"Well, this one is the hottest you ever had. I tasted it. It'll burn the mouth right out of you. I ate the black one first because I like the red ones best, but you can have it."

Edith accepted the sucker and the bribe. "What train we going on, the big train?"

"Of course not," said Susy. "We're going on the narragauge. Not just one car either. The Alvarez family rented the whole train. They're going to bury 'Tonio Alvarez in Monterey."

Before she put the big sucker in her mouth Edith rubbed it a little on her sleeve to prove she was still dainty. "I guess we better be going to the depot and get a seat," she said.

The funeral train was festive in a mournful kind of way. First was the little engine rolling black smoke out of its head and puffing steam out of its belly. After that was the flat car carrying the coffin on two saw-horses. Flowers and pillow pieces were piled all over the coffin car and no one sat on it. After that came four more flat cars with benches for the mourners. Black crepe hung from the funnel of the engine and lined the sides of the cars. By special arrangement with the company the train bell tolled mournfully.

Edith and Susy got there just in time. The coffin was in place and the benches were nearly full of mourners. On the first two cars ladies and gentlemen in black formal clothes sat stiffly, ready handkerchiefs and smelling salts clutched

in their hands. They had already got the churching over with. The priest and the family sat on the first car.

The last two cars were crowded with less formal people and the aisles between the benches were cluttered with lunch baskets and paper bags and cans of milk. Edith saw with relief that she and Susy were not the only ones who were combining a funeral and a free train ride. For there were courting couples whose self-imposed gravity was constantly racked with giggles. There were hair-trigger children who needed only a leader or an incident to break into happy riot.

The engine bell tolled mournfully on and the steam from the stomach of the engine hissed. Susy and Edith squeezed in and sat on the floor between two rows of benches. Already Edith's face was streaked with red from the sucker; her hair ribbon was a ruin, and in crawling up on the flat car she had torn the knee out of one of her long ribbed stockings.

There came a pause to the tolling bell. Then the whistle screamed. The wheels turned and the little train gathered speed. It moved out of town and into the yellow grain fields. The wind rushed by. Some of the smaller bunches of flowers arose into the air and sailed away into the hayfields. Women gathered their dresses about their ankles and pinned their veils tight round their throats. The priest hugged his surplice close. Two boys were fighting already on the last car.

Through the ripening country the train tore at twenty miles an hour. The sparrow hawks flew up from the squirrel holes and the blackbirds soared away in flocks, like wind-blown black curtains. The wind was warm and it was perfumed with the funeral flowers and with the black smoke from the engine. The sun shone brilliantly down; the little train raced on through the hayfields.

Now a few people, made hungry by all the excitement, began to open the lunch baskets. Ladies pushed their veils up to take each bite of sandwich. The children in the last car threw orange peels and apple cores at one another.

The train left the yellow fields and entered the bleak country where the earth is dark sand and where even the sagebrush grows small and black. And then the round, sparkling bosom of Monterey Bay came into sight.

All this time the train bell tolled. Four men had climbed forward to the coffin car to hold down the larger and more expensive bunches of flowers and the symbolic funeral pieces, such as pillows and flower crosses and broadsides of red geraniums with lambs in white verbenas. A group of small boys on the last car began to snatch caps and throw them from the train.

It is remarkable that during the whole trip no one fell off the train. Nervous mothers spoke of it afterward, spoke of it as a provision of Providence, probably set in motion by the sacred nature of the journey. Not only did no one fall off, but no one was hurt in any way. When the train pulled into the depot at Monterey every passenger was safe. Ladies' clothes were a bit blown, but since their dresses were black they didn't show the engine smoke at all.

At the station in Monterey a crowd was waiting, for Monterey was the home seat of the Alvarez family, and the big granite tomb was in the Monterey cemetery. A hearse was waiting and a few surreys for the immediate family. The rest of the people formed in a long line to walk to the graveyard.

Just as they were about to move, the brakeman shouted, "The train will start back at four o'clock, and it won't wait for nothing."

The granite vault was open, its bronze doors wide. The crowd of people stood in a big half circle facing the entrance, and the coffin was in front of the door. The people had put their lunch baskets behind tombstones, out of the hot sun. Edith was alone now, for the treacherous Susy had allied herself with a little girl who carried a big lunch pail. Edith

had seen them walking in the procession, Susy helping to carry the pail.

And now the grave service was going on, and Edith stood between two big men. She could see the inside of the vault with the inscribed squares where other coffins lay. She felt deserted and alone. The priest said the hollow burial service. Edith began to sniffle, her eyes dripped—suddenly she sobbed aloud.

One of the big men looked down at her. "Who is this?" he asked of the big man on the other side. "I don't recognize her."

The other man glanced down at her and shrugged his shoulders. "One of 'Tonio's bastards, I guess. The country's full of them."

Edith stopped crying. She didn't know what a bastard was, but she was glad to be one if it gave her an official position at the funeral. She watched while the coffin was carried into the vault and slid into the little black cave that was ready for it. Then the tomb door clanged shut and the people began to disperse, some to eat their lunches in the cemetery and others to search out the shade of oak trees on the hill behind the graveyard.

The crickets were singing in the tall grass and the bay breeze blew in over the graves. Edith looked for Susy and found her with her new friend. They were sitting on a cement slab eating thick sandwiches.

Susy called out ungraciously, "Go away! There's just enough for Ella and me, huh, Ella? Ella's my friend. Huh, Ella? Ella knows me."

Edith turned disconsolately away. A reasonably well-fed McGillcuddy wouldn't think of eating thick sandwiches with Susys and Ellas, but Edith was growing hungry. Her insides were hollow too from the dry scanty wind. Nearly all the people were gone. Edith noticed that the wind brought with it a delicious odor. There was kelp in it and crabs and salt and clean damp sand; but it was a lonely smell too. As Edith walked down toward the bay she thought of Salinas. Were her people looking for her body down wells or in the quicksand holes of the Salinas River? For her family probably thought Edith was dead. Her eyes dampened. She thought how it would be to be dead, not in a dry, comfortable coffin like 'Tonio Alvarez, but floating in the stale water of an old well, or far down under the oozy quicksand. She felt very sad as she walked through the sunny streets until she came to the beach.

The little waves were lipping on the sand. A few rowboats lay bottom up on the beach. A wavy line of dead seaweeds left by the high tide cut the white beach in half. Edith walked thoughtfully to one of the overturned boats and sat down on it.

There came a scrabbling sound from under the boat. Edith got down on her knees and looked underneath. She leaped back quickly, for a dirty little face was peering out at her. The face and a frousy, frizzled head came worming out from under the boat, and a red dress followed, and long, skinny bare legs. It was a plain ragamuffin. Compared to this little girl, Susy was as elevated as Edith was above Susy; for this little specter of dirt and low-classness not only had a dirty face and uncombed hair; what was infinitely worse, she had on no pants under the dress, and she had not wiped her nose for a long time. She was on her knees now, clear of the boat, and she stared at Edith with animal eyes.

"What you doing under that boat?" Edith demanded.

The ragamuffin spoke in a hoarse, cracked voice. "Nothing. I was just laying there. What's it your business?"

"What's your name?" Edith continued sternly. Her tone cowed the wild girl.

"Name's Lizzie. And I never seen you before neither."

"Of course you didn't. I came to the funeral from Salinas."

"Oh! That old funeral. I could of went to that. But I didn't want to."

"Sure, you could of walked to it,"

Edith agreed sarcastically, "but you couldn't of come over to it from Salinas on a train."

The shot was deep. Lizzie changed the subject. "There's a lady in this town smokes cigarettes."

"I don't believe it," Edith said coldly.

A look of jeering triumph came on Lizzie's face. "Ho! You don't believe it, Miss Smarty-face. Well, I can show her to you with a cigarette right in her mouth."

"I don't believe it," Edith said again, but there was no conviction in her tone. She knew of course that it was impossible, but Lizzie's manner wavered the impossibility.

"You can come with me and I'll show you," Lizzie continued. "And we can make a nickel too."

"How?"

"Well, this lady that smokes and a man with long hair live up to the Frenchman's. They buy ever'thing. They bought abalone shells even, and they could of picked up all they wanted. Ever'body sells things to 'em. I bet they'd even buy dirt for a nickel. They aren't sharp; that's what my pa says."

"What are we going to sell them?" Edith asked.

"Huckleb'rries," said Lizzie. "You come with me to Huckleb'rry Hill and help pick a bucket of berries, and we'll take them down, and the man with long hair'll give us a nickel for them, and you can see the lady smoking."

"Is the man with long hair an Indian?"

"I don't think so. He's just kind of crazy. That's what my pa says."

"Is he scary?"

"No, he ain't scary. He treats you nice and gives you a nickel for ever'thing."

A warmth of yellow was in the afternoon sun as the two little girls climbed the hill among the tall straight pines. The straight shadows lay on the needle beds, and the little crisp dead pine twigs snapped under the girls' feet. Fallen pine cones littered the ground. Lizzie showed Edith how to bruise the Yerba Buena under the heel so that the sweet smell of it arose into the air. They tore their way through a blackberry thicket and the thorns didn't hurt Lizzie's bare feet. At last they came to the open slope where the neat huckleberry bushes grew, and the tips of the twigs were loaded with black fruit and the leaves of the bushes were as shiny as mirrors.

"There," said Lizzie. "Now we'll pick them. Don't mind if you get leaves in the bucket because those people will buy anything."

Edith watched while her new friend filled half the bucket with pure huckleberry leaves. That helped to make the bucket fill up with berries more quickly. It took very little time to make the top brim with the black, shiny berries. The girls' hands were purple-black with the fruit juice.

The sun was even yellower when they went back down the hill and the wind came swishing up from the bay. The little fishing boats with sails were spanking home in the afternoon.

"Suppose they aren't home?" Edith suggested. "The train's going back to Salinas at four o'clock."

"Don't you worry. They'll be sitting right out in the yard on the ground, and the lady'll be smoking."

They trudged through the dirt streets of Monterey. A few horsemen idled about and a few rigs were tied to the sidewalk hitching posts. A barouche passed, bearing a sad lady in black satin, and the polished spokes of the wheels flittered in the sunshine. At last Edith and Lizzie came to a large white adobe house. There were two storeys to the house and the curtains were red. Beside the house there was a high wall of limestones set in mud. Little eaves perched on top of the wall to keep the rain from washing the mud away. A heavy two-leaved gate was in the wall, and in the middle of the gate was a big iron ring. Over the wall the tops of fresh green trees showed and the tips of ivy.

Lizzie whispered hoarsely, "They'll be sitting right on the ground. They always are."

"On the ground? No chairs?"

"Right hell on the ground," said Lizzie emphatically, "and a tablecloth on the ground too."

"I don't believe it," said Edith.

"Well, you watch then."

Lizzie picked up a stone from the ground and hammered on the gate. A sharp voice called, "Pull on the ring if you want to get in." Lizzie reached and gave the ring a tug.

The gate posts must have leaned inward, but without help, the heavy leaves folded open by themselves. Edith's eyes widened; her mouth dropped open; her hands hid in the folds of her ruined dress. It was just as Lizzie had said it would be. The yard was flagged with smooth limestones. Nice trees lined the walls. Toward the back of the yard a white cloth was on the ground and a teapot and cups. On one side of the cloth sat a lady in a white dress smoking a cigarette, and on the other side squatted a long-haired young man with a lean, sick face and eyes shining with fever. A smile came on the young man's face, but the lady did not change her expression; she just looked blankly at the two little girls standing in the open gateway. Edith and Lizzie stood self-conscious and clumsy. When the young man spoke, some kind of a memory rippled in Edith's head.

"What is it you want, girls?"

Lizzie's hoarse, cracked voice came explosively. "Huckleb'rries," she croaked. "Nice fresh huckleb'rries. Fi' cents a bucket."

The young man put a lean hand in his pocket and brought out a coin. Edith and Lizzie marched stiffly forward. Lizzie held out the bucket of berries and took the coin in her purple paw. Then, without warning, she whirled and ran like a rabbit out the gate. It was so silent in the yard that Edith could hear the retreating footsteps for a time after the disappearance of her friend.

Edith turned slowly to the people. The lady's face had not changed. A little spurt of smoke escaped from her nose and writhed in her dark hair. The young man smiled ruefully. "She did you, didn't she?" he observed.

Then Edith's anger arose. "That's not all," she said sharply. "The bucket's more than half leaves."

The long-haired man smiled on. "It always is," he said gently. "One must take that into consideration."

"You knew it?" Edith demanded.

"Oh! Gracious, yes. But," he said softly, "I didn't care."

The woman on the other side of the cloth spoke for the first time. "They just take you for a fool. They make a fool of you."

The man pinched the tip of his nose. "It's not bad sport to be a fool," he said, "—for five cents." He faced Edith again. "Will you have a cup of tea?"

She looked yearningly at the fat brown teapot on the ground and at the fat brown sugar bowl and cream pitcher. "I'm not allowed to have tea. My mother won't let me."

The man bowed in the face of this law.

Edith continued quickly, "But if it's half milk, that's cambric tea."

"Certainly it is," he said sharply. "Certainly it is."

"And I can have that."

He poured it for her and held out the brown sugar bowl. Edith sat down on the ground. The woman still gazed at her, but Edith's courage came back. Edith was what she was. "You aren't an Indian, I guess," she observed.

"No. I'm really not."

"Because," she went on, "you talk pretty near like Granma McGillcuddy."

"You have a Granma McGillcuddy?" the young man cried.

"My own name is Edith McGillcuddy and I live in Salinas and I came on a train to the free funeral . . ."

The man turned to the woman. "Take note of this," he said happily. "There is more in a line than I could do. There's condensation for you, and his-

tory, and if you were so minded—philosophy."

The woman looked slightly annoyed.

Edith sipped her cambric tea and continued, "I should of gone to Sunday school."

"You should, all right," agreed the man. "Salinas is twenty miles away, isn't it?"

"Yes, and it's a nice town, but there's no ocean beside it and it's got twenty saloons." Edith nodded dismally to show how bad the last fact was.

"The McGillcuddys of Salinas," he murmured, "and you came in a train to the free—look, what's a free funeral?"

At that moment a high scream filled the air. Edith grew tense. The scream was repeated. "I know," she cried. "It's the train going back." She ran wildly out through the big gates and kited down the hill. The train was just beginning to move when she climbed aboard.

And that was how Edith McGillcuddy met Robert Louis Stevenson.

WILD MARES RUNNING

BY FRANK SWAIN

UNDER the breast of a crimson hill
By a desert pool, at close of day—
I saw three horses, three wild mares
Running, at play.

Three wild mares, their light feet stamping,—
Arching their shining necks; their eyes glowing.
Running across the crimson light,
The dark manes flowing.

Aye . . . to recapture that lovely hour,
Fled with the feet of the wild mares going,
Under the veils of the winter dusk,
Beyond all knowing!

THE FIRST DU PONT

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

In the year 1812 Monsieur Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours wrote a letter. He made a good job of it too, for there were few things Monsieur du Pont de Nemours did better, or more thoroughly enjoyed doing, except talk. He was a man of words, a master and in some sense a creature of words; he used them skillfully, and they served him well. He had talked and written himself first into a considerable eminence in his world, then into an excellent government job, from that into the nobility, and some twenty years earlier—into jail. This letter was addressed to his friend Thomas Jefferson, ex-President of the United States, and was only one of a vast number of letters that passed between them, for the American's delight in correspondence matched that of the Frenchman; but it is a gem, less for its phrasing or for the sentiments expressed in it, than because of the curious light thrown upon it by the events of the following century.

Du Pont de Nemours belonged to the sect of the French intellectuals known as Physiocrats, followers of the eighteenth-century economist Quesnay, an exponent of what we now call agrarianism. Briefly, Quesnay's theory was that the farmers are the only creators of real wealth, and that others justify their existence socially solely to the extent that their labor is employed to perfect and distribute the products of the soil. The first duty of a statesman, therefore, is to increase production, above all to increase agricultural production. All other interests are subservient to the farming interest, and a policy that puts the national emphasis upon anything other than farming is to be regarded with suspicion.

It was as an ardent advocate of this theory that du Pont de Nemours wrote to Jefferson a letter which over that signature now has an ironical ring. He was discussing the division of labor, the foundation of the modern industrial system. He was against it. He said:

> One must admit that this perfection of industry, this manner to earn and deserve a salary, is a very valuable thing, but at the same time, one must remember that it is compensated by the misfortune of creating a class of men weak, unhealthy, condemned to become machines by operating other machines, constantly exposed to misery every time there is a war. France has already too many of these people; England has far too many of them. I bewail the fact that Americans are dragged by political circumstances into turning their capital and industries towards enterprises of the sort, which do not create wealth, but permit the acquisition of wealth and make it possible for a few capitalists to get hold of it, with the sad consequence that we have destitute people whom one can help, whose infirmities can be relieved by savings banks, but to whom we cannot procure as much intelligence, health, comfort, or morality and happiness as to a land owner, a farmer or a scientist. That class of people who work in factories where work is divided as much as possible, do not contribute any happiness, nor any power, and constitute an evil for a nation. They are unable to oppose any resistance to conquerors. It is because of them and often through them that tyrants dictate laws.

This pessimistic view of the effect of the factory system on a free nation is remarkable mainly because it comes from

the founder of one of the mightiest financial-industrial empires the world has ever seen. The company bears the name of E. I. du Pont de Nemours. Éleuthère Irénée du Pont was a son of Pierre Samuel, the letter writer, and he was the man in charge of operations, becoming the real, as well as the titular, head of the business on the death of his father in 1817. In so far as its physical plant and production schedules are concerned, he was the founder of the business; but his father did the financing, as regards both the original capital and supplementary sums that had to be raised to keep it going in the early days. It is, therefore, doing no violence to fact to describe the older man as the founder of the house of du Pont, even though it was the business genius of his son that made it a gigantic success.

In short, it is because of E. I. du Pont that we read with amazement the words of his father. Had Éleuthère Irénée failed, then the letter of Pierre Samuel would be nothing more than another expression of the doctrine of the Physiocrats. But the son did not fail. On the contrary, he pursued with almost fabulous success the policy his father predicted would be ruinous to the country; and thereby he converted his father from merely another French intellectual into a figure of large significance in American history, first as the originator of a typically American economic satrapy and then as the earliest of a long line of Americans who have been the toys of a sportive destiny, and whose ironical fate adds a distinct and fascinating flavor to American history.

Why have American historians always considered it necessary to go about their business with a solemnity appropriate enough to a hangman, but hardly necessary in one who is recording the annals of a conspicuously lively, restless, and, in many phases of their national existence, essentially comical people? Wherein is it derogatory to admit that large sections of American history are comic? If a sense of humor has a high survival value, as appears to be beyond debate, recognition of the humors with which our archives are filled would seem to be recognition of an element of strength, and, therefore, rather in the nature of a boast than of an apology.

To suggest that there is something humorous in the position of Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours in American history is not at all to suggest that the man was a clown. It is to do no more, in fact, than to follow the advice that H. A. L. Fisher, himself a distinguished historian, gave to his colleagues—it is to "recognize in the development of human destinies the play of the contingent and the unforeseen." The unforeseen element in this man's career was the development of the enterprise he started into a tremendous factor in American industry; but there is an extraordinary appropriateness in that development because the man himself, while as complete a Frenchman as ever lived, demonstrated qualities that we are accustomed to think of as characteristically American, although they are not the qualities conventionally ascribed to a great captain of industry.

II

Nobody, during his lifetime or since, has ever thought of describing du Pont de Nemours as a strong, silent man. Strength he had, beyond a doubt. The mere fact of his survival through such a career is proof of that. But he came of a loquacious race and he spent his first half-century in the very heart of one of the most talkative societies in history. The *réunions de l'entresol*, in which Quesnay, the King's physician in title, "the King's thinker" by the smiling designation of the King himself, and perhaps the King's best talker in fact, expounded the doctrines of Physiocracy, were a marvelous school of conversation; and the pupils included Turgot, the elder Mirabeau, Le Trosne, Baudeau, and many others who became celebrated, as well as du Pont de Nemours. Alert-minded strangers were continually dropping in, among

TULANE PUBLIC LIBRARY

them a young English lord's tutor, who bore the name of Adam Smith.

In this group du Pont discharged the function of the popularizer. However well he talked, Quesnay was an almost fabulously bad writer. He appears to have been content to have his ideas presented to the world by Mirabeau and du Pont, a task which they performed with assiduity. The acquisition of a clear, persuasive style thus became for du Pont a matter of importance rising above his personal satisfaction. It was essential for him to use words cleverly in order to propagate the ideas which aroused his enthusiasm.

There is something extraordinarily attractive about these eighteenth-century French thinkers. They had in the main no axes to grind. Take Quesnay, for example—his position as physician-in-chief to the King was an exalted one, the very summit of his profession. He could not improve it, but his personal interest dictated the devotion of all his energies and intelligence to consolidating and strengthening it. Perhaps, indeed, he chose the best method to achieve that end, in view of the character of Louis XV, but there is not the slightest reason to believe that in plunging into the study of economics he had any personal advantage in view.

It may be argued with a certain plausibility that it was the extreme corruption of the old order that accounts for the production of this astonishingly disinterested group. By the time Quesnay died, in 1774, the existing system in France was probably gone beyond hope. In any event, the condition of the country was so appalling that no rational man could fail to realize the menace, even though the more optimistic cherished the belief that something could yet be done. A crisis of that sort does discourage the more blatant forms of self-seeking, and in a man whose impulses are patriotic to begin with it may produce a pure flame of patriotism. Be the cause what it may, the fact remains that at the moment when the old order was crumbling into ruin, at a moment perhaps when no human power could have saved it, there was an extraordinary flowering of intellectuality linked with honesty. The list of able Frenchmen at this time sincerely and unselfishly devoted to the good of France is a long one, but the most conspicuous name on it is that of the man who brought du Pont de Nemours prominently into the public service, Anne Robert Jacques Turgot, Baron de l'Aulne.

Any man who served under Turgot, as du Pont did, must have emerged from the experience psychologically conditioned in certain definite ways. It is not at all difficult for Americans of this generation to understand the sentiments with which he went into office. All that is necessary is to turn our thoughts back to March 4; 1933, for the *philosophes* of 1774 were filled with the same mingled enthusiasm and relief based, in part, on the same considerations. It was their belief when Turgot was called to power that now at last the country was to have an administration based on scientifically trained intelligence. It was their happy conviction that such an administration could not fail, for science knew all the answers, or could find them. When the administration nevertheless did fail the shock was painful, but the explanation was easy, much too easy. The scientifically trained intelligence had simply never had a chance. Turgot was thrown out after less than two years, and the *philosophes* attributed his fall to the machinations of evil minds. Some said the Queen's party was responsible, some said Polignac's, some said the Duc de Choiseul's; but that dirty work had been done none doubted, and that the dirty work was responsible for the failure was beyond doubt.

Du Pont de Nemours accepted all this without question. He went into office superbly confident that Turgot knew what ailed the country and how to apply the necessary remedy; and he came out of office—like his chief, at high speed—never doubting that base persons had encompassed the downfall of the true, the

beautiful, and the good. The truth is of course that Turgot made the fundamental error that was made by the Brain Trust of a later day—he innocently assumed that government is a science, and that the economic system is a machine; perhaps he was temperamentally unable to believe otherwise, and certainly he did not stay in office long enough to learn that government is an art, one of the subdivisions of the art of dramaturgy, and that the national economy is an organism, a product of growth, not of construction. Hence application of the scientific method in a purely scientific way was hopeless in his case, as it has been hopeless ever since. Histrionics of course, like all the other dramatic arts, is based on scientific principles; but science is only the basis on which the actor builds a high superstructure. Turgot had the science, which is to say, the basis of the histrionic art which is government; but he had no inkling of how to erect the superstructure.

There is a highly modernistic element in the account of the woes of the unfortunate minister. We have seen the same thing, over and over, within the memory of this generation. John Purroy Mitchel, in New York City, Frank Murphy in the State of Michigan, Herbert Hoover in the United States, all experienced in some measure the distresses of Turgot, for all proceeded on the fatal assumption that it is enough for a ruler to be honest and intelligent, and all came to grief for lack of the ability to enchant the orchestra pit and the gallery, an ability that may be, but is not necessarily, allied with either honesty or intelligence. Turgot believed to the end that in attempting to reorganize the economic system of France he was doing the work of an engineer. He never got it through his head that he was in reality discharging the function of a surgeon, which is as much art as science. He never understood why it was that when he saw an obvious, a blatant evil in front of him and struck it, there would be a terrific explosion of wrath behind him. The system of oppression and injustice that was sapping the strength of France was precisely the system that was giving its strength to the ruling class. Therefore in attacking corruption he was attacking the people who put him in power, and in whose power he was.

However, this was by no means clear at the time, and du Pont de Nemours did not comprehend it. Even as late as 1816, only a year before his death, when he asked Jefferson to recommend someone to translate his treatise on education and Jefferson named a young Virginia scholar, du Pont was delighted beyond measure when the scholar evinced an interest in Quesnay. In the excitement of making a convert to Physiocracy he apparently forgot all about the translation, which disappeared and has never been recovered. During all the American phase of his career he was happily certain that a governor who would apply the principles of political economy, by which he meant Physiocracy, could not fail to create a happy and prosperous nation.

III

The fall of Turgot preceded by only a month or two the Declaration of American Independence and that event gave the French theorists a basis for new hope. Political economy might not be able to unravel the tangled affairs of an ancient kingdom, such as France, but who could set limits to what it might accomplish in virgin soil? Events across the Atlantic were followed with intense interest by the group, an interest which began to assume a proprietary tinge as France joined the struggle and it proceeded to its triumphant conclusion. Du Pont de Nemours, like the others, studied American affairs assiduously, and at the end of the war had the satisfaction of participating in them; for he was recalled from his retirement by Vergennes, the Foreign Minister, to assist in negotiating the treaty of peace. He was clearly a valuable man, for it was his work in this connection, and also in the negotiation of a trade treaty with England in 1786, that

caused the government to confirm his patent of nobility, making "de Nemours" definitely and legally part of his name. Under Calonne, as a Councillor of State, the good talker achieved his highest official position.

But it did not last long. In 1789 the storm broke. At the beginning of the French Revolution du Pont de Nemours, like most Frenchmen of his class, had not the faintest notion of what it was all about. Indeed, he was inclined to welcome it as a means of sweeping away the evil influences that had ruined Turgot. It did that all right, but by 1792 it was evident that it was doing vastly more. In those tragic and terrible days the Physiocrat, liberal though he was, spoke up sturdily for the King; but the time for talk was past, and all that du Pont accomplished was to set the police on his own trail. He dodged them successfully for nearly two years, but in 1794 they bagged him, and for a time it seemed to be a foregone conclusion that the last talking he would do would be to Samson, the executioner.

But Samson got Robespierre first, and du Pont emerged from prison convinced again that the day of glory was arrived for Physiocracy. In spite of his experience he persisted in believing that there was something more in the Directorate than Calhoun's "cohesive power of public plunder." As a magazine editor and pamphleteer he persistently called the attention of the Directorate to what was the obvious duty of honest men in the circumstances. His optimism was incorrigible, even pathological. Gallic to the fingertips as he was in other respects, he hoped like an American. He went to the incredible length of hoping that he could persuade the Directorate to act righteously and reasonably.

All he actually did of course was to make himself intolerable. His magazine was eventually suppressed, and a warrant was about to issue for the arrest of the editor when his friend Madame de Staël intervened. She assured the authorities that du Pont de Nemours was a doddering old man of eighty-odd, senile, and practically irresponsible, whom it would be ridiculous to put behind the bars. He was actually fifty-five and vigorous physically as well as mentally; so, although the warrant was not signed and he retained his liberty, he was never quite sure that the reputation Madame de Staël had given him wasn't worse than imprisonment.

In any case, his position was unbearable, for he was effectually gagged; and it is not difficult to believe that for du Pont de Nemours compulsory silence was the Fate That Is Worse Than Death. So bad was it, indeed, that in 1799 he, a Frenchman, emigrated.

IV

That his emigration was an act of desperation is clear enough, but the man was far indeed from having given way to despair. His optimism, defeated, cut up, and utterly routed in France, merely transferred its basis to America, and flourished more vigorously than ever. In a very real sense du Pont de Nemours became an American before he set foot on the soil of the Western world, for while still in France he engaged in the characteristic business of Americans for the next hundred years—he laid a bet on the increase in value of American real estate. Needless to say, he did not call it that. Our gamblers in real estate have nearly always found some other name for their operations. In this case it was a colonization scheme.

A company formed in France was to purchase a large tract in the Valley of Virginia, or Shenandoah Valley. The capital was to be 3,240,000 francs (at the then current rate of exchange, about $650,000, but in purchasing power worth much more than that sum to-day) and the development was to take such form as circumstances might determine, although an asylum for refugees from political oppression was one of the chief aims. In 1799 du Pont had actually in hand 241,437 francs. He had had the

promise of La Fayette to contribute, but at that moment La Fayette was just out of jail and his financial affairs were so shaky that it was perfectly evident that he could not supply any important sum. He had had, in addition, another resource that looked promising in the beginning, but that was in reality more fantastic than the promise of the embarrassed La Fayette. That curious genius Pierre-Augustin de Caron, who chose to be known as Beaumarchais, while acting as purchasing agent for the American colonies during the Revolution, had advanced about $700,000 out of his own pocket to the colony of Virginia and held a judgment against the State, which the United States had recognized as a lawful claim. He had promised to invest a third of this in the du Pont scheme.

Unfortunately, as it seemed, Beaumarchais had died without making any provision in his will for the investment and, anyhow, his claim was not paid to his heirs until thirty-six years after his death. By that time du Pont de Nemours had long been dead. However, those were blithe and carefree days in the new republic, and du Pont, even before he left France, had imbibed enough of the American spirit not to stand aghast at the prospect of beginning operations with materially less than ten per cent of the necessary capital actually paid in. In August, 1799, he sailed for the New World.

Fate seemed to be against the enterprise from the start. The venturer had chosen an uncomfortable, overcrowded ship of doubtful seaworthiness, commanded by a captain with ideas of navigation so original that twice he lost his way while trying to cross the Atlantic. The voyage lasted ninety days—three weeks longer than it had taken Christopher Columbus to cross the same ocean three hundred years earlier.

Nor did the troubles end with the passage. It soon became apparent that even in 1800 no considerable part of the Shenandoah Valley could be purchased with $60,000. Now too, when it seemed hopelessly late, realization began to come to du Pont that his scheme had been without a chance from the beginning simply because the colonizing spirit, which had never flamed high in the French, had almost entirely guttered out. As he expressed it, he saw now that the average Frenchman "did not want to travel, except where he could find good cooks, gay customs, and very *free* speech." He had come to America on a fool's errand.

But at just this point in his career the French *philosophe* established his claim to be considered an American of the Americans, for he exhibited the swift resourcefulness that has contributed as much as any other single factor to the creation of American business. The colonization scheme was definitely out. There was simply no market for it; but the newcomer, instead of admitting defeat and withdrawing, put himself to a swift, yet careful survey of the market to see what it did require that he could supply. It was not long before the discovery was made that there was a tremendous demand in America for one product about which a du Pont, not Pierre Samuel, but his son Éleuthère Irénée, knew something.

A quarter of a century earlier, when all France was excited over the promise of a New Deal, and men never doubted that this promise would be fulfilled if only the intellect could be given free play, the great chemist, Lavoisier, had been put in charge of the manufacture of gunpowder for the nation and he vastly improved the process of its manufacture, as he improved everything he touched. In the powder factory Éleuthère Irénée du Pont de Nemours had worked for a while ere the storm burst and the maddened nation rewarded Lavoisier for his services by cutting off his head. Why should not the younger du Pont apply his technical skill in a new environment?

Give the customer what he wants! This fundamental principle of American business the du Ponts, father and son, grasped long before the generality of their new fellow-citizens comprehended

its excellence. Éleuthère Irénée rushed back to France to brush up his knowledge of chemistry and technology, and Pierre Samuel converted the 241,000 francs subscribed for a real-estate deal into the capital of an industrial enterprise.

A site was chosen on the Brandywine River. Perhaps it was chosen hastily, but that it was chosen well there can be no doubt; for not far from there, a century and a half later, is the heart of the gigantic industrial satrapy into which the little powder factory has grown—an organization so vast and so powerful that the very thought of it would have left both Pierre Samuel and his son certainly stunned, and perhaps more than a little appalled.

V

But while the foundation of what later became E. I. du Pont de Nemours and Company was logical, indeed inevitable in the eyes of the men on the ground, Pierre Samuel was realist enough to know that it might not seem so at a distance of three thousand miles. The prototype of the American industrialist was not the man to permit a finical respect for the opinions of mere stockholders to interfere with, much less interrupt, the conduct of the business; but he conceded the point that investors who subscribed to a real-estate development and found themselves owning shares in a gunpowder factory were entitled to some explanation, and obviously the man to make it was the man of words, not Éleuthère Irénée, the man of action. Accordingly, in 1802, Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours sailed for what he expected to be a short visit to his native land. As a matter of fact, half of his life in his adopted country was over when he set foot on shipboard, and the "short" visit to France was to last thirteen years.

What years they were! They covered the whole existence of the Napoleonic empire except for the Hundred Days, which is to say, they were years in which an old world was abolished and a new one erected in its place. For it was not merely Europe, where most of the fighting took place, that was altered; the United States between 1802 and 1815 underwent changes hardly less profound, of which the fact that it was more than doubled in size was one of minor, rather than major, significance. It was in the welter of those stormy days that the dream of an agrarian republic was scuttled and sunk, although it was twenty years before technological advances made possible the creation of an industrial empire continental in extent. Most significant of all, however, was the acquisition of power by a group of men who, as far as their conscious memories went, had always been citizens, never subjects. These were the years that made America American, and no longer a severed fragment of Europe. South America too, although it never saw the eagles of the Emperor, was shattered by the explosion; and even Asia, although it may have heard the uproar dimly if at all, had its fate for generations decided on the European battlefields.

Du Pont de Nemours, in the thick of it, and at a time when life in Paris was exceptionally dangerous for talkative men, made the rather astonishing record of staying out of jail for thirteen years. Perhaps he had learned discretion as his years increased; but it is easier to believe that he was willing to permit God and Napoleon to run the universe without his assistance because he had other things to do.

One immense task was a labor of something strongly resembling filial piety; he undertook to edit the papers of his old master, Turgot. Apparently he assumed this formidable labor as a public service, for not once but repeatedly it held him in France when every political and financial circumstance dictated his return to America; and it is pleasant to remember that by this toil from which he expected no personal compensation he won a reputation in the scholarly world that has kept his memory green among the learned to this day. However, he was not slothful in business. Éleuthère

Irénée was finding the position of a pioneer manufacturer in the United States no bed of roses; for several years it was touch and go with the new venture, and had it found no additional capital it might well have failed to survive. The assistance of Pierre Samuel was urgently needed, and was supplied without stint.

The elder du Pont was a salesman of an order of ability that entitled him to rank among the Founding Fathers of a nation of great salesmen. Perhaps the fact that he could impress La Fayette ought not to be given too much weight, because La Fayette, with all his greatness, exhibited many of the traits of the sucker; but du Pont impressed Beaumarchais too, and that was something of an achievement; for the dramatist was himself one of the great salesmen of his age, and a man of acumen, even if he did advance the American government $700,000. Beaumarchais was never the man to buy whatever was offered, and in this case as it happened he never closed the deal; but there is little reason to doubt that he was convinced and would have acted had he lived. Yet the final, irrefutable proof that du Pont was a great salesman is not this, but the fact that in 1807 he secured the signature of the newly created Prince of Benevento to a subscription of 100,000 francs' worth of his stock. A man who could interest Talleyrand in a project that was both risky and legitimate must have been such a salesman as sales managers dream of in mellow and optimistic moods.

In the midst of his other occupations du Pont de Nemours kept going a stream of correspondence with American friends, and especially with his friend the President of the United States. He also played an important, if studiedly inconspicuous, part in the negotiations leading up to the Louisiana Purchase.

Jefferson consulted him on an astonishing variety of subjects—on national defense, for one thing, especially the defense of ports and harbors, on which du Pont supplied information so detailed and specific that Chinard thinks he might have brought down the wrath of Napoleon on his head had the letters fallen into the Emperor's hands.

The fiscal policy of the new country interested him both as a business man and as an economist, but his argument for a single tax on land had little effect. It is probable, however, that du Pont's logic strengthened Jefferson's determination to shape the policy of the country to fit it as it was, that is to say, a huge, thinly settled agrarian nation, and not to fit a compact, industrial country such as England already was and the United States might become. Du Pont fought sturdily against the extension of democracy, violently opposing putting the ballot in the hands of factory workers. To do so, he declared, would be "to brew a storm, to prepare a revolution, to pave the way for the Pisistratus, the Marius, the Cæsars, who represent themselves as more democratic than they really are and than is just and reasonable, in order to become tyrants, to violate all rights, to substitute for law their arbitrary will, to offend morality and to debase humanity."

This was written in 1811, and it is interesting to note that a century and a quarter later there were men in the United States who believed that every word of it had been justified by events; for they held Franklin D. Roosevelt to be a merger of Pisistratus, Marius, and Cæsar, retaining the worst features of each. Yet this same du Pont, in earlier years, had upheld with equal vigor the doctrine of the opposite party of 1936; in 1800 he had written, "There is in the United States more than anywhere else a silent common sense, a spirit of cold justice, which when it comes to casting a vote smothers the babbling of those who pretend to be clever." Probably this shift in attitude is not attributable to anything that happened in America, but to the emergence of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose stunning career caused many men to change their minds about many things.

It is likely, however, that du Pont de Nemours himself regarded as his most

important service to the United States the elaborate scheme of public education which he prepared for his friend Jefferson. When Jefferson was meditating the establishment of the University of Virginia he asked for suggestions from almost every man of his acquaintance whose intellectual ability he had cause to respect. Most of these men responded with letters and some with long memoranda, but du Pont de Nemours wrote a book. He brushed aside Jefferson's notion of a university only and wrote on public education as he thought it should be managed in a democracy. It was an interesting scheme, the heart of which was a constant process of sifting, from the primary grades to the university, with the idea of preventing any waste of the State's resources on attempts to educate the ineducable. It was not, however, what Jefferson wanted at the time, although it may have had some influence on the final form of the scheme for the University of Virginia. Still the American thought it valuable enough to be presented to the people of this country and he recommended not only its translation, but suggested a translator, young Francis Walker Gilmer. But the work was lost and when a translation at last appeared, more than a hundred years later, the American public school system was already long since established.

Du Pont de Nemours loathed the military despotism of Napoleon yet he contrived to live under it; but when the Bourbon restoration came he found that the change was not from tyranny to freedom, but merely from a comparatively intelligent tyranny to an almost incredibly stupid one. It was not long before he found the political police regarding him with an interest that was far less flattering than sinister; and he soon realized that the prison gates were ahead. Once more he took flight, from a reactionary government as he had fled fifteen years before from a radical one, and in 1815 he returned to America, this time definitely.

By now the gunpowder business was flourishing—the War of 1812 had had a good deal to do with that—and his life of Turgot with his edition of the great minister's papers was finished. There was nothing to hold him in France except the ill health of his wife, and it was his hope that she would soon improve enough to rejoin him. The hope was never fulfilled. Two years later, in 1817, he was preparing to make another voyage to France, hoping to escape the police long enough to bring Madame du Pont back; but shortly before the date of his departure a brush fire broke out in the vicinity of the factory. Such an event in the neighborhood of a gunpowder factory was of course an appalling menace, demanding the active services of every available human being. Even the man of seventy-eight rushed out to take part—probably no one could have stopped him—and did too much. Overexertion brought on a collapse that proved fatal.

Yet it is easy to believe that it is just the way that Pierre Samuel du Pont de Nemours would have preferred to die had he been given his choice. Death found him in the thick of things, fighting sturdily against a danger that threatened both property and human life. It was there, in the thick of the fight, that he had chosen to spend his long life; why doubt that there he would have chosen to die?

VI

In its issue of August 15, 1817, *Niles' Weekly Register* of Baltimore began an obituary notice with the words, "Dupont de Nemours *clarum et venerabile nomen* is no more." Rarely, if ever, was Editor Hezekiah Niles more mistaken. The name of du Pont has not vanished from the memory of Americans. Since 1817 an admiral has borne it, and a senator, but it would be ridiculous to attribute its preservation solely to them; it has survived mainly because of its association with precisely the sort of industrial empire that old Pierre Samuel, the theorist, regarded with holy horror. The exist-

ence of that empire is possible because the United States rejected the doctrine of Physiocracy and went in precisely the direction that the Physiocrat hoped it would not take. To do him and his descendants justice, the industrial satrapy of the du Ponts has not precipitated upon the United States all the evils that he predicted; as such economic giants go, it has been relatively decent. One would like to think—and certainly there is no proof to the contrary—that this may be due, in some measure, to the character of the founder of the house. Perhaps sometimes the virtues, as well as the sins, of the fathers may be visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generations.

The fact remains, however, that the striking characteristic of Pierre Samuel du Pont's career viewed in the light of our own times is its irony. Dr. Chinard, the student of du Pont, has written a book in which he argues that the first of the typical Americans, the go-getters, the believers in progress and the perfectibility of mankind through reason, was Thomas Jefferson; but it may be argued with some plausibility that the first of the true Americans was this Frenchman, four years older than Jefferson.

The history of the United States is full of charming ironies, but surely there are few that surpass the fact that one of our mightiest industrial organizations was founded by this man. For, in the first place, he was a dreamer and a visionary. In the second place, he was an everlasting talker, bubbling over with ideas which had to find expression or choke him. In the third place, he was a scatterbrain, interested in everything, darting from one project to another, always with too many irons in the fire, always spending time and energy on matters with which he was not concerned. In the fourth place, he was a subversive agitator, helping to overthrow a reactionary government by force and violence, then jailed by the radical government that followed, escaping by the narrowest of margins from suffering the same fate at the hands of a conservative government, a malcontent under the imperial government and, as he believed, actually wanted by the police of a monarchical government at the time of his death.

Yet *clarum et venerabile nomen* was the verdict of a conservative American editor upon him when he died. "There was a childlike harmlessness in his deportment, with something so dignified and imposing that it was not easy to behold him without a mixed and most pleasant feeling of familiarity and respect," said Niles. "The grave or the gay—old age or youth —the most learned and the least wise, were equally interested by his conversation and demeanor; bearing irresistible evidence of the strength of his talents and the goodness of his heart."

Times have changed and we have changed with them. One is inevitably struck by the similarity of this record to that of a famous member of our own generation—a man of letters, an excellent talker and writer, full of ideas upon the most diverse subjects, historian, educator, philosopher and man of action, a revolutionary who barely escaped death at the hands of his fellow-revolutionaries, who fled from Europe with the police at his heels, and took refuge in the New World, only to be murdered there at last. Yet *clarum et venerabile* are not exactly the terms that conservative American editors applied to Leon Trotsky, nor have conservative editors seen fit to pay tribute to "the strength of his talents and the goodness of his heart."

"WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO ME?"

BY STUART DEMAREST

THROUGHOUT the depression and war-crisis years I have been teaching literature to groups of young but mature students in an evening college. I offer that statement to anyone who might wish to call my courage in question. The attitude of these Americans toward anything which goes under the name of literature is not one of reckless enthusiasm, and at a time when their security is threatened it begins to look very much like hostility. Now, when they face an even greater threat, their attitude has suddenly become more than a classroom question.

Most of my students are young men and women who are earning a degree by filling their minds in the evening after a day of emptying them into their jobs. In the course of a year's work I become very fond of them. They are the best of the fabric of American life, and as such they are honest, friendly, intelligent, and good-humored. But since they are typically American, they are also painfully cool toward anything resembling the æsthetic, the emotional, the imaginative, or the sentimental.

I have come to think of these young people as a composite, very much reduced picture of the mind of America, with all its virtues and faults—as a miraculously vitalized and ever-surprising Gallup poll of the country. For although they are individuals, they share certain pronounced and, I think, characteristic tendencies.

Considered as a group, they have given the teaching of literature an impressive meaning in the light of a national future. The sort of unblinking honesty which they display, even while exposing an alarming thinness of experience, is a thing to be preserved and utilized. The candor with which they confess to a disrespect for Edmund Spenser, supported by opinions in the most engaging vernacular, is both breath-taking and refreshing. When they admit "the guy had something" you may be sure they mean it and can tell you why.

Their honesty is not something they have adopted on principle; it is a natural impatience of pretense—an uneasiness in the presence of false show. It is no more articulate than "ah, nuts," which, when you come to think of it, may be the height of eloquence.

In every class there is at least one student who goes piously about his studying and, at the drop of a hat, can tell you who Proteus was or how the Bill of Rights influenced English literature. This kind sits up front and nods agreement with anything you say. When he recites you can read "ah, nuts" in every countenance in the class.

Once after a class one of these nodders had started his customary pilgrimage to my desk when another student edged in ahead with something about a D on a recent paper. As I permitted the intricacies of academic reasoning to dawn on him a rhythmic movement beyond his shoulder caught my eye. It was my friend, nodding away as if every word were a sweetmeat from the table of the gods. And behind him stood about

seven others, derisively bobbing their heads in the same tempo.

Occasionally a misguided student will introduce a reverence for culture from some outside literary club which specializes in a weekly dose of the ohs and ahs of art. One of this species will grow old in a fortnight unless he can find a quick way to improve both his wisdom and his honesty.

An attack that was turned on me, I recall, suffered nothing from restraint. In presenting Coleridge as a victim of an uncongenial marriage I inadvertently crept out on a limb of tender sympathy for the cultured mind. It was there that a girl of twenty-one impaled me.

"You make me sick," she announced, then covered her mouth in dismay. But in a moment she uncovered it and went on. "Are all these geniuses so high and mighty they don't have to obey the laws of living like the rest of us? How about the wife? I'll bet she could have told a story or two. To me this Coleridge doesn't look like any angel to live with."

The class derived considerable pleasure from watching me crawl very meekly back off my limb, leaving Coleridge to look to himself.

No typical evening student objects to bluffing. He holds a job, he has probably got promotions, and he has applied the principles of advertising. What he can't take is an attempt to receive credit for sincerity when it is apparent that none was present. He expects that an honest man will use a bluff as an honest technic, and he holds that it is the God-given privilege of free men to use their God-given brains to detect it. But he is a genius at detection himself.

Some of our literary masterpieces encounter pretty heavy weather at times with this scorn of the students for pretense. Many a class, not understanding the ways of early Germanic manhood, has pounced gleefully on Beowulf when they caught him "sounding off" in the matter of his own valor. Sir Francis Bacon, whose methods they understand backward and forward, always gets an unmerciful roasting as soon as they discover that the fine political ideals in "Of Great Place" are counter-weighted by evidence of bribery in the offices which he held. From then on they see signs of making friends and influencing people for profit in anything Bacon wrote.

Their ability to reduce anything they read to a human value is remarkable. In the first class in literature I ever taught I tried to allay my misgivings on their reception of Chaucer's unfamiliar Middle English verse by assigning short papers on some of the Canterbury Tales. When I entered the classroom next day I found what appeared to be a class already in session. One student was reading a passage from his paper to a very flattering and highly amused audience, which guiltily dispersed upon seeing me. I took my place, drew a long breath, and called on the reader with the feeling that anything could happen. I think he shared that feeling.

He told in his paper how he had approached his assignment, the Wife of Bath, with a strong distaste. For a time he had applied himself manfully but apathetically to studying the lady with the five husbands. Then with sudden delight he had discovered that this fifteenth-century scamp was much like one of Mae West's recent roles. It was this comparison that had proved so highly edifying to the class.

From there on he discarded all pretension to literary method. The Wife of Bath came to life with a rush. It was not exactly Chaucer's character, but it was a modern counterpart which the poet would have recognized and approved. In the evil old wife the student had caught the strong current of fallible yet lovable humanity beneath the surface of a sharp-tongued, bullying, erotic husband-baiter. It was life and it was full of understanding.

When he finished, he looked at me apologetically. "I'm afraid that's not literature," he said, "but it's what I found and liked."

I took another long breath and shocked him deeply. "On the contrary," I assured him, "you found the real spirit of Chaucer."

This student showed me the most important thing I was ever to discover about the teaching of literature. An American student can be left to find reality for himself, and teaching him is an endless adventure.

This, then, is the lively, lusty, sometimes refractory, but always healthy and eager material of youthful American democracy. They are sufficiently intelligent, honest, and heartily realistic almost to teach themselves, even though their forthright criticism may frequently challenge an instructor to scurry about and justify his subject for them. Sometimes their genius for cutting to the solid bone of reality will result in his justifying it to himself, with almost invariably beneficial results both to his thinking and his teaching. But once you can bring the subject to meet their interests, instead of persisting in that common error of demanding that their interests and experience be warped to fit the subject and instructor, they will convert a large part of teaching to a simple process of staying alive to keep up with their minds.

II

Yet I have been working toward an inevitable and tragically important *but*. And the longer I teach the more acutely conscious of it I become.

That same realistic candor of American students, that objectivism and repugnance for sham, leaves them in a circumscribed position. They cannot advance beyond the limits set by their own mental habits. Their rallying cry is, "What good will this do me?" And they expect the answer in an itemized reckoning. If you can't supply it convincingly they will have none of it.

Of course if a teacher is wise he will take the hint and try to do something like that with a large part of literature—the practical thought of Bacon, the gentle social proddings of Addison and Steele, the grave reflections of Gray. He may even get Marlowe, Pope, Byron, and Browning into the list by a little energetic reasoning or a touch of melodramatic interpretation. But many experiences have a value which cannot be proved, and when a student insists on submitting them to logical tests he is turning his back on half of his existence. Right there lies their greatest deficiency.

These young Americans are confirmed realists, and they practice their rationalistic creed in every thought and act of lives dominated by their methodical habits of thinking. They will not look beyond the limits of their own interests, because they have been psychologically trained to distrust a mankind they deem as egocentric as themselves. They hate all emotionalism as they hate masculine perfume, and they regard all serious sorties into the realm of sentiment as the most inconsequential of time-wasting frolics. These are the essentially negative profits from their utilitarian life in modern business, and these are the stubborn problems which have to be faced in a course in literature.

In spite of their delight in theatrical entertainment they lack the imagination to follow any ideas or fancies which depart from the well-trod paths of familiar customs of living, because they know that only common sense will beget tangible results.

Every year I await with suspense the first plunge into the realm of imagination. With even such a pedestrian work as Pope's "Rape of the Lock" I have seldom been able to circumvent the reaction epitomized in "What's all this fairy business anyhow?"

One student was obliging enough to give me a summary of his feelings about Marlowe's masterpiece of hell-fire and witchcraft, "Dr. Faustus." He liked it, he said; it was good entertainment, lively and lurid, a swell spectacle—*for Elizabethans*. But as a sensible, properly adjusted man in modern business he could see nothing but frivolity in our pretending to believe in its imaginative force or

its significance. There's your honest realism again.

"All these devils running about the stage," he said; "all this fussing by Dr. Faustus about losing his immortal soul; all this rant about beauty and pleasure and power. What's that got to do with us? I think maybe people without our education and our serious problems could get a childish kick out of that sort of thing. But a modern has too much sense to be taken in by the magic, or the philosophy either—if there's any there."

Naturally I was stopped. I stood face-to-face with much of America's incapacity to get its mind off its own generation and its own separate, individual interests. This student, with most of the class, was still in his seat, chewing the stubs of his fingers, while poor Faustus was frantically rummaging about in the wide universe trying to fix his position in a life that swarmed with challenges and lures.

He could not see that literature is the food of experience in only slightly less degree than actuality, and that the imagination, when balanced with a properly anchored sense of reality, can find its best nourishment there.

With all this emphasis upon honest thought, students have put a check upon their feelings too. Not only upon indulging them or showing them—but upon using them at all. The emotions incident to patriotism or love are regarded as illusory or biological. I have watched my students deliberately refrigerate against the æsthetic flights of Shelley or the sensuous revels of Keats.

I put up the battle of my career one night for Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale" and in the end had to admit defeat. It was made pretty plain to me that there is nothing about a nightingale, any more than there is about an old Grecian urn, which I could offer in competition with the acknowledged beauties of a streamlined car or a Petty drawing. Imagine trying to enlarge such a view while parrying a succession of thrusts like this, from one especially vehement student.

"'My heart aches,'" he quoted, with enough scorn in his voice to be outrageously effective. "I don't see what his heart is aching for. It was his own fault for letting himself get in a mood like that. He says he wants to get away from it all. What he needs is to get out in the world and face some honest work. The trouble is he doesn't know what it's all about. He says, himself, he doesn't know whether he's awake or asleep. I don't get it."

I did my best, but he was right. They just didn't get it. I am sure that Keats to them is still a weak-kneed escapist.

Perhaps it is not good sense to fly in the face of nature and try to bring a group of lively young business men to glow handsomely in the presence of Shelley or Keats. Perhaps it is not the way of our manhood to feel deeply; perhaps that is the way of effeminacy or childishness.

Put in those terms—and they represent the common reaction to the reading of poetry—the effort had better not be made. For a time I thought so too, but then I started to notice how they selected those pleasures which would satisfy their feelings.

Their main purpose, they have revealed, is to stay cheerful, to keep their minds occupied, to avoid depression (and I must say they have made a pretty successful job of it). But to avoid a negative state of mind they turn almost exclusively to such harmless but hardly nourishing fare as the funny sheet, the light magazine, the frothy radio show, the tired-business-man drama, the night club, the bridge table, the crossword puzzle, the automobile, the juke box, the double-feature, and a multitude of other popular time-fillers. Even modern advertising owes its effectiveness to the well-known fact that they, with millions of others, prefer to read someone else's commercial boasting rather than face the perils of an idle moment. In short, instead of trusting their own powers of entertainment, they choose to hire an outside specialist to engage their feelings.

The question is, how deep is their enjoyment? How far does it reach into their lives? How much does it satisfy that urgent need for a pleasure that adds meaning and zest to living? Their recreations give the answers and show on what a tenuous, fragile membrane of idle diversion they have stretched the real experience of their lives.

They lack the depths of feeling to support personal ideals or sentiments, and they water their enthusiasm for any important ideals with the thought that no tangible gain may be expected where only ideals are at stake. With their joy in realism and good balance they are proud of their ability to see both sides of a question, but in their desperate avoidance of bigotry they sacrifice the convictions of character. They confess to a sense of shame for "getting all worked up" about a mere principle.

No great causes, whether good or bad, can draw from them any ennobling enthusiasm, and no amount of legislation is going to create it—not while they must give their consent or willing participation.

I came to a full realization of this one time when I was trying to help them reach a sympathy for Milton, whose *Paradise Lost* seemed specially designed to defeat that sympathy. They found only amusement in the devils thrown howling into burning lakes, and in the angel squadrons firing seventeenth-century cannon at each other. I tried the counsels of the wicked in their plots against heaven and was not much surprised when they saw a connection with directors' meetings.

Moloch, the warrior, they liked at first, because he was a man of action. He knew what he wanted and went straight to the point—no quibbling, no wasted words, no troublesome visions of lofty purposes—a true go-getter. His preference of death to submission was a gallant eccentricity. Then Belial appeared, that suave sales manager of hell.

When I asked one student if he thought Belial was a coward, this is what I got. "Belial is no coward. He's smart; he has good sense. He knows that heaven holds all the trumps. Moloch is going to stick his neck out and get himself pitched back into hell. Belial counts his chances before he starts, realizes that he can't win, and makes no false moves. He'll be there to catch Moloch when he comes riding back the second time, and he'll have a whole skin in the bargain."

It is hard to defeat so much good sense. It has the undeniable virtue of an honesty which might be the cornerstone of great character.

The reason why these students, like most Americans, have not built upon their foundation of realistic honesty is that, far from having experienced and understood life, they have actually retreated from it. Not in the sense of having retired from a world of hard truth to a dream cottage, but in a larger sense. They do not know man; they know only their neighbors in business. Their judgment and vision are only as wide as their experience, and their experience is only as wide as their jobs.

By holding strictly to business, by exercising only their reason, they have practiced a kind of self-mutilation in willfully withering their imaginations and hardening their feelings. In a large sense it is all a result of having used their minds for only one thing—to guide action. Their thoughts have been given to deciding that they should order a new shipment of fuel or that they should get the patriotic angle in the new advertising campaign.

They are not conscious of a living history that extends any farther back than their birth date. They seem to think of modern man as having attained an ultimate pinnacle of isolation in time, borrowing nothing from the past, lending nothing to the future. They exalt independence, but they carry independence to a fetish when they insist upon every life starting all new, as if men had never lived before.

But the foundations of unflinching

honesty in the character of an American student are firm. Disheartening as those bouts between literature and utilitarianism may be, they search out the wellsprings of character and frequently demonstrate how readily the student expands. As literature is the stuff of life in the most intimate sense, it traces out the jagged outlines of any dangerous inadequacies with startling sharpness. But because it has drawn so much from man's thought and action, it challenges a student to prove the fullness and discrimination of his capacity for living. Frequently he accepts the challenge before the year is out.

I have learned to count my rewards in small numbers. But every year I can identify a certain number who give promise of directing greater meaning, greater confidence, and greater enjoyment into their lives. This year the struggle seemed harder than ever, although that has a familar ring. But I was not disappointed. If anything I discovered cause to be downright hopeful, and it was Tennyson who did it.

It started off in the same old way, with the student who had attacked Keats taking the lead. "In Memoriam" was a mountain made from a mole-hill. No man had any business getting his mind in such an extended slump over a mere friend. A woman, maybe. Not another man. If Tennyson had had the sense of values he should have had, if he had fixed his eye on the ball instead of on his grief, he would have taken his friend's loss in his stride and quickly regained his sense of reality.

"He's just suffering from an overdose of poetics," the student concluded.

Before I could answer, I got help from an unexpected quarter, one of the foremost materialists.

"Damned if he is!" he exclaimed. "This fellow is grabbing for something. First he runs into science, and his faith goes haywire. Then he loses his closest friend. Don't you think he had something to think about? I think he had plenty, and he can't start living until he gets down to it."

In the riot that followed I could do little more than prevent their getting down to personalities. I have had few such exciting sessions. They took the world apart and put it together again, and although it didn't fit any better afterward, they understood it better, along with their place in it.

"They'll do," I said to myself.

BUT HEALTH INSURANCE IS DIFFERENT

BY NATHAN SINAI

THE battle for health insurance is over. There may be some straggling rear-guard action, but to anyone acquainted with the warring factions of 1935 the extent to which it is accepted in 1941 is unbelievable. The early propagandists and missionaries who regarded health insurance as a social and economic panacea and promised too much now admit that it has many complexities; those representing the professions, who looked upon it as a social and economic morass and predicted nothing but disaster, now agree that it has many possibilities. Both groups concede that the problems cannot be solved nor can the qualities be evaluated unless health insurance is offered to the public and its results are studied critically. So, while the battle is over, the less exciting but essential job of making it work has just begun.

To-day the public may purchase one or more of a bewildering variety of health-insurance offerings. The agencies that are selling health insurance comprise almost every type, from the "non-profit" corporations of medical societies and hospital associations to the high-pressure commercial insurance companies. And the public is purchasing with enthusiasm. There are no accurate figures on the number of subscribers in commercial companies, but the non-profit organizations report that over six million people subscribe to insurance covering all or a part of a possible hospital bill. To show the speed with which the idea is taking hold, almost a third of the six million became subscribers in 1940. In commercial-insurance circles health insurance is described as "the hottest line being offered."

Insurance against a hospital bill is the most simple type. It usually calls for either twenty-one or thirty days of care in a semi-private room or a ward, the use of the operating room, certain routine laboratory tests, ordinary drugs and dressings, and a limited use of x-ray facilities. As a rule, hospital insurance is sold to groups of employees to whom the insurance is explained individually or, more often, at a general meeting. The insurance begins when a sufficient percentage of employees sign the application cards that authorize their employer to pay for the insurance from their wages or salaries. In some cases the employer contributes a part of the costs.

Aside from hospital insurance there are other contracts that cover or appear to cover almost every kind of medical care that may be needed. The impression is being created that health insurance is exactly like other types of insurance rather than what it still is—a process of trial and error. While there is little doubt that health insurance will survive and grow, the sooner its present limitations are recognized the less painful will be the trials, the errors, and, possibly, the failures. Since it is the public that is paying the bill the public should know what the limitations are and what can be done at this time on a reasonably sound basis. The job of making health insurance work has just begun.

II

The principle of health insurance is simple. Some thousands of persons become members of a group to share the costs of medical care. A number will have major illnesses, others minor illnesses, and some will go through a year to boast that they "never see a doctor." All contribute annually a specific amount of money to a common fund, and whatever happens—an illness requiring hospitalization and surgery or a minor condition treated in a physician's office—it is the fund that pays, not the individual. Basically the principle is the same as that of fire insurance, where property owners contribute to a central fund and share great or small losses caused by fire. Both forms of insurance originate in the fact that a certain contingency may be expected to occur—sickness among a group of people or fire among a group of houses; but while it is possible to predict its occurrence for the group as a whole, no one can say which person or which house will be affected. When a house is destroyed by fire the impact of the loss, instead of concentrating solely upon the owner, is diffused among the thousands of property owners who are joined in a system of mutual protection. In a like manner the cost of an illness, instead of falling with its full weight upon an individual, is divided among the group that is covered by health insurance.

As an example, ten persons in a thousand may require an appendicitis operation during a given year. Based on an average cost of one hundred dollars, the total surgical bill will amount to one thousand dollars. Hence, as a protection against a concentrated bill of one hundred dollars for this service, each of the thousand persons would contribute one dollar annually, plus the cost of maintaining the organization.

This too is elementary, but it is emphasized because once the basic principle has been considered the parallel between health insurance and other forms of insurance comes to an abrupt end. From this point other insurance travels along a broad, smooth road of experience while health insurance must turn into a little known path that offers only few markers. The parallel ends and the complexities begin when the insurance actuary goes to work to calculate the risks (sickness) and the premiums (costs).

If there is any person in the world who has a distaste for guessing it is the actuary. In life, fire, or accident insurance the facts he needs have been collected carefully and analyzed systematically for decade after decade. In addition, he has been dealing with contingencies or occurrences that are more or less exact—a person is either alive or not, there has been or there has not been a fire, and so on. These contingencies compared with those faced in calculating the risks and premiums of health insurance are as precise as right triangles.

Until ten years ago the incidence of sickness, except for the communicable diseases, was virtually unknown in the United States. The first extensive study was made by the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care and included about nine thousand families. Over a period of a year the families were visited and information was collected on the occurrences of illness, the services received, and the costs. It is this study, plus certain later additions, that provides the foundation upon which the actuary must construct his estimates. It is a foundation that is brittle in many of its parts, not because of defects in the original study but because health insurance itself, as soon as it goes into effect, causes radical changes in the conditions that produced the data.

The families that were studied by the Committee purchased medical care out of their own funds when they needed it or thought they needed it. Obviously they were always aware that they would have to pay the bill. Under health insurance, on the other hand, the situation is different. When there is no worry about the bill there will be a demand for more service. But how much more? That is the unknown factor.

Fortunately during the past five years the experience accumulated in hospital insurance has reduced the area of some of the unknowns. Less fortunately, the full value of the experience has not been realized because too few of the hospital plans collect adequate information. Even though the subscriber to hospital insurance must pay for his medical care, he can get his hospital care free or nearly free. As a result, the number of hospitalizations, when compared with that of the families in the Committee Study, shows an increase of about twenty-five per cent. What the increase would be if medical costs were included remains unknown and, therefore, must be "estimated."

Certain other conditions must be considered in estimating the future demand for medical care. It would be much easier if the population could be considered as a homogeneous mass of protoplasm and all sickness could be lumped in the same manner. But just as population must be resolved into individuals of specified age, sex, and other characteristics, so must sickness be viewed as having individuality and selectivity. Different groups of people have different chances of falling ill.

For example, the occurrence of sickness varies according to age, the least sickness prevailing among the groups between ten and twenty years old. After the age of twenty there is a steady rise in the rate of sickness. If the costs have been calculated for a cross-section of the population they are invalidated if for some reason there is a great preponderance of the older age groups in a scheme of health insurance.

Women too are a special hazard. Strangely enough, even excluding the illnesses that attend childbearing, they show a much higher rate of sickness than men—and then proceed to outlive men by over four years! For this reason insurance companies that provide certain types of health insurance usually publish a cost per person that is based upon a ratio of only five per cent or ten per cent of females. If the percentage of females in an employed group is greater than the basic ratio, the premiums are increased accordingly—and males employed among a predominantly female group should excite sympathy rather than envy.

In certain fields of medical care practically no satisfactory information exists for the actuary. The most important gaps relate to diagnostic services, including those of specialists as consultants and the various laboratory facilities such as x-rays. Virtually nothing is known about the public's need of full-time nursing services or, as far as adults are concerned, of dental care. Neither is there satisfactory information on vision defects or on the possible need for glasses. These are only a few of the perplexing problems that surround what might be called Rule I in determining medical needs and medical costs: the rule that there must be reasonably accurate data.

There is a second rule, which is likely to be even more difficult to follow. This is the rule that, having estimated certain medical needs, there must be acceptable methods of control so that no artificial stimulus will render the estimate valueless. If sickness were only precise and measurable! The degree to which a risk is insurable depends upon the extent to which the human element can be eliminated. Life is insurable because of the great urge to live and because the individuals who wish to "collect" are minute in number. But sickness is something else. Collecting medical service may become a recreational activity of some people; there are others who enjoy a period of hospitalization as a rest; there are physicians who provide an overabundant service—all these factors raise the question of control.

Some of the health-insurance schemes distribute their benefits with an almost complete disregard of the two rules that have been mentioned. If a scheme can maintain its solvency under these conditions it is probable that the rates are high enough to absorb the results of maladministration—and, therefore, too high.

Where the disregard is accompanied by rates that are not unreasonably high it is almost certain that the scheme will run into financial difficulties. This has already happened to some of the hospital-insurance organizations, and each time it occurs there is a loss not only of money but of public confidence in the principle of health insurance. At the other extreme there are insurance plans that are so hedged about with limitations that the value of health insurance to the subscriber is appreciably reduced. Reading certain of the contracts one gains the impression of giving with the right hand and snatching with the left. There are carefully worded clauses intended to limit the demand for services; some of them have been used in other forms of insurance and others are new, but all warrant a critical analysis of their probable effects on the subscribers.

One clause that is used excludes hospitalization and medical services for "preëxisting conditions"—those physical defects or illnesses that exist at the time subscribers become members of an insurance scheme. Such a rule if enforced usually causes trouble. For it is almost impossible to prove that the onset of a preëxisting condition had a specific date. And it is even more difficult to prove that the subscriber knew about the condition when he joined. There is no valid reason for such a clause if the scheme conforms to the common practice of enrolling subscribers in groups—such as the employees of a business concern. When a large enough percentage of a group is enrolled the law of averages functions to counterbalance bad risks, or preëxisting conditions, with good risks. Even in life insurance it is the practice to dispense with the physical examinations of individuals if seventy-five per cent of a given group enroll. This percentage is not too high as a requirement for enrollment in health insurance—those schemes that accept as few as ten or twenty per cent violate the rules of sound statistics because they permit a concentration of bad risks. Nor is the effect of this violation counteracted by a hazy clause that means quibbling with a subscriber about a preëxisting condition when he needs a specific service.

Another common clause excludes "any conditions arising out of pregnancy" during the first ten or twelve months of a subscriber's membership. The reasoning here is difficult to follow. If a plan includes a satisfactory cross-section of the population, or a high percentage of a group of employees and their families, maternity care can be predicted as accurately as any other service. It has been said that this care is not an insurable risk because the contingency may be premeditated. True; but why it becomes insurable if the premeditation is postponed one to three months is not clear. Aside from the fact that many pregnancies are complicated, or that a delivery may require unexpected surgical intervention, maternity care as a part of health insurance is socially desirable, and there is little reason for even partially excluding it.

One other device which is used by certain of the schemes deserves special attention. It provides that the subscriber must pay the first portion of the costs of medical services; after he makes this payment he gets the rest of the services free. In theory this device is supposed to function like the deductible clause in automobile insurance. In some instances the subscriber must pay the first five or ten dollars of costs, in others he may be required to pay, over and above his annual premium, a certain sum for each home call or for obstetrical care or other services. In part, the extra payments serve to increase the total contribution of the subscriber, but the main purpose is to curb excessive demands for medical care.

This seems a dubious device. It is unlikely that those who haunt doctors' offices will be deterred by having to make a first payment of a few dollars; once the amount is paid the bars are down. At the same time if payment of this first sum is to be made directly to the

physician, it opens the way to rebates and other private arrangements intended to increase his practice and introduces a pernicious competitive element in medical service. That, however, is only one aspect; another is the premise that five or ten dollars are minor sums. They are—except to the millions of families whose main weekly problem is the transformation of dollars and cents into groceries. To such families the slogan "see your doctor early" has had about the same meaning as a travel bureau's invitation to spend the winter in Honolulu. If the method of partial payment does curb the demand for services the reductions will tend to take place where they are least desirable. To compare an illness with a crumpled fender or a twisted bumper is to forget the important effect of time—one condition is progressive and should be blocked in the interests of the patient and the insuring agency; the other is relatively static.

It is because of the unknowns that certain companies follow the practice of adding to the costs a large "factor of safety"—which means that to the cost of the predicted services are added the costs of everything that the actuaries fear may happen. If at the end of a year the fears have not materialized the company refunds a certain amount of money, and some regard the refund as a "dividend." To consider an overcharge of thirty-five or forty per cent a dividend is a novel interpretation, to say the least. It is no more a dividend than the two dollars received as change when a person buys three dollars' worth of goods and presents a five dollar bill in payment. The practice may have a sales value, but when overcharges are excessive the incentive for the company to conserve funds, stop small leaks, and develop adequate administrative methods is greatly lessened.

One other development deserves much more than the cursory examination it has received thus far. In the majority of non-profit hospital and medical plans the premium paid by the subscriber calls for benefits in the form of services; in the plans offered by various insurance companies the benefits are in cash. The allowed cash benefits may be paid to the subscriber and then, in theory, paid by him to the physician or hospital; or the subscriber may sign an agreement which permits the company to pay the benefits directly to the physician or hospital. On first view it seems to make little difference whether a benefit is received as a service or as cash. But the difference between the two is extreme.

Insurance is supposed to protect people against something specific. What assurance does a subscriber have that a cash payment for a medical service will cover the cost or will pay for a specific percentage of it? None. He purchases a contract that provides one hundred dollars for a certain surgical procedure. Not until he needs the operation does he have any idea of what it will actually cost—it may cost the amount or double the amount of his cash benefit. The subscriber may think that the fee should conform to the cash benefit listed in his contract. If he finds that it does not, he is likely to feel cheated. And the result is likely to be antagonism between physician and patient—antagonism which may or may not be justified.

There is also another side of the picture. When people who are insured begin to view medical care in terms of cash values, rather than of necessary services, a new and insidious element is introduced. One hospital plan frankly states that if a member chooses accommodations that are less expensive than the amount guaranteed the difference will be paid in cash. In effect, this means a bonus for each day spent in the hospital by any patient who is not an employed member of a family. It will be a sad time for patients, physicians, and hospitals when sickness commands a net cash value instead of treatment according to the patient's needs. How much more satisfactory is the forthright plan that assures the thing for which health insurance has been devised—services if and when they are needed.

What has been said warrants the conclusion that health insurance is now a composite of genuine social values, impractical hopes, and sharp commercial practices. Though the underlying principle is sound it becomes corrupted when aims lose contact with realities and administration is maladroit. Too often the excuse given for failure or for obvious mistakes is that health insurance is a new and vast field and that administrators, like Columbus, sail into the unknown. It is forgotten that Columbus started with a certain knowledge of astronomy and an ability to sail a ship, and he probably carried an anchor or two. Must there intervene between the adoption of a social principle and its appearance as a satisfactory social institution a period of bewilderment, of circular motion, of dashing off at tangents? Or in health insurance is it possible to steer a course that attempts neither too much nor ventures too little, a course between recklessness and timidity?

III

Medical care is a family problem. When health insurance includes employed persons but excludes their dependents it has a sharply limited value. There are enough limitations that have substance without adding any that are as artificial as this one. It is true that employed persons are better risks; but the problem is not solved by any process that serves to select the best risks in a population, leaving out those whose needs are more acute.

In a scheme of health insurance that covers a comparatively small group—twenty or thirty thousand—many things can be and should be tried. Only through such projects is it possible to learn what is now unknown about public needs for services—consultant, diagnostic, and other special kinds—and more effective administrative methods. These small schemes should be conceived as the laboratories of health insurance. Their results should show how and where there may be safe expansions. Meanwhile, and without waiting for the laboratories to give final answers to all questions—which means waiting indefinitely—there are specific services that should be offered to large groups of the population.

Patients in general hospitals are roughly classified as surgical, obstetrical, and medical. The logical first step in health insurance—and one that offers substantial progress in solving a major part of the public's problem—is to include hospitalization and physicians' services *for surgical and obstetrical cases only*. The importance of medical cases is granted, but until there are better methods of control the inclusion of this class of patients is a threat to solvency. The statement that hospital insurance results in a twenty-five per cent increase in the number of cases hospitalized is only a part of the story. The significant and perturbing fact is that surgical cases increase only about ten per cent while medical cases increase over fifty per cent! The average person does not look forward to necessary surgery, but a great many people go to hospitals for minor illnesses because they regard a common cold as a way "to get their money's worth." Undoubtedly the hospital is an excellent place to treat a cold or to provide escape from household drudgery, but is it fair to load a system with the costs of elective hospitalization? The story of the woman who entered a hospital and, after telephoning to three friends, called for a bridge table may be very funny—but not to those who administer hospital plans, and even less so to those whose annual subscriptions pay the bill. Theoretically, the burden of control can be placed upon the patient's physician, for according to the usual rule he must approve hospitalization; actually, he cannot occupy a dual position, that of satisfying the patient and at the same time protecting the insurance fund against trivial cases. Some insurance plans now cover hospitalization for medical cases but require the patient to pay his physician directly. This, as a method of control, is inconceivably weak

because the physician's charges for home or for hospital treatment are not appreciably different for medical cases, and therefore the incentive to go to a hospital remains the same.

Surgical and obstetrical cases comprise three-fourths of all the patients in general hospitals and account for approximately forty per cent of the national bill for medical care. The existing data make surgery and obstetrics the most insurable of contingencies and in these cases the human element is reduced to a minimum. If it were possible to assign specific weights to the different services that make up the whole problem of medical care, it might be said that this first step would solve forty per cent of the problem. Actually it would be more valuable than that because of the protection it affords against concentrated major costs.

Notwithstanding the fact that some insurance companies offer hospitalization for ninety days, the general needs of the public will be met by hospitalization up to thirty days. The main value of the ninety-day offering is to increase sales, since a thirty-day period is sufficient to cover over ninety-seven per cent of hospitalized cases. National statistics are often quoted to prove that a large per cent of cases remain in hospitals over thirty days, but the quotations fail to mention that these figures include patients in mental and tuberculosis institutions. Health insurance is not intended for such patients and the average general hospital does not admit them for long periods of care.

As a second step—after enough time has gone by to permit those who are running the plan to acquire administrative experience and to correct defects in organization—the health-insurance program should embody *the services of general practitioners in offices and homes*. The data concerning the need for these services are in reasonable agreement and enough work has been done on fair methods of controlling excessive services to show that this factor offers no serious obstacle. Although there is a prevalent belief that general home and office care is a relatively minor economic burden, the evidence is to the contrary. Among families of average size about a third report five or more illnesses in a year which require ten or more home or office services.

Home and office care is emphasized for its preventive values in early diagnosis and treatment. To give but one example: a study of appendicitis cases has shown that those treated surgically within the first twenty-four hours after the onset of the illness undergo an average hospitalization of eight days and the fatality rate is one per cent. But if the surgical treatment is delayed, for one reason or another, until the fourth day, the average period of hospitalization rises to sixteen days and the fatalities rise to nine per cent. Usually it is the general practitioner who sees the case first; if his services are readily available he may see it early and the probable savings are large in terms of lives, days of disability, and costs of services. Home and office care also make up in part for the deficiency of a system that excludes the hospitalization of medical cases. In order to counteract this deficiency still more the services of the visiting nurse should be added; her visits are educational, her work has a high value in aiding the treatment of patients in their homes, and when she is available patients may be discharged earlier from hospitals to return to their homes.

The surgeon, the obstetrician, the general practitioner, the visiting nurse, and the hospital for surgical and maternity cases—these constitute a clean-cut program of medical care that may be covered by health insurance with reasonable safety. More is necessary but much more needs to be known before all of the other special services outside and inside the hospital can be added.

No such modest program will satisfy those who visualize sweeping changes in the present form of medical practice as well as in the method of payment. No one can say what will be the pattern of

practice twenty-five or fifty years hence. The present system may be wholly right, partially right, partially wrong, or wholly wrong, but nevertheless it exists. Rightly or wrongly the great majority of physicians are averse to becoming salaried employees and they insist that their compensation shall be in the form of fees for the services they render. As already stated, there is an important place for experimental plans, for laboratories, where different methods of practice and of payment may be tried and analyzed. Under laboratory conditions one may easily correct an error that might prove disastrous if it were made in a system with millions of subscribers and thousands of physicians.

Health insurance is in motion and behind it there is a dynamic power that has its source in the increasing public demand for relief from the economic hazard of sickness. There are those who, living in their own little world of absolutes, regard the word "change" as a synonym for "calamity." There are others who see in the demand the possibilities of a quick and complete solution of all our problems of health. But those who try to translate the public demand into the minute details of organization, administration, and costs for millions of people approach the problem with the healthy apprehension it deserves. They are neither angels nor fools, they are realists; and the task is huge.

COUNTRY NOON

BY ETHEL B. AREHART

ALTHOUGH high noon and past be on the clock,
The mill's far whistle sown across the hills,
Clark rung home from river plains, and Stratton's
Dinner bell across the valley river stilled,
He, who told the hour by bell and whistle,
By white oak and bitter hickory shadow,
By hunger and times around the field,
Takes his noonday rest no more, heading
His team toward the watering trough,
Watching the dark alfalfa acres, the wheat,
The pale cool rye, the shimmering Kalamazoo
Where the river snakes through the valley,
Drop from his sight as he moves down the lane.

He will come no more over the barnyard hill,
Walking in the wake of his team of grays,
Rising as certainly as the upshouldering sun,
His head and shoulders plunging upward
To the hill crest, then pitching forward
After the team on the down grade, the reins
Held in his left hand, the right swinging free:
Though Stratton look across from his high slopes,
And Clark look up from his valley lowlands,
He will come at the team's gait no more:
He is crop taken and timber felled;
He is winter passed and spring gone by.

WHERE ARE WE NOW?

THE AMERICAN DEFENSE PROGRAM AFTER A YEAR

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

A YEAR has passed since the defense program started. This year has seen bewildering changes in the administration of the program: formation of the NDAC; later, as the administrators sought to increase the tempo, creation of OPM and OEM; and finally—Pelion on Ossa—the superimposing of OPM and OEM on NDAC.* It has seen the public perplexed not only by these shifts of scenery but also by the "political" statistics of defense production in which both parties irresponsibly indulged during the presidential campaign. This perplexity increased as the year entered a new phase: that of official secrecy about arms and production in view of our close approach to belligerency. As a result, the public knows little and craves much information about the defense program. It is the purpose of this article to give as accurate a picture as possible of where we stand to-day, where we hope to arrive to-morrow, and what are the chances of fulfilling that hope.

The magnitude of our effort appears from the goal which we have set for ourselves. This goal has almost sublime proportions. We shall build a two-ocean Navy, capable of repelling any and all attacks on this hemisphere, and possibly of playing a decisive role in the rest of the world. This Navy when completed will weigh 3,500,000 tons. It will comprise 32 battleships, 18 aircraft carriers, 91 cruisers, 364 destroyers, 187 submarines, 15,000 planes, numerous auxiliary craft, 17,000 pilots, and a total personnel of 532,000 officers and men.

Next, the projected Army. We have set out to build an Army of at least 1,418,000 men, with possibly an eventual 4,000,000. This Army we have planned to dower prodigally with the following organization and arms: a maximum of 10 armored divisions, some two hundred camps, 6,000–7,000 tanks, 70,000–80,000 planes, and a large number of rifles, machine guns, and artillery. It is an inspiring vision. But let us get down to our progress toward making it a reality.

THE NAVY

Warships. The following official table gives our status in warships ready for action as compared with a year ago:

	January 1, 1940	*May 1, 1941*
Battleships†	15	15
Aircraft Carriers	5	6
Cruisers	35	37
Destroyers	218	165
Submarines	95	109
	368	332

In short we have fewer warships than we had last year.

* NDAC—National Defense Advisory Commission; OPM—Office of Production Management; OEM—Office of Emergency Management.

† The battleships *Washington* and *North Carolina* have been commissioned but will probably not be ready for action until late summer or fall.

According to the Navy these figures present a deceptive picture, as indeed they do. Ships on hand number less than a year ago because of the transfer of 50 destroyers to Britain in exchange for naval bases. The number of combatant ships was also reduced by the reclassification of 30 destroyers as "special purpose" vessels. A large number of auxiliary and small craft have been added to the Navy in the past year.

Planes. Secretary Knox announces that the Navy has 1,304 more planes than a year ago: 3,476 planes on May 1, 1941, as against 2,172 planes on July 1, 1940. A considerable portion of these planes are trainers.

Personnel. A year ago the Navy boasted about 150,000 officers and men. To-day it has almost 250,000. Naval pilots have increased from about 2,900 a year ago to 4,500 to-day. The Marines have grown from about 28,000 a year ago to approximately 51,000.

In short, the Navy is now somewhat more powerful (in spite of the numerical decrease in combat vessels), although not decisively so.

THE ARMY

Man Power. A year ago we had an Army of about 475,000 officers and men —250,000 regulars and 225,000 National Guard troops. To-day we have fulfilled the promise of a year ago. On June 5, 1941, we had 1,362,000 officers and men under arms. This present force is composed of about 502,000 regulars, 290,800 federalized National Guard troops, 49,500 reserve officers, and 520,000 draftees. By July 1, 1941, the Army will have reached—and there is little doubt of this—its goal of 1,418,000 officers and men.

The Army last year had six regular divisions (five infantry and one cavalry) and 22 National Guard divisions (18 infantry and 4 cavalry). To-day it has 33½ divisions (27 infantry, 2½ cavalry, 4 armored, and 5 headquarters tank battalions). A year ago the Army Air Corps had approximately 3,300 pilots and 1,894 cadets in training; to-day about 10,000 pilots and about 15,000 cadets. To house this Army, 45 new cantonments have been completed, or nearly so. The increase in man power is one of the outstanding successes of the defense program.

Small Arms. We can muster in an emergency (and are using in training now) a large part of some 2,300,000 World-War-type rifles we possessed a year ago.* In addition, we had 38,000 semi-automatic Garand rifles a year ago. Now we have between 175,000 and 200,000 Garands in service. A year ago we had some 75,000 World War (but still good) machine guns.* In addition to the remainder, we have perhaps some thousands of new, modern machine guns. In short, our status in small arms is not brilliant, but it shows some progress in the past year.

Artillery. But here we strike a minor key. There has been little change since last year. We probably have (official figures are lacking) a few large 240 mm. howitzers, at least 4 long-range 155 mm. guns, about 1,000 World-War-type (some modernized) 155 mm. howitzers, and about 100 (field and pack) 75 mm. howitzers. We also have about 3,000* World-War-type 75 mm. field guns, some of which have been modernized. We have not more than 300–400 antitank guns, probably 500 antiaircraft guns. Hanson Baldwin, military expert of the *New York Times,* says that "the Army admittedly has not enough equipment (antiaircraft) to protect half the principal cities of the eastern seaboard or to provide mobile equipment for our field armies." Artillery is perhaps the most depressing part of our defense picture.

Ammunition. According to some unofficial reports, we have on hand some 200,000,000 rounds of ammunition to-day as compared with 40,000,000 a year ago. That may be so. But on the eve of maneuvers come unconfirmed reports of a shortage of cartridges and shells.

---

* Less an unknown quantity sent to Britain.

Tanks. The Army now possesses between 1,000 and 1,500 tanks as compared with 500 a year ago. These are mainly light tanks (of uncertain armor protection), possibly 100–150 old medium tanks, and no heavy tanks in service. For training purposes this picture is only fair.

Planes. In the past year Army planes of all types have increased about 3,100—from 2,900 a year ago to about 6,000. But a considerable number of the 6,000 are trainers. The Navy has dive bombers but the Army has none. As to quality, Secretary Stimson said in February that only 650 of the 4,000 planes we then had were of first-line quality and that none of them was up to the battle standards of the present war. But we have added 2,000 planes, some of very good quality, since then. One cause for this poor showing is the fact that many new Army planes have been sent to Britain.

This picture of arms and men would not be complete without some estimate of their readiness to fight to-day. It can be confidently said that the Navy, our first line of defense, stands well prepared (with the exception of antiaircraft guns*) to fight all comers. This cannot be said of the Army. Because of the rapid increase in man power, the combat quality has diminished temporarily. For regular divisions have had to be broken up and scattered in groups through the new Army to provide instruction for the raw recruits. There is little doubt that our Army at present is partially trained and poorly equipped for battle.

Secretary Stimson has said that it will take at least a year to make it into a well-trained and well-equipped force.

As this goes to press, come reports that several divisions are being made ready for action—given priority in men, equipment, and training.

* Hanson Baldwin says, "The Navy has not sufficient modern (antiaircraft) guns of the desired types to equip all its combatant ships, much less the American merchant vessels."

II

But the picture I have just presented is a still photograph, snapped in the early summer of 1941. In the case of the Army the picture is not reassuring. But we are making advances, even in the Army. To obtain a fairer impression, therefore, it is necessary to unroll some continuous film. Let us try to gage how fast the raw Army will be licked into shape, to measure the rate of production, and to estimate the dates when the conveyor belts will be delivering these weapons on a large scale.

First of all, the coming months will register another stage in the training of the new Army. General Marshall, Chief of Staff, on May 23rd emphasized that these raw recruits have been receiving merely basic training: "Our training program is building a seasoned body of men who have the basic knowledge and skill to handle any job we may give them. We are making soldiers and leaders. When these men have completed their basic training we can put them in planes or in tanks or behind guns or operating radios and telephones with only the final technical instruction necessary to cover the mechanism they are to use." The Chief of Staff pointed out that the 9th Army Corps of the Fourth Army was then starting "the largest maneuvers in our peace-time history." This initiates, he said, "the advanced phase of our mobilization training program—the actual tactical and strategic exercises which simulate battle conditions." (But how will modern battle conditions be simulated perfectly without dive bombers, of which the Army has none?) "The men who participate in these maneuvers have complete basic training." All this summer, then, maneuvers will give advanced training to those who have completed their basic training, while newer recruits get their basic training. General Marshall says that in addition to our 4 armored divisions "10 more tank battalions will be activated after June 1,

and our immediate plans provide for the creation of 4 more armored divisions, 2 of them next fall and 2 more later. . . . Our development of man-power of our Army will contain a higher percentage of mechanized units than any other army." But the Chief of Staff qualifies this by saying, "as production of matériel catches up" with this development. Here lies the crux of the training problem. There is little doubt that a year from now we'll have a good Army—if the matériel is supplied fast enough.

A word about pilots. The Navy is doing well in pilots. Student entry rate for training will reach 800 this summer, a good start toward the ultimate goal of 17,000 full-fledged pilots. In the Army the number of student pilots has more than quadrupled in the past year and will double again before the end of this year, as our 30,000-a-year training program gets under way. The bottleneck is not in pursuit, but in bomber pilots. Bomber experience takes much longer. Here matériel may wait on pilots.

We can obtain one measure of how fast we are producing this matériel by studying the financial figures of the defense program. An official summary of twelve months' progress by the OEM, released on May 25th, showed that, while the expenditure of more than $42 billions (including about $3.5 billions of orders from Britain) had been authorized, only about 45 per cent of this sum had been contracted for. Cash payment for defense contracts fell from $1,080,000,000 in April of this year to $780,000,000 in May.

But here's a clearer graph. Listen to what higher-ups in the defense council say when they talk confidentially. In a release at first marked "Preliminary and Confidential," but later given to the press, entitled "The Crisis in Defense Planning—Discussion Notes of Defense Group Meeting, May 2, 1941," this group of important leaders of the defense administration give the following low-down. The defense program, on paper, comes to about $40 billions for the calendar years 1941 and 1942: $17.5 billions to be spent in 1941 and $22.5 billions in 1942. But of the $17.5 billions for 1941 some $4 billions go for such expenses as food and pay rolls for the forces. Another $3.7 billions are for building of new industrial plant and equipment. Therefore, less than $10 billions remain for real war materials, "shooting equipment." In 1942, "shooting equipment" uses up much more: $18 billions out of a total of $22.5 billions. This is a big step-up. But can we really do it, in view of the fact that in the first three months of 1941 we have been spending at a yearly rate of only $10.5 billions? "The lagging behind seems tragic enough, but it becomes even worse when one examines the character of the expenditures to date." For of the $3.7 billions scheduled this year for plant construction and equipment, only $1.9 billions have been turned to the task thus far, and only a small part of this amount contracted has actually been put to the physical labor of construction. "We are undoubtedly," says the release, "lagging in our defense effort." But to break down this "lagging" we must examine the various items one by one.

Small Arms. Most observers in Washington agree that our best production record lies in the field of small arms. It is admitted that we are far ahead of schedule in the production of the Garand semi-automatic rifle and of machine guns. The OEM says that production of Garands is up 300–400 per cent in the past year; that we are up 300 per cent for light machine guns; and 400 per cent for heavy machine guns. This is important not only for the foot soldiers but also because of the increased use of machine guns in tanks and planes. There is little doubt that our Army next year will be well equipped with small arms, whatever else it may have in matériel.

Artillery. But here we face some grim facts. The first 105 mm. howitzers are just coming off the line in Milwaukee. Production of more than 200

PUBLIC LIBRARY

monthly is hoped for—by early 1942. The newly designed 155 mm. field gun is an instance of how painfully long it takes to get into artillery production. The first of these was delivered May 15th. Production of two a week by the fall of 1942 is predicted. We have an antitank gun, the 37 mm., said to be useful mainly against light tanks, although some observers doubt its armor-piercing power. Army needs are estimated at 6,000, but we are producing only about 12 a month at present. The first of the 37 mm. antiaircraft guns, to be used against low-flying planes, was delivered in May. Current production is estimated at 20 a month—quantity production, perhaps next fall. The 90 mm. antiaircraft gun for high altitudes, ordered a year ago, is just coming into production. Very well, but it is said that the current British gun can fire 6,000 feet higher than ours. Experts say that it may take from 12 to 30 months to equip our antiaircraft units fully.

Our only consolation is that production of artillery is traditionally slow. In the First World War it took the following period to attain full production of artillery for the American Army: for 75 mm. field guns—1 year, 1 month up to 1 year, 6 months; for larger-caliber artillery—1 year, 2 months up to 1 year, 10 months. An obstacle, according to the OPM, has been extreme conservatism and deliberation in our Ordnance Department. In general the artillery picture is far from reassuring. Production dates tend to run well into 1942. If these are accurate our Army will be deficient in artillery a year from now.

Ammunition. The OEM says that ammunition "will be produced in 42 of the plants under construction. . . . Small-arms ammunition manufacturing which was negligible before the defense program was launched, will be undertaken at four plants." Construction of these plants is said to be ahead of schedule. OPM circles say that in May 200 million pounds of powder was produced. But Richard Stokes, military correspondent in Washington of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, contributes this morose intelligence: "The Army is said to have enough on hand to fight on the modern scale for about a month. According to rumor, the quantity now in the Canal Zone is insufficient to sustain barrage fire longer than an hour." The general verdict is that it will be next spring before we are "out of the woods."

Tanks. According to official figures, we are producing light (13-ton) tanks at the rate of 150 a month and production is increasing rapidly. This sounds good—but wait. Mark Watson, military expert in Washington of the Baltimore *Sun*, says: "Current production of the light tank is of an earlier model, identical with that now in use by our two armored divisions but not as good as the new one will be." Watson says that production of the new one, a greatly improved 18-ton tank, will be going this fall. While production of the 13-ton tank is proceeding satisfactorily, there are some doubts about the resistance of its armor-plating.

Medium tanks offer more of a problem. Production has been delayed (1) because of the necessity of redesigning to meet the lessons of the European war and (2) because production was shoved down the priority list so that, as the OEM report says, "machine-tool priority could be given to more critical military weapons. Quantity production is scheduled for summer." This tank is of a joint Anglo-American design, weighing between 25 and 26 tons, fast, well-armored, and equipped with a 75 mm. gun, a 37 mm. gun, and half a dozen machine guns. These tanks are being built by five private manufacturers, among them the American Locomotive Company, Baldwin Locomotive Company, and Chrysler Motor Company. In the latter part of April the first models of this tank were finished by these three plants. Estimates of daily output vary from 3 to 10 tanks a day by summer. Some experts fear production may be held up by a bottleneck in tank steel. We are design-

ing one experimental heavy tank of from 50 to 60 tons. But quantity production of this tank lies far in the future.

In short, large-scale production of light and medium tanks (the most essential) appears likely before this fall, and before next spring they should be rumbling into training centers at a satisfactory rate, unless British needs interfere.

Planes. If the British needs were not so urgent, defense administrators could rejoice over the increase in plane production in the past year. It should be emphasized that this increased production comes largely from plants which existed a year ago, or were being expanded before the Defense Council was started. Most of the new additions to plants voted by Congress last year, and the new non-airplane manufacturers who have taken orders and have been building and tooling plants, have not yet gone into production. Hence one must commend the efficiency and adaptability to larger-scale production of the old-line airplane plants.

Actual production of military planes in April, 1941, was more than three times what it was in June, 1940. Manufacturers' estimates for May are said to represent quadrupled production within a year. The following chart, issued by the OEM, gives an interesting picture of increases:

MAJOR AIRPLANES EXCLUSIVE OF CIVILIAN LIGHT AIRCRAFT

1940	
July	547
August	586
September	670
October	742
November	779
December	900
1941	
January	1,036
February	972
March	1,216
April	1,389
May	1,334

These figures, however, include not only trainers, but commercial transports (some of which are converted into troop-carrying planes). How many are combat planes in these figures is a subject of controversy. According to one estimate, 60 per cent of the April figures were tactical planes and 40 per cent were trainers. One authoritative Congressional source says that only 600 combat planes were produced in May. Mr. Knudsen imperiously calls for production of 500 bombers a month. But estimates of heavy bomber production in May ran from a minimum of 30 to a maximum of 70 a month.

While the figure of 1,334 planes in May offers promise of really big production, it may be some time before the figures increase sharply. For the Packard and Ford plants with orders for aviation motors (and in case of Ford, for planes as well) will not hit production before July or August; and the Buick and Studebaker plants, before the summer of 1942. OPM's latest schedule called for 1,268 planes in April, 1,575 in June of this year, and finally 3,300 planes in September, 1942. They beat the April schedule. But it must be remembered that earlier schedules of OPM have missed fire. For last October OPM looked forward to an April, 1941, production of 2,068 planes and a June, 1941, production of 2,466. Other factors (such as those of raw materials) may interfere with rosy hopes for a steep rise in production. Summing up, it looks as if it would be next year, that Dreams Come True country of OPM, before we can begin to challenge German production.

But will these planes be first-rate, on a par with or better than those of Britain and Germany? There have, indeed, been many criticisms of the obsolete features of many of our models. The truth is that we have excelled in those kinds of planes which best suited our own strategic position. Thus these planes—the long-range Boeing Flying Fortresses and the naval PBY flying boats—are the best of their kind in the world. But we haven't measured up to the British fighter craft (Spitfires) which their strategic situation demands, but which ours hasn't. General Arnold, Chief of the Air Corps, said in a speech in Wash-

ington on May 12th, "I can tell you that one of the world's fastest pursuit airplanes, the Airacobra, is now in production in the United States. We expect great things of the Airacobra in its final form with armor plate and its leak-proof tanks. We need and want all the time we can get." In course of time the air forces of the United States will meet the test of quality, but "we need and want all the time we can get."

Warships. During the past year the following ships have been delivered to the Navy: 1 cruiser, 1 aircraft carrier, 15 submarines, and 49 destroyers. The two battleships recently commissioned are not quite finished and will join the fleet sometime during the late summer or fall. All these ships, however, do not originate from the present defense program, started last year, but from earlier naval programs. The two battleships, for instance, were begun four years ago.

But what are we doing about the two-ocean Navy? Under the two-ocean Navy program, scheduled to be finished in 1947, 78 keels have been laid in 17 yards constructing major combat ships. Contracts have been let for only 40 modern destroyers to help replace the 50 old destroyers delivered to the British. At shipyards at present only 78 combat ships and 13 auxiliary ships are under construction out of 360 combat and 756 auxiliary ships which were on order May 1, 1941. Some 282 vessels are technically under construction; that is, plans for them are being drawn, but actual construction has not been started. It is estimated in well-informed Congressional circles that this year we are scheduled to complete 28 warships, as follows: 2 cruisers, 17 destroyers, and 9 submarines; next year, 74 warships—1 battleship, 1 aircraft carrier, 7 light cruisers, 46 destroyers and 19 submarines. Fifteen more battleships to go. There are some sanguine spirits in the Navy Department who talk of time-savings and of finishing the two-ocean Navy by late 1945. But since our naval construction has been slow and since repair of numerous British war vessels in our yards may delay work on our new warships, perhaps we'd better settle for 1946.

But how much of this matériel is likely to be turned over to Britain, thereby diminishing our own store? We have already turned over a great deal. Fifty destroyers, as we know, have been traded to Britain. A quantity of munitions, composed of First-World-War-type small arms, artillery, and ammunition, was sold to the British in 1940. The Government has not revealed how much of this old matériel was sold, but insists that plenty remains for training and emergency mobilization. It is believed that some tanks have recently been sent to fill out the British tank shortage in North Africa. How many planes have been sent to Britain remains uncertain. But there are some guesses about the proportion of our production which is going to Britain. Out of every 10 planes produced in April, some experts say 7, others say 5, were exported to Britain. One can only speculate about the future. Secretary Knox claims that no more important naval vessels, save some torpedo boats, will follow the fifty destroyers. As for tanks, it will depend on the role which land warfare plays in coming months whether we send any or not. But our planes seem likely to flow in very large proportions to Britain, since the air war is becoming more and more important. It is true that what counts in the long run is production, not accumulation of matériel which may become obsolescent. But, we may well ask, if we send too much to Britain, shall we not be delaying the training of our Army?

III

We have shown the progress in weapons and men in the course of the past year—"where we are now," expressed in terms of the end-products of defense. These end-products, however, depend on the machinery which sends them off the conveyor belt. The economic system of the country is gearing itself to

produce these weapons. But total war and hasty rearmament are difficult matters to adjust to our *laissez faire* system. Therefore we cannot very well present a true picture of our situation to-day without describing the stresses and strains due to this adjustment.

One of the problems early tackled by our defense administrators is that of strategic raw materials—the primary stuffs of war which this country lacks. The OEM claims that satisfactory stock piles have been built up or adjacent supplies secured of such strategic materials as manganese, chromite, graphite, mica, and nickel. But the situation does not appear so satisfactory with copper, mercury, quartz crystal (radio frequency control), tungsten, zinc, tin, and rubber. Tin and rubber constitute the two greatest gaps in our attempts at self-sufficiency. While the OEM claims a rubber reserve for "about a year," Arthur Krock in the *New York Times* finds that actually there is enough for only about six months at the present rate of consumption and remarks, "It would appear that poor management is involved somewhere." Meanwhile manufacture of synthetic rubber remains insignificant. The project for building smelters in this hemisphere to process Bolivian tin ores is designed on a small scale and has not proceeded far. Already the Government has requested manufacturers of tin cans to use 10 per cent less coating of tin on their products. In the field of strategic raw materials the defense administration has registered its most notable failure.

Prices may prove one of the biggest "bugs" in our defense machinery. If we have runaway prices and spiraling of the costs of production and living, severe economic effects in the form of inflation will threaten the whole economic structure. Already the Government has moved to prevent an increase in steel prices. But if railroad wages increase (unions have recently filed notice that they seek more wages) then railroad rates may rise and with them swelling prices in many products. Again, the 85 per cent of parity increase for farm prices foreshadows another rise in the cost of living. Talk of fixing prices and a "price ceiling" is widespread in Washington. Few other problems could slow up defense production as inflation of prices.

In a very important sense, this is the place to examine the effect of labor unrest on defense. Mr. Hillman's Labor Division has done good work in keeping factories supplied with skilled labor. But as this is written the problem of strikes in defense industries has apparently passed beyond the hands of the defense administrators. It is true of course that uncompromising employers, communist trouble-makers, trade-union desire to profit organizationally by the situation, and internecine trade-union strife all play roles in this matter. Yet it is prices which undoubtedly play the most decisive role. As prices and the cost of living rise, workers naturally demand wage increases. Employers, even the fairest, must resist these demands when they have fixed price contracts. Efficiently and rapidly as mediation boards may work, the strike problem remains difficult of solution if prices curve upward.

But overshadowing all these problems lies another which conceals itself behind a very well-mannered word—"priorities." In substance, however, a priority can be very hard-boiled if mandatory and enforced rigidly. It means simply—"doing without" in the interests of defense. At the beginning of the defense effort, priorities merely occupied a subdivision of a division, operated on a voluntary basis, and handled little bottlenecks by appealing to the partriotism of the manufacturers involved. As time passed, however, and it became clear that the defense program would not merely take up slack in production but would overtax many production facilities, the announcements of voluntary priorities increased. By the spring of 1941 these voluntary priorities were decreed in the following fields: aluminum,

magnesium, nickel, nickel-bearing steel, ferro-tungsten, neoprene (synthetic rubber), zinc, copper, machine tools, and finally steel. By the first of June the President signed a bill which imposed mandatory priorities of wartime scope on industry.

This catlike approach to the extreme of mandatory priorities is quite understandable. For such a decision isn't so easy to take as many of the armchair critics think. Drastic mandatory priorities can bring in their wake quite a shakeup not only of the industry involved, but subsidiary industries, reaching right down to the consumer-in-the street. Priorities on copper touch the whole radio and electrical business; on tin, the food business. This is the reason why such a virtual priority as the decision of the auto industry to reduce its output of automobiles by 20 per cent, has been put off until August, 1941. If, as it seems possible, a further curtailment of the automobile industry—one of the most available to military production in terms of skilled labor and raw materials—appears necessary, the defense administrators face a difficult problem. For contraction of a large industry like that of automobiles would entail considerable commotion all through the economic structure: curtailment in the sales forces of dealers; in advertising and in the newspapers and magazines which live on advertising; in accessories, their manufacture and sales; in fuel extraction, distribution, and retailing right down to the oil station on the corner. Unemployment (however temporary), bankruptcies, liquidations, shifts in population (accompanied by housing and transportation problems) would all follow such a ukase by the priorities director. The numerous individuals thus affected might change their mind about "all-out defense" when their livelihood appeared threatened. A Government wielding drastic priorities faces an ugly political backlash.

Of our three most important priority problems—machine tools, steel, and aluminum—that of machine tools was earliest recognized. But it was not until January 31, 1941, that Priorities Director Stettinius requested machine-tool builders to deliver machine tools after February 29th only to defense contractors. A further release of machine tools for defense was promised as automobile manufacturers announced they would forego a change in design for 1943 models. Meanwhile the OPM is making a census of machine tools, as well as a drive to subcontract much defense work to smaller manufacturers who have machine tools available. The gradual process of building machine tools to make machine tools and to train the mechanics in such fine precision work inevitably creates a bottleneck despite priority orders. It is significant that the OEM reports that $16,000,000 is being spent to build machine-tool plants. Even mandatory priorities apparently do not solve all problems. For it is reported that one of the reasons given for the "seizure of property" law proposed by the White House early in June is the fact that the Government wanted to commandeer some machine tools which owners stubbornly refused to surrender. This explains why, as described above, production of medium tanks was delayed to release machine tools for other more urgent defense work. It suggests also why production of many other items may suffer similarly in the future.

While defense administrators early recognized the bottleneck in machine tools, such was not the case in steel and aluminum. Some experts during the first stages of the defense program advised expansion of steel-production facilities. Otherwise, they warned, a shortage would develop. The defense administrators actually laughed at the suggestion. The President last spring endorsed the Gano Dunn report which emphasized that present production facilities would meet all civilian and defense needs. Yet less than two months later the defense administrators had to confess that both these needs could not

be satisfied. By May 29th Priorities Director Stettinius signed a general preference order to give defense and "essential civilian" needs first call on all kinds of steel. The Government and industry early in June decided on an increase of 10,000,000 tons in production facilities. But there is some debate as to whether such additional construction, by requiring steel in itself, would slow up the general scheme of defense production. It is an ugly snarl—and we have not heard the last of it.

Aluminum presents an even more striking example of a bottleneck. Aluminum is not only one of the big essentials in the making of airplanes, but it also goes into many parts and accessories of other military items. In the very first months of the defense program, expansion of aluminum-manufacturing facilities and of the water power essential to this manufacturing was projected. But by the first of the year experts were predicting a serious shortage of aluminum before the summer of 1941. Much the same tragi-comedy as in steel ensued. Priorities Director Stettinius strenuously denied such a possibility. By April he had to eat his words and to admit a growing shortage. The testimony of John Batt of the OPM and Leland Olds of the Federal Power Commission served to bring into spectacular relief the grave nature of this aluminum problem. Mr. Batt estimated direct military needs (exclusive of civilian and indirect needs) for 1941 at 1,400,000,000 pounds. Yet, he said, the best the industry could do next year would be 1,209,000,000 pounds. Olds' testimony is even more serious. Under the best weather conditions (and some parts of the country are suffering from drought), he says, the water-power plants would not prove sufficient for the production of more than 642,000,000 pounds.* The following rumor current in Washington illustrates the complexity of this picture: opening of a hydroelectric plant scheduled to serve a new aluminum plant has been postponed because of lack of essential aluminum parts for the machinery.

To sum up: if we get enough aluminum manufacturing plant, if the weather permits, and if we have enough power, we may get enough aluminum for planes —if we can ration civilian and "indirect" defense needs successfully.

Presiding over such conditional clauses sits the GHQ composed of the OPM, OEM, and the War and Navy Departments. The mission of this High Command of Defense is to untie these knots and straighten out these kinks. Unfortunately, within this body there are many conflicts which delay production. There is the conflict between the Army and Navy on the one hand and the civilian administrators on the other. Within the civilian ranks there is a split: New Dealers vs. "dollar-a-year men." Even among the latter there exist vital differences: some want "all-out" defense production, regardless of the effects on the economy, while others want "business as usual," or at least a very gentle easing of the economic structure into total defense economy.

The "Discussion Notes of Defense Group Meeting" quoted earlier in this article throw a revealing light on these conflicts. This group is composed of those civilian administrators who want "all-out defense." What happens when they get together, it seems, is an all-out attack on their confreres in the OPM and especially on the Army and Navy officials. They charge that the brass hats have a tendency to discuss how much Congress can be persuaded to appropriate (a relic of the pre-defense days when the services lived on a "starvation" diet) rather than what is needed to obtain "superiority." "The result is that we have planned not in terms of requirements, primarily, but rather in terms of appropriations, although it has been repeatedly pointed out that a year must pass after appropriations are granted before production flows." Again, these

* This is for Aluminum Company of America plants only. But since ALCOA now produces all and next year will produce about 90 per cent of our aluminum, Mr. Olds' picture need not be changed materially.

civilians say that the officers have set their objective at two years under the Industrial Mobilization Plan (outlined years ago) and rigidly hold to this time factor. "The fallacy in such a procedure lies of course in that it establishes and holds the time factor constant. In a warring world the real question is how quickly can one obtain the equipment needed to give superiority?"

But the Army and Navy, while they say much less publicly than the OPM because of service discipline, have a strong case too. They can retort that the influence of big business working through the civilians has slowed up defense by opposing expansion of plant. They can point to the rejection of the Reuther plan for utilizing excess automobile plant facilities. Was this because of conservatism of the business elements? Privately, they are not backward in saying that "first things come first"—that if such very essential products as airplanes must be procured first, then less acute needs like ordnance must wait while we lack enough machine tools. Why shouldn't the Ordnance Department delay the schedule by redesigning tanks? Last-minute news, they remind us, from the battle of Flanders rendered necessary thicker armor and fleeter tanks. Quite properly the Army complains that, while Germany had six years to prepare, civilians are trying to force them to accomplish a like miracle in one year. Finally, as the civilian group says in its discussion notes, "The Army has consistently said that it could not plan for what equipment it might need because it does not know where or whom it may have to fight." Indeed, where and to what use we are going to put the Army we are trying to equip is a question that others than the Army are asking.

In view of this disharmony, it is no wonder that critics of the defense program have frequently called for the appointment of a "defense dictator," someone with the powers and prestige possessed by Bernard Baruch in the last war. The cure-all of the maladies of defense, according to these critics, lies in vesting one "strong man" with supreme power, a man who could resolve all the clashes, take daring steps, and lay down a clear course for the program.

Here we come to the core of the whole matter of defense production. For at this point the economic problem emerges as merely the expression of the political problem. The President, the political head, has the power to become the economic dictator himself or to appoint a subordinate for such a task. Undoubtedly a good subordinate could put much order into present chaos. But could he fundamentally change the picture unless he had the power to discard "business as usual" for "all-out" regimentation? The President as political head of the nation apparently perceives that such a drastic step would entail sacrifices for which the country is not politically prepared. Therefore he has not installed another Baruch. Perhaps by the time this article appears in print the President may have decided that political preparation has reached a point where he may safely risk any reaction against such sacrifices. But when and if he does so decide, the decision will be made on the basis of sweaty, human, political considerations rather than on an impersonally cold economic diagnosis.

It comes down to this: the question of how soon we get 3,000 planes a month rests ultimately with the people rather than with Messrs. Roosevelt, Knudsen, or Batt. If the people prefer "business as usual" they must face delays in production with patience. But if they are in the mood to make sacrifices under "all-out" defense they will be rewarded by seeing the curve of production turn upward.

At this date of writing the incalculable masses have not come to a decision. That is "where we are now": in a state of uncertainty. Where we shall be a year from now depends on what choice the people make and how soon they make it.

WHEN YOU GO TO NEW ENGLAND

SEVEN REACTIONS TO MR. DEVOTO'S ARTICLE

Last month, in an article on "Touring New England," Bernard DeVoto offered suggestions for motoring visitors to our six northeastern States, explaining what sights seemed to him most worth seeing and most characteristic of New England. His recommendations were many and various, with the strongest emphasis (or so it seemed to the Editors) upon Boston, Cambridge, Concord (Massachusetts), and the Vermont countryside, and only slightly less emphasis upon Salem, Massachusetts, and Orford, New Hampshire. Mr. DeVoto virtually eliminated western Connecticut from his discussion, as too closely identified with New York and New Jersey to be representative of the essence of New England; likewise he ruled out Cape Cod and Maine as less rewarding to the motoring sightseer than to the summer vacationist who can settle down for a time. We mailed proofs of his article to a number of other writers who know the region well from various points of view, asking them to comment and especially to say whether, in their judgment, he had omitted anything important; and we present herewith their dissenting (or partly dissenting) opinions—which suggest that any Baedeker intent on distributing stars and double stars in New England would have his work cut out for him.—The Editors.

FIRST *we introduce Mary Ellen Chase, of the Smith College faculty, author of several New England novels:*

I want to supplement, perhaps to complement, Mr. DeVoto's fine article by giving my native State of Maine more of its due than he accords it. Forget that it is Vacationland and "the nation's playground." It is far more than either if one knows how to see it.

Get off Route 1 after a good night at the Eastland or the Lafayette in Portland. The early, *grasping* reaches of that road will disillusion anyone! Even at the cost of missing Wiscasset with its beautiful doorways, go from Portland to Gorham, thence on 202 across the country to Augusta, thence on 3 through China, Liberty, Palermo, to Belfast, where again you will turn toward Route 1. In this way you will see the Maine upland country as well as the coast, a country rough, shaggy, "unfinished," with its small farms and its rocky pastures. Here too "hard living begets love of the hard land." In Searsport, the breeding-place for shipmasters who in the last century encircled the globe, see the Penobscot Marine Museum if you would know something of Maine's splendid maritime history.

It is true that the only way "to explore the Maine coast fully" is to go by boat past its hundreds of islands and into its thousands of coves. Nevertheless, if one is ready to leave Route 1 occasionally, he will receive his reward pressed down and running over. *Don't* allow Mt. Desert, lovely as it is (the loveliest place in all the world, James Bryce once said!) to be your *terminus ad quem.* Its romantic beauty, to me at least, is far less satisfying than the classic beauty of the coast eastward, so little known to the tourist. To drive up Cadillac will seem of course necessary, and yet the summit of Schoodic a few miles east offers far more excitement in

its far reaches of sea, sky, mountains, islands, and surf. Approach Schoodic, after gazing on the perfection of Sullivan Harbor, by way of Prospect Harbor with its gay lobster buoys, its red ledges, and its friendly fishermen. The tangled dishevelment of its pier is worth an hour's lingering. And leave Schoodic by way of One Squeak (yes, that is its name, though the sign will say Birch Harbor), buying a lobster from any boat in its treacherous cove and cooking it if possible on the ledges which smell of salt water, seaweed, and spruce. (I have never been aware of this seafood shortage which Mr. DeVoto finds on the Maine coast. From Kittery to Mt. Desert I have found the place riddled by "lobster pounds" where one selects his lobster and watches its sudden and welcome death.)

From Schoodic the temptation will be to turn back, but *don't!* You haven't seen the Maine coast yet. Follow the windings of the now civilized, if lonely, Route 1 through the farther Sullivans and Steuben, and then, if you are really adventurous, take any of the few dirt roads leading coastward, preferably the one marked Petit-Manan. After five miles of almost untrammeled wilderness, where the whitethroats sing all day in fog or sun, you will suddenly come upon a fishing hamlet called Pigeon Cove with a view from Pigeon Hill (one mile above and an easy climb) which puts both Cadillac and Schoodic alike to shame. And after three miles farther on the same road (only worse!) you will come suddenly out upon miles of high, treeless blueberry fields above an open sea with tremendous tides and swirling surf, and wonder whether this is Maine, Brittany, Cornwall, or the Scottish Isles. But it is Maine and, to me, at least, at its best!

I have much more to say, but my space is filled. Only this—don't curse the fog if it comes. Sit still in it. It is often the best interpreter of coast and upland alike and of the sturdy people who live on both.

MARY ELLEN CHASE

The Director of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts is the next to speak up:

I find it difficult to comment on Mr. DeVoto's article, largely because I find it so admirable. If I were to comment unfavorably at all, it would be very mildly about certain emphases and perhaps about certain omissions. Commenting on the latter, I should realize that I was unfair. A man who has given a course on the History of Art from the Fall of Rome to the present day in thirty lectures can sympathize with a man who writes on "Touring New England" in ten pages.

As a New Hampshire man, I regret that the author has pointed out the greater beauty of Vermont, but candor compels me to admit that most people would agree, even though we of New Hampshire know they are misguided. There is a phase of New Hampshire, however, which the author has hinted but which he has not brought out clearly. The real New Hampshire is not the White Mountains, nor the fashionable centers where the city folk congregate, nor even the lovely Portsmouth which blooms with flowers that might as logically be culled in Massachusetts. The White Mountains are overrun. The coastal plain, comparatively flat, again suggests Massachusetts. The stretch north of the coastal plain beginning with such towns as Mont Vernon and Francestown, reaching west to the Connecticut, and north to the foothills of the White Mountains, represents to me real New Hampshire. Of course, as the author points out, there are certain infected areas. Dublin has drawn to itself the virus of great wealth, social distinction, and an elaborate landscaping that New Hampshire does not need. Cornish has done the same for the artistic element. Between them is a stretch of unspoiled country where the true New Hampshire exists. Your New Hampshire man in this district has the virtues and the peculiarities which the author rightly attributes to the Vermonter.

Mr. DeVoto could also have empha-

sized even more the beauty of the abandoned farm. As a youth I took lessons in painting from William Sartain, and that landscape painter said that the beautiful landscape was not nature wild, but nature that had been tamed and then allowed to go wild again. The upland farm with its cellar hole, its tangled grapevine, its gnarled orchards still bearing, is one of the most beautiful sights in the State.

Since the author is writing about touring, perhaps it is unfair to criticize him for not mentioning hunting. Few things are more rewarding than a week-end in central New Hampshire when the woodcock flight is in. It happily coincides with the most exquisite moment in the scarlets and oranges of the autumn foliage. The latter phenomenon, most beautiful in all New Hampshire and Vermont, the author did not mention. Perhaps it was with praiseworthy restraint.

Speaking as one interested in the Fine Arts, one might perhaps challenge the lack of emphasis on the museums of New England. Mr. DeVoto mentions Worcester and the Essex Institute by name. The tourist might well be interested to know of the great numbers of interesting museums that dot New England, rich in beautiful and important material. One thinks of Hartford, New Haven, Springfield, New London, the Addison Gallery at Andover, the museum in Burlington, Vermont, the Currier Gallery in Manchester, New Hampshire, and many more. Perhaps Mr. DeVoto feels that these are not specifically characteristic of New England, but they are. Approve them or no, they are as unmistakably an outgrowth of the New Englander's solemn passion for education as anything the colleges afford. Modesty would prevent my commenting on the fact that the author did not mention the most distinguished museum in the United States.

G. H. EDGELL

John Chamberlain spends most of his time in New York, as an editor of Fortune *and book critic for* Harper's, *but it is Cheshire, Connecticut, that he regards as home:*

Mr. DeVoto's article leaves me with mixed feelings. During a New England youth I went to school "north of Hartford" (though barely), summered at Squirrel Island and Southwest Harbor on the Maine coast, camped from Mt. Madison to Lost River, went on jaunts in an old motorcycle sidecar through Vermont and western Massachusetts, drifted down the Connecticut in a canoe, and clerked in a New Hampshire hotel. Mr. DeVoto's guided tour of northern New England does no violence to innumerable memories and stereotypes that are, in most cases, more than fifteen years behind me; and I am sure the bounding Baedeker from Utah would make the best of all cicerones in Boston, Cambridge, and Vermont, which are his true loves. He does, however, skimp the coast: Cape Cod is just sand and scrub pine to him, but to Thoreau it was a whole book (and a charming one), and a tourist of my sort would have devoted at least a few paragraphs in going from Buzzards Bay to Chatham.

Moreover, Mr. DeVoto, as a passionate pilgrim on Mount Mansfield and Brattle Street, has no real comprehension of that other New England which is southern Yankeedom. As a New Englander who comes from "south of Hartford and west of New London," I find myself considerably nettled by this lack of comprehension, and by the resultant casual dismissal of a region that has remarkably little in common either geographically, socially, or industrially with New York, New Jersey, and Long Island. As a citizen of New Haven County, I find myself much more at home in Ohio's Western Reserve than I do in New Jersey (whose flatlands and grimy towns and antiseptic suburbs give me the willies); and as for Long Island, what is nice about it is the northeast corner, which is southern New England in tone and feeling, even though the local Tuttles call themselves Tuthills. Geologically, the traprock country back of New Haven

assimilates, not to New York or New Jersey, but to a fold in the earth's crust that disappears under the sea only to reappear, if I remember correctly, in faroff Nova Scotia!

The lower Connecticut Valley may end in a dismal spot on the coast, but from Middletown to Hamburg Cove the river is more beautiful (although in a quiet way) than the more publicized lower Hudson; and back in the hills from the river the farmers still plow with oxen. I have (or did have) an uncle by marriage who lived all his life in Merryall in western Connecticut without ever seeing New York; and when I drive from New Milford or Danbury in the attempt to get to Poughkeepsie by the shortest possible route (none is good) I know the minute I have passed the State line. The houses lose their New England chastity in Putnam and Dutchess counties, the barns have a Dutch look, and we are in the "hot country" that nourished the legend of Sleepy Hollow. As for the industry of western Connecticut, the Naugatuck Valley (which, for courtesy's sake, must include Bridgeport) has its own flavor, with its brass mills (like steel mills, only in miniature), its bell factories, its Seth Thomas clocks. But I ramble like a gaffer. Maybe southern Connecticut isn't good tourist country, and I'll admit that New York has seeped in as far as Westport, but those who pass beyond Southport and Fairfield should not be misled by Mr. DeVoto into thinking they are seeing New Jersey. JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

The Harvard historian who wrote A Maritime History of Massachusetts *and has become the authority on the life and voyages of Christopher Columbus might be expected to look at New England touring from a different point of view, and does:*

For me, vacation-time New England is maritime New England. The West and South do mountains better than we, but Yankeeland can beat all creation for the attractiveness of waterfront from Watch Hill eastward.

If you approach maritime New England via New York City, drive the length of Long Island, taking a look at the yachting in Oyster Bay and worshipping if you will at the T.R. shrine. Then put your car on the ferry that runs from the east end of the island to New London. That will give you an interesting hour's trip across the neck of Long Island Sound, and with luck you will see some fine yachts under sail, maybe a few of the surviving coasters.

Near New London, at Mystic, Connecticut, is one of the best New England maritime museums. Don't fail to look over the old whaling town of Stonington, which has miraculously recovered from the hurricane. Narragansett Bay is a beautiful body of water, and you can see plenty of it driving over the Portsmouth ridge into Newport, and by taking the ferry from Newport to Jamestown.

Your next chance to taste salt is to put your car aboard the Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket steamer at New Bedford or Woods Hole, and run around those islands (each differing from the other, each unique) on your own gas. If you haven't time for both, I say (at the risk of dead cats from the Vineyard) choose Nantucket.

After Nantucket, Cape Cod will seem a bit crowded, but if you like the sea you will want to take a look at the harbors of Hyannis, Cotuit, and Chatham. Then, preferably with Thoreau or Henry Beston in hand, ride up the back side over the Truro hills into Provincetown—a place to see but to get out of as quickly as possible. Drive along the bay side of the Cape (Cape Cod is *the* Cape in New England), and leave plenty of time for Plymouth with its unique Pilgrim Museum. Get Captain Charles H. Rose (everybody knows him) to take you in his motor boat around the harbor and Duxbury Bay if the tide is right, and maybe land on Clark's Island where the Pilgrims spent the night before looking for the right rock. Captain Rose can take a pailful of Duxbury clams along and steam them for you on the beach.

At Scituate and Cohasset you will find yachts and some of the best seafood restaurants in New England. Your next maritime call should be Marblehead. The yachting fleet there is one of the finest sights in America, especially in an August race week when you may see as many as two hundred boats under sail at the same time. And the Peabody Museum of Salem, which Mr. DeVoto did not mention, has the best collections of old ship pictures and models in the country.

If it's models you like, don't miss the Hart collection at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, on the Massachusetts Avenue side near Harvard Bridge, or the Addison Gallery of American Art at Phillips Academy, Andover. The great merit of that collection is that all the models, from Columbus's *Santa Maria* to the clipper ship *Flying Cloud*, represented under full sail, are to the same scale. In the same gallery are some of the best Winslow Homers, such as his *Eight Bells*. Andover is only three-quarters of an hour's drive from Boston or Salem, and this little museum (not to speak of the ancient Phillips Academy) is enough to make any American's chest swell with pride.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

The Pulitzer Prize poet of Brunswick, Maine, who has written a book on the Kennebec River, adds another word on behalf of his State:

Touring New England with Mr. DeVoto as guide is like having a codfish chowder with the cod carefully left out! For he omits the best nine-tenths of the New England shore, many of the loveliest and liveliest villages he maintains he is looking for, and some of the most inveterate and downright Yankees in omitting Maine. But then the Maine coast is partly inaccessible by car, he says. Evidently he wants the kind of super-highway he praises Vermont for not countenancing, to fringe all the hundreds of Maine bays and leave no room for the lobstermen or their houses!

I should like to remind vacationists that a place called Maine exists. I should like to assure them there are fair black roads and gravel ones enough to provide them a drive beside the ocean, or with it on both sides, as long as it is from Portsmouth to Key West, through a land resembling Norway, Devon, Morocco, and Cornwall rolled into one, with harbors like Rio's here and there and four thousand islands, with cubistic heaps of right New England houses which make the Berkshire and Vermont houses seem like something run up by squatters on the dark of the moon.

People who don't like roads up their mountains can find dozens to climb in Maine for one in Vermont. If it is the poetry of farms gone back to the wild you wish, Maine has more of that poetry than New Hampshire. If it is Yankee mastery of machinery and gadgets you want, there is Bath. If you are after good food, there are the world's best lobsters and clams, and people in every fisherman's house who know how to cook them as high-toned hotels do not. The most impressive agricultural section of New England is not the lovely Connecticut Valley with its onions and tobacco, but Aroostook County, Maine, up under the northern lights, where the best potatoes grow. The most eloquent forests are not in New Hampshire but north and west of Moosehead. The finest farmhouses in New England, architecturally, are those that sprang up along the tidewater—which keeps running up into the middle of Maine every mile or so and coming back—built by men who also built ships. The barns of Maine have Chinese pagodas and the grandeur of French châteaus built into them, and the red shacks of Vermont are not in the same universe with them.

And if it is the Yankee live-and-let-live philosophy you are after, or thrift, inventiveness, mastery of many kinds of trades—including the use of common sense—neatness, quick humor, crankiness, and plain all-round American self-sufficiency, then you owe it to yourself

to come up to the northeastern half of New England and see these qualities still running round on two legs and getting on very well outside of the museums and archeological tracts and books where most Americans look for them. Add Maine to your New England. If you don't it will be a pretty tasteless broth.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

From the headmaster of Phillips Andover Academy, who is also biographer of Daniel Webster, Calvin Coolidge, and other Yankees:

In his attempt to describe New England in ten magazine pages Mr. DeVoto resembles the genius who carved the Lord's Prayer on a cherry stone, presenting infinite riches in a little room. Nowhere in print is there a more intelligent condensation of New England's elusive, varied charms, from museums to restaurants. Having lived many years in that section, I have learned that it may well be studied at a leisurely pace along rutted country roads from an outmoded Model T Ford, which can slide safely over half-concealed rocks and even, in an emergency, climb over fallen trees. In the hill towns, removed from the industrial centers, you can taste the flavor of colonial days, still crisp and "tart" (as the Vermonters say), even when the natives appear a trifle degenerate. For so small an area, New England is highly diversified, but it is most individualized in the mountains or near the sea—in Plymouth, Vermont, or Colebrook, New Hampshire, in Nantucket or Gloucester. Furthermore, as Mr. DeVoto suggests, you must settle down for longer than one night. You may spin on for mile after mile along black roads, past village greens and gleaming churches, and have at sunset little but fatigue and vague, generally erroneous, impressions; while ten days in Franconia or Cummington will leave you fascinated, your curiosity not yet satisfied. Always in New England the people are as important as the landscape or the mills or the Bulfinch houses, and you can't penetrate their souls in a roadside chat.

Mr. DeVoto mentions several types of attractive vacation pilgrimages, one of which I wish to amplify. New England's distinctive product, even to-day, is education. Its agriculture may be insignificant, its factories often obsolescent, and its literature conventional; but its colleges and schools are still "the tops." The traveler with two weeks or more to spend could agreeably absorb the atmosphere of New England while moving not too rapidly from one center of education to another, many of them veritable beauty spots, with their elm-studded campuses and ivied dormitories. He could begin in western Connecticut, with Choate and Taft and Kent and Hotchkiss, and then move on in one direction to Loomis or in another to Berkshire, finally reaching Williston and Deerfield and Smith and Amherst; perhaps back toward the New York line to Williamstown, under the shadow of Mount Greylock, and newer Bennington, in the valley with the monument above; north through Vermont, pausing here and there at some almost forgotten academy and not forgetting Middlebury College; across the Connecticut to Hanover, with its memories of Webster and Rufus Choate, and possibly on into the "State of Maine"; back to St. Paul's and Exeter and Durham; down the Merrimack to Andover and Governor Dummer, the two oldest of the independent boarding schools; and after that, by brief excursion from Boston, to Groton and Middlesex and St. Mark's (a trio grouped by the irreverent as "St. Grottlesex"), and innumerable others, each well worth a half day's visit.

I have mentioned only a few, and have omitted the many excellent high schools, because they are mostly in cities and therefore less romantic and picturesque. But along the trail thus mapped is New England at its best—the New England to which parents from Texas and Oregon and Minnesota still send their children, just as Massachusetts residents order their automobiles from Detroit or their oranges from Florida. I have omitted Farming-

ton and Wellesley, Harvard and Yale and Brown, Wesleyan and Bowdoin only because of a disinclination to produce a mere catalogue. If, however, you study New England's influence in education, some of the other features—the plethora of disfiguring signboards, the abandoned farmhouses, the crumbling stone walls and neglected orchards, the brick mills with broken windows—will not appear so depressing. It is still the educational and spiritual homeland for thousands of nostalgic Americans.

CLAUDE M. FUESS

Did we say "dissenting" opinions? Let the author of A Southerner Discovers New England *have the last word:*

Mr. DeVoto is the best evidence of the sound rule that the best booster is the candid friend. Not one of the bright boys who have produced the whole vivid mass of slick, picture-filled pamphlets of the decreasingly reticent Yankee States has caressed the region in a way to make the old, little, crowded land seem half so appealing to the rest of us. The reason is, I think, that he is not merely candid but a convert. As a man who began in Ogden, Utah, he is not so much describing six States in our northeast corner as the home of the heart of Bernard Augustine DeVoto. And that is a very special New England even if it includes it all.

Nowhere else have I ever seen in such brief space so excellent a guide and invitation to the tourist in New England. I think this is not only because Mr. DeVoto is by nature that social archeologist with a feeling for the past which he advises his tourists to be. Mr. DeVoto has loved New England in all its nooks and crannies even though several years ago he put himself on record to the effect that some of them stink. He must be still waiting, indeed, for the consummation of his once expressed hope that Lowell would slide into the Merrimack and that the salt marshes would advance from the sea to cover Lynn. The New England of his adoration is obviously Cambridge, which he so gently derides, and Vermont about which—and properly I think—he gushes. The rest of the region he covers adequately, though sometimes rather dutifully it seemed to me, with one exception. My feeling as a former New England road rider is that he has scandalously neglected Maine.

True enough, he begins with a booster's phrase from its State-subsidized boosting. He refers to sailing on its coast, to its northern freshwater fishing, to its cookery; but these references are all by way of parenthetical expressions and inclusions in lists. None of the roads he follows seems actually to lead into the State which is about as big as all the rest of the New England States put together. Maybe Maine isn't New England. Perhaps like Texas in the South, it is big enough to stand alone. But I missed some mention of Aroostook County, which is bigger than two of the New England States down beneath it, and where the potatoes come from and the Acadian French live, and Washington County with its tremendous tides and splendid blueberries and Passamaquoddy. They are only big details in a big State which I think deserved more mention.

The miraculous thing, however, is how much Mr. DeVoto did get into one article without making it bulge or show the packing. I wish I could ride north this summer with DeVoto's wisdom by my side. I would do everything he advises except not try to tip Vermonters. My advice to other travelers is to leave the change on the table. No posse of xenophobians will pursue you to try to make you take it back.

JONATHAN DANIELS

PRELIMINARY PUBLIC LIBRARY

U. S. INTERNATIONAL BROADCASTING

WHAT WE ARE DOING, WHAT WE MUST DO

BY CHARLES J. ROLO AND R. STRAUSZ-HUPÉ

BACK in 1661 a Mr. Joseph Glanvill had a hunch. "The time will come," he declared, "and that presently, when by making use of the magnetic waves that permeate the ether which surrounds our world we shall communicate with the Antipodes." Two hundred and seventy-one years later Mr. Glanvill's hunch became a reality when in 1932 the British Broadcasting Corporation inaugurated its Empire Service which included transmissions to Asia, Africa, North and South America, *and the Antipodes*.

Radio's short-waves, on whose beams sound travels with the speed of light, are the vehicle for this new form of intercontinental communication. To have one's say on the radio Tower of Babel has become a mark of statehood not confined to the great powers. Egypt has an international broadcasting center; so have Ethiopia and China, Spain, Turkey, and the Vatican. "Free" France has set up its own network with headquarters at Brazzaville in the Congo. The refugee Polish, Czech, Dutch, and Norwegian governments have been accorded special radio facilities in England. So great is the importance of radio that the seizure of a defeated nation's transmitters has become one of the primary spoils of war.

In the past few months this country has jumped feet foremost into the business of international broadcasting. At last the voice of Uncle Sam, projected through the ether by the heavy artillery of short-wave radio, is making itself heard insistently in nine different languages throughout the world.

Alarmed by the success of Nazi radio offensives in Europe, the Federal Communications Commission took steps in May, 1939, to stimulate the activities of our private stations on the international radio front. It ruled that short-wave stations to stay on the air must have a minimum power of 50 kilowatts and be equipped with directional antennae giving a tenfold increase in power. As an encouragement to broadcasters, the FCC replaced their experimental short-wave licenses with permits to function as fully fledged "international broadcast stations"—and sell time on the air.

Yet even as recently as the beginning of this year, the United States, with only two short-wave transmitters of 50 kilowatts and over, was a second-rate power on the international radio front. Britain had at least seven short-wave Big Berthas. Italy had six, three of them of 100 kilowatts. The Third Reich, with an estimated minimum of eight giant transmitters of its own, controlled also the powerful short-wave stations in France, Holland, Norway, and Belgium. Over more than 100 frequencies Axis propaganda was blanketing the air waves. Now, however, we are making progress. Already six organizations—the National Broadcasting Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, General Electric, Westinghouse, the Crosley Corporation,

and the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation—operate a total of thirteen transmitters with an aggregate power of 700 kilowatts over 37 short-wave frequencies.

It is high time, for during the past seven or eight years the power of international radio as a weapon has been dramatically demonstrated by an imposing list of victories.

The famous "Munich broadcasts" played a major role in the abortive putsch which brought about the downfall of the Dollfuss regime in 1934. Radio propaganda helped pave the way for Anschluss, and an intensive radio barrage inflamed anti-Czech sentiment among the Sudeten Germans, thus preparing the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. In the opinion of an Associated Press correspondent on the spot, German broadcasts "played no small part in bringing Danzig into the National Socialist fold."

Vitriolic propaganda broadcasts from Bari in Italy and later from Zeesen in Germany were the chief weapons used by the totalitarian powers to undermine British prestige in the Middle East. First in the field, the Italian Government created an audience where there was none by distributing among the Arabs, from Cairo to Ankara, free receiving sets tuned to only one station—Bari. The perpetual turmoil in Palestine, the strength of non-interventionist feeling in Egypt, and the recent anti-British coup in Iraq have been in no small part the fruits of these five years of patient radio propaganda in the Levant.

In France radio won what is to date its most spectacular triumph. The French National Radio, directed by a group of tired academicians and politicians of dubious integrity, failed woefully to provide the news-hungry civilian population and bored poilus in the Maginot Line with even passable newscasts or entertainment. Consequently, the ingenious "Radio Traitors of Stuttgart"—André Obrecht and Paul Ferdonnet, two exiled French journalists in the service of the Nazis—rapidly acquired a large following in all strata of French society, and, by the time of the great German offensive, had done much to undermine French morale.

In between news items the Stuttgart announcers would tell their listeners daily: "Your leaders are corrupt. Your British Allies are cowards and traitors. The Führer has said time and again: 'Germany wants nothing of France.' French listeners! Force your government to make peace!" Together with such appeals went terrifying proofs of the omniscience of the German Intelligence. On one occasion two French generals sitting down to dinner in the Maginot Line heard on the Stuttgart radio an exact description of the menu. The members of a French aviation unit, whose base had been repeatedly bombed by the Germans, learned from Stuttgart the first news that its camp was being transferred to a new site. "Of course that won't make any difference," said the German radio, and proceeded to tell members of the unit the exact location of the new site.

Later, as the Germans advanced on Paris, they broadcast from captured French transmitters frenzied injunctions to the inhabitants of towns and villages in their line of advance to flee for their lives before the tanks and Stukas were upon them. Thus a stream of panic-stricken refugees blocked the roads over which French reinforcements might have been rushed to the front line. Only a propaganda instrument as flexible in use as radio could have accomplished such things.

And radio, which helped convince the French their cause was utterly lost before their armies had been truly defeated, has since been used with grim thoroughness to preach the gospel of "collaboration," to deride U. S. aid to Britain, and to complete the political absorption of France into Hitler's Europe.

But it is not only in the hands of the totalitarian powers that radio has proved its worth. It was by reiterated appeals

over the ether that General de Gaulle won over to the banner of "Free" France a large part of the French Empire. And this country too has already won several radio victories.

Thanks largely to the World Wide Foundation's station WRUL in Boston, the greater part of the Norwegian merchant marine was lost to Hitler. After the invasion of Norway the Germans forced Norwegian shipowners to broadcast repeated messages to their masters at sea ordering them to return at once to the nearest Norwegian port. Informed of this development, WRUL promptly instituted broadcasts in Norwegian advising the masters of the 1,000-odd Norwegian merchantmen on the high seas of the true state of affairs at home, and urging them to head for the nearest allied or neutral port.

The power of radio was again dramatically demonstrated in Yugoslavia. Broadcasting in Serbo-Croat from WRUL, Dr. Svetislav-Sveta Petrovitch, former Paris correspondent of the Belgrade *Pravda*, soon acquired a large following. Within three weeks of his first appearance on the air, the United States State Department was advised by Arthur Bliss Lane, its Minister in Belgrade, that Petrovitch was a potent force in Yugoslavia. In cafés, hotels, libraries, and homes Yugoslavs gathered several times daily to hear his exhortations to take up arms against "the German oppressors." Assessing the causes of Yugoslavia's decision to fight for its independence, the American Legation in Belgrade informed the State Department: "Everybody has been listening to the [Petrovitch's] broadcasts which whipped up hatred against Germany."

II

Ten years ago the status of short-wave broadcasting was comparable to that of frequency modulation to-day. From the time (1895) when Marconi succeeded in sending his first signal across his father's estate at Bologna until after the last war, radio telegraphy developed with the use of long and medium waves which transmit radio impulses horizontally like a man firing a pistol. Realizing the distance limitations of this type of transmission, radio technicians began experimenting with short-waves projected into the ether at an angle of from 5 to 30 degrees. These are reflected back to earth at great distances from the transmitter by the ionosphere—a layer of electrical particles varying in altitude from 70 to 250 miles above the earth. Short-waves, in fact, are the heavy artillery of radio.

This new kind of transmission made great headway during the nineteen-twenties. But until 1930 the Soviet Union was the only power to sense the political potentialities of international broadcasting. By that date it was filling the ether with revolutionary propaganda. France entered the field in 1931, with broadcasts to her colonies. The BBC followed suit with its Empire Service in English in 1932. Germany became an international broadcaster on a large scale immediately after the seizure of power by the Nazis. In 1934 Germany began its foreign-language transmissions, and in two years it had built up a world-wide following. In 1936 its foreign broadcasting service received 45,000 letters from abroad—ten times as many as our most active short-wave station. The powerful and elaborate 40-nation switchboard system built to cover the Olympic Games of 1936 was now pouring the strongest signals in the world out of the tall transmitters of Zeesen, a village 19 miles from Berlin.

Already Germany was sending to South America highly colored accounts of strikes in our steel industry—with which Germany was competing—and was concluding them with such slogans as "The United States is truly repulsive to all honest people." Many of these programs were reprinted and rebroadcast in Latin America. In 1937, long-wave stations in Argentina alone rebroadcast nearly 500 such programs. Meanwhile Italy was also active with

short-wave broadcasts to South America and in buying control of South American radio stations.

To-day the German short-wave service for Latin America is as elaborate as that for North America, which comprises 12 hours of specially composed programs, four hours being devoted to newscasts, talks, and special spoken propaganda features. As in the case of German broadcasts to England and the United States, native speakers lead the Nazi radio offensive on the Latin-American Republics. Don Fernando Torres and another commentator known as Don Juan are the counterparts of Lord Haw-Haw of the Oxford accent and Lord Hee-Haw, alias Fred Kaltenbach of Waterloo, Iowa—the English and American-language Führers of the German radio.

Berlin's Spanish and Portuguese broadcasts to South America are mainly devoted to promoting hostility toward and contempt for the United States, and urging economic collaboration with the New Order. The Latin Republics are daily warned of United States dollar diplomacy and imperialist ambitions, and in the same breath they are told that two-thirds of our draftees have to be rejected because they are undernourished and thoroughly unfit for service.

The daily Nazi dose of hate is echoed by Rome and to an increasing extent by Madrid, which harps on the theme of Spanish-Latin-American solidarity. Recently Japan, to bring her broadcast propaganda in line with that of her Axis partners, announced the construction of two new 50-kilowatt transmitters.

Germany leads the world in short-wave expenditures, with a $24,000,000 yearly budget for international radio activities. The BBC is second with an outlay of $16,000,000. Our expenditure on short-wave broadcasting is still only a fraction of that amount.

III

From 1935 to the outbreak of war—the period of greatest expansion in short-wave transmission—this country's spirit of aloofness from world affairs was reflected in its lack of interest in the possibilities of international broadcasting. Although NBC received its first short-wave license for a station at Bound Brook, N. J., as early as 1929, by 1934 it had as yet no foreign-language programs and lacked a special service for its short-wave transmissions. CBS, in 1936, was operating on a power of 1 kilowatt and without directional antennae. In that year a report by the Department of Commerce analyzing short-wave programs sent to Latin America found the U. S. a poor third behind Germany and Italy. This revelation prompted the introduction into Congress of two bills seeking the establishment of a Government short-wave station. Suddenly the private radio stations were galvanized into action; and by the summer of 1938 American broadcasters were transmitting specially prepared broadcasts to Europe and South America in six languages. NBC now had a 16-hour-a-day international schedule in which 75 per cent of the programs were built by its short-wave editorial staff of 38 linguists. From that date until the FCC's power-increasing ordinance of May, 1939, the development of American short-wave broadcasting was steady, but German and Italian broadcasts still kept their hold on listeners in the Latin-American Republics.

Last winter, as a first step toward a more vigorous international radio policy in tune with our plans for hemisphere defense, key officials of the private radio networks and members of Mr. Nelson Rockefeller's Committee on Cultural Relations between the American Republics made extensive on-the-ground surveys of the radio situation in Latin America. Their findings stack up as follows:

1) The Latin Americans are to-day the world's foremost radio enthusiasts. Many of the cafés and village parks have radios going all day long. In several towns even the local bus companies

have installed receivers in their vehicles. Group listening is a common practice, and fan letters reaching American studios are often signed by from ten to twenty names—all listeners to one set.

Owing to the lack of variety in domestic programs, the short-wave listening audience in Latin America is proportionately several times higher than it is in the United States. Many radio owners turn normally to the short-wave band, since throughout regions in the equatorial belt atmospheric conditions make long-wave transmission virtually impossible. In proportion to the population no other section of the world contains as many short-wave stations as South America, which has two hundred.

2) Reception of United States short-wave broadcasts in Latin America has until recently been poor as compared with that of transmissions from Europe, mainly because of the inferior wattage and equipment of our stations. Some have suggested that the "over-water" route is more favorable than that across the land masses of the Americas. Today, however, those of our stations operating with 50 kilowatts of power and over send a strong, clear signal southward.

The fact that a single directional radio beam from Europe encompasses all the major cities on a 300-mile-wide lane along the eastern seaboard of South America has been cited as a third reason for the past predominance of European broadcasts. Short-wave transmission on directional antennae is comparable to the use of a flashlight in a dark room: nowhere in the room is it entirely dark, but within the cone of illumination there is more light. The area of reception that corresponds to the cone of illumination in the simile is the area encompassed by the directional antennae. The narrower the area at which the antennae are pointed, the stronger and clearer is the resultant signal. However, the European broadcasters' advantage of being able to hit the population centers of the east coast of Latin America with one narrow, powerful beam is counterbalanced by our more favorable geographic position for programming. From the eastern part of the United States an imaginary line can be drawn through South America neatly dividing the two main language groups in two. A radio beam swung to the Brazil side of this line covers only Portuguese-speaking natives, but when aimed down the other side it pours into the sets of those who speak Spanish. Beams from Europe cut across both language groups and require dual-language programming.

3) The quality of short-wave reception is dependent upon a number of influences, such as atmospheric conditions, the time of the year or of the day, and so forth. To provide constant good service to any given area, the frequencies should be changed as conditions change. American stations have been broadcasting on one or two frequencies, whereas their European rivals have used from three to six *for a single program.*

4) The short-wave listening audience in Latin America represents only a minor part of the total radio audience. The propaganda ministries of Rome and Berlin recognized this difficulty long ago and have bought a good deal of time on local long-wave stations. This procedure has been made simple by the fact that virtually all South-American stations operate on a shoestring and are eager for more revenue.

The Germans are now spending $250,000 a year on propaganda activities in Brazil, and the same amount in Argentina. A sizable part of these funds is devoted to radio. An American broadcasting official after touring South America reported that listeners in Ecuador and Peru, fed on a diet of Axis broadcasts, were convinced that England had invaded Norway, Belgium, and Holland, and that the Nazi humanitarians had been forced to protect these countries against the piratical Britishers. In Santiago, Chile, the Germans are at present buying 14 broadcasting periods a day on one of the local stations. A radio com-

pany in Peru was recently bought by men of no visible financial means; it is assumed they are straw men for the German Government. A number of clandestine transmitters are also known to be active on the tiny, uninhabited islands that dot the Caribbean, reporting in code on the movements of ships in these waters. So far nothing has been done to silence them.

In all fairness it should be emphasized that most of the South-American Governments are heartily sick of having their people pulled this way and that by rival European interests. Both Argentina and Chile have passed decrees—so far held in abeyance—which prohibit the rebroadcast of any foreign transmissions or the acceptance of any foreign-sponsored programs, and Brazil has a strict neutrality censorship designed to keep its press and radio free of propaganda.

Reports as to the political sympathies of the various South-American stations are apt to be inaccurate as most of them are willing—because of their parlous financial condition—to sell time to any and all comers. At present a United States government agency is making a list of "all-white" stations—that is, those known to be free of Axis sympathies or influence—and it will make this list available to private companies in this country.

5) While it is difficult to "jam" transatlantic broadcasts, United States transmissions have been repeatedly interfered with locally. In Guatemala, for instance, a high-powered diathermy machine is being used to blot out our broadcasts.

6) The lack of popularity of our broadcasts has been due to a variety of factors. We are a decade behind the Germans and Italians and are now trying to learn in a few months what they assimilated through arduous study over ten years. It is the same story as in the retail trade, the air lines, and a score other phases of life in South America. German immigrants patiently became acclimatized, overcame prejudices and obstacles, and—while retaining their national consciousness—grew to be a force in their adopted countries. These nuclei have provided an expert volunteer advisory board for the radio policy-makers in the fatherland and constitute a powerful lever behind locally sponsored Nazi broadcasts.

We, on the other hand, have shown a considerable lack of understanding of our South-American neighbors. An Argentinean is apt to be irritated by a news program read in a Chilean accent. Our sense of humor is considered immature by the South Americans. Then there have been periodic *faux pas*, such as the short-wave debate on hemisphere solidarity in which one bungling professor suggested that we annex Mexico and Panama. Though his four co-debaters indignantly repudiated this idea, it was the only part of the program reported by the South American press—and prominently at that.

IV

Following last winter's surveys of the radio situation in Latin America, the broadcasting companies set about a large-scale expansion and reorganization of their Latin-American transmissions. The setup as we write (in June) is as follows:

United States stations broadcast a total of approximately 65 hours a day to Latin America, this time being divided as shown in the table below:

	News	*Music*	*Other Entertainment*	*Talks*	*Special Features*	*Totals*
	(In hours and minutes)					
In Spanish...	5:00	16:50	0:30	3:15	1:20	26:55
In Portuguese	1:40	4:45	0:30	0:30	–	7:25
In English...	4:10	14:15	10:20	2:15	–	31:00
	10:50	35:50	11:20	6:00	1:20	65:20

Thus over 50 per cent of all American programs are now especially prepared in Spanish and Portuguese.

At present the National Broadcasting Company is the most important broadcaster in the international field. At the suggestion of the State Department it went on a 24-hour day, six-language schedule in May. Eighty per cent of

NBC's overseas programs are specially prepared by its international editorial staff of 51 men and women, all of whom have a background of many years' residence in the countries to which they speak.

Columbia's special short-wave bureau, organized in 1937, has grown more slowly than its rival's. At present only about 34 per cent of its programs are specially built for foreign transmission. However, by September CBS will have in operation extensive additions in power and service.

Convinced that direct short-wave programs are not as effective as those rebroadcast on local stations, Columbia's President, William S. Paley, last winter made arrangements in 20 Latin-American Republics for a Columbia "Pan-American Network." Sixty-four South-American stations have contracted with CBS to pick up and rebroadcast a certain percentage of its international programs, most of which after the scheme becomes effective will be specially designed for a Latin-American audience. All stations affiliated with the CBS Latin-American network will be authorized to retransmit any of the programs beamed southward by Columbia.

To ensure clear reception, CBS is building two new 50-kilowatt transmitters with eight directional antennae. These transmitters with their directional antennae will be capable of radiating an effective power of 1,500 kilowatts toward Latin America—a 450 per cent increase over present signal strength. Nine frequencies will be available to the new stations.

General Electric operates three powerful international stations, WGEA and WGEO at Schenectady, and KGEI which broadcasts to Latin America and the Far East from Belmont, California. WGEO, with a potential of 100 kilowatts, is the most powerful station in the country at the moment. Twenty-two hours out of every twenty-four, short-wave broadcasting is going on from one or more of these stations. General Electric's staff for foreign programs is small but growing. Like those of the other companies, it is composed of American citizens with a wide knowledge of the countries to which they are speaking.

Westinghouse's 50-kilowatt station, WBOS at Hull, Massachusetts, is heard in South America with as clear a signal as any. Westinghouse sends its programs southward from 4 to 11 P.M. (E.S.T.) daily, with news "every hour on the hour." Three hours are programmed in Spanish, two in Portuguese, and two in English.

The Crosley Corporation is on the air to Latin America 17 hours a day. More than half its transmissions are programmed in Spanish or Portuguese. For the benefit of listeners in French Guiana and the French possessions in the Caribbean, Crosley broadcasts every Sunday a review of the week's news in French. Its station WLWO—located at Cincinnati, Ohio—has a full signal strength of 75 kilowatts and is thus the second most powerful in the country.

The World Wide Broadcasting Foundation, a non-commercial organization created "to foster, cultivate, and encourage the spirit of international understanding, and to promote the enlightenment of individuals throughout the world," also broadcasts to Latin America five hours daily. An hour and a half a day is specially programmed for South-American audiences and includes news, English instruction, and music. Surveys show that more than 1,000 families in the Latin Republics follow WRUL's elementary English courses, using the radio university's Spanish-English textbooks.

To sum up: six American broadcasters pour 450 hours of different programs a week into Latin America. In the busy mid-evening hours Latin Americans may pick up United States programs at eleven places on their dial. During most of the week-day evenings they have nine different North-American programs—more than half of them in their native language—from which to choose.

The most important type of program in international broadcasting is and always has been the newscast. Our reputation for accuracy and objectivity in this field is our strongest asset. At present we are transmitting to South America 161 newscasts in English, 136 in Spanish, and 59 in Portuguese. Within the past few months, moreover, our broadcasters have been beaming some of the programs of our "news analysts" southward for the benefit of absent Americans, and NBC recently made a contract to broadcast Raymond Gram Swing in Portuguese and Spanish translation.

This is an important step in the right direction. While it is vital that we maintain our reputation for truthfulness and impartiality on our newscasts, frequent news "commentaries" would serve as an intelligent counterbalance to the stream of "confusion propaganda" poured into Latin America by Axis radio stations.

Music—both classical and jazz—is listed by American broadcasters as next in popularity to news with Latin Americans. Outstanding musical programs beamed at Latin America this year have included operas from the Metropolitan in New York, the NBC Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Arturo Toscanini or Alfred Wallenstein, the Radio City Music Hall Orchestra, and the United States Army and Navy bands.

Our efforts to "entertain" have so far been mainly confined to picking up programs from the domestic networks and rebroadcasting them simultaneously on the short-wave. In this way Amos 'n' Andy, the Breakfast Club, Burns and Allen, Charlie McCarthy, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Dr. I. Q., and over a dozen "soap operas" have been regularly beamed southward. The futility of transmitting such programs to Spanish and Portuguese listeners is painfully obvious. Broadcasting in English to the Latin Americans is about as effective as if the Chinese broadcast to us in Chinese.

At present, however, our broadcasters are experimenting with entertainment programs specially prepared for international use. NBC turns out a "comic" script in Portuguese sponsored by the Johnson Wax Company, and Westinghouse's radio workshop has offered studio facilities to such organizations as the Spanish and Dramatic departments of Harvard, Boston University, Wellesley, Radcliffe, and others to work out programs in Spanish and Portuguese.

Talks in Spanish and Portuguese, simpler and cheaper to prepare than entertainment programs, are now a regular feature of our Latin-American service, occupying some four hours a day of broadcasting time. All the companies devote time to Hollywood news and comment—a subject dear to the heart of South Americans. NBC's *American Aviation* presents a glowing picture of the advanced state of our airplane industry. Up at Schenectady General Electric sends out an excellent Travelogue, a Science Forum, a Farm Forum, a housewives' program, a commentary on articles from the *Reader's Digest*, *New York Echoes*—a rambling reporter's impressions of New York—and a number of other talks. Mail Bag programs, in which listeners' letters are read and discussed, have been found to be very popular.

Of all the United States programs beamed southward, the addresses of President Roosevelt have consistently attracted the largest short-wave audience. The President's "fireside chat" of May 27th was rebroadcast by well over 200 local stations in South America—an all-time record. The way this is done is to allow one or two of the President's sentences to be heard, then to fade out his voice and bring in the Spanish or Portuguese translation. Talks by Secretary Hull, Jim Farley, and Wendell Willkie also excite considerable interest in the Latin Republics.

When the FCC issued its power-increasing ordinance, it decided as a "sop" to broadcasters to allow commercial announcements on outgoing programs. In less than eighteen months NBC has been able to build up a short-wave business of $150,000 per annum

that will soon put its international operations in the black.

The United Fruit Company was the first on the scene with a $25,000 a year contract for a daily fifteen-minute newsreel. Following a 35,000 fan-letter response to a broadcast of the Louis-Godoy fight, the makers of Adam Hats contracted with NBC for the international sponsorship for all subsequent fights and began at scratch a distribution service to seven Latin-American countries.

To-day the Texas Oil Company sponsors opera to Latin America and also pays 26 local stations to rebroadcast it. The Hotels Astor and Waldorf Astoria in New York send out music from their grill rooms in the hope that visiting Latin Americans will patronize them when they come to New York—and they are apparently pleased with the results, for they have both renewed their contracts. The American Export Airlines sponsor a bilingual program entitled "American Aviation" to build up their freight service to Central America. The Esterbrook Pen Company, Radio-Keith-Orpheum, the S. C. Johnson Wax Company, RCA Victor, Apex Washing Machines, and Camel cigarettes all use short-wave radio to advertise their products in the Latin Republics.

The Crosley Company, with lower rates than NBC, is also well in the field, having as its sponsors Carter's Little Liver Pills, Firestone Tire and Rubber Export Co., Kleenex, Alka Seltzer, Lockheed Aircraft, and several others.

No other broadcasters have so far capitalized on their international service to the same extent as NBC and Crosley. Columbia is laying down plans for the time when its Pan-American Network goes into operation. Westinghouse has one sponsored program. General Electric does not accept money for commercial programs, but will give advertisers free time if they wish to build their own programs.

Radio may thus prove to be one of the best ways of reaching the rich South-American market.

V

The large-scale entry of the United States into international broadcasting raises delicate questions of control, coordination, and policy-making. At present the government is allowing complete freedom of action to the private broadcasters, who in return are genuinely seeking to co-operate with the government in every way possible. The FCC's job is on the whole one of mechanical operation. It can remove a license for "actions contrary to the general good of the business," but is specifically forbidden to censor any program.

Various official agencies are, however, acting in an advisory capacity in the field of international radio. The FCC's recently-opened 350-man listening post, created to record and analyze foreign propaganda broadcasts, will make its findings available to our broadcasters. The Division of Cultural Relations of the State Department makes periodic suggestions based on information received from United States diplomatic and consular missions abroad. The Nelson Rockefeller Committee, which is engaged in making extensive surveys of radio conditions and listener preferences in Latin America, transmits all important information to the private companies and gives advice as to programming. The Department of Commerce also has done similar survey work in the past.

The final government agency interested in overseas broadcasting is the Defense Communications Board, a subcommittee of which is concerned with international radio. This subcommittee—whose Chairman is Mr. Walter Evans of Westinghouse—is composed of NBC, CBS, Crosley, General Electric, Westinghouse, World Wide, the State Department, the Navy, the FCC, the Office of Government Reports, and the National Association of Broadcasters. Its primary function is to get short-wave broadcasting set up for possible war—in which event international transmissions would be subject to the technical control

of the Navy—and to see that the private companies do nothing that might conflict with government plans.

A proposal now under serious consideration is that international broadcasts be made on narrower and therefore more intense beams, of six instead of the present twenty degrees. This would entail closely co-ordinated programming, since each transmitter would then be able to "hit" only a relatively narrow area. A tentative scheme is for NBC, Westinghouse, and Crosley to pool transmitting facilities, the programming being done by NBC, while CBS takes over the programming of General Electric's three stations. The World Wide Foundation would presumably be left to continue as an independent unit.

Aware of the pressing need for co-operation, the individual broadcasters themselves recently appointed their own co-ordinator, Stanley P. Richardson, a former foreign correspondent and aide of ex-Ambassador Joseph P. Davies. But much work remains to be done if the present duplication of programs and contradictions of policy are to be eliminated.

VI

A pioneer in the field of American short-wave broadcasts to Europe has been the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation, a non-commercial venture financed by private donations and by the two-dollar membership payments of the World Wide Listeners League.

World Wide was born in the mind of Walter Lemmon, who as a young Naval Lieutenant was appointed special radio officer to Woodrow Wilson at the Paris Peace Conference. On returning home from France, Lemmon resigned from the Navy and devoted himself to radio research. Eventually the sale of one of his inventions—single-dial tuning control—brought him enough money to build an experimental short-wave station, in 1931. In 1935, when short-wave receiving sets had appeared on the market at a price that most people could afford, the World Wide Broadcasting Foundation was formed to serve as a sort of international university of the air.

World Wide now has two 50-kilowatt transmitters in Boston, one of which will be stepped up to 100 kilowatts by this summer. It broadcasts to Europe from 11:30 A.M. until 6:30 P.M. (E.S.T.) in fourteen languages. Programs consist of newscasts, digests of American editorial opinion, music and entertainment, and special talks by prominent personalities, ranging from Mrs. Roosevelt to Eddie Cantor and Joan Crawford. English refugee children speak regularly over WRUL's Friendship Bridge to their friends and relatives at home. "You have no idea," wrote one listener from London, "the comfort it has been to hear you on my portable wireless which I have on the floor beside me. I write this by the light of a torch held under the blanket—so you are receiving appreciation right from the front line!"

Over WRUL Hendrik Van Loon has broadcast to the Dutch, and C. J. Hambro, former Prime Minister of Norway, has urged his people to remain loyal to the "Free" Norwegian Government. A number of noted French exiles—Jules Romains, Eve Curie, Henri Bernstein, and others—have made impassioned appeals to their countrymen to keep their faith in democracy and resist the policy of "collaboration." Many of these talks, incidentally, have been simultaneously rebroadcast in Europe on the long and middle waves by the BBC, and in Africa by General de Gaulle's "Free" French network.

WRUL has positive evidence that its efforts are not being wasted. Despite the war a steady stream of fan mail reaches its offices in Boston. "Your broadcast is a bright star in the heavens of American liberty, shining into the darkness of our oppressed life," writes a Czech listener, adding, "At a conservative estimate we may say that at least 10,000 people are getting your news." Similar comments have been received from all parts of Europe; this one from a

group of Frenchmen in unoccupied France is typical: "Every night we enjoy listening to your broadcast . . . after the 20:15 program of the BBC. . . . Your transmissions reach us very clearly." Letters have also reached WRUL from Hungary, Rumania, Morocco, Egypt, Turkey, South Africa, India, and Australia. WRUL's listener mail from France and Norway is still larger than that from any other foreign country except England. And WRUL's Dutch announcer, who some months ago broadcast a description of his escape from Holland via Siberia and the Pacific, recently received a letter of thanks from a young Dutch boy in London, who with his friends had heard the story on the radio in Holland and had then himself escaped to England via the same route.

Another measure of World Wide's success is the bitterness with which it has been attacked by the Axis press and radio. Last spring the Italian official news agency issued a special communiqué denouncing WRUL, and the German short-wave commentator known as "Mr. O. K." has repeatedly assailed this station for "emitting fabrications and propaganda." "The World Wide Broadcasting System in Boston," Mr. O. K. complained, "daily issues messages instigating resistance against Germany. Rarely has such effrontery been shown as that of this radio system." All WRUL's activities are covered by an annual budget of $100,000—a proof of how much radio can achieve for democracy on how little.

NBC is now broadcasting to Europe eight hours a day—sixteen hours when the importance of the news warrants it. This alternating schedule began with President Roosevelt's May message to the French people, in which he urged them to shun collaboration with the Axis. The President's message was repeated a number of times in five other languages, and was followed by the news that our Coast Guard had boarded 15 French ships in United States ports. At about 3 A.M. the German radio tried to jam NBC's transmissions, but was frustrated by counter-jamming from the powerful stations of the British Broadcasting Corporation—a striking example of a novel sort of teamwork between Britain and America!

The staple items of NBC's six-language schedule to Europe are factual newscasts, press reviews, and transcriptions of Raymond Gram Swing in English and French. In 1940—despite the breakdown of world communications—NBC's foreign fan mail totalled 46,500 letters, indicating a probable listening audience of several millions in Europe.

CBS and General Electric swell the total of broadcast hours to Europe to 350 a week. CBS beams eastward four news periods a day in English, two a day in French, German, Italian, and Polish. General Electric transmits programs from the NBC network and news in English, French, and Greek. An amusing sidelight on the popularity of American broadcasts in general is the letter from a man with a wooden leg—a resident of Portuguese East Africa—who walks three miles every evening to hear an American newscast!

Although in all German-controlled areas the penalties for listening to foreign broadcasts are now extremely severe, the will to keep open by radio a bridge to the free world has proved itself stronger than the threat of execution. In Germany proper, during the past year, 1,496 persons were arrested and 1,231 of them convicted for illegal listening.

Judging by reports from listeners and United States representatives abroad, reception of our broadcasts in Europe is fairly satisfactory—even without the use of a conspicuous outdoor aerial. A German listener has claimed he can pick up United States stations simply by using the springs of his bed as an aerial. Others have written to say they use a wire behind their picture moldings for this purpose—with excellent results.

VII

In the present state of emergency the continued independence of international

broadcasting—"the best sustaining feature," according to one radio executive—depends in no small measure upon the ability of private enterprise to co-operate efficiently with the Administration in this field. The radio companies are therefore all the more concerned with furthering our good-neighbor and national defense policies. But it is still apparent that greater co-ordination of effort and a more systematic planning of our international radio policy will become increasingly necessary.

In any consideration of this international radio policy, Latin America and Europe must be regarded as two entirely separate and distinct fields involving different objectives and different methods.

In the case of Latin America the broad aims—good-will and Pan-American solidarity—have been well defined. As to method there are two determining factors. Our reputation for truthfulness and objectivity, which is our strongest single moral asset in South America, must be maintained; while the fact that Axis propagandists have been in the field on a far larger scale than we have, and over a period of some eight years, makes it advisable to tread carefully and study sympathetically the tastes and prejudices of our South-American neighbors.

The chief representatives of the various private companies and Mr. Nelson Rockefeller's radio experts are agreed that more frequent and better-edited newscasts in Spanish and Portuguese should be the staple items of our radio service to Latin America. At the same time news interpretation in these languages would also be a valuable corrective to Axis propaganda.

Part of our recently expanded good-neighbor program on the radio has taken the form of special domestic features describing the history, customs, institutions, and way of life of each of the Latin Republics. To short-wave Spanish or Portuguese versions of such programs back to South America—as NBC recently has done—would be a most effective demonstration of our respect for and interest in our neighbors to the south. It would provide also a badly needed antidote to recent Hollywood movies purporting to describe life in South America, which have done more to destroy good-will between the Americas than all Dr. Goebbels' short-wave transmitters.

Another type of program which our broadcasters are wisely seeking to present more frequently are talks by prominent Latin-American officials, diplomats, or business men visiting this country.

American broadcasts *to Europe*—at a time such as this—cannot be regarded as anything but the direct instrument of our foreign policy and should be designed accordingly. The strategic importance of the radio weapon is far too great—as events have amply demonstrated—to allow it to be neglected or employed in haphazard fashion. A radio policy to be effective on a world-wide scale must be conceived, budgeted, and planned not over one but many years.

We now have in Europe a wide following that defies the Gestapo to listen to our broadcasts. We have the equipment, and the money to spend on stepping up our transatlantic service. By throwing *unreservedly* the prestige and great potential striking power of American radio into the battle, we could materially strengthen our policy of all-out aid to the democracies. As the New York *Herald Tribune* recently commented, "It is not a matter of lying propaganda and intellectual terrorism; it is a matter of spreading the American and the democratic case aggressively through the world." An intensive American radio barrage directed at Hitler's Europe could be the spearhead of a worldwide American political offensive.

BASKET CARRY

A STORY

BY JEROME WEIDMAN

THE cuckoo clock on the wall over the gun rack gave a short, whirring warning and the little wooden bird popped out. The man sitting at the card table in front of the fireplace and the woman in the straight-backed chair near him took the cups of hot milk from their lips and looked up. Both watched while the little wooden bird bobbed its head and the clock said "cuckoo" ten times. The man glanced at his wrist watch, an elaborate, very thin affair made of platinum, with a tiny diamond in the stem, and compared it with the clock. Then he shook down his sleeve and his eyes met those of the woman.

"Bed?" she said.

Mr. Cromer nodded and the woman set her cup on the card table. He put his cup beside it, picked up the cards laid out in a game of solitaire, and shuffled them twice. The woman watched while he slipped them into a cardboard box. Then he placed both hands on the table, palms down, and started to push himself up out of the chair. An automobile roared up to the front of the Lodge and stopped. The sound of voices and quick laughter came in through the closed door. Feet pounded up the front steps and the bell rang loudly in the quiet room. Mr. Cromer's head twisted round sharply. He sank back into his chair. The woman looked startled and then worried. Miss Brinker came hurrying out of the dining room, clasping and unclasping her thin, blue-veined hands. She glanced up at the cuckoo clock as she went to the door.

"Oh, dear," she said nervously. "Guests. At this hour."

She did not sound like the owner of a winter resort who depended on guests for a livelihood. She pulled open the front door and stood aside. The wind whipped across the large room, bending the flames flat in the fireplace and causing them to roar. Two couples came in, two girls and two young men, their faces red with the cold, laughing happily. They were bundled to the ears in fur coats. The girls carried small handbags and ski poles. The young men were loaded down with heavy suitcases and two sets of skis each. The four young people set their luggage in front of the registry desk and stamped the snow from their shoes. They tugged at their gloves, blew on their cold hands, and smiled appreciatively as they examined the furnishings of the main hall. Miss Brinker closed the front door. The flames in the fireplace straightened and burned upward again. Miss Brinker walked round the group of young people and stepped behind the registry desk.

"Oh, Harry, look!" one of the girls cried. She pulled the sleeves of both young men and pointed to the mounted moose head over the fireplace. "Alvin, look! The moose. Just like Tuffy said!"

All four turned to look at the moose

head with pleasure. Their quick approving glances took in the gaudy Indian scatter rugs on the polished floor, the crossed snowshoes and the mounted fish on the walls, the gun rack in the corner under the cuckoo clock, the deep comfortable furniture with rustic frames, the stairway to the left of the fireplace with the log railing from which only the twigs had been chopped away, leaving the frayed ends of curling bark.

"My God," Alvin said. "It looks like an ad for Abercrombie and Fitch."

Harry and the two girls laughed. Then they noticed Mr. Cromer and the woman in front of the fireplace and their laughter stopped short. They didn't know it of course, but the same thought had occurred to each of them. Mr. Cromer, like the rest of the room, looked a shade too perfect, as though he were posed for a picture that was to be used in a brochure to be sent to a mailing list of prospective guests.

He was a heavy man with broad shoulders and thick wrists, but he was not fat. His handsome face was full of sharp-edged planes, as though it had been carved with swift clean strokes of an axe, and even though he was very pale he looked ruddy and tanned in the firelight. His thick brown hair, parted neatly on the left side, was gray at the temples. He wore an expensive tweed sports jacket in a colorful yet subdued check over a plaid flannel shirt and a black knitted tie. He seemed to be about fifty, perhaps a year or two younger. There were two odd things about him: his earlobes were pierced, although this was not visible except at very close range so that the young people at the other side of the room could not possibly have noticed it, and he seemed to be sucking himself in round some inner pain, as though he had a bad toothache and were trying to conceal it. The woman who sat near him, very erect in a straight-backed chair even though all the soft chairs were unoccupied, seemed young by comparison with Mr. Cromer. She appeared to be somewhere between thirty-five and forty. She wore a tweed skirt, a soft cashmere sweater that neither hurt nor improved her adequate, undistinguished figure, and a delicate, filmy woolen scarf rested across her shoulders. Mr. Cromer stared back steadily at the four young people. The woman beside him dropped her eyes nervously.

"Excuse me," Miss Brinker said. "Will you sign the book, please?"

The four newcomers turned back to face her. The young men wrote on the blank page, putting "Mr. and Mrs." before and "New York, N. Y." after their names. The girls chattered away, explaining brightly to Miss Brinker that they were on their way to Canada for a three-week skiing trip, that a friend of theirs named Tuffy Fuller—Harwood L. Fuller but Tuffy for short—had insisted they stop off here for a few days, that they were sorry to arrive so late but they had lost the road two hours after they left Bangor and it had taken them ages to find their way again, that they were simply enchanted with the place already, that if it looked as good in the morning as it did now at night they saw no reason for going up to Canada at all.

Miss Brinker listened to them, smiling politely, occasionally looking with faint concern across their heads at Mr. Cromer and the woman with the woolen scarf. When the young men finished registering she told them they could have two rooms on the first floor. These were the only rooms that were ready because the season was over and the rest of the Lodge was closed down. She imagined they would find the rooms satisfactory, but if they didn't why, they could change in the morning.

"I'm sure they'll be fine," Alvin said heartily, rubbing his hands. "I'm sure everything is fine. What do you say, gang?"

"I say a drink," Harry said. "I'm frozen."

He pulled a bottle of liquor from the pocket of his fur coat and held it up. Alvin reached for the bottle, but Harry swung it out of his reach. They wrestled

for a moment, laughing loudly and panting, while the two girls cheered them on. Finally, with a quick movement, Alvin's wife captured the bottle and darted round the big table that stood behind the large couch facing the fireplace. She waved the bottle triumphantly.

"You two get rid of the luggage," she called. "Alice and I will take good care of this till you get back. Won't we?"

"Oh, boy," Alice laughed. "Will we!"

Miss Brinker rang the bell on the desk and Mrs. Wytrikush, the cook, came out of the kitchen, across the dining room, and into the main hall. Miss Brinker took two keys from their hooks in the wall of boxes behind her.

"Twenty-two and twenty-four," she said to Mrs. Wytrikush as she gave her the keys. "Will you show the gentlemen up, please?"

The stolid Polish woman nodded and led the way up the stairs to the left of the fireplace. The young men carried the luggage. Just before they disappeared Alvin leaned down and grinned at the two girls.

"Lay off that stuff till we come down," he shouted. "No fair getting a head start."

"All right," his wife called. "But hurry, will you?"

The two girls took off their fur coats and tossed them on the couch. They walked to the fireplace and smiled at Mr. Cromer and the woman with the woolen scarf while they warmed their hands. Mr. Cromer smiled back at them. The woman with the scarf looked worried.

"This fire is wonderful," Harry's wife said. "I'm simply frozen. Oh, Miss Brinker. May we have some glasses?"

"Of course." Miss Brinker came out from behind the desk. "I'll get them myself. You see, the season is over and most of the servants are gone. Mrs. Wytrikush and I are practically all that's left. Except for a man at the bathing hut to take care of the medicated baths."

"I hope we're not too much trouble," Harry's wife said, "arriving like this?"

"Heavens, no," Miss Brinker said, smiling. "Would you like some ice and soda too?"

"Oh, yes, please. That would be wonderful. Thanks." The girl smiled down at Mr. Cromer and the woman with the scarf. "Would you join us in a drink?"

The woman with the scarf smiled nervously and shook her head. Mr. Cromer looked at the girl for a long moment without speaking. Then he smiled too, a small, almost imperceptible movement of his lips, and he nodded.

"Yes, thank you," he said. "I should like that very much."

His voice sounded deep and full, as though he were speaking through a megaphone. The woman with the scarf looked startled and then, very quickly, her smooth forehead broke into its series of worried lines. She glanced at Mr. Cromer, but he refused to meet her eyes. He was looking across the card table at the two girls.

"Would you bring five glasses then, please?" Harry's wife said to Miss Brinker. "Unless—?" Once more she looked inquiringly at the woman with the scarf. The woman shook her head again. "Five glasses then," Harry's wife repeated. "And the ice and soda. Please. Thank you."

Miss Brinker went out. Alvin and Harry came running down the stairs. Alvin dashed round the table. Harry followed him, stopped, and started round the other way. Alvin tried to stop and change his course, but he was too late. Harry caught him. They tumbled to the floor, laughing and pummeling each other. The girls watched with delight and cheered for their husbands. The woman with the scarf seemed bewildered by this sudden and cheerful yet startlingly loud disturbance in the room that had been so quiet only a few minutes before. Her troubled glance shifted to Mr. Cromer. He was watching the wrestling young men with the small smile that scarcely moved his narrow lips. He

stroked one of his pierced earlobes gently. Miss Brinker came in with a tray containing glasses, a bucket of ice, and two bottles of soda. She set it down on the table behind the couch and watched the wrestlers good-naturedly. Harry swung Alvin over on his side. Alvin saw the tray.

"Hey!" he yelled. "The drinks!"

Harry released him at once. They jumped up and crowded round the table while Harry's wife mixed the drinks. Miss Brinker stood aside, her thin hands folded in front of her, until she was sure everything was all right. Then she went out quietly. Harry counted the glasses, saw that there were five, and handed the first highball to Mr. Cromer with a broad smile and a flourish.

"There you are, sir. Health!"

"Thank you," Mr. Cromer said. "Thank you very much."

He held the drink until the others had theirs.

"I want my first one straight," Alvin said. "I'm ice all the way down to the bone."

"You've got a point there, boy," Harry said, grinning. "I want one straight too."

They tossed off their drinks, smacked their lips, and turned back to the tray for fresh ones.

"Now take it easy, you two," Harry's wife said, sipping her highball. "You've had a lot of that stuff to-day."

"We've done a lot of freezing to-day," Alvin said, swinging about with a fresh drink. He raised his glass to Mr. Cromer. "Your health, sir."

"And yours," Mr. Cromer said. His deep, full voice sounded a trifle sarcastic, but nobody seemed to notice it except the woman with the woolen scarf. "Your very good health."

Mr. Cromer sipped delicately while Alvin and Harry drank deeply. They pulled the glasses away from their mouths, gasped happily, and their eyes met.

"Come on, you lump of muscle," Alvin said. He put down his drink and took up a stance with his legs spread and his right arm outstretched. "Let's see you throw me."

"A cinch," Harry said. He set down his glass and took up a similar position, facing Alvin, their right feet touching. They clasped hands. "Ready, Tarzan?"

Alvin nodded. They bent toward each other and started to push. They strained and swayed, jerking to the left and then to the right. The veins stood out on their foreheads and their faces flushed deep red, but they did not stop grinning. Suddenly, with a deft shove to the left, Alvin swung Harry off balance. He tottered for a moment, fighting to remain upright, but he couldn't. To save himself from falling he had to move his left foot from the floor. Alvin released his hand and stepped back.

"I told you!" he yelled gleefully. "I told you!"

"One more," Harry said. "Come on. Two out of three."

"First a drink," Alvin said, breathing deeply. "I'm cold. You need one too. Tone up your flabby muscles."

They had another drink and then they wrestled again. Alvin won again. Harry insisted that they make it three out of five instead of two out of three. Alvin refused unless he could have a drink between matches. His wife said no. Harry urged her to let Alvin have the drink. She laughed and shrugged and said all right. She had one with her husband. After the drink the two young men wrestled again. This time Harry won. The laughter grew louder. Alvin won the next bout, giving him three out of five. Harry wanted to make it four out of seven. Alvin said it was no use.

"Make it eight out of eleven or eighty-eight out of a hundred," he said loftily, grinning across the rim of his glass. "It won't make any difference. I've got you beat." He turned to Mr. Cromer. "Haven't I?"

"Clearly," Mr. Cromer said with a short nod. "It would seem so."

"Another drink, sir?"

"Why, yes. Thank you."

The woman with the woolen scarf looked more worried than ever. Alvin poured drinks for everybody. Harry had an idea. He admitted he wasn't much good at leg wrestling. Hand wrestling was his game. Alvin grinned disdainfully and shrugged.

"Anything you say," he said, setting down his glass. "Let's go."

They looked round for a flat surface and their eyes fell on the card table at which Mr. Cromer was sitting, holding his second drink. Alvin looked at him inquiringly.

"May we?" he asked. Mr. Cromer nodded. "All right, boy," Alvin said, slapping Harry's back. "Get a chair."

The girls stepped out of the way. The young men seized two straight-backed chairs, pulled them over to the bridge table, and sat down facing each other. Mr. Cromer was in the middle, his back to the fire. The fourth side of the table was unoccupied, so that the arrangement resembled a game of bridge from which the dummy had risen and left the room for a while. Mr. Cromer leaned back in his chair, holding his drink aside, to keep out of the way. The two young men put their right elbows on the table, clasped hands, and started to wrestle. The flimsy table swayed and creaked as they strained. Alvin's arm gave way first. Harry roared with laughter.

"Two out of three," Alvin said. "Come on. I gave you two out of three."

They locked hands once more. Harry won again.

"Three out of five," Alvin insisted. "I gave you three out of five."

"Whatever you say," Harry said with a shrug and a grin, imitating the gesture Alvin had made when he won the leg wrestling. "Eight out of eleven or eighty-eight out of a hundred. I've got you beat." He turned to Mr. Cromer. "Haven't I?"

"Why, yes," Mr. Cromer said slowly. "I should think so."

"Well, let's see," Alvin said. "Let's try it. I'm not so sure."

Harry won two more in a row, making four out of four.

"I guess that makes it pretty clear who's champ at this table," Harry said, laughing boisterously. "Doesn't it, sir?"

Mr. Cromer tugged gently at his pierced earlobe.

"I don't know," he said. "You haven't tried me."

The two young men stopped grinning. The woman with the shawl sat up straighter in her chair. She shook her head warningly and pursed her worried lips. The wives of the young men looked at each other, eyebrows raised.

"Well," Alvin said awkwardly, "we meant—"

"Let's try it," Mr. Cromer said. "Shall we?" He shifted the drink to his left hand and put his right elbow on the table. The young men looked at each other and hesitated. "Either one," Mr. Cromer said, smiling politely. "It doesn't matter."

Harry nodded to Alvin, who put his elbow up without enthusiasm and clasped hands gingerly with Mr. Cromer. They got into position. Mr. Cromer looked inquiringly at the young man. Alvin nodded. They pressed toward each other. Mr. Cromer forced the young man's arm down with ease. Everybody except Mr. Cromer and the woman with the scarf looked surprised.

"You weren't trying very hard," he said through his thin lips. "Once more, shall we?"

Alvin nodded grimly. This time he tried hard. The veins stood out on his forehead and his face flushed. He could not budge the older man's arm. Mr. Cromer's lips broke into their faint sarcastic smile. He seemed completely unruffled. When he thought Alvin had had enough he shoved his arm over hard. The young man gave way. Once again everybody seemed astonished except Mr. Cromer and the woman with the scarf. Alvin gave a short embarrassed laugh. Mr. Cromer disregarded him. He looked disdainfully at Harry. The other young man didn't seem to

want to wrestle, but he hesitated only a few seconds. He put up his arm. Mr. Cromer clasped his hand. Harry nodded. Mr. Cromer forced Harry's arm to the table with almost no effort at all.

"I shouldn't say that either of you is very good," Mr. Cromer said dryly. "Unless you're being kind to what you must think is an old man."

Harry blushed. His jaw tightened as he put his elbow back on the table. Mr. Cromer's sardonic smile dug into his cheek. He clasped the young man's hand carelessly and waited. Harry nodded that he was ready. He rose slightly in his chair with the strength of his effort and his head shivered. Mr. Cromer held him in position easily and then, with a sharp push, forced the young man's arm down. Harry sat back, panting, and looked at Mr. Cromer in astonishment.

"Well," he said uncomfortably, massaging his palm, "I guess—"

Mr. Cromer smiled at Alvin. "You?" he said. "Once more?"

"Hell, no," Alvin said, getting up. "I know when I'm licked. I'm going to bed."

Harry jumped up, too. He looked at Mr. Cromer as though he didn't know what to say. "Congratulations," he said finally. "I didn't think—"

"I know you didn't," Mr. Cromer said abruptly. "Good-night."

The young men and their wives stood uncomfortably for several moments, looking at one another and into their drinks. Then, as though by agreement, they all said good-night at once to Mr. Cromer and to the woman with the woolen scarf, and set their glasses down on the tray. They stumbled against one another, said good-night again, and climbed the stairs to the left of the fireplace. Mr. Cromer watched them go, tugging gently at his pierced earlobe and smiling faintly. When they were gone the woman with the scarf shook her head disapprovingly.

"Well, really," she said mildly. "Really, Mr. Cromer."

He didn't answer. He slipped the deck of cards into the pocket of his sports jacket. The woman stood up and walked across the room to the registry desk. She stepped behind it and took down two keys from the tier of boxes with hooks in them. Mr. Cromer pushed himself up into a standing position and grasped a cane that was hanging on the back of his chair. The woman watched anxiously as he tottered across the floor, pushing his arthritic legs ahead of him several inches at a time, supporting his heavy body with the cane. His pale face grew flushed with the intensity of his effort until the tiny dark holes in his earlobes stood out like two black dots of ink on the pink flesh. He looked like a man edging his way out cautiously on a pond covered with thin ice to rescue a dog that had broken through. The woman with the scarf made small anxious movements with her hands every time he took a step, as though she wanted to help him but she didn't dare. It took him a full minute to cover the short stretch of floor between his chair and the stairs. When he reached the bottom step, Mr. Cromer paused to get his breath. He smiled with grim satisfaction, shifted the cane to his left hand, and grasped the rough rail with the curling bark in his right.

"Good going to-night, eh?" he said sarcastically across his shoulder. "Record time."

"Very good," the woman said.

"I'll probably make the Olympic team," he said. "For crawling."

The woman walked swiftly across the room. She stood beside Mr. Cromer, her head bent, watching his feet. He took a deep breath and started up. The stairs were much more difficult. He kept his weight on his right leg, held himself firmly erect with the help of the cane and the railing, stuck his left leg out stiffly, swung it up to the next step, and then hoisted the right leg and the rest of his body up to join the left leg. It was a slow, painful process. He paused for ten or fifteen seconds on each step before

attempting the next one. When he was on the sixth step a door on the floor above slammed hard and feet came pounding down the corridor. Mr. Cromer glanced up sharply. The woman looked frightened. Alvin and Harry, laughing at some private joke, came running down the stairs, past Mr. Cromer and the woman with the scarf. They ran to the couch and picked up the fur coats their wives had left behind.

"It's colder up there than we thought," Alvin said, grinning. "The girls want to put these over the blankets."

Mr. Cromer did not answer. He waited for the young men to pass him. They waited for him to precede them. There was an awkward moment. Alvin gestured upward with the arm across which his wife's fur coat rested.

"After you, sir," he said politely.

Mr. Cromer did not answer. His flushed face grew darker and his hands on the cane and the railing tightened until the knuckles went white. The woman with the scarf stared worriedly from the man on the stairs beside her to the young men slightly below. Mr. Cromer turned his head back to the stairs, tightened his jaw until his lips disappeared, and started. As soon as he thrust his stiff left leg up to the next step and began to heave himself after it the young men stopped smiling politely. They looked startled. They stared with surprise at Mr. Cromer's arthritic legs. Then they looked at each other, their mouths open and their eyes wide.

The glance that passed between the two young men was made up of astonishment and quick sympathy, but there was also in it a trace of satisfaction, a hint of some inner shame being washed away. When they swung their heads back to Mr. Cromer they no longer hated him for what he had done to them at the bridge table a few minutes earlier. His victory did not count.

"I'm sorry, sir," Alvin said quietly. "We didn't know. Look here." He moved forward. "Suppose we give you a lift, sir?"

Mr. Cromer didn't answer. He bent his head down and swung his left leg up to the next step. Alvin and Harry dropped the fur coats and jumped to the first step. The woman with the scarf motioned them back. Mr. Cromer heaved his body up to meet his left leg. He raised the cane to the next step, took a deep breath, and started the process again. The young men looked at each other.

"The basket carry?" Alvin asked. Harry nodded. They locked their hands and wrists quickly in a pattern that formed a seat. "No trouble at all, sir," Alvin said to Mr. Cromer's back. "Here. You just sit on this and we'll carry you up. It's easy, sir."

Mr. Cromer shook his head without turning. The woman with the scarf looked down at the young men and shook her head again pleadingly. They didn't see her. They mounted the steps swiftly, their hands and wrists locked in the basket carry, until they were behind the man with the cane, almost touching the back of his expensive sports jacket.

"No kidding, sir," Alvin said cheerfully. "It's no trouble at all. We can carry you up without—"

Mr. Cromer's body heaved. He clutched the railing with his right hand and lifted the cane.

"Get the hell away from me," he snarled through his bloodless lips. He swung the cane behind him in a vicious arc. The rubber tip just missed Alvin's knees. The two young men jumped back down the stairs, unclasping their locked hands and wrists. "If you come near me I'll—I'll—" Mr. Cromer stopped and drew a deep breath. "Just stay the hell away from me," he said in a flat, deadly voice, his back to the young men, his head bent. "Both of you."

The young men glanced at each other in shocked astonishment, then turned back to look up the stairs. The woman with the shawl gave them a glance of worried apology. They remained motionless at the foot of the stairway until Mr. Cromer

finished struggling up the steps and disappeared, the woman with the shawl hovering behind him. The swinging door from the kitchen groaned as it was pushed open. Footsteps tapped across the dining room. The young men swung round. Miss Brinker came in from the dining room and stopped short.

"Oh," she said, clasping her thin, blue-veined hands. "I thought I heard Mr. Cromer and his nurse going up. They're usually the last. I thought everybody had gone to bed. I thought I'd take the tray."

"No, leave it," Alvin said abruptly, and then added, "Please."

Miss Brinker nodded and gave them a worried glance.

"He's a very nice man," she said awkwardly. "I feel very sorry for him." Alvin didn't answer. He walked to the table behind the sofa and poured whiskey from the bottle into two glasses. Harry followed him and tipped the bottle in Alvin's hand to make the drinks stronger. Miss Brinker's worried glance grew deeper. "If you'll ring when you're finished," she said, "Mrs. Wytrikush will come in put out the lights."

"She doesn't have to bother," Alvin said, pouring the soda. "We'll put out the lights. Good-night."

"Thank you," Miss Brinker said. "Good-night."

She hesitated another moment and then went out. Harry stopped Alvin's hand to keep him from pouring too much soda.

"Say, listen," he said in a puzzled voice. "What did he want to do a thing like that for?"

"How should I know?" Alvin said shortly. "Hurry up with your drink. The girls are waiting for the coats."

THE IMPROVIDENT

BY NANCY BICKEL

WHAT shall we the lovers do at last
Except resign to earth our loving parts?
Nor shall the earth be kind and keep them fast,
But heap indignity on these our hearts.
What shall become of voices filled with joy
Whose songs have drawn a flower from a stone,
Where shall immortal voices find employ
Buried in earth along with carrion bone?
Down into dark we go, unsatisfied—
We are no more than gods, no more than kings.
After allotted time we are denied
The privilege of sunlight on our wings.
For we have had our heaven and so must hold
New trysts in darkness, sorrowed and cold, cold.

THE DEFENSE MYTH

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL W. F. KERNAN, U.S.A.

IT HAS been said that "thinking is hard work but prejudice is a pleasure," which is probably why reason is always at such a disadvantage when it finds itself in opposition to public opinion. The fate of Socrates is a case in point. One recalls also an incident in the *Iliad* where Laocoön was strangled by large serpents for telling his countrymen the unwelcome truth about the wooden horse. And in America to-day anyone who openly and brazenly advocates offensive strategy is more than likely to be indicted as a "war monger"—a word which our rampart-watchers of press and pulpit never mention without crossing themselves against the Evil Eye.

If it is true that nations have the sort of government they deserve, it is also true that they have the sort of war they deserve. Where the sense of justice is asleep, where public opinion is no longer alert to detect the most distant menace to freedom, where fear of change deadens the body politic to the first flick of the whip of tyranny, a nation may be said to have fairly earned its yoke. Why should it be otherwise with war which, however and for whatever causes it arises, is always the end-term of the state—the *ultima ratio* or last argument of policy—expressing the supreme effort of a people to achieve its destiny? And just as government, as Washington pointed out, is "something more than influence," so policy is something more than a symposium of defense measures. An adequate national policy must have teeth in it. When need arises it must be able to harden into the spearhead of offensive warfare.

Now it is not too much to say that what I have called the "defense myth" is to-day occupying the minds of Americans to the exclusion of almost everything else. And this is the reason why our intellectuals, study clubs, Foreign Policy associations and Congressional committees have all addressed themselves to the great field of foreign affairs with such universally negative and baffling results. For example, we have debates between the out-and-out isolationists and the advocates of "collective security," between the proponents of "aid to Britain short of war," and the people, like Mr. Clarence K. Streit, who favor a British-American union to defend Democracy against Hitler, between those who believe in continental defense and those who hold that the only possible solution for America lies in Hemisphere Defense —and not a single one of these disputes, arguments, and controversies ever comes anywhere near meeting the issues involved. For all these earnest patriots are trying to outline a foreign policy for America in a world dominated by successful aggression while leaving wholly out of consideration the question of offensive warfare.

The truth is that all the alarm bells, warning guns, and rabble rousings of our present-day Paul Reveres are merely ways by which we can satisfy our moral indignation without meeting the issue squarely. All these calls to action are nothing but excuses for inaction. The

lambs of the pacifist tradition have put on wolf's clothing, but they have not succeeded in concealing their bleat. As yet few if any of our minute men have had sufficient courage to face right up to Hitler's challenge and say: "This thing must be smashed and the sooner the better." It is necessary to point out that our present way is the way of weakness, of division, and of ultimate destruction; that no military policy that can be devised by man as long as it remains purely "defensive" could possibly furnish the solution to the problem which America faces in the present war.

But before we can solve this problem, before we can even face it squarely, we must rid ourselves of the vicious habit of shaping policy and determining armament needs by the "defensive yardstick." The concept that there is some sort of degradation attached to the offensive in war must be abandoned. It is not only in opposition to the plain facts of history, but it fails to take into account the peculiar nature of the Cæsarist threat with its Fifth Column activities, its plans of economic and military domination, its avowed hatred of democracy and everything this country stands for. With a world crashing about our ears, we can no longer afford to talk and act as though America, watching her ramparts like a beleaguered city, must be eternally committed to the defensive, as though our military establishment were created for no other purpose than a large-scale guard mount, as though this country had ever been or could ever be a mere overgrown Switzerland of the Western Hemisphere.

It is not that the United States, having determined to establish a new world order by force of arms, should now set forth on a career of conquest in the name of the Gettysburg Speech. It is rather that the relentless advance of the Nazi war machine forces upon us the adoption of an aggressive military technic as the only means of self-preservation left to us. Hitler has overrun so many impassable frontiers, penetrated so many impregnable fortifications, enslaved so many defenders of democracy that our greatest, indeed our only real danger, lies in permitting him to keep the initiative. From a soldier's standpoint the inference to be drawn is as simple as it is inescapable. If we are to retain the status of freemen we must mount an offensive. If we desire to remain an autonomous people we must attack him before his constantly increasing momentum renders him invulnerable.

II

Right in front of our eyes we have the object lesson of England, a country that stood two years ago exactly where America stands to-day, a country whose people are both courageous and industrious and whose potential resources, like our own, are enormous. No one sets a higher value on the stand that England is now making against Hitler than I, yet it must be made plain to Americans before it is too late that what England is suffering at the present moment is due to the failure of British policy in two important respects. There was the failure to understand the nature of the enemy and the failure to mount an adequate land offensive against him. To an America that is more than likely to be at war with Hitler before this article goes to press, these mistakes should be guide posts marking a highway to disaster which we must be very careful not to take.

It appears, however, that the leaders of public opinion in the United States are still unable to interpret these warnings correctly. Four million tons of British shipping sunk; forty per cent of American "aid short of war" strewing the floor of the Atlantic; Germany in possession of the continent of Europe from the tip of Norway to the Ægean, and moving relentlessly toward the western Mediterranean and the bulge of Africa, have as yet failed to convince them of the danger of using defense measures to stop Hitler. Mr. Walter Lippmann still maintains that in her sea power Britain possesses "the master

key" to victory, Mr. Mark Sullivan still writes as though the war will be won as soon as America decides to adopt the convoy system, and in the April, 1941, number of *Harper's* Mr. Hanson W. Baldwin has published an article, "The Naval Defense of America," supporting the thesis that we need have no serious fear of the Totalitarian menace "as long as we hold the ramparts of ocean."

I say the indications are that our publicists and military "experts" are still traveling, and what is worse, still endeavoring to lead the American public with them, along the same road that England trod. But whether this statement is accepted as true or not, the whole question of defense, and more particularly, of defense based on sea power is well worth careful consideration by America. In this connection a debate that took place last fall in the columns of the *New York Times* between Mr. Baldwin and the British writer, Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, has a significance for us out of all proportion to the fine points of military exegesis involved.

In the September 3rd issue of the *Times* Mr. Baldwin had written:

> It has become obvious that the defense of Britain is based on three bastions—the seas which have made her great; the machines of Manchester and the Midlands which provide the weapons of warfare; the planes of the Royal Air Force. . . . This conception of the defense of Britain at which the war has now arrived, is a far call indeed from the conception outlined in the book, *The Defense of Britain*, by Captain B. H. Liddell Hart which was published in this country before the war commenced.

To which, in a three-column rejoinder on the editorial page of the *Times*, issue of December 1st, Captain Hart replied:

> My conception is a revival in modern form of our historic strategy . . . that we should concentrate on a maximum effort in the air and on the sea and limit our land effort to the minimum necessary. . . . The conception to which the course of the war has brought us is a "far call" from mine only in one sense—that we have returned to it under far more adverse conditions than would have been likely if we had never departed from it.

In this argument, which follows fairly closely the katy-did, katy-didn't pattern common to such polemics, Mr. Baldwin says in effect that the defense of Britain is being conducted in the way that defense should be conducted but not in the way Captain Hart advocated in his book *The Defense of Britain*. Captain Hart, in language suited to the elevated nature of the discussion, replies, "You're another," and proceeds to prove incontrovertibly that his theories are now being carried out to the letter.

Let me say, before I go any farther, that I agree with Captain Hart. His theories of British defense are indeed being carried out, only, viewing the present plight of Britain, I am inclined to add—"*Hinc illæ lacrymæ!*" Narvik was the result of the translation into action of the Hart doctrine of "limited liability"; Dunkirk will stand for all time as the classic example of what happens in modern "continental" warfare to a nation that limits its land effort to the minimum deemed necessary; Greece proved once and for all the serious danger that attends a too close application of the natural law of the conservation of energy to modern strategy. But let me say also, both to Captain Hart and to Mr. Baldwin, that the real question at issue, the question concerning which every thoughtful citizen of Britain and America is desperately in need of information, is never mentioned, much less answered, by either of them. If a professional soldier may be permitted to intervene in a controversy between military experts, it is this: is defense enough?

In other words, what should England and France have done in the five years preceding June, 1940, to have ensured a decisive military victory? If we knew the answer to this question we might be able to discover the answer to the more serious one that now seems to be coming up. If we knew what England and France should have done (even though they did not do it) to prevent military disaster in 1940, perhaps we could discover what should be done right now to

prevent an even greater disaster in 1941.

At any rate it is becoming more evident every day that to seek a solution in mere defense measures, to depend on the efficacy of "bastions" or "ocean ramparts," is simply to play the game according to the rules laid down by Hitler. All this is just a continuation of the same sort of thing that brought about the downfall of France—a variant of the same old *Sitzkrieg*. And if something is not done about it soon future historians will be justified in describing the result in the words used by Napoleon at Waterloo: "*Voilà ce qu'arrive quand on entasse les défauts sur les défauts!*"

British sea power, British air power, British industry—no matter how much you step them up—can never hope to overcome a Hitler-dominated Europe without the indispensable adjunct of victorious land power and this, in turn, means an all-out, all-arms advance on the enemy. ("In war it is always necessary to advance"—Foch.) So the question that must be answered is not, "How can Britain defend herself?" but "How can the sword arm of Britain be nerved for a *riposte?*" How can the striking power of the Axis be threatened at its source? How can the war be taken to Hitler? When, and by what means, is Democracy going to be enabled to launch its counter-offensive? If we delay too long in finding an answer we shall all, in due course of time, find ourselves standing meekly alongside the Old Men of Vichy.

III

As far back as 1934 General Charles de Gaulle, foreseeing the inevitable conflict with Germany, had pointed out the futility of the French defense plan—even though that plan was based on the supposedly impregnable fortifications of the Maginot Line and the supposedly invincible sea power of the British fleet. De Gaulle, moreover, had observed the German passion for planning carefully articulated offensives (*videlicet* von Moltke's plan for the invasion of 1870, the von Schlieffen plan of 1914) and had accurately calculated that, as against Teuton efficiency and attention to detail, no passive defense supported by blockade could possibly furnish a solution. In *The Army of the Future*, a treatise that was as charged with prophecy and as unheeded by the nation to whom it was addressed as The Book of Habakkuk, he had written:

> The Teuton adversary, a methodical organizer, excels in delivering extremely violent onslaughts from the outset. . . . The defenders, if they remain inactive, find themselves surprised, immobilized and outflanked. If, on the other hand, they are mobile and enterprising they take the initiative themselves. This is the only sensible attitude to adopt toward the German, who, unequalled in carrying out plans he has prepared, loses his grip as soon as he is attacked in a way he does not expect and shows an awkwardness in adapting himself to unforeseen circumstances.

To such an extent had the defense myth—that military hypertrophy of the pacifist twenties—gained a hold on the General Staffs of England and France that in 1934 de Gaulle was merely another voice crying in the wilderness. It is important to note, however, that forty years before, Lieutenant Colonel Ferdinand Foch, Instructor at the *École Supérieure de la Guerre*, was preaching the same doctrine—a doctrine which as Marshal of France he was subsequently to employ for the discomfiture of that able plan-maker, General von Ludendorff. In his book, *The Conduct of War*, published in 1892, Foch had emphasized two points that have assumed a startling significance in connection with de Gaulle's central thesis and the machinelike German advance now threatening the world. They may be summarized as follows:

First—Owing to its origin in the rigid "oblique order" of Frederick the Great, the German offensive strategy is wholly dependent on careful preparation made in accordance with a preconceived situation and resulting inevitably in a "battle of hypothesis," *i.e.*, a battle in which the enemy, assumed to be on the de-

fensive, is bound to be defeated as long as he does what is expected of him.

Second—The correct answer to the German battle of hypothesis is the "battle of maneuver" in which "the offensive, unleashed in all its glory, springs from the strategic concentration like lightning from a thunder cloud." To upset, throw out of axis ("*desaxer*") the carefully prepared plan of the German strategist is to defeat him. For "the mules of Frederick have never become horses; after a century and a half of constant, unremitting effort, they still remain mules."

Does such a doctrine now seem bold to the point of rashness to military critics nurtured on the strategy of the concrete, for whom Hitler has already begun to be invested with the aura of invincibility? But Napoleon, the uncontested master of the art of war, had said practically the same thing:

> The Austrian generals are good generals but they see too many things. As for me, I see only one thing—the enemy's masses. These I attack, secure in the knowledge that with their defeat everything else will fall into my hands.

And Napoleon also, who saw and commented upon most of the difficulties of generalship, had already flashed the torch of his genius on the obstacle that was to prove insurmountable to the Allied commanders in 1939:

> What strength of will and greatness of soul it takes to launch one of those decisive battles on which the fate of a throne, a dynasty or a nation depends!—the necessary decision is too often lacking.

That, in fact, was precisely what happened on May 10, 1940, when the German armies crossed the borders of Belgium, Luxembourg, and Holland. The necessary decision was lacking. Neither Gamelin nor Gort nor Corap could find the necessary strength of will to say: "Here on the terrain selected by me, at the time determined by me, under conditions imposed upon the enemy by me, a battle will be fought which will decide the fate of Europe for the next thousand years." The result was that Hitler said it.

For twenty years the General Staffs of the Democracies had held up to ridicule the strident "*attaquez*" of Foch. For twenty years it had been taught in England and France that the defensive possesses a natural superiority over the offensive, that there is something inherently wrong about an all-out attack launched in the expectation of decisive victory because it runs the risk of decisive defeat. The British strategists who were thoroughly impregnated by the notion of "limited liability" and the supremacy of sea power, the French tacticians who had relegated the ideas of de Gaulle to the special limbo reserved by military conservatives for "visionary" conceptions, had all agreed that the ancient maxim of love and war, "*toujours l'audace*," was wrong. A kind of warfare resulted in which generals refused to take the initiative because they were unwilling to take the responsibility of ordering an attack. Therefore the initiative, the very mainspring of victory, was left to the enemy. The degradation of strategy, a high art in its own right, has never been more complete.

IV

It is time that the pedigree of this succubus that has fastened itself upon the art of war in the Western Democracies should be clearly established. And with our hour of decision upon us, it is time for us to realize that what our publicists and wishful thinkers have held to be the classic British strategy, with its adjuncts of sea power and limited objectives, was never employed with success by the British or any other robust people in the face of a formidable enemy. The verdict of history is against it.

A good many of us seem to have forgotten that England owes her greatness and the British Empire its origin to a strategy that was offensive rather than defensive—to a generalship which, not content with erecting bastions or watching ramparts, was determined to carry fire and sword to the strongholds of the enemy. In the 17th and 18th Centuries

this did not mean only sea power, or mainly sea power. It meant the successful operation of armies on foreign soil. It produced the "Scarlet Caterpillar" of Marlborough that shamelessly invaded the territories of Louis XIV. It flowered quite naturally into decisive battles like Blenheim and Vitoria—and Waterloo.

For two hundred years Britain was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with continental dictators who bore more than a surface resemblance to our own Wild Man of Europe, and in every case the correct antidote was found in offensive warfare. That pugnacious liberalism that had humbled the proud Bourbon and put a spoke in the chariot wheel of the Corsican had no "defense doctrine" and no Maginot Line but it had a ferocious hatred of militarism. And it would fight at the drop of a hat, on provocation, on very weak provocation, sometimes on no provocation at all, whenever it detected a threat of universal aggression.

In the face of such facts it is foolish to talk of the historic British strategy as involving a minimum effort on the land, or as having the sort of stake in Europe that made necessary a policy of "limited liability." It is certainly true that not since the dynastic feudal wars of the Middle Ages has England had any interest in the *conquest* of the nations of the Continent and that there has been no attempt to extend British sovereignty to any portion of European soil. Nevertheless, time after time, England had a vital interest in preventing certain dictators from achieving the conquest of Europe and extending the sovereignty of a particular state over the other states of the European comity.

Now it was precisely this duality of aim, that is to say, *self-limitation* as regards the extension of British sovereignty over the other peoples of Europe; *all-out, offensive war effort* (and there was more principle behind it than our Kennedys and Lindberghs are willing to admit) to prevent the domination of the Continent by ambitious autocrats—that made England great. We Americans recognize this to-day and that is one reason why our sympathies are enlisted on the side of England in the present conflict. It is part of our own greatness that as a nation we are not wholly indifferent to that great principle for which England is now fighting. But the shadow of the Swastika is lengthening, and we cannot afford to make the same mistakes that England made.

Therefore it is important for us to understand that there came a time in the 19th Century when England departed from her historic policy and when her historic strategy was modified to suit a brummagem imperialism. An Acton would warn that "Prussian militarism is the deadliest enemy the Anglo-Saxon race has ever encountered," and his warning would go unheeded. A Palmerston would advise that "England has no eternal enmities and no eternal friendships, she has only eternal interests," and his dictum would be hailed with acclamation. The old "balance of power" concept of Pitt and Burke that had been the guardian angel of British diplomacy would be streamlined by an abstraction called "imperial interest." From now on policy would be dominated by financial considerations, principles would be subordinated to expediency, and the signposts of the strategy of limited liability would point the road to Munich—and to Dunkirk.

It was during this period that the doctrinal godfather of the defense myth was born. The Mahan theory of a purely naval supremacy would have been laughed to scorn by the Englishmen of previous generations. It was received with adulation by the 19th Century Imperialists. Here was the very concept the statesman of the "Manchester" school needed: security without too much responsibility, prestige without the awful risks of land warfare. Here was a strategy that could never go wrong, that would make England the undisputed mistress of world-commerce,

the uncontested arbiter of the affairs of the "lesser nationalities," on the sole condition that a small percentage of the profits of "British Empire Ltd." be invested in ships of the line.

If Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan had been right, neither the criticisms of Mr. Baldwin nor the bombs of General Goering would have disturbed Captain Hart in his retreat at Totnes. If Mahan had been right, Britain's Balkan adventure would not have ended in the spring of 1941 by a British Prime Minister exchanging congratulations with the Commons over the fact that forty thousand English and Australian troops had been re-embarked successfully off the shores of Greece. If Mahan had been right, the German army would be caged in Central Europe and Britain would even now be selecting the strategic point for the final *coup de grâce.* But alas! as Britain is beginning to find out, as America (unless she awakens in time) will discover, Mahan was wrong.

The "Influence of Sea Power upon History" meant simply one thing: the supremacy of the British Navy in the hundred years after Waterloo when the wars of Europe, owing to the general exhaustion caused by Napoleon, were little more than glorified cat fights. It was a noble theory for the Victorian Age and destined to go far, a godsend for the armchair strategists who could babble henceforth of "warm-water ports" and naval bases without the remotest possibility of being contradicted. Oh, it was a fine theory, magnificently tricked out in the tinsel of false assumptions, worthy of the bourgeois "defensive strategy" which developed alongside it!

At its high point it would see a victorious peace treaty signed in a railway car which the world would hail as the end of the war to end war and the unmistakable sign that the good old order would endure forever. Afterward it would see a German fleet scuttled at Scapa Flow and everybody would say that the last possibility of the last threat to the freedom of the seas was gone and would never return. But a realist named Hitler was waiting for this gallant theory round a bend in the road that even as late as September, 1939, seemed so distant that it was hardly worth bothering about.

Mahan was wrong! And such was the influence of his theory that even now, with the conquest of Europe accomplished in a year, a great many people (and some of them very important people) find it difficult to understand what has happened to Western Civilization. From the Battle of Waterloo to the cracking of that bloated and pompous silliness called the Maginot Line, the grand strategy of the West had gone to sleep in the shadow cast by the myth of sea power. War was no longer "absolute" in the Napoleonic sense, and with the single exception of the superb military system of Foch, the fruits of whose victories were lost almost as soon as they were gained, the wars of Europe from 1815 to 1940 were like the games of children.

Fought under the paternal influence of British sea power, according to the rules laid down by British policy, such wars lacked the essential element of warfare—the risk of absolute, annihilating defeat. Whatever the outcome of a war like that fought by France and Prussia in 1870, it would not change the established order in Europe. No matter who won, the will of the victor would still be limited. Generals might make as many mistakes as they pleased, but the essential elements of the *status quo* would not be seriously changed. The British fleet was always there to redress the military balance whenever it leaned too far to one side, just as British imperial policy was always there to redress the diplomatic balance whenever some incident at Fashoda, or elsewhere, set the sabers to rattling too loudly.

The great mistake, the well nigh fatal error, lay in assuming that the cozy, tight little diplomacy of the post-Waterloo era would last forever. It was upon this

assumption that Admiral Mahan had written his monumental treatise. And it was also upon this assumption that the "business as usual" slogan was still honored in Britain even after the declaration of war against Hitler in 1939. Now from 1815 to 1940 is a span of a century and a quarter, and that is a long time for any strategy—even the strategy of Britain's Victorian "cavalcade"—to refuse to face reality. And during this entire period it was believed in England (as it is believed in some influential quarters in America to-day) that sea power was sufficient to uphold Western Civilization to the end of time, that any threat launched against Democracy could be parried, *first*, by the right combination of naval powers; *second*, by defending until the enemy wore himself out in the attack. That is the way it has been for the past hundred and twenty-five years and that is why a surprisingly large number of people still talk and act as though the offensive land operations of armies are second in importance to sea power.

What these people fail to see is that we are no longer fighting dynastic, or territorial, or even national war. The conflict to which we are inevitably committed is one of civilizations, of cultures, of continents. If defense was not enough to prevent the Catholic dynasts of the 16th Century from bringing contemporary Protestant dynasts under the heel of religious intolerance; if defense was not enough to put a crimp in the desire of His Most Christian Majesty Louis XIV to cast his royal shoe over a British monarch who styled himself *Defensor Fidei;* if defense was not enough to stop Napoleon from dragging the canopy of his conquests and concordats over all Europe—by how much less will it suffice to rid the world of a pagan totalitarian coalition that is self-admittedly the enemy of everything our Christian civilization stands for?

The strange thing is that we obstinately refuse to recognize this. Strategically we are still living in the world of 19th Century "limited war." Historically our minds are still functioning in a frame of reference whose co-ordinates are British Imperialism and British sea power. At any rate the sort of warfare for which we have been preparing for the past twenty years is precisely the sort of warfare that led France to her doom and brought England to the edge of the abyss. It is war made in the shadow of a fleet so powerful that the generals are bound to come right side up every time no matter how many mistakes they make.

If Germany was the first to waken from the dogmatic slumber of the Mahan theory; if Hitler suddenly conceived the notion that Napoleon's epigram, "the whole British Navy is not worth one French bayonet," was not the arrant nonsense it was generally supposed to be; if the German army purge of 1937 ruthlessly weeded out the officers of the Administrative School of War and replaced them by commanders with some sense of the objective (a change that was regarded with horror by the Brass Hats of England, France, and America); if the armament and training and *matériel* of the German army were carefully planned with the idea in mind that sometime, somewhere, somehow that army would *attack*, was it so strange that the Nazi spearhead had little difficulty in piercing the obese loins of a Europe trained solely in *defense?*

The world situation has now reached the point where unless we hasten to throw not only the armed might but the clear hard-headed American sense of reality into the conflict it may be too late even for our colossal power to upset the strategic balance maintained by Hitler's careful planning and prompt seizure of opportunities presented to him by Europe's lack of decision. In such an event it will not be pleasant to recall as we ourselves go down in defeat that we deserved the last reproach flung at us by our hard-pressed allies before the night of the Swastika closed over them:

"Hang yourself, brave Crillon, we fought at Arques—and you were not there!"

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

With Mrs. Roosevelt's permission, I shall describe my day. I woke at six and lay till quarter past, slowly turning my head from side to side to test out my neck, which has less play in it than it once had. Was disappointed in my neck but pleased at being able to recall with great clearness a dream I had had in the night. I dreamed that I was in a resort hotel, having dinner, and the manager came over to the table and tapped me peremptorily on the shoulder and said: "Mr. White, you go to your room immediately and take off that old blue sweater and put on your jacket." And straightway I arose and left the room behind the manager, clowning as I went.

So I told the dream to my wife and offered to let her interpret it, which she did. She said it was a perfectly simple dream and merely meant that the manager was probably right. But I think there is more to it than that, and I felt grieved that my wife should have sided with someone I had met in my sleep.

I got out of bed at half-past six, thinking about dreams and about what a plowman had told me the other day—which was that he often gets the answer to his problems in dream. He has had a dream lately telling him what to do about my newly laid down field, where I didn't get a very good catch of grass. He and I were discussing it the other afternoon at quitting time, and he told me next day that he had gone to bed thinking about it and that the answer had come to him as easy as anything.

"What did your dream say we should do?" I asked.

"Put the phosphate to it," he replied cheerfully. A good dream, and sound soil practice, but I wish people would have hallucinations that don't cost me money.

Dressed without shaving, and splashed a cupful of cold water over my face and felt as ready for the day as Jeeter Lester. So down the back stairs noisily and out through the dewy field with Fred, my chore dog, to the chicken range, where I opened the doors of the shelters and my two hundred pullets, long pent up, came sailing through the openings like chaff on the wind—a black cloud of feathers and delight. Some of them sprayed themselves out over the green grass, looking for employment; others gathered eagerly at my feet, looking for grain.

On the way back to the house along the hard-packed path, I noticed that a pall of smoke, presumably from forest fires to the north of us, overhung the world; it gave the sky a queer look, a sort of diffused brilliance. All common objects appeared unusual. I was surprised to note, during the course of the day, how many people remarked that it looked "like the end of the world." Why do you suppose people have decided that the end of the world will be presaged by a strange light in the sky? Certainly nobody has witnessed the phenomenon, yet all are agreed that a light will be noticed in the heavens, perhaps several hours before the crash. I have a wholly different picture of doomsday—or rather doomsmoment. I think when the end of the world comes the sky will be its old blue self, with white cumulus clouds drifting along. You will be looking out of a window, say, at a tree; and then after a bit the tree won't be there any more, and the looking won't be there any more, only the window will be there, in memory—the thing through which

the looking has been done. I can see God, walking through the garden and noticing that the world is done for, reach down and pick it up and put it on His compost pile. It ought to make a fine ferment.

The plowman mentioned the smoke pall when I was talking with him in the afternoon, and I asked if he knew where the fire was.

"Canada," he replied.

"What part of Canada?" I asked.

"The whole of it," he said. "They tell me the whole of Canada is ablaze."

"That's a big fire then," I answered. "Canada is a large place, larger than the United States even."

The plowman considered this distasteful pronouncement a moment. "Well then," he said, "it is a big fire." But he added cheerfully, "Anyways, it'll have to cross a pile of water 'fore it gits to us."

I nodded in perfect agreement, for this seemed a spiritual rather than a geographical discussion, and I felt instructed and renewed.

After breakfast I went to the barn with my boy to tend a lamb that had been cut, and while the boy held the lamb I ran some pine tar into the wound to keep the flies away, and then we released it, with its mother and its sister, and the three of them raced down the lane, glad to be back to pasture again after hospitalization. So indoors and settled down to work, and worked diligently for about four minutes and then remembered that I was to call for some children, this being the last day of school and a picnic having been arranged. So into the village in the truck, after wiring the tailboard up with a piece of haywire, to prevent wholesale loss of life. The fourth, fifth, and sixth graders were gathered in the schoolyard with their teacher, who had on trousers in honor of the event, and I wished that I could see again (and in trousers) some of the teachers I had had in grammar school—Miss Hackett and Miss Kirby and Miss Crosby and Miss Douglas and Miss Ihlefeldt and Mrs. Schuyler and Miss Abigail A. Bourne and Miss Sheridan. I remembered with regret that none of them had taken me on a picnic during the eight years I spent with them, and that I had never seen any of them in trousers, and I felt cheated. Loaded the children into the truck and carried them a couple of miles to the shore, where they deployed with hot dogs and began falling into mire pots, and left them there and went back to work. Worked for ten or fifteen minutes, but remembered that I had agreed to fetch a roll here, for rolling my field, and that it was about four miles away in the barn of the old Herrick place and that it was probably as big as a house.

I got a fellow to go along with me, and we took a chain, a bar, an axe, a tackle, a few lengths of rope, and some plank, and set off, I being glad, as always, to be self-released from indoor work and glad to be visiting the old Herrick place, which is remote and quiet—an old tumbledown barn in a run-out field encircled by woods and overlooking a small secluded cove. Lilacs were in bloom by the old cellar hole, and a few old apple trees stood guard over the secrets of other days. The world stood still here in this peaceful and mysterious place, which seemed perfect for a tryst or a double suicide. The barn floor was matted with ancient hay, and there was a tedder stored in one corner, and the roll in another, and a few old magazines and junk of one sort or another. As we lifted the tongue of the roll and stirred the thing, a mouse leaped up and ran the length of it, like a tiny dog performing a circus act. I thought how pleasant it would be to start life fresh on the old Herrick place, with a one-room shack and no appurtenances—no equipment, no stock, no pets, no family responsibilities, no program. But knowing myself as well as I do, I well knew that it wouldn't be twenty minutes before I would acquire or contrive something to establish the roots of complexity in firm soil—a cold chisel perhaps, or an inamo-

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

rata, or a folding towel rack. In no time at all I would destroy the old Herrick place by setting out a pansy plant or repairing a rotten sill. And then it would be just like any other spot—beloved but not removed. A man sometimes gets homesick for the loneliness that he has at one time or another experienced in his life and that is a part of all life in some degree, and sometimes a secluded and half-mournful yet beautiful place will suddenly revive the sensation of pain and melancholy and unfulfillment that are associated with that loneliness, and will make him want to seize it and recapture it; but I know with me it is a passing want and not to be compared with my taste for domesticity, which is most of the time so strong as to be overpowering.

The roll was a big old thing. It was, as I had suspected, made in one long cylinder—narrow ten-foot spruce planks bolted to a pair of old mowing-machine wheels, and the frame heavily constructed. It was as much as the two of us could do to haul it out of its corner, swing it, and start it toward the truck, which I had backed up in the doorway. We made an inclined runway of planks, hooked the tackle on, rigged a snub-line on behind to hold back when we got over the crest, and gave it the works. All went smoothly, the roll crept up the ramp, and we soon had it aboard and lashed down. But our success was of short duration. I started the truck and hadn't gone ten feet when I brought up, all standing, on a rock that was invisible from the driver's seat, and we were hung up for fair, with our load aboard and our right running board aground.

"I guess we got some trouble now," said the fellow that was with me.

We got out the jack, a pitiful little hydraulic affair painted a bright yellow to make it seem alert. Like most jacks, this one had a hernia, and wasn't supposed to lift anything. I got some junks of plank and some short boards, and we spent a happy morning jacking and (as Father Divine would say) rejacking. The jack gave us only a two-inch gain each time, and we would have to catch this gain by trigging up the wheel with wedges. Then we'd take a new footing for our jack and grab another inch or two. But it was nice there, lying full length in the tall sweet grass, and neither of us wanted to be any place else particularly. And finally we cleared the rock and backed off and squared away for home, with our wide enormous cargo.

Found the mail waiting when I got back to the house, and among other items a notice from the secretary of the class of 1921, advising me that it has been twenty years since I graduated. "Get together a gang and come to Ithaca," the announcement said. "See your friends." Then followed a list of their names, and I studied it a long time in vain.

I suppose a man ought to get back to reunion in one of the few remaining Junes of his life, but I never seem to get round to it. I keep saying to myself, "Well, you've just recently graduated, why don't you wait a little spell?" It seems nonsensical to me that I am twenty years gone. When I was an undergraduate and met an alumnus twenty years out, I regarded him as shrivelled beyond repair. Just hulks of men, these old fellows seemed to me—dry stalks, autumnal creatures, about to die.

I have decided not to go back this year, and I guess the thing that decided me was the casual reference in the letter to "the costume." That was the crowning deterrent. I might be able to undergo the embarrassment of saluting dim forgotten classmates with the wrong nicknames, and having my hand pumped by familiar-looking strangers, but I doubted that I could go through with "the costume." A costume would simply make me drink a great deal, very fast, and I can achieve that sort of delirium right here in my own cool cellar. Besides, it gave me considerable pause to realize that sartorially I have slipped like the devil since 1921 and that my everyday garb might easily be construed

as a "costume" by other members of my class.

Another piece of mail was a communication from my county agent, Mr. Tibbetts. He reports rainfall below normal which is an understatement: the ground is powdery and some wells around here are dry for the first time in years. And he recommends that old hens be kept through the summer, which I intend to do; but I would like to get mine outdoors on green grass if I can, as they are at loose ends nowadays in their pen in the barn. In winter the pen is warm and snug, but in summer it is dusty and dull. Hens need excitement to keep them at peak production. Any little trinket that you bring a hen stimulates her, whether it is the claw of a lobster or a jade bracelet.

We had stewed rhubarb for lunch. It was from stewed rhubarb that the gods got their idea for ambrosia. This year we're going to try putting up rhubarb, which I am told is simple—just cold water, no processing. After lunch studied, in the *Mercury*, Bertrand Russell's blueprint for an enduring peace. He advocates an alliance or league. The weakness of this sort of structure of course is that the whole thing hangs on an agreement, and there is nothing more likely to start disagreement among people or countries than an agreement. I had rather see an attempt at union than an attempt at an alliance, for then the participants would be bound in fact rather than in words. A marriage of convenience between two great democracies is a conceivable thing, but it mustn't be companionate, it must be the real article. But I agree with Dr. Russell that before we can have any sort of peace, enduring or ephemeral, Hitler must be defeated, and I don't think we can accomplish that by blacking out Newark, N. J.

In the afternoon drove to the hospital for an injection, taking the laundry with me to be dropped off on the way. In town purchased ten feet of one-half inch pipe and stopped in for a while to visit with a man who is building a boat, and was pleased to observe that, like myself, he was glad of any interruption from work, no matter of what nature. Home and found two female artists, so I mixed a drink and they stayed for supper, of meatballs, which we apologized for but which they gobbled hungrily, it seemed to me, and gratefully. Listened to Elmer Davis at 8:55 and then out to the barn to put things to bed. In the hen pen searched the nests for broodies, and found one, and removed her, she lying quietly in my arms in the twilight with that wonderful concentrated quietude which the fever of incubation induces. The smoke pall of morning had cleared away and the night was sweet and clear, with a heavy integument of lilac. In the brooder house the young cockerels were assembling in a corner, so I took a bamboo pole and rattled it and they quickly found the roosts. Then I closed the pophole. I filled a bucket with oats and continued on to the range where the pullets are, the air here smelling of blossoms with a trace of skunk, and I filled the inside feeders with oats against the morning and closed the doors of the shelters and watched the pullets settling down rank after rank with the tiny burbling sighs of contentment while the mosquitoes tore at me and the warmth and smell rose to greet me from the relaxed bodies of the birds; and I returned to the house and got the terrier and put him in the garage and then let the big red dachshund out and then in again, and then the little black dachshund out and in again and I set up the fire screen in the living room and closed the door of the woodshed and turned out the lights one by one through all the rooms and ascended and brushed my teeth and pulled the window curtains and looked in at the sleeping boy to see if he was covered, and undressed and got into bed and tried my neck again and changed position from the right side to the left side and heaved a great long sigh and that (to quote Mr. Davis) is the news to this moment.

EITHER—OR

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

A SURPRISING number of young people wrote to me in response to the Easy Chair of two months ago, called "What To Tell the Young." That column reasserted the position which has been maintained here since the issue of November, 1939, that the United States must fight and win this war. The correspondents who agreed with the position were in a little greater proportion than seven to three. To the seventy per cent, thanks, and I haven't got space to answer you here. I haven't got space to answer the thirty per cent either; but certain fallacies and phantasies that run through their letters startle me and it seems proper to comment on them. I must do my correspondents the injustice of generalizing them—whereas there is no such thing as "the young." But then there is no such thing as "the older generation" either, nor is the majority point of view here that of a "tired old man whose defeatist complex outweighs his creative love of truth," as one of them puts it on behalf of the rest. It is merely the point of view of one who learned, at an age considerably younger than that of the thirty per cent, that there is a difference between wish and fact, between the greatly to be desired and the possible, between dreaming nobly and acting intelligently. Every one of the thirty per cent identified himself as a college student, and I am amazed that the difference has not forced itself on their attention before this.

For most of what they say is rooted in phantasy. The most disturbing observation I have made is that a great many of the young have expected the world to be easier for them than it could intelligently be expected to be. I know that the narrowing of opportunity has diminished the old hurly-burly American sentiment of "if you're down to-day you'll be up to-morrow." But I had supposed the young would decide that therefore they were going to find the struggle for existence harder, that, in the light of the facts, they had better train, discipline, and develop their faculties as much as possible. But what my correspondents say shows that, instead, many of the young have protected themselves against so unpleasant a conclusion by developing a grievance. They are aggrieved not because their opportunities have narrowed but because they feel that society owes them much more than any society could afford to give them. More than was conceivable in the two-cars-in-every-garage nightmare of 1928, more than the economics of the corporate state or the workers' state could produce, more than anyone has attributed to Utopia or will find in the Kingdom of Heaven. One is tempted to ask, Who do you think you are? But instead one remarks that such a split from reality looks neurotic.

Let one youngster's grievance represent the rest. His soul is seared because before he could go to college he had to take a job as what he calls a servant in a club. (If I know his State, Oregon,

the club members didn't think of him as a servant—there was too much likelihood that they would be electing him to membership in a few years.) He got sixteen cents an hour, which was hideously unfair because some rich men belonged to the club and he had to take care of them when they got drunk, and he had to work at least twelve hours a day. He felt himself a menial and the experience festers in his memory; he sees it as an affront to the human spirit. The point is that, during the soft time which he thinks my generation had, most boys took that sort of thing as a matter of course—as, at worst, a means to an end. This tired, old, disillusioned man, for instance. In the ten years before I achieved, at the age of twenty-six, the stable affluence of teaching college at seventeen hundred dollars a year, I had held down some two dozen jobs. The summer before I went to college I was the general roustabout of an interurban railway station, working thirty-one twelve-hour-minimum days a month for thirty-five dollars, or about nine cents an hour. Drunks from an amusement park used to come in and vomit on the toilet floors, and part of my job was to clean up after them. All but a handful of the college men of my era I have known had to do something similar on the way to their degrees. They did not think of the necessity as an affront to the human spirit, and the experience does not fester now. I don't see why I should not have cleaned up spew, and I don't see why my correspondent should not have handed round highballs in a white jacket. We got to college, didn't we?

What has this got to do with the war? Well, every one of my dissenting correspondents assumes that being a college boy is the minimal expectation of human life. That is a dangerous phantasy. Among the achievements of my generation is this: the educational system of America has been made over and inestimably improved. We have had to grapple with a world war, a world inflation, a world depression, and a world collapse into anarchy—but we have so altered society that our sons are getting a much better education than we got and in much greater numbers. Also society is paying for a larger part of their education—about sixty per cent now, as contrasted with less than forty per cent in my time. (More than sixty per cent for those who get scholarship or NYA funds.) Some of the young believe that they are now getting a good deal less than their due, but hard facts are going to break that phantasy if the reality-principle doesn't. No matter what shape American society may take hereafter, a college education is not going to be obtainable as a matter of inherent right. At best and in any event, the days of the C man in college are certainly numbered. If we don't win this war fast, if we have to spend the next three generations in the militarized economy to which the young followers of Charles Lindbergh tranquilly look forward, the B man will be done for too. What will happen to the A man, what will happen to the colleges in general, if we lose the war? The subtle thinkers who tell me they have nothing to fight for are advised to ponder that question.

You see, boys, to go no farther than the educational plant, we have already lost something, for a long time if we win, forever if we lose. It would be pleasant for us all if the world were what we wish it were, or if we could master it by wishing. It isn't and we can't. We are engaged in a war, and wars are in this much like the world you would have to live in at any time: you can't have an ideal one. You are offered this much choice about the world: take it and do what you can with it, or leave it. You are offered this much choice about a war: win it or lose it.

The young tell me that it is not democratic to fight a war which is not unanimously supported, still less unanimously desired, by the American people. No democracy will ever be unanimous for any war; the only method of securing unanimity is the one we are out to de-

stroy. Half a dozen novelists are currently reminding us that we were not unanimous for the American Revolution. Lincoln had a whole political party in active opposition to his war, as well as several State governments, secret and treasonous organizations with a membership of many thousands, and hundreds of thousands of honest citizens who believed, like Mrs. Lindbergh, that the war was being fought against the wave of the future, or, like her husband, that the enemy was invincible and so we had better accept his terms. Millions of Americans were opposed to the war that Woodrow Wilson took us into in 1917. But we won those wars on majority support, and we kept intact the structure, the institutions, and the essence of our democratic life. Mr. Roosevelt has a much larger majority behind him in this war than he ever had for the reforms of the New Deal. He put those reforms through without destroying our way of life or creating such domestic upheavals as the Berlin radio is now predicting to scare college boys. The idea of American democracy is that the majority sentiment is charged with maintaining public policy so long as it remains the majority sentiment.

The young, like Mr. Lindbergh, also demur because we are not adequately prepared for war. We never have been. Instead of preparing for war, the American democracy has devoted its energy to giving my correspondents higher living standards, a richer life, and a finer expectation than their contemporaries anywhere in the world have had. Precisely that works out as the margin of our military superiority, now that we have got to fight; it makes democracy the better bet in the war. It means greater staying power, energy at a higher potential, the all-out determination of free men—and, when the young come out of their trance, a realistic knowledge that we have more to lose. Unpreparedness is taken care of by getting to work on it, as my correspondents and even the martyred Lindbergh are perfectly free to do. It is quite true that the outcome is in doubt. The doubt becomes greater as timorous people wait longer. Waiting for a sure thing has no military value and has never been an American characteristic up to now. The only choice offered the timorous is to acquiesce in the loss of what we have, which is certain if we lose the war, or to fight in the knowledge that we can save it. The timorous are advised to cultivate the bumptiousness of our predecessors, the belief that the Americans could lick the world. So far we have made good.

These phantasies, suggestively, agree with the Berlin radio. Our first job, my correspondents tell me, is to solve our domestic problems. Make over the kitchen while a hurricane is blowing, replace some broken window panes while the roof is on fire. Is it supposed that the war is not a domestic problem? Just what American interest, activity, institution, or hope had not been affected by the war as early as September 2, 1939? Which domestic problem will be worth bothering about if we lose the war or let it go by default? We do not need the Lindberghs or some ghost come from the grave to tell us that American society as it has been and is now is not perfect. Or to tell us that our social institutions need to be more equitable, our economy more secure, and our national life more hopeful and more rewarding. No one except the phantasy-bound has supposed that our democracy, up to now, had produced Utopia. Everyone except the phantasy-bound, however, knows that it has produced the most equitable society so far achieved anywhere and provides the only known way of making it more equitable, of going on with the unfinished business. Preserving it offers us the only chance we have to solve our problems—to do anything at all about them. You won't be consulted about our problems if we lose.

Finally, there is one place where the phantasies of my correspondents escape altogether from reality. It is the refuge

of the dreamiest souls or, excuse me, the biggest fools. It is the assertion that they would be glad to fight if they had any faith to defend. Will the boys understand me if I say that the word called for is not "nuts!"?

You go to lectures or the laboratory, or you cut them to play soft ball or take the current blonde to the corner for a coke, or you work out at the athletic field, or perhaps you hand round drinks at a club which some rich men belong to. Whether you go to class or play soft ball or do some work for pay is determined by your will and your needs. You sit round in the evening talking, or you study, or you go to Joe's for a beer. That also is up to you, and what you say at the bull session, what you say about the profs or the United States or anything else, is up to you. Nobody tells you what to say or writes a report on it, and it doesn't cost you anything in personal dignity or comfort. You turn on the radio and get Jimmy Dorsey's band, or maybe you get Charles Lindbergh shrinking from publicity while he explains to an audience of Jew-baiting Nazis from Yorkville that the real aggressor in this war is the President of the United States, or maybe you pick up *Harper's* and read this column. Whether it's Jimmy Dorsey or the Lone Eagle or the Easy Chair no compulsion is on you or has been used on what you hear or read. All round you are the profs, working in the library or doing research in the lab, laboring at the intellectual life, working freely to enhance the cultural heritage of America, with no *or-else* conclusions set for them in advance. Down at the corner is a traffic cop who has no privilege of telling you what to do outside of some fixed statutes which you can consult at the library. On the roads leading out of town are hundreds of cars, possibly one of them yours with your roommate in it. Beyond the cop is a legal system reaching up to the White House and resting ultimately on what you think and do about it. The cars function as a part of a social system that comes out ultimately where the cultural heritage which the profs are laboring to enhance comes out—at your address. That's an attractive blonde too.

Here you are to-night; how did you get here? Along what avenues? By whose assent and help? You count on becoming a prof yourself, or on taking training to be a doctor or a lawyer or a radio announcer or a farmer, or on getting some other kind of job. Who countersigned that expectation? Maybe you write a letter home, and your father is a lawyer or a garage mechanic or an insurance salesman. His expectation also was that he could work at his job, grapple with the realities of life as successfully as circumstances and his capabilities might permit. You exist as the end of the social system and the inheritor of the cultural heritage. Is there some notion that you have any importance apart from it? And your expectation, the beer at Joe's, the prof on the lecture platform, your job, the blonde, the cultural heritage, and the future of your contemporaries and your successors all rest on a very simple thing.

You haven't got any faith, any belief? What you mean is that, in spite of all the chaos and waste of these years, even those of you who have had to work in a rich man's club have fed on fat so thick, have found life in America so soft, so promising, and so firmly established on the democratic assumptions that you have never been forced to take thought of it.

You are forced to take thought of it now. The simple thing on which everything rests is endangered. It is not an ordinance of Almighty God; it is only the labor of the Americans. It can survive or it can go under; it can be forfeited or it can be fought for. Maintaining it long enough for you to voice your ignorance of it while you share and inherit it has sometimes required Americans to die for it who were quite as valuable to America as you are. What are you going to do about it?

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

VOLUME 183 SEPTEMBER 1941

Harpers Magazine

THE ARMY OF A DEMOCRACY

A LESSON FROM THE SWISS

BY CHARLOTTE MURET AND DENIS DE ROUGEMONT

The United States is to-day face to face with an urgent problem: it is that of defending democracy without losing its essence, without falling into totalitarianism by way of militarization.

Switzerland is the one country in the world which has solved this problem, and every American should be familiar with its example, not necessarily to imitate it, but to find there possibilities, suggestions, and perhaps a new confidence.

Here are the facts: (1) Switzerland is the best-armed democracy in the world. With a population of 4,300,000 souls, she keeps up an army of nearly 600,000 men. This means that one out of every seven inhabitants becomes a soldier on the day of general mobilization. The same proportion would give the United States an army of about 20,000,000 men. (2) Nowhere are customs and institutions more genuinely democratic than in Switzerland, and yet nowhere is the army more popular, more essentially a part of civic life.

These two facts can be explained by the military and civic *tradition* of the Cantons and by the *federal structure* which they have been able to preserve down to our own times. The example of Switzerland shows that a democracy in our days can be militarily strong only if it is openly and thoroughly democratic, even in the details of its organization and its political habits.

Shortly before the war of 1914 Emperor William II paid an official visit to the Swiss government. While assisting at the military maneuvers he said to one of the soldiers: "You are 500,000, and you shoot well; but if we attack you with a million men, what will you do?" "We will each fire twice," answered the soldier calmly. The Kaiser preferred to pass through Belgium.

An interesting anthology could be made of the tributes paid to the military value of the Swiss by heads of States and great captains from Louis XIV and Frederick the Great to Napoleon. Such

Copyright, 1941, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

a book would be all the more surprising in that the name of Switzerland is associated for us in modern times with the idea of peace. The flag which bears a red cross on a white ground has made us forget the flag with a white cross on a red ground, from which it originated. Was it not because Switzerland was always able to defend its independence by arms that it gave birth to the pacific work of the Red Cross?

From the earliest times the Swiss were free because they were strong, but also, as we shall see, they were strong only because they were free. Civil liberty and a military spirit not only have never been in contradiction in that country, but rather they have created each other. What is the secret of this curious paradox?

To understand it we must go back to one of the oldest customs of the Germanic Middle Ages. At that time the "free man," that is to say the man who enjoyed civil rights and was not a serf, was distinguished by one fact—he had the right to carry arms—just as the nobles were later distinguished by the wearing of a sword. From the moment that the Swiss Communes first freed themselves from the yoke of the Barons and came to depend only on the Imperial Crown the proportion of free men became large. The Swiss valued their weapons as tokens of their liberty. Since then and throughout the centuries their army has always been a gathering of free citizens, each of whom possesses his own arms and proudly cares for his rifle, his ammunition, and his military equipment. In Switzerland one often sees in the poorer neighborhoods uniforms hanging out on the balcony to be "aired," or a peasant sitting on the threshold of his farmhouse polishing and greasing his guns after the Sunday sharp-shooting. You will see this nowhere else in the world, for Switzerland is the only country where the medieval custom has lasted without interruption down to our own day.

This simple fact, the possession by each citizen of his own individual weapon, however traditional it may be, puts Switzerland in the forefront of democratic evolution. It shows in the most concrete possible way that the State trusts its citizens absolutely and that they have reached a degree of civic maturity unrivalled elsewhere. Imagine what would happen in certain modern States torn by social or political struggle if the demobilized soldiers were allowed to take home their arms and their ammunition! In France after the Armistice the soldiers were offered one thousand francs in exchange for their rifles for fear of revolutionary troubles. Hitler had his own shock troops disarmed after the purge of June 30, 1934, leaving them only a decorative dagger. Even in America the theft of arms from one of the arsenals of our militia was a source of grave anxiety.

But the possession of individual weapons is not only a sign of freedom and responsibility; it has a technical importance as well, which the present war has shown to be considerable. It is the only method which permits of an ultra-rapid and decentralized mobilization. Thus medieval custom has become also the most modern method of defense, the one best fitted to protect a country against a blitzkrieg. The possession of arms by every citizen is the key to the organization of the Swiss army and the secret of its popularity.

II

This organization can be summed up in the conception of the soldier-citizen. In France as in Germany when people speak of the Army the word brings a vision of a world wholly alien to civilian life. The Swiss do not say "the Army" but rather "the military," as though they were speaking of one part of their normal lives, the military one. To hear the French—at least before this war—the Army and the time spent in it were fit subjects for jokes and for grumbling. It was against the life of barracks and against the adjutant that the French citizen, even if he was conservative and

anti-pacifist, exercised his individualistic spirit, his refusal to be overawed by collective discipline. In Germany, on the contrary, the Army was something solemn and sacred, a sort of weighty religion which could endure no hint of skepticism.

For the Swiss the Army is simply "service" and that is how they refer to the time spent in the school of recruits and in the "rehearsal periods," the annual schools of training and maneuvers lasting four weeks which are required of all mobilizable men. Simply "the service." The expression itself is very enlightening as to the conception which the citizens of this democracy have of their military duties. They do not take them tragically nor do they make fun of them. They are simply a part of their lives just as are their professions or their families. The military service is the common profession and the common family of every Swiss citizen.

When Swiss men meet, whether it is in a café, a train, or some foreign city where accident has brought them together, you may be sure that as an opening, and in order to make better acquaintance, they will at once ask each other about their "service." "The last stage I made in the Army was in the plain of Seeland—you know—the big maneuvers of the second division in 1934 when the Colonel was taken prisoner." "Oh," says the other, "I was there too! I belong to the 204th battalion—Major Schmidt. You know him? What is your battalion?" And dates are compared and the good old classical jokes, as well known as the words of command, are trotted out. One always ends by finding common acquaintances in the service. Confidence is established and the second round of drinks ordered.

But the Army is a bond not only between individuals, but also between classes. Switzerland has no exclusive schools for officers such as the cadet schools in Germany or St. Cyr in France. All young men of twenty who are fit for service must attend the same school of recruits even though they are destined some day to ride to the highest rank. There, during four months of intensive technical and moral training, they live through a social experience which will leave its mark on them for the rest of their lives. The peasant has for roommate or neighbor in the ranks the spectacled student, the workman, or the son of his boss. During four months of ordeals and fatigues there is time to watch one another, to discover the real strengths and weaknesses of one's neighbors, and to make a few lasting friendships. A complete, though sometimes rather cross-grained, equality exists in the barracks, and often manifests itself as at school in practical jokes played on the young man of good family or on the nephew of the Colonel in command. This education, rough enough, and accompanied by a physical training methodically carried on sends these men back to civilian life quite visibly transformed; straightened, bronzed, hardened, yet made supple, endowed also with an experience of men which the over-peaceful life of the city or village would not have given them in ten years.

This system of a school of recruits with its period of brief but intensive training seems to have notable advantages over that practiced elsewhere, of one to three years' service in barracks or camps. Because the time is short the recruits are not allowed to lose a minute. Whereas the two years of military instruction are too often a school of demoralization and of lost time for young Frenchmen, these four months of the school of recruits are a powerful tonic for Swiss youths and the model of a swift and well-ordered life in which one's forces are used to the utmost all the time. On the other hand, the shortness of the period allows each recruit to find his place in civilian life waiting for him when he goes back, which would not be the case after one or two years. Thus one of the major reasons for the unpopularity of army life in other countries disappears.

As to the technical insufficiency which

must result from so brief a period of service, it is to a large extent compensated for by the yearly period of rehearsal. Some experts, and even some Swiss politicians, have for years demanded a prolongation of the school of recruits, but until now popular opinion has opposed this. The Swiss like the military life but they are not militaristic. Instinctively they fear everything that might make of the Army too technical a body and one too remote from the normal life of the nation.

The Swiss Army is organized so as to "decivilize" the citizen as little as possible, but also civilian life brings him frequent and living contacts with military affairs. There are in every Canton "friendly circles" of officers and non-commissioned officers, in every village shooting clubs exist. Many of these associations, and particularly those of non-commissioned officers, have acquired a certain political influence in the country. But it must be emphasized that this influence is not militaristic. Such groups are rather like the public discussion clubs which exist in other democracies. To have been in the Army, to have common memories of it, is the pretext for getting together among comrades to discuss the affairs of the country in an atmosphere saner and more virile than that of political parties. Thus these Friendly Societies, far from being Fascist centers as might be feared, have up to now had a stabilizing and moderating influence on public life.

As for the body of officers, it is not at all a caste, as it has tended to become in other countries. The very method of recruiting prohibits that. The Swiss officer is in most cases a civilian like the rest, except that his civilian must be able to become a leader from one day to the next and to command his men in the maneuvers. This happens every year at the time of the rehearsal period.

In between times he must give several hours a week from his civilian occupations to the many duties of his military rank. A captain, for instance, still looks after his company in civilian life. He always knows where his men live. A scrupulously observed custom requires them to send him their good wishes at the New Year and these he always answers. Many of them turn to him for advice or for help in finding work. All consider him as the head of a big family of two hundred men.

The daily press, the magazines, the illustrated papers give a great deal of space to military affairs, a fact which always strikes foreigners. Reporters accompany the troops at each rehearsal period and send detailed accounts of the maneuvers from day to day to their papers. The nomination of officers is given space on the first page, and Swiss death notices always tell the details of a man's military career. Thus we may discover that such and such a judge, doctor, university professor, or big business man was also a Colonel, which means that he had voluntarily dedicated several years of his life to the Army.

To be a Colonel in Switzerland is to occupy a position which has no equivalent in other countries, one social as well as military, and which might be said to be a civic function. A man who has reached the rank of Colonel will not always have a triple chin and a bay-window figure, as caricatures imply, but he probably enjoys a popularity greater than that of a Congressman and has also in all probability a sound financial standing. He has certainly given proof of political wisdom and of considerable activity. His professional influence will undoubtedly be greater than that of his colleagues.

A particular case will illustrate the above. It is that of the General. In Switzerland the officer commanding a brigade, a division, or an Army corps is only a Colonel; for there is a certain republican mistrust of titles. Only when the mobilization is decreed does the Parliament choose one of the Colonels commanding an Army corps to be General-in-Chief. This one General at once becomes the symbol of the Army, the

first citizen and the most important person in the country. The twenty-two Cantonal governments in turn invite him to lunch, crowds acclaim him wherever he goes, his photograph is seen in all shops and public places. He is visible everywhere in busts, medals, post cards, on embroidered sofa cushions, and on packages of chocolate. He talks over the radio, he writes prefaces for patriotic books, he opens fairs, goes to football matches, skiing competitions, and first nights at the theaters. One might almost imagine that the Swiss democracy is indulging in the cult of a Führer! But not at all. Everyone knows that there is no danger. The fact that the Parliament elected this leader is a guarantee of his fidelity to the Constitution.

That he will automatically give up his powers as soon as his mission is over (that is to say, at the demobilization) is proof that the fundamental tradition of European democracy still lives. This is to name a leader when certain definite needs arise but to name him freely and only for a strictly limited time. The Swiss General is not a Hitler but a Cincinnatus. Is not the fact that the Swiss democracy can afford to give such power to one man in times of crisis and can do so without risk to its national institutions the best possible sign of a thoroughly wholesome civic life?

III

The possession of arms by the individual is linked with the tradition of local defense and the latter is in turn the product of the conformation of Swiss territory. Each Canton in the course of its history has had its own battles, fought alone, to win its independence. Each, therefore, has learned to develop its own particular system of defense according to its topography and resources. Flat countries require large armies, rapid movements, and a dynamic strategy. A country all in small compartments like Switzerland does not lend itself to this sort of warfare. Small bodies of men raised on the spot suffice to defend the deep valleys and to bar the passage of narrow gorges and high defiles. It is a question of a firm morale and skilful tactics. If the enemy is too powerful, reinforcements are asked of the neighbors with whom all has long been prearranged. This is federal collaboration. Thus we find at the basis of the military organization the same factors which determine the political structure of the country—that is, local autonomy and mutual aid. No more of great strategy than of great political policy but a tenacious and skilful use of every least advantage which the terrain and the arms at hand allow.

Most of the Cantons correspond *grosso modo* to the natural divisions of the soil. The *Cantonal* organization of the Army down to the scale of the regiment thus corresponds practically with the military needs, although it originated in far-off historic causes. It is the government of the Cantons which recruits the men and names the officers up to the rank of Captain. Thus in a Swiss regiment you will find as a rule men coming from the same part of the country, speaking the same dialect, and for the most part knowing one another. As to the larger units, brigades and divisions, they group regiments from neighboring Cantons in such a way that each corresponds to what might be called in military terms "territorial compartments." The officers of higher rank are appointed by the Federal Council. They must know at least two languages, French and German, so that they may command the troops of the various Cantons which are groups under their orders.

In this way the scheme of military organization is like the political one, and both correspond approximately to the natural divisions of Switzerland. This is the result of a long historic evolution. Switzerland has never created a centralized Army according to a theoretical plan. On the contrary, all is founded on local units which have been

co-ordinated ever more closely during the centuries. To-day unity of command is complete but the Cantonal divisions are used and respected. Each regiment keeps its particular character and customs. The Bernese are strict in discipline; the Neuchâtellois are grumblers but they know how to extricate themselves from every trouble; the Genevese march more rapidly than the Vaudois but the latter believe that they can march longer, etc. Each has its songs, its fanfares, its jokes, and its own appearance. As to the battle order of the Swiss Army, it also has certain peculiarities which are very interesting to-day. The Army is composed of nine regular divisions, organized into four Army corps. These divisions form the mass which can be maneuvered, the mobile part of the Army. The rest of the forces—almost a half—consists first in garrisons which are established in the forts that defend the principal passages of the Alps, those of the Gothard, of St. Maurice en Valais, of the Sargans, second of the mountain brigades, specialists in skiing and Alpinism in the Valais and the Grisons, and lastly of a certain number of independent brigades, the defenders of the frontiers, which are the most typically Swiss units of the Army because of their recruiting and function.

These frontier guards are recruited locally, that is to say, the men who compose them are chosen from the cities, villages, and farms nearest to the positions which have been prepared on the frontier. They know these positions well for they have themselves arranged them, hollowed them out, cemented them, and fortified them with their own hands. They know how to reach them in one to three hours of march from their own homes. At the first alarm these troops are warned directly by radio, telephone, or telegram, or by the ringing of the tocsin. All that they have to do is to put on their uniforms, take up their rifles, and go to their posts of combat by the very paths which they are in the habit of using. They will find machine guns or anti-tank cannon ready on the spot. Stores of ammunition and food have been hidden in the rocks where they are protected from bombardment. All is ready. In 1939 the placing of these covering troops, which preceded the general mobilization by five days, was carried out in a few hours upon the whole circumference of the Swiss frontiers.

All this had been prepared over a period of ten years by the Swiss General Staff, which had foreseen exactly what a blitzkrieg would be. This is the only effective answer to this new form of attack which is upset by such an almost instantaneous mobilization. Why is it, then, that it has been used only in Switzerland and that so many other countries, such as Poland and Yugoslavia, have allowed themselves to be surprised and disorganized in the first hours of the attack? The answer is obvious. Switzerland was able to prepare its defense because it was the only country where the men were already equipped and armed in peacetime. Thus once again it is to its own democratic tradition that the Confederation owes the fact that it is able to meet modern methods of warfare. This is a significant lesson.

The moral advantage of this organization is almost as important as its technical one. Every Swiss soldier has before his eyes his reasons for living and for dying. These frontier guards take up their fighting positions within a few miles of their own homes. They know exactly what they are defending, they see it, at the foot of the mountain on which they have dug their fortifications, in that valley which they can contemplate during the long watches of the night. There is no need to make speeches to them, to explain the reasons of the effort required of them. Two gestures are enough, the one to point out the frontier before them, the other to show behind them their own village, their fields or their workshops, and the roads which lead to their daily labor.

One of the authors of this article was mobilized in 1939 in a frontier post of the Jura. Every morning when the weather was fine he could take his field glass and, looking through the loophole of the fort, see a certain orchard by the lake three thousand feet below, where he could sometimes catch a glimpse of a light summer dress or fancy that he recognized his children—such things count in the warfare of to-day. This is a revolutionary war and therefore as much moral as physical, and probably in the long run it will be the strongest feelings and the deepest convictions which will win. The secret of the Swiss Army is that it has preserved and encouraged the moral factor by a skilful adaptation of tactics to the physical and the human nature of the country.

It should be added that the local use of frontier guards and in a lesser degree of the regular troops is useful also in protecting against sabotage and spying. A stranger is soon detected where the soldiers know the inhabitants and the dialect of the country. In the spring of 1940, when there was much talk of the danger of German parachutists, a Swiss observer was obliged to jump out of his plane as a result of an accident to the engine. He came down with his parachute into an apple tree in the Canton of Thurgovia, an agricultural region near the German frontier. While he was trying to extricate himself from his parachute straps the peasants of the neighborhood gathered, armed with pitchforks and scythes, and surrounded the tree. The officer was wearing a Swiss uniform but there had been stories in the newspapers of the campaign in Holland and the peasants were mistrustful. "Certainly I come from this Canton!"

"Can you prove it?" The poor fellow had to pass a complete examination in swear words of the Thurgovian dialect, a tongue in which no one could swear correctly unless he had learned to do so with his mother's milk. Only then was he allowed to come down from his tree.

IV

The question remains as to whether a small army can ever successfully defend a country against an adversary twenty, not to say fifty, times as well equipped. The examples of Norway, of Holland, of Yugoslavia, and of Greece seem to give a crushingly unanimous answer to this question. But the answer is not absolutely decisive. As a matter of fact, these examples have not at all demoralized the Swiss soldiers. The lightning victories of the Axis have only made them repeat: "It would not happen that way with us!" They have certain reasons for thinking this which we will examine.

The first act of the blitzkrieg is to impede or break up the mobilization of the invaded country. This cannot be done in Switzerland. Of course the enemy air force could easily disorganize the railway communications which are almost entirely electrified and therefore depend on a few central power plants which are highly vulnerable. Switzerland possesses four hundred pursuit planes which have proved their efficiency. In the spring of 1940 they brought down ten or more big German bombardiers which thought to travel peacefully over Swiss territory. None the less, the Axis could oppose forces ten or twenty times superior and would gain the mastery of the air in a few days, possibly in a few hours, as it has done elsewhere. But in the case of Switzerland this would not be decisive. In the first place, the Swiss Army has been permanently mobilized ever since 1939. In the next place, the distances are so small that home troops could be moved without using the railroads. Finally, the nature of the terrain is not favorable to the effective use of airplanes in battle.

The second phase of the blitzkrieg is the piercing and the exploitation in depth of the territory behind the lines. Would this be possible in Switzerland? To describe or foresee the condition of a

war in that country, we must always come back to those two fundamental facts, the breaking up of the territory into compartments and the decentralized structure of the Army. Now recent events seem to indicate that these elements, which might have been considered weaknesses in the past, are the only conditions which lend themselves to an effective resistance to mobilized attack. What, in fact, have been the lessons of the present war? First, we have seen the total failure of the line system of defense. Neither the Mannerheim Line in Finland nor the Maginot Line in France nor the Metaxas Line in Thrace was able to resist for more than a few days, sometimes a few hours, the penetration, prepared by an intense Stuka bombardment, of the armored divisions.

Once the line was pierced, nothing was left in the hinterland but a great empty space, a few policemen, and an amorphous mass of fugitives encumbering the roads. Nothing was left to prevent the destruction of the lines of communication, the seizure of cities and arsenals by a few tanks. This system of linear defense corresponds to the structure of highly centralized nations such as France, in particular, where there is a Capital and customs barriers, but nothing between these two, no living regional centers at all.

In Switzerland, on the contrary, there are as many centers of resistance as there are Cantons or villages, as many bases of defense solidly organized as there are defiles and mountains. Since the month of May, 1940, it may be said that every Swiss village, even in the heart of the country, has been transformed into a sort of autonomous fort or bastion. Its entrances and exits are closed by enormous barricades several yards deep made of tree trunks and blocks of stone, and the walls of certain houses have been reenforced so as to transform them into miniature fortresses. You open the door of some barn and find yourself face to face with an anti-tank cannon protected by a little cement wall. A rapid advance of motorized divisions could only be made by avoiding the villages and passing through forest roads or over the meadows. But the roads are carefully mined in every direction throughout the country. The forests, and particularly those along the Rhine, are the best obstacle there is to the advance of tanks and the best protection against airplane bombardment. Where there are no forests, other natural obstacles exist every four or five miles apart: deep and rapid streams, valleys and gorges protected by cannon hidden in the rocky walls. In each "compartment" of the territory the enemy would have to stop and develop a formal attack. There would be no question of pushing rapidly along, as in the plains of Flanders or Poland. Even dive-bombing would be almost impossible in many cases because the valleys are so narrow.

"Our terrain is our best ally," General Guisan proclaimed in one of his bulletins to the Army shortly after the defeat of France. It is the great merit of Switzerland to have been able, thanks to its Federal structure, to make the utmost use of this natural ally. The great wisdom of the Swiss General Staff is to have foreseen as early as 1930 that the next war would not be one of "fronts," but would be fought everywhere at once, and that a defense must be prepared in depth, not relying on a narrow line but on nests of local resistance scattered over the territory and carefully equipped long beforehand with men and weapons. The Swiss thus returned to their old traditional way of making war.

It is very striking to find that from the beginnings of the Confederacy these defense tactics were the secret of the Swiss victories over invading forces twenty times as numerous as their own. An interesting example is the battle of Morgarten, which took place in 1315.

In order to crush the Cantons the Habsburgs had gathered together an army of 12,000 knights from all the neighboring countries—for the feudal

lords could not tolerate in the midst of the Empire a little group of free men who claimed to be sovereign. The Swiss carefully examined the spot where they could fight with some hope of success. They built towers and mighty walls of stone across the passages which led to their territory, leaving only one road open. It was there that the Austrian column of mounted and heavily armed knights—a real "Panzer division" of the time—at last entered, after trying the other passes and finding them closed. The Swiss were but six hundred. Hidden behind the crests of the hills of Morgarten, above the little lake of Aegeri, they waited the passage of the knights. When these filed between the steep slopes and the shore, the mountaineers suddenly leaped out and rolled down great stones which blocked the way. The whole column was paralyzed. The rear guard was simultaneously attacked and all at once the main body of the Swiss rushed down the mountain, yelling fiercely. They had put nails in their shoes to keep from slipping on the dry grass and had fixed curved steel hooks on the ends of their long pikes. Standing solidly fixed on the soil, they were able with these hooks to harpoon and unhorse the knights and they made a mighty carnage among them. The battle was over in a half hour if the chroniclers of the time are to be credited. It was an almost exact prefiguration of the battles in the course of which six centuries later the Finns exterminated whole brigades of Russian tanks. The Finnish tactics were also to attack the first and last tanks and while the line was thus immobilized to fall on their flank and destroy them with anything at hand—sticks thrust into the caterpillar tread, bottles full of gasoline used as grenades. With the Swiss as with the Finns the absolute determination to defend themselves to the death coupled with a favorable terrain and an inventive spirit could destroy the calculations of the art of war and compensate to some extent the great disproportion in numbers and material advantage.

V

It is this resolution to defend themselves that must again be underlined in the case of the Swiss to-day. The two first years of German victory have only reinforced it. The contact between the men and the soil, between the Army and the people, between the present and historical tradition has grown closer during this long mobilization. Never have the Swiss been more conscious of the value of their living diversity, of the reality of their union.

In May and June, 1940, during the French rout, it seemed that the sudden rupture of equilibrium of the powers would necessarily deliver Switzerland to the Axis. But Switzerland, though entirely surrounded, did not weaken. There was a wave of defeatism in the press, but the Army held firm and the population hailed with enthusiasm a proclamation signed by the Federal Council and by the General ordering all armed citizens to "act against parachutists and saboteurs with ruthless energy." Now at that time the "armed citizens" were the whole male population of the country, young and old, and many women as well. A body of "local guards" had just been created in which were included old men and boys who had not been mobilized. They were ordered to fight fire, to protect railway stations, and to attack parachutists or fifth columnists wherever they might appear. The women were volunteers organized in groups called "Lottas" which were to insure the passive anti-aircraft defense. They were given blue uniforms, a helmet, and a pair of boots, of which they were very proud.

Certainly Switzerland was spared at that time only because her neighbors of the north, east, and south understood that she would be "a hard nut to crack" and that the operation would cost more than it was worth. They had before them a country which was prepared to resist exactly the kind of attack that had surprised and demoralized all the others. A country long prepared not only from

a military point of view but also morally by its centuries of tradition, and one which had in its hands one ace—the Gothard.

Four-fifths of the traffic between Germany and Italy now goes over the Gothard or the Simplon. These tunnels are mined. The explosion of two or three of the hundreds of loads of dynamite which have been prepared there would put them out of commission for years. Many men have sworn solemnly to blow them up even at the cost of their lives on the first sign of invasion. The Axis knows this.

The Axis knows too what the Swiss plan of defense is. To a gathering of all the higher officers in charge of the defense which was held in July, 1940, on the meadow of the Rütli, General Guisan explained this plan. The Gothard range was declared to be the national retreat, the central bastion of defense. The various units of the Army were to be ready, some to slow down the penetration of the frontiers, others, more numerous, to fall back into the valleys radiating from the Gothard. Half the territory would be sacrificed, but they would be inexpugnable and could hold out not in hope of a final victory but to save the honor of the country, the ideal of liberty and of Federalism, and in order to be faithful to the mission and duty of Switzerland.

This famous "report from the Rütli" electrified the Army and the population. Nothing else was talked of anywhere. Some extracts from a speech made by a Colonel on April 20, 1941, before a large civilian audience at Berne, will give an idea of the state of mind of the Swiss to-day.

"The real Confederate is he who never asks with regard to the defense of the land, whether it pays. The true Confederate is hard and arbitrary. To those who ask him 'Why these sacrifices if they are not to benefit us in the end?' he answers, 'You miscalculate. Neither famine nor war deportation will be avoided if we yield without fighting. Liberty is only possible if all are free. Individual liberty cannot survive in a state which fails to defend its independence. But beyond all calculation of profit and loss there are moral values. There is the spirit. There is the Federal idea which we must hand on as heritage to our descendants. That is why we will trust in God and not in a man who pretends to be adored as a god'."

There is in this simple and unanimous resolution, in the very conception of the "plan of the Gothard" something grand and unique, something almost unhoped-for in the world of to-day. Imagination leads us to dream of the possible working of such a plan. We fancy an epic story of the divisions massed at the head waters of the rivers, behind narrow defiles where tanks cannot pass, dominating the land from the heights of this roof of Europe, living in tunnels and caves cut in the flanks of the Alps and invulnerable to bombardment under thousands of yards of granite and ice, impregnable and watching day and night. The flocks of the Valais and the Grisons would be driven into the high valleys of the Gothard, to feed them. Accumulations of food and ammunition, enough for at least a year, are stored in the rocks, and a powerful post of radio transmission speaks every morning to the peoples of enslaved Europe. "This is Radio-Gothard. Here we still hold out."

Who knows what secret energies the idea of this last fortress in the clouds and the voice of its cannon might awaken in Europe? The world of to-day seeks desperately for something substantial on which to found a hope. Impregnable in the midst of chaos, the Gothard might become our modern myth, for it is both a symbol and a reality as hard and solid as its own granite.

I MARRIED AN AMERICAN

BY KATHERINE SWEETLAND

In 1926 I married an American. It seemed a pleasant thing to do at the time and not at all difficult. I still find it the most pleasant thing I know but I have had to revise my opinion about its difficulty.

I was born in Canada. That was my first mistake. The second was in marrying an American. The third was the desire to live with my husband wherever his business took him. Apart from these three basic errors I have been a fairly average sort of person.

Besides being born in Canada, I was educated there and abroad. My father occupied a responsible government post and my position was always more or less a semi-official one because of my mother's early death. When the time came to marry, my fiancé and I both wanted a quiet, simple ceremony. To escape the big and expensive wedding that seemed unavoidable at home we were married in New York.

We continued to live in Canada, although my husband's work took him frequently to New York. Sometimes he would be there for weeks on end, sometimes for only a few days. Sometimes I would go with him or join him when a visit grew prolonged. Sometimes I remained in Canada. Sometimes we traveled back and forth by motor and sometimes by train.

For five years we remained international grasshoppers and then, in the early thirties, we decided to make New York our home. Because my father was growing old and lonely, I made frequent trips back to Canada to visit him, and always we tried to spend our summer holidays up north where we owned a lovely place in the Laurentians.

During all those years I crossed the border as freely as I crossed the street. On the dozens of trips I made I always met the same courteous treatment from American border officials. Their questions were simple, almost perfunctory. Did I have anything to declare? Where was I born? Where was I going and for how long?

"I was born in Canada and I am returning to New York to join my husband." A smile and an "okay, lady" was the invariable response.

I liked living in the United States; so much so that I felt compelled to write about it: the vitality of the country, its eager quality, its beauty, and enthusiasms fascinated me.

By one of those happy accidents that happen nowhere but in New York, I fell into the hands of a kindly editor. With a generosity I have come to think of as peculiarly American, she took an interest in me. With luck and her careful guidance, my first book sold to the movies. Other books and stories followed. I found myself making a modest income, and my earnings, added to my husband's, made feasible many things that had been no more than vague hopes before.

One was to build ourselves an all-the-year-round house on our place in the Laurentians. Our idea was to have a very simple and practical place where I would spend the summers, and my hus-

band could come for his holidays and long week-ends: an entirely reasonable plan with flying so safe and inexpensive.

Early in 1940 everything was going splendidly. The blueprints of our perfect house had been made; and when my husband landed a new contract shortly after Easter it was decided that I should go up north and get construction started. Fortunately or unfortunately, I had to wait for word that everything was ready: the backwoods roads in shape for trucking, workmen engaged, and the first materials delivered on the property.

In May a year ago we began to hear about Fifth Columnists. Soon there were rumors of alien registration. I didn't pay much attention. There was little reason why I should. Wasn't I the wife of an American who was a veteran of the A.E.F.? Somewhere, somehow, I had acquired the conviction that as the wife of a veteran of the A.E.F. I was secure forevermore. As for considering myself an alien, the thought never crossed my mind, and I remember feeling insulted when a Canadian friend first suggested the possibility.

But early in June the newspapers carried an item about new passport regulations. Among other countries Canada was mentioned. The report was so badly garbled that it was not at all clear who had to have passports, but it was clear that something ominous had happened to the famous unfortified boundary between the United States and Canada. It was to be no longer free and open: to cross from Canada to the U.S.A. some sort of documents would be required. I spoke to my husband, and we decided I should see our lawyer. I telephoned for an appointment. When I arrived at his office I expected to be there a few minutes at the most. When I left, an hour and a half later, my world had become a confused and bewildering place.

The lawyer had other Canadian clients and had already seen the item in the morning's *Times*. I explained my situation and asked him if he thought it would be safe for me to leave for Canada as I had planned. "It's just possible that I might be called back to New York suddenly," I told him. "I'd hate to have any trouble at the border."

"Unless you are an American citizen," he answered, "you had better remain in the United States until this Canadian passport situation has been straightened out. I could advise you better perhaps if I knew your status in this country. Are you an American or still a Canadian citizen?"

I explained how I had been married, how I had entered the United States, how I had traveled back and forth without trouble or annoyance of any kind whatever. Had I ever applied for citizenship papers? "Why should I?" I asked. "I married an American. I thought that automatically made me one too."

"It used to," the lawyer said, "but that was done away with in 1922. As you were not married until 1926, the law would not apply."

I then learned some strange things about myself. It appeared that I was neither a Canadian nor an American. Under an American law passed in 1922, I failed to acquire my husband's nationality. Under a Canadian law passed that same year, I lost my Canadian citizenship when I married an "alien." A Canadian law was passed in 1932 to correct the situation but for some reason was not made retroactive. As a result a whole decade of Canadian women, who had married Americans from 1922 to 1932, were women without a country.

I discovered also that I was an alien illegally in the United States and as such subject to deportation. But because my own country had disowned me, I was a "stateless person." As a stateless person, I apparently could not be deported from the United States because there was no country which would issue me a passport. But if I could not be driven forth from the United States without a passport, neither should I be able to re-enter it should I decide to leave the U.S.A. of my own free will!

My indignation was unbounded. "I am the wife of an American," I said. "I came into this country openly. No one ever attempted to stop me. No one ever told me that I was entering the country illegally. I have been living here off and on for fifteen years; for eight years permanently. I am self-supporting. I pay taxes. I have no wish to break the laws of the United States but I do want to be able to go to my place in Canada and return here as freely as I have always done. How can I get out of this mess?"

II

There were only three ways in which my "position might be regularized." The first was difficult and expensive; my husband would have to find some Senator or Congressman who would introduce a private bill into Congress making me an American citizen. I was told that the customary cost was $5,000 in extra counsel fees.

The second method was for my husband to petition the State Department to have his alien wife pre-examined for entry into the United States. What it meant was that I could go to Ellis Island and be stamped okay for entry into the U.S.A. The advantage of pre-examination was that I should be absolutely certain of getting back in the United States. The great disadvantage was that it involved correspondence with the State Department; and the State Department, I was told, was notoriously slow in answering letters.

The third and last method was for me to apply to an American consul in Canada for entrance into the United States as a non-quota immigrant. (I was non-quota on two counts, it seemed: as a native-born Canadian and as the wife of an American citizen.) The attorney advised me to try *both* the second and third methods. He also urged me to find out all I could about the different American consulates up north.

"A consul has absolute power to decide who can be admitted to this country," he explained. "Try to pick the best one possible. Otherwise you may have a disagreeable time."

Whether my husband petitioned or I petitioned, I had to have a passport. Without a passport there would be no place to stamp a visa and without a visa I could not be admitted to the United States.

My lawyer thought that Canada had made some provision to care for orphaned nationals like myself and said he would look into the matter at once. In the meantime there were a number of documents which I had to have. I have the list as I wrote it down that morning.

Birth certificates. (Self and husband)

Marriage certificate.

Health certificate.

Police record. (Statement from police chiefs of all the places where I had lived for the past twenty years giving my record, or in lieu thereof a statement that no record could be found . . . my crime sheet in other words)

Statements as to my financial worth, assets and liabilities, income tax returns, earnings, sales, fees, contracts, etc.

Statements from half a dozen firms with whom I had done business in support of the foregoing.

Statements as to my husband's financial worth, assets, and liabilities, earnings, tax returns, etc.

Affidavits from husband in support of my petition.

Six or more statements of good character from persons living in the United States who had known me in both a professional and social way.

Affidavits from two or more persons of satisfactory financial standing who would guarantee to support me should I become a public charge.

Repeat most of the foregoing in support of husband's petition for pre-examination.

Statements as to husband's good character from three or more persons.

Passport photographs, number unpredictable.

"But who wants all these things?" I demanded. My lawyer explained that a consul has to satisfy himself that anyone applying for admission to the United States is entirely desirable from every conceivable point of view.

"All these documents may be required and they may not be," the attorney said. "There is no way of knowing, for one of the odd tricks about this game is that

you are not permitted to ask. You can only furnish what you think may be needed and the consul, if he feels so disposed, may then advise you if anything is missing. My own experience has been that it is best to supply everything you can think of."

I went to work that same afternoon. (This was early in June.) Letters were written and started on their way. I had no birth certificate; one never has. I had lost my marriage certificate. But these had to be secured and I had also to begin a telephone campaign among friends who would attest to my good character and if need be prove their devotion by guaranteeing to support me.

When my husband arrived home that evening I already felt that I was well on my way toward Canada. He seemed dubious. "This may take longer than you think," he said "Luckily I know a man in Ottawa who may be able to tell us how you can get a passport."

He telephoned Ottawa and was told that I should present myself at the British Consulate in New York City and request reinstatement as a Canadian citizen. I should have to fill out certain papers and supply certain information which would be sent to Ottawa where a renaturalization certificate would be issued to me. Upon the receipt of this in New York I could be given a British passport.

It all sounded very simple. But it developed that the British Consulate in New York never arranged appointments, and that it knew little or nothing about the renaturalization of Canadians: this was something to be taken up with the Canadian Legation in Washington or by mail with the proper authorities in Ottawa. If I cared to present myself at the Consulate together with two character witnesses, other than my lawyer, who had known me five years, the matter could possibly be discussed.

I am going to pass over my further misadventures with the British Consulate in New York City as lightly as possible. They included hours and days of needless interviews by supercilious and unwilling clerks; much telephoning about lost or misplaced papers; endless letters and telegrams to Ottawa, for which Ottawa was not in the least to blame. (I might note, parenthetically, that of the three countries whose official conduct I came to know during my travail—the United States, Canada, and Great Britain—Canada's seemed by far the best and the most simple, direct, and intelligent.)

My six weeks' feud with the British Consulate was my introduction to the ways of bureaucracy and it left me with wonderment that such incivility and inefficiency could be tolerated by any democratic government. The only sensible explanation came from an old friend who observed that consulates the world over regard themselves as instruments of obstruction, and not, as the public innocently imagines they should be, as agencies of good will and cooperation.

Eventually my renaturalization papers came through from Canada. I took the oath of allegiance to His Majesty King George VI; the following day I received my passport. I was now equipped with the magic talisman that would admit me legally to the United States providing I could induce an American consul outside the country to place his visa on it.

In the meantime I had also been working on my birth certificate. I had the family bible with the date of my birth written in my father's neat handwriting on the fly leaf, but that was not enough. I had to have a birth certificate as well. I first wrote to the Bureau of Vital Statistics in the city where I was born. I received a humorous reply. All the records had been searched for ten years before and after the date of my alleged birth but no mention of me could be found.

I wrote back explaining why I had to have a birth certificate and imploring that something be done to help me. It was suggested that a search be made of the newspapers of the time to see if a notice or news item about my birth had

been published. After a long search an item was finally located. It mentioned the important fact that a daughter had been born to Mr. and Mrs. G., my father and mother. The item also gave the name of the attending physician. For a brief interval our hopes soared high but then I learned that the doctor had been dead some years.

It began to look as if I should never succeed in getting myself even legally born. Then, by a stroke of luck, I found that the Archbishop who had christened me was still alive. Another exchange of letters followed, the old gentleman providentially remembered the occasion and, forty odd years after the event, had himself taken down to the Bureau of Vital Statistics to register my birth. The gods who sit in the consular offices could be satisfied at last.

The search for a birth certificate began on June 7th. It was concluded *on September 29th!* The correspondence, legal and personal, filled a good-sized file, for I have passed over the dozens of letters I exchanged with friends who had known me from childhood.

III

Contemporaneously, I had been attending to numerous other chores. I wrote to the chiefs of police of the places I had lived, and obtained, for varying fees, statements that they had never heard of me. I had myself fingerprinted at police headquarters in New York and was certified innocent of any recorded crime.

My marriage certificate was somewhat easier. Because I had been married in New York a duplicate was less troublesome to obtain. It took only about a week's time, more than twenty telephone calls, five letters, a chat with the mayor's private secretary, and a fee of three dollars.

I had myself gone over by my doctor and was declared without contagious disease and generally as healthy as a horse.

But such things as birth, marriage, and health certificates were simple and straightforward. Besides these, I had to furnish photostat copies of income-tax returns, royalty statements, affidavits of the value of the real estate I owned in Canada, statements as to my education and social standing, proofs of my affiliations with societies, including a letter from the head of the University which I have the honor to serve as a member of the Board of Governors. Those might seem sufficient references—but apparently not. I had to produce also proof as to future earnings in the form of contracts with my publishers. There were also testimonials as to my good character and general dependability. For the record, I might note that each and every item required letters, telephone calls, interviews and, invariably, another meeting with my lawyer.

I was not the only person in our family whose summer was given over to assembling documents. With the exception of health and marriage certificates, my husband had to furnish practically the same information. There was one difference: he had to provide his data twice over, once in support of my application and once in support of his own petition.

Like myself, he had trouble with his birth certificate. It was unobtainable but he had been an officer in the United States Army and to receive a commission had had to furnish satisfactory proof of birth. This was on file with the Adjutant General of the War Department. Photostat copies were obtained but they were not sufficient for the Consul. And so my husband had to go to the trouble of getting new affidavits from the very same persons whose names appeared on the affidavits furnished the War Department twenty-three years before.

But such irritations were commonplace rather than exceptional. In August, for example, after repeated inquiries from my lawyer, the State Department notified us that the documents accompanying my husband's petition could not be located and would we submit a duplicate set forthwith.

More embarrassing were the lengths to which I was driven to find at least two sponsors who would guarantee to support me should I become a public charge after my admission to the United States. The extent of such support would require the sponsors to reimburse the government for keeping me on relief, about $10 a week.

To appreciate this phase of becoming a legal resident, it should be remembered that I had been living in New York for eight years, that my husband and I had a five-figure income, that he carried heavy insurance in my favor, and that we owned valuable real estate in Canada. Despite these provable assets, I had to produce two guarantors.

This seemed easy. I knew many people of assured financial standing. I wrote to half a dozen friends, explaining the situation and asking each if he would stand good for me. I enclosed my financial statement showing how remote any such necessity appeared. Each friend responded immediately. "Glad to do anything I can. Tell your lawyer to get in touch with me."

My attorney wrote them all, explaining that the Consul would require affidavits as to the sources and size of their incomes, their bank balances, proven assets, and so forth. He also assured them the information was for consular use only and would not be divulged under any circumstances.

The replies were disconcerting. One friend, a man of inherited wealth, sent back everything in the required form. The second wrote in a mood of outraged indignation. He would do anything for me personally, he said, but he was triply damned if he was going to submit to any inquisitorial examination by some snooping civil servant. The third regretted being unable to help because he was having some trouble with the income-tax department. The fourth also regretted: his income came from trust funds and he could not guarantee even $5 a week—half the cost of keeping me on relief. The fifth confessed that he would be a candidate for bankruptcy himself if something didn't happen to Wall Street very soon. The sixth? Well, his property was in his wife's name.

I tried other friends and after six weeks or more of polite evasions, finally turned to an old friend who, I knew, had no income but his salary. For immigration purposes, people on salaries are practically insolvent but it was about my last hope. He gladly agreed to help, and sent me his affidavit. There was something ironical about the fact that my income was larger than his and that I owned property worth more than he would earn in a dozen years.

All the letters, affidavits, tax returns, testimonials, certificates, and so on without end had to be photostated in duplicate so that I could retain possession of the originals. Consular offices, I was warned, had a most distressing habit of misplacing valuable records and there was nothing one could do about it. My dossier was quite impressive when it was finally assembled to be mailed to the American Consul in Canada. It was sent first class, though it weighed nine pounds.

I breathed a sigh of relief when it left. All dreams of a house in the Laurentians in 1940 had long since been put aside. The book I was writing threatened to be the worst I had ever done. I was worn and tired and bruised and battered from my struggles with red tape. But it seemed that at last I might be in a fair way to being legally admitted to the United States.

Weeks passed, I forget how many, and then came a letter from the American Consulate in Canada. I must furnish proof that I had registered under the Alien Registration Act.

My lawyer took me down to the General Post Office, where we were told by officials that they were forbidden to give proof to any alien that he or she had registered. Here was the delightful anomaly of one branch of the Federal Government forbidden to give the data another branch was ordered to demand.

I thought of *Alice in Wonderland* and half expected the Red Queen to join us any moment. We met no one, however, but various clerks and officials, none of whom could do a thing for me because of "regulations." Little by little we rose higher in the building until we finally reached a senior official. He listened to my story, thought for some time, and then called an assistant to him.

"Take this lady upstairs to Mr. A.," he said. "Ask him to watch her while she registers and is fingerprinted. When she has done so, ask him to write me a letter to that effect and sign it. Tell him to bring it down to me himself." He smiled at me. "You had better drop in and see me on your way out," he said.

Upstairs I was registered and fingerprinted and heard Mr. A. dictate a letter saying that he had seen these things accomplished. I called on the senior official again and curiously enough he dropped the letter just where my lawyer could pick it up and slip it in his briefcase. Apparently, this involved maneuver was the only way to place in my hands proof of registration.

The letter was duly photostated and sent on its way to Canada. In due course I received word that my papers appeared to be in order and that it would be proper for me to present myself at the Consulate in Canada any day (except a legal holiday) from Monday to Friday between nine A.M. and twelve noon.

October was drawing to its close. The autumn leaves were falling and from the Laurentians came news of the first heavy frosts. All reasons for going to Canada having long since been eroded from our lives, my lawyer suggested that I might as well postpone my departure to Canada on the off-chance that the State Department might yet get round to answering my husband's petition to have me pre-examined.

My attorney wrote again to Washington and telephoned Ellis Island. November arrived and still I waited. The middle of the month came and went. And then, finally, there came a moment when the whole preposterous business got on my nerves. "Let's forget Washington and Ellis Island both," I said, "I'm going."

IV

On November 18th, armed with my British passport, I set out for Canada. As the plane lifted from La Guardia Field I had an awful moment. Nine pounds of documents had preceded me. I knew there were influential friends on both sides of the border I could call on in an emergency. But I had heard so many stories of the things that could happen to entirely innocent, unobjectionable people that I was terrified that something might go wrong. Perhaps some document had been overlooked . . . perhaps some clerk might take a dislike to me as government clerks can with such impunity . . . perhaps . . . perhaps . . . perhaps . . .

At eight-fifteen the next morning I arrived outside the door of the American Consulate in a Canadian city. There were twenty persons ahead of me, standing in the corridor in a single line. By nine o'clock there were dozens of us. We all seemed to wear the same half-anxious, half-hopeful expression—such as I imagine one would see to-day on the faces in the queues of Europe. But this was not Europe. This was no place more fearful than a corridor leading to the door of an American consular office in a Canadian city.

The door finally opened. A young, well-groomed man stepped into the hall. "Good morning," he said pleasantly. With one accord we flocked round him, clamoring to be heard. I was surprised to find myself screaming louder than anyone. "My name's so and so," I yelled. "The Consul's expecting me. I have an appointment with him for nine o'clock."

"Quite so," the young man answered. "Will you take the first chair over there?" There were indignant mutterings from among the twenty who had

PUBLIC LIBRARY

been there before me. Two of them, an irate Scotch American and his Canadian wife, took the next two chairs. They were from New York where they had lived for many years. The husband was in a magnificent rage at having to come to Canada.

In a short time a smiling nurse came to me. "The doctor isn't here yet," she said, "but I can get one of the girls started on your papers."

I was taken to an inner room and turned over to a Miss X. Miss X. produced a great bulky folio bearing my name, slipped a sheaf of forms into her typewriter and began typing. After a few minutes, she told me that I could wait in the anteroom. "I'll tell Mr. J. you're here," she said. "He'll see you in five minutes." I joined a small gloomy group outside but I felt pretty cheerful. Things seemed to be going very well.

Half an hour passed. Every few minutes someone rushed in or out of Mr. J.'s room. Another ten minutes passed. I tried to catch the attention of one of the young men who kept flitting to and fro. I failed utterly. It dawned on me that I would get nowhere without putting on an act. I didn't want to make myself conspicuous or take advantage of the others, some of whom had been waiting days, and all plainly poorer in the world's goods than I; but one of the worst effects of struggling with red tape for months is the atrophy of one's decent impulses.

I took my courage in my hands and cornered an official. "When is Mr. J. going to see me?" I demanded.

"In five minutes."

"Oh, no," I said. "I heard that an hour ago. I want to see him now or be told the reason why." He excused himself to peek into Mr. J.'s room. "He is just finishing another interview," he said. "I think you can go in now."

Mr. J. was welcoming a very attractive and well-dressed young person with red hair: sex, female. She must have been admitted to the office by another entrance, for I had not seen her before.

So I fell into the hands of a girl clerk. She waved me to a seat beside her desk and then ignored me while she cleared her desk of papers, powdered her nose, and sorted old carbons.

"What do you want?" she finally demanded.

"I don't know," I answered. "I was to see Mr. J. about my visa. Perhaps you want something of me."

Sulkily she disarranged her desk, applied her lipstick, and slipped some forms into her typewriter.

"Where were you born?" "Married?" "Any children?" I had answered all the questions before, ten thousand times, it seemed, and had them notarized. "Are you divorced?" No. "Separated?" No. "Husband living?" Yes. "Live with him?" Yes. "Ever been separated from him?" No. "Are you going to be?"

"I should think not," I answered. "Husbands are hard to get."

She glared at me. "I want straight answers, yes or no."

The questioning continued. I tried to be pleasant and agreeable. Finally we came to the question that causes so much trouble when one is a professional person. "Who is your employer?"

I started to explain. The girl interrupted: "You work, don't you? Then you got to have an employer." In spite of anything I could do the interview became heated. Suddenly my charming young interlocutor called across the room to Mr. J., now alone at his own desk.

"This woman refuses to give straight answers to the questions," she complained. Mr. J. looked up and in a voice like the bull of Bashan ordered me to answer every question. Unaccustomed to being roared at, I found myself roaring back. "I'll give any information that's required of me but this girl can't seem to get it through her head that I am my own employer."

"What do you do?" he thundered.

"I write; books among other things."

"What books? Name them."

I did. What next occurred verged on the miraculous. Mr. J. rose from his desk and smiled. He had read one of my books and liked it! "This lady is her own employer," he said. "Put her down as 'self-employed.'"

I crossed over to Mr. J.'s desk. "I refuse to continue with this girl," I said. "Not even to enter the United States should one have to submit to such behavior." He was very nice about it. He apologized for the stenographer's manners and finished the papers for me.

I was taken to other officials, all of whom now treated me courteously. I was finally turned over to the doctor. He was a young man of good address and professional skill. The examination over, the nurse took me to Miss X. again.

There was more questioning and more typing. The enormous file with my name on it still lay on the desk but Miss X. never referred to it. No new question was asked me. Beyond the medical examination and the presentation of my British passport nothing took place that I hadn't been through before.

Miss X. asked me to take a seat in the outer waiting room. My papers had been found to be in order and I was to receive my visa but there would be a slight delay. As I was leaving this office, a delightfully mannered gentleman greeted me. It was the American Consul himself. He recalled mutual friends who had been in touch with him about me. He hoped everything had gone satisfactorily. He wished me a happy sojourn in the United States.

As I waited in the outer office for my final papers, a young housemaid sat near me, telling her beads with nervous fingers. "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee . . ." she kept saying over and over again. Once she turned to me. "I'm that nervous," she whispered. "Do you think they'll let me in?"

The Scotch American reappeared with his wife and his solicitor. The lawyer was imploring his client to be less voluble. The Scot was angrier than ever. "I'll be damned if I'll keep quiet," he shouted. "I'm an American citizen and a taxpayer. I'm one of the poor ignorant fools that supports this preposterous and abominable nonsense."

Inside the railing behind me two stenographers gossiped as they worked. One fragment of their conversation remains with me. "I've written this dope three times," one said. "Why the hell should I bother with him any more? The man's a sap and I'm going to tell him *no*."

A young doctor, an applicant like myself, sat down beside me. He said he had to talk to someone because he was slowly going crazy. His case was just the opposite of mine. He was a Canadian who had married an American girl. Like myself he had found himself illegally in the United States. He had been at the Consulate three days. His wife was having a baby. His practice was being shot to pieces. He was trying to get a visa but nothing had happened, nothing was happening.

A second man joined us and related a story about a girl, a Canadian friend of his, who had been married to an American in another part of the Dominion. She had been admitted to the States before her marriage and had met her husband there. For personal reasons they had been married in Canada, but to return to the U.S.A. for permanent residence as a married woman she had to have a visa. She presented herself at the local consulate—not the one we were then in—with her passport and her original papers of entry. The bridegroom, a doctor, explained that his wife was delicate and could not stand the heat. He was told that his wife would have to wait her turn. "Could no exception be made?" the worried husband asked. He was told that no exceptions were ever made.

A few hours' waiting at the height of a July heat wave and the girl fainted. The consulate staff were annoyed and sent her home. She returned the next day with a trained nurse and the two

of them sat from nine to five on two successive days. Her papers were in perfect order. All questions as to her desirability had been settled once before. She appeared to be an eminently acceptable citizen. Why the delay—unless perhaps somebody thought she must be taught a lesson?

My name was called. I raised my right hand and swore that everything in my mountainous dossier was true. My passport was stamped with the consular visa. A young man shook hands with me and hoped that I should be happy in the United States.

V

That night I landed at La Guardia Airport. I greeted my husband with a happy glow. Nothing could separate us now. We agreed that it would be best for me to complete the job and take out my American citizenship papers immediately.

At nine the following morning, accompanied by my long-suffering but apparently imperturbable lawyer, I was at the offices of the Department of Naturalization and Immigration in New York City.

My lawyer helped me fill out the necessary papers. I found the process almost nauseating but my lawyer begged me to have patience just a little longer. "This is the final step," he said. "Once it's over you'll never have to worry about it again."

We joined the line of applicants. At twelve o'clock we finally reached the counter where three female clerks were dealing—none too cordially—with applicants.

My lawyer explained that I was the wife of an American citizen, that I had resided in the country for the past eight years and that I wished to take out citizenship papers. "Her entry permit doesn't say she's been here eight years," the clerk answered. "According to this she entered the United States only yesterday. She'll have to be here three years before she can be made a citizen."

There was an argument. My lawyer protested that there had been a new ruling. The clerk had never heard of it.

With a deep sigh, she finally told me we could see "the school teacher." We found a pleasant-faced, round little woman seated on a dais in another room. She confirmed the clerk's statements. Before I could take out citizenship papers I must reside in the United States three years.

"But I have been living here for eight years already. I've paid taxes. I've . . ."

"It all seems very stupid, doesn't it?" she said sympathetically. "Just a moment. I'll speak to the Commissioner."

I was presented to the Commissioner, a tall gaunt man with the saddest face I have ever seen. "The school teacher" stated my case. The Commissioner shook his head with infinite sadness. "What next, what next," he murmured. "Take her to Mr. Z. He is the only one that can rule in such cases."

Mr. Z. was out to lunch and we sat down to wait for him. I don't know how long we actually waited but I do know that for the first time in our six months' association my lawyer became angry and stormed round the place demanding Mr. Z. A short time later that gentleman arrived, marched into his glass-enclosed office, banged the door shut, sat down, and began to read a newspaper.

My lawyer then became really angry. To placate him a frantic young official quoted innumerable sections of innumerable acts to prove that I had not lived in the United States for eight years but only since the previous day. Mr. Z., he admitted, could make exceptions, but Mr. Z. was busy. My lawyer insisted that there had been another ruling. He asked to see the latest immigration regulations. The young man said he was forbidden to show them.

My lawyer cursed, roundly and fulsomely. "By God then," he fumed, "I'll get copies from Washington and if

they haven't been printed yet I'll go down there and see them for myself."

But I shook my head. "You needn't bother," I said. "I'm through. If the United States ever wants me as a citizen they will have to come and get me. I've spent six months doing all the American government demanded of me. I have spent over one thousand dollars in a decent effort to obey the laws of this country. But now I've had enough. I'm through."

Mr. Z. went on reading the sports page and that's how it all ended. Not quite all, for two months later my husband received a notice from Ellis Island saying that I was to report there. His petition for pre-examination had been finally granted.

How do I feel about it all? Perhaps I am not entitled to any feelings. As a non-quota immigrant it may not be any of my business what the attitude or behavior of American officialdom is toward its potential immigrants. But as the wife of an American, who has come to have a deep affection for this country and its people, I feel that I am under an obligation of friendship to let them know how they are being represented. And as a Canadian perhaps I can be granted one bewildered protest; that is of course if half the "good neighbor" talk we hear so frequently is anything more than platform and microphone oratory.

The President and the Secretary of State have expressed their devotion to the good neighbor policy so many, many times. I wonder if they know the extent to which it is honored in the breach. I wonder if they realize the terror that enters the heart and mind of an applicant for a passport visa to enter these United States. Such applicants are soon made aware that they are in the absolute power of a consular staff. They may find themselves exposed to contempt, indifference, and negligence. They may be subjected to arbitrary decisions which seem as often to be guided by whim and prejudice as by common sense and reason. If an applicant gives the slightest trouble, if he begins to appear "difficult," he may be penalized or browbeaten into docile obedience under the veiled threat of being denied admission to the country.

And when I speak of applicants being terrified I am not referring to those tragic souls caught in Spain or Portugal to whom an American visa may mean the difference between life and freedom and the horrors of a concentration camp. I am referring to persons like myself—commonplace, middle-of-the-road persons whose character and respectability can be readily ascertained from scores of other respectable citizens.

Perhaps I could have used influence, but I chose to obey the laws of this country rather than evade them. The result was that I had to pay one thousand dollars for lawyer's fees, traveling expenses, telephones, telegrams (and an infinitude of other items) to enter the United States legally when I had already lived here eight years as the wife of an American citizen. In addition, I lost the best part of a summer's work at a rather critical point in my professional career. It still seems to be a shocking, stupid waste of time, money, and nervous energy.

I don't know where the fault lies or who is to blame. I do know though that in the business world good public relations are considered a first essential of survival. In the hotel business the guest is always right. Department stores, the telephone company, oil and service stations are staffed with courteous, friendly, agreeable people with whom it is a pleasure to do business. These are commonplaces of American democracy. Why should the American government, in its dealings with immigrants, offer such a shocking contrast? I think that Americans—the helpful, kindly, generous, democratic people who are so greatly in the majority—should know that in their name exists an administrative cult that is as stupid and despotic as it is unnecessary and un-American.

BRITAIN'S LAST CHANCE IN INDIA

BY ANUP SINGH

THE war is at the very gates of India. For the first time since 1858 when Britain took over the government of India from the East India Company, the country is facing a real danger from abroad. Any British reversal in the Middle East, and the Axis troops may easily gain a foothold on the Persian Gulf, bringing India within striking distance. Through Iran, or through Russia, should the latter collapse, the northwestern frontier passes that have lured invaders from Alexander down may feel the thrust of Hitler's mechanized hordes. "If we lose India, the linchpin of the British Empire," observed Lord Rothermere back in 1930, "the Empire must collapse, first economically, then politically." Lord Rothermere at that time was perturbed only over Gandhi's Civil Disobedience. But to-day the situation is worse. There is an explosive internal crisis and an ominous external one. To-day India, this "precious jewel in the British Crown" may be in very real jeopardy.

India has always been the hub of the farflung British Empire. Since the war her strategic position has assumed a new significance. Now that the passage through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal has become hazardous, the Imperial Air Line uniting England with Australia via Bagdad, Karachi, Calcutta, Singapore, and with the Far East through India and Siam remains the vital link in the Empire. With Japan's growing hold upon the Pacific and on the riverways and coast of China, the land route through Burma for possible aid to China is becoming increasingly useful. India is rapidly growing to be the arsenal of war supplies. The entire Indian woolen mill industry has been taken over for British military requirements. Some 125,000 pairs of army boots per month for Britain come from India, and her millions of jute sandbags cushion the historic buildings of England against air attack. She produces 2,000,000 tons of pig iron and 1,000,000 tons of finished steel per year, and about 72 per cent of all the steel and iron for her own expanding modern needs. Her iron-ore reserve is the largest in the world. India's Tata works, that copied the methods of the Carnegie steel works in Pittsburgh, are busy to capacity supplying Britain's needs, and they send almost a million tons of iron products yearly even to the United States, particularly to the Pacific coast. India manufactures nearly 90 per cent of her peace army needs of rifles, machine guns, small arms, ammunition, propellers of all sorts, six-inch guns, six-inch howitzers, and anti-aircraft guns. New aircraft industry has recently been established under American supervision. The Indian branches of General Motors and Ford have expanded their plants to supply 25,000 a year additional motor vehicles for military purposes. Shipyards are building naval vessels, torpedo boats, and sloops. Electric cables for demagnetizing British merchant vessels are produced in India, and the Indian chemical industry is turning out a wide

range of chemicals of wartime value. To supplement these supplies further, a new Indian Buying Commission has reached the United States on the heels of one that returned only a few months ago.

India is also a huge reservoir of manpower. To India Britain must turn more and more for this supply if the war continues. There were 160,000 Indian troops at the outbreak of the war, which have since been increased to 500,000, trained and equipped in India, and there are besides 50,000 British troops. Further recruitment proceeds apace. The Indian air force, though still very inadequate, has been quadrupled since the war. The Indian troops, the sturdy Gurkhas, the fierce Pathans, the stalwart bearded Sikhs, the valiant Rajputs, are everywhere to-day defending the outposts of India. In the Middle East they have acquitted themselves splendidly, and have earned the admiration of General Wavell for their valor and tenacity. And the transfer of General Wavell, with his wide war experience, to India as the new Commander in Chief is a possible prelude to further utilization of India's war potentials. The crack British and Indian troops, almost half of India's army, traditionally poised on the frontier in apprehension of the Russian Bear, may now be called upon to come to the rescue of the once dreaded foe.

The tragedy of the India situation is that, in spite of the vast contributions for which both King George VI and Winston Churchill have paid high tribute, the country is not fully alive to her own danger, and therefore not in this war with one mind. It has often been asserted in this country that a united India is behind Britain in this war. That is true only in the sense of an overwhelming anti-Nazi feeling in India, but this feeling is not channeled into willing aid for Britain. If India is of one mind on the war issue, why is it necessary to lock up practically all of India's popular leaders? Why are the jails crowded with political prisoners? Why is the press gagged and assembly forbidden? And why is it necessary for the Viceroy to rule by arbitrary ordinances? No, the political situation is far from happy, and is fast deteriorating. Can steps be taken now to ease the political tension within India so that Britain and India may march together, and can India's moral and material resources be fully mobilized to combat any assault from without? To answer we must first diagnose India's internal situation and analyze the policies and attitudes that block the path to peace in India.

II

After holding back for over a year Gandhi finally launched his Individual Civil Disobedience in September, 1940. The background and the highlights of the nationalist movement in India, the reasons for the clash between Britain and Indian Nationalists at the outbreak of war and the subsequent prolonged deadlock were described in these pages by the present writer in July, 1940. It may be recalled that the Nationalists' refusal to aid Britain was a protest against Britain's dragging India into war without the latter's consent and against Britain's refusal unequivocally to declare her future intentions about India. They refused aid, but did not interfere with war efforts. Of Gandhi I said in July, 1940, "Though he may not strike with full force during the war, the possibility of Civil Disobedience will always lurk in the background." At the time of this writing (July, 1941) Gandhi has restated that he will not strike with full force while the British are engaged in a life-and-death struggle.

But what led to this Individual Civil Disobedience, and what are its implications? On July 27, 1940, after the fall of France, the Indian National Congress, by a resolution of 91 to 63, offered to participate in Britain's war efforts and to abandon Non-Violence in case of external aggression, provided a Provisional National Government representing

all parties were set up for the duration of the war, and a definite pledge were made to grant India self-government within a specified time after the termination of the war. "We are not able," said Abul Kalam Azad, the Congress President, "to take the grave responsibility of declaring that we completely eschew violence even when we have to deal with internal disorder or external aggression." This momentous reversal on the cardinal issue of Non-Violence was prompted no doubt by the apprehension that India's very safety was in danger; as for its fight for freedom from Britain, Congress recommitted itself to the policy of Non-Violence.

The offer to compromise at all on this issue of Non-Violence meant the triumph of realism over ethical idealism. It meant also an unwitting compliment to the British; for by implication it was an admission by the Nationalists that the weapon of Non-Violence, while efficacious against the British, might not avail against others. Shrewd Gandhi was quick to perceive in the compromise another implication, to wit: if Congress could discard Non-Violence now in the case of any new aggressor, what would restrain it in future from discarding it against Britain, the old aggressor, if expediency warranted it? He pleaded against the compromise, but his colleagues carried the day. Britain, however, failed to grasp this opportunity. The Viceroy, the Marquess of Linlithgow, in his statement of August 8th, offered to take a "certain number of representative Indians" into his enlarged executive council, and some on the war advisory council; reiterated Dominion Status as India's goal, and promised India a constitution drafted by a body representative of the principal elements in India's national life—subject to the due fulfillment of Britain's obligations to the minorities and the Princes. In England the conservative press applauded the statement for its definiteness. *The New Statesman and Nation* characterized it as "seriously inadequate" and added, "We shall be surprised if this statement is accepted by the Congress." And their foreboding was right. The Congress protested that its desire not to embarrass Britain at a time of peril had been "misunderstood and despised." The reference to principal elements in India was interpreted by Nehru as meaning the "bejewelled Maharajahs, belted knights, European industrialists and commercial magnates, big landlords, Indian industrialists, representatives of the Imperial Services, and a few commoner mortals. Thus will India exercise her right to self-determination. . . . We shall call this Dominion Status so that everyone may be pleased," commented Nehru. Congress looked upon the expansion of the Viceroy's council as of no value, since the Indians would still be in merely advisory capacity, and the reference to British obligations was once again interpreted as an evasion of the real issue. The Moslem League expressed satisfaction with the Viceroy's statement, but refused, on the grounds of inadequate representation, to participate in the Viceroy's new council. The Congress Working Committee rescinded its previous resolution of compromise, and on September 17th, by a vote of 192 to 7, invited Gandhi to lead the movement as the generalissimo.

Gandhi then had prolonged interviews with the Viceroy. From him he sought the freedom of expression to state the Congress position to the people. The Viceroy reminded Gandhi that even though conscientious objectors in England may profess their faith in public, they are not allowed to dissuade others from aiding in war efforts. And your action, added the Viceroy, would inevitably inhibit war efforts and lead to the very embarrassment you profess to avoid. Gandhi did not admit that the position of his followers in a subject India was analogous to that of the English objectors in free England. He then challenged the Government to vindicate its claim that the people of India were willingly in this war by allowing them to express themselves.

And if Congress is to die, insisted Gandhi, it should do so in the act of proclaiming its faith in Non-Violence in this supreme crisis.

The respective points of view, in themselves eminently valid, could not be reconciled under the circumstances. And the conversations between the Viceroy and Gandhi broke down. "I had hoped," said Gandhi, "to break through the steel wall of reserve and get at the naked truth, but the imperialist Britisher is firmly fixed in his saddle."

Gandhi called upon his trusted followers to court prison by defying the British ban upon speeches against war. In this campaign Gandhi selects the individual, who then notifies the authorities of the place and hour of his proposed speech. Promptly the police appear upon the scene, and the gentleman, or, in some cases, the lady, is forthwith hustled into the wagon and dispatched to the nearest police station. Many covet this privilege—but few are chosen.

The new movement was dramatized, on November 3, 1940, with the arrest and four year sentence of Jawaharlal Nehru, "India's jail-bird." In a prepared statement Nehru reminded the court that no individual had ever been a more vehement opponent of Nazism than himself, but that unless India were given freedom at home, she could not go abroad fighting for others' freedom at Britain's bidding. "If this is the prelude to the freedom that is promised us, or to the new order about which so much is said," read the statement, "then we can well imagine what the latter stages will be when England emerges as a full-blooded fascist state." His arrest was a signal for many more to follow. Several months ago the number of arrests had reached many thousands. It included the present President of the India National Congress, three former presidents, four former prime ministers of Indian provinces, eleven ministers, five speakers of provincial legislatures, seven members of the Congress Working Committee (cabinet), and a hundred odd members of the Congress Executive Committee. And daily arrests continue. Under the Defense of India Rules, printing of any material "calculated directly or indirectly to foment opposition to the prosecution of the war" is forbidden. Editors are required to submit to the authorities for approval all headlines referring to the war. Thus the political party that carried the polls in 8 out of 11 provinces in British India before the war remains at loggerheads with the Government at this moment. Gandhi himself is still at large, for reasons best known to the authorities.

In the absence of direct mass action there may be no serious trouble in India during the war—material may continue flowing uninterrupted. But the unity and the morale of the populace are even more important in these days of total war. This unity and morale India will lack so long as the largest single political body in the country is muzzled.

III

There are other danger spots in India. The Hindu-Moslem tension has been aggravated by Jinnah's persistent and vociferous demands for carving India into religious blocks. Mohammed Ali Jinnah, a brilliant lawyer and one-time ardent Congressman, himself not particularly religious, has banded together under him the more reactionary of the Indian Moslems. Happily there are certain elements among the Moslems themselves who reject Jinnah's plan. Over 30 million Shia Moslems oppose it; Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, the Moslem Premier of the Punjab, has openly denounced it. But midst political turmoil, the alluring promises of fanatics to the poverty-stricken masses that partition is the panacea for their ills constantly make new converts. It is reviving among other communities hidden dreams of their past grandeur. The 4 million Sikhs who ruled the Punjab till 1848 are now casting covetous glances upon what was once their land. And so what was origi-

nally looked upon as a mere bargaining gesture on Jinnah's part is fast becoming a real threat to India's unity. These separatist movements can provide a fertile field for exploitation in the hands of any new aggressors with designs upon India. Such divisions in many other lands have already played havoc. The British policy of encouraging or condoning the excessive demands of every dissentient element in India, shortsighted in the past, is now proving to be suicidal. In these hectic times India with its component parts at cross purposes can neither survive nor lend her united strength to Britain. In the name of protection of minorities the British are still coercing a vast majority. This is no time for Indian communities or Britain to play politics.

The Princes are enthusiastically behind Britain in this war, as they were in the last one. But they are now facing the growing revolts of their heretofore docile subjects. Britain still seems more concerned over her treaties with the Princes than over the rights of their subjects. But in the long run she will find it wiser to win the loyalty and co-operation of millions of these subjects than to count upon the Princes, who when it suited them would strike for their own positions.

The army in India has never had the confidence of the people. Its British wing has always been looked upon as an army of occupation, and the Indians as mercenary troops in the pay of a foreign government. The Indian army remains loyal to the Crown, but to make it national and to bring it closer to the people, the leaders of India have asked for years that the army be officered by Indians. Some small beginnings have recently been made in this direction. India has also grudged that, though 40 per cent of her central budget and 25 per cent of her combined central and provincial budget have for years been spent upon the army, an army so often used abroad for Imperial ventures, Indians themselves have not been given any voice in army affairs. There is considerable resentment in India that the Government is still reluctant to appoint an Indian as Minister of Army.

The Northwestern frontier presents another difficult problem that must be tackled. It is well fortified and its defense is being rapidly reinforced. It is hilly and highly inaccessible, and the temperature of 121°F in the shade will try the mettle of any newcomer. But in this region the traditional hostility of the tribes against Britain has never been fully overcome. Tribal raids upon British territory, though less frequent, still continue. And unless these tribesmen are won over, they can create serious trouble in certain contingencies. "The Pathan will go with you to hell," runs an old proverb, "if you can win his heart, but you cannot force him to go to heaven." He neither forgives nor forgets. It is rumored that Afghanistan, the buffer state between Russia and India, is honeycombed with German technicians. With German penetration in Russia, the fifth columnists around India's gateways can do great mischief.

In spite of the many weaknesses in India's internal structure, she may yet, with Britain's help, survive this war. But what of Britain's own future in India?

What are the British statesmen doing now to ensure it?

IV

In British official circles one finds even to this day tragic lethargy about India. They are holding back, hoping for the best, and even the crushing impact of war has failed to destroy this mood. Certain groups and individuals, however, both in Britain and India, have expressed their apprehension, and have manifested a genuine desire for rapprochement and offered some constructive suggestions. But ground must be cleared regarding some basic issues before practical suggestions for the immediate present can be considered.

Interminable discussion goes on in India over the question of British war

aims. It has been said by British spokesmen and others that embattled Britain cannot be expected to offer a blueprint of the post-war world. But, retort the Indians, in the case of India it is up to Britain alone to declare her intentions, and hers alone is the responsibility. Nothing, they argue, can prevent Britain from making a clear-cut announcement now regarding India—except unwillingness to do so. Britain has recognized India's theoretical right to freedom, but when is it to come? Lord Halifax, long considered an advocate of self-government for India, stated recently in New York that no time can be set when that would be possible. Mr. Anthony Eden, in announcing British war aims, promised Syria—a French mandate—her freedom after the war, but made no reference to India—a British possession. And the implication of this omission was not lost on India.

Britain's repeated reference to her obligations to the minorities and to the Princes is suspect in India, where it is regarded as skillful subterfuge to evade the surrender of her hold on India. Gandhi concedes the existence at present of "an unbridgeable gulf" between the Congress and the Moslem League, but is emphatic that the issue is a domestic one for India alone to solve. Its solution may not be easy. But Britain can make an enduring contribution by frankly declaring that she would stand behind the group that represents the dominant will of the nation. This would immediately induce among the groups the disposition to find a common ground. Further, Britain should state the nature of her real interests in India and the kind of protection she would want.

Mr. Churchill's familiar attitude toward India is another difficulty to-day. For years now he has vigorously opposed every advance in self-government for India. He has always become reconciled to the policy of the government of the day, but has always retained profound misgivings about the capacity of Indians to rule themselves. He has often expressed a paternal solicitude for the welfare of the Indian masses, but he has always held that not the leaders of India, but the Parliament of Britain alone has the wisdom to guide these masses. "It would be monstrous," he declared in Parliament, "if we were to hand over these hundreds of millions of human beings to be exploited and harassed by small bitter and unrepresentative groups, gangs, and cliques." And of Gandhi he once said, "Sooner or later you will have to crush Gandhi and the Indian Congress and all they stand for." He has never realized that for millions of Indians Gandhi is the very soul of India. He has always deplored arousing hopes in India that can never be fulfilled. India wonders if that is the reason for his silence now. Sir Stafford Cripps, when passing through New York before his appointment to Moscow, told the present writer that, in his view, if Churchill ever came to power he would be likely to tackle the Indian problem with vigor and imagination. What happened? On assuming power he invested the Viceroy with full powers to carry on His Majesty's Government, a move that was interpreted in India as an evasion of the troublesome India question. Churchill is reported to be satisfied with India's war contribution, but apparently he does not realize that if he took the lead in winning India, not only would new forces immediately be released, vastly swelling India's war contributions, but a new basis would be laid for India's future co-operation with Britain. Will he act in time?

There is a consensus of opinion among those who are eager to help matters in India that the following steps can be, and should be, taken immediately: The unconditional release of all political prisoners; an invitation to the Nationalists to resume their seats in the legislatures; the enlargement of the Viceroy's Executive Council to represent all the responsible parties in India, and the recognition by the Viceroy of the collective responsibility of Indian members; a

pledge, to be passed by the Parliament now, to grant India the right to determine her own constitution after the war; and, finally, the treatment of India from now on as a Dominion for all practical purposes. To these may be added the appointment of a new Viceroy—preferably a man like Sir Stafford Cripps, who, if he could be spared, would greatly improve matters. Or else he must be some other man of great imagination, of known sympathetic views on India, and one who could transcend the stereotyped outlook of the Viceroy's office.

Efforts are afoot in India to sound out the Nationalists but they will fail unless openly backed by the Government. Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, veteran liberal leader, engaged in peace efforts, reports that unfortunately the Government today is more completely isolated from the public than it has ever been during the past fifty years. If the Government could be induced to leave this cloistered seclusion there would be no lack of response in India.

The Moslem League has expressed its willingness to drop propaganda for the partition plan if it is given a satisfactory number of seats in the Viceroy's Council. The Hindu Maha Sabha, the largest single organization of the orthodox Hindus and a counterpoise against Jinnah's Moslem League, has decried Civil Disobedience and implored the Government to take the lead. The Liberal Federation has requested Amery, the Secretary of State for India, to visit India immediately in company of some colleagues, to make direct contact with the leaders. There are influential business men engaged in the production of new war materials, enjoying increased profits from their many new enterprises, who will give their full support to sincere efforts at ending political hostilities in India. These business men have a vision of a new India, of 400 millions, growing industrialized and prosperous under the impact of this war. With Europe's economics in ruins, Russia facing a dubious future, and Japan under a terrific strain, America and India are the two great countries likely to survive this war with a still somewhat healthy economic structure—unless a prolonged war is to ruin all alike. The Indian business community, alive to its future, would more than any other group welcome an immediate truce in India.

What about the Indian National Congress? Real peace without its co-operation is not possible. It once represented two-thirds of the British India electorates, and its strength and prestige have not suffered since. As has been noted before, Congress offered to help in the war efforts a year ago. Since then many more countries have fallen under Hitler, and India is more in danger now than she was a year ago. It is reasonable to expect that Congress could be induced, on the basis of the aforesaid proposals, to repeat that offer and to withdraw Individual Civil Disobedience. Those who compromised on Non-Violence last year were subjected to biting taunts by the more orthodox, particularly after the offer of compromise was spurned by Britain. They would naturally be more reluctant and cautious now. In jail they have the consolation that they are true to their professions of years and true to the assurances they gave their followers that only a free India would ever fight on Britain's side. Britain therefore will have to offer something tangible to warrant a reversal once more in the Congress policy, and her actions will have to be aboveboard to inspire new confidence. Gandhi, undismayed, would continue to pursue his lofty ideals of Non-Violence in an insane world run amok and to hope that one day "this world, sick unto death of violence," will turn his way. He would remain India's revered saint, but others would guide India's political destiny.

V

Gandhi's critics in India are assailing him for refusing to exploit Britain's peril. Strike now for India's freedom, that is

their cry. But imperturbable Gandhi refuses to be hustled into action. He is restraining himself not because of any fear that Britain's defeat will deliver him to Hitler's mercy, for he has the incredible faith that if the worst befell India he would pit his Non-Violence against Stukas, dive-bombers, and tanks. But he is restraining himself because he does not want to aggravate Britain's plight, and because he considers it unchivalrous and unworthy to exploit his opponent's peril. But—there is only one Gandhi.

There are powerful elements in India that are growing exceedingly restive. They are muzzled now, but how long can Britain hold them down by force and Gandhi check them by gentle persuasion? They do not share Gandhi's unshakable faith in Non-Violence. Among the youth the conviction is fast growing that in these days of Frankenstein military machines, a half-pacifist, half-militaristic India cannot survive. Indian youth is willing and anxious to master the art of killing. Will it forever hesitate to try its skill against Britain?

And Britain does not have many friends left in India. Says Laski, "There is not one popular leader in India with a serious following to whom Britain can appeal for support of the continuance of her rule." And he warns that Britain will risk the loss of India in a far from distant future if the present policy is persisted in. For the first time Britain and India face a common danger. If Britain needs India, so does India need Britain in these turbulent times. The war crisis should have drawn them closer, but they have drifted apart instead. As a matter of self-protection Indians might pool all their resources and fight on Britain's side against the Nazis, especially since all that the Nazis stand for is repugnant to India's spirit. The trouble is that by holding over her the threat of invasion now from Japan, now from Russia, Britain has cried wolf so often, that India may not take seriously any real danger. In any case, after the present war emergency is over, unless bold measures are adopted now, India will at the first opportunity resume her fight against Britain more vehemently and more intensely than ever.

Instead of facing the problem of India to-day, some idealists contemplate its automatic solution after the war when India would have become a member of a new federal union of democracies. They are dangling this prospect before India, but she is not intrigued. After the last war India was made a member of the League of Nations, yet that exalted new international status proved to be nothing more than a juristic fiction that fooled no one, least of all India. India suspects that without having first acquired a status of equality within the British Commonwealth she would suffer a similar fate in any contemplated union. Ruled to-day by arbitrary and suppressive measures, she cannot be any too sanguine about her future at the hands of a victorious Britain. Besides which, the proposed union is as yet no more than a fond dream. It has not elicited so far the support of any powerful group or government anywhere. Furthermore, almost all the active protagonists of the union either carefully omit India, or envisage her participation later, when and if she attains her statehood. And for India the attainment of statehood is the real problem.

In India there is a feeling that Britain hopes after the war to reward those who are standing by her now, and punish those who withhold help. Such a policy would inevitably create a chaos which an exhausted Britain would find hard to control. To carry on then in India she would have to resort to more and more force. How would she, who talks of freedom for all nations, explain away her continued domination of India? But whatever Britain's hopes, given the present temper of the Indian people, such domination would be impossible.

And whatever the outcome of this war, this is Britain's last chance in India.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE ATTACK ON BRAINSTORMS

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

WHILE treating a group of drug addicts at a sanitarium in Berlin in 1927, it occurred to Dr. Manfred Sakel to try insulin on them. This hormone promotes the utilization of sugar in the body, and on theoretical grounds Dr. Sakel believed its effect should relieve the seeming paradox by which a slave of the drug habit requires larger and larger doses of what is essentially a poison. He hoped that by means of the insulin he might free the victim of dependence on the morphine.

It is well known that rapid depletion of sugar from the blood produces profound reactions, so the physician worked out the experiment with animals. A procedure was established, and at length, after many tests, he felt justified in trying it on the human derelicts.

Some of the men reacted to the insulin with convulsions, but most of them broke into perspiration and lapsed into deep sleep. When they came out of their seizure, or were awakened after a few hours of coma, their conduct surprised the doctor. He noticed that the morbid fears and anxieties which habitually oppress addicts had diminished. Odd notions of persecution, jumpy nerves, and other psychotic symptoms were gone.

This unexpected outcome set Dr. Sakel to thinking. If insulin improved the mental climate of the drug-crazed men, what would it do for the frankly insane? He began to try the treatment on mental patients, and was encouraged by many evidences of beneficial results. But the medical authorities of Berlin were for the most part suspicious of his work, and it was not until he moved to Vienna that he found a really sympathetic listener. This was Dr. Otto Pötzl, director of the Neuropsychiatric Clinic of the University of Vienna, who opened the way for Dr. Sakel to test his treatment on every case of schizophrenia entering the clinic. Within a few months the most amazing stories were trickling out of Vienna.

Any reported cure for schizophrenia was bound to attract attention and stir up criticism, for this disease is widely regarded as the most distressing mutilation of mentality that humankind has to bear. Perhaps that is because it usually strikes when its subjects are in their teens or early twenties, and dooms so many young people to "a veritable living death, devoid of emotional life as others savor it." Schizophrenia is a form of chronic brainstorm in which the victim manifests a split personality, is often dominated by imaginary voices and other hallucinations, sometimes addicted to violences of the most offensive kind. The word is new but the condition is at least as old as medicine and, as Dr. Roy G. Hoskins points out, "can be recognized in the devil-possessed people of biblical and medieval times." The witches of Catholic Europe and Puritan New England, whose delusions, hallucinations, and odd behavior brought them to the stake or the gallows three hundred years ago can be paralleled in many a mental hospital to-day.

The treatments in Vienna began in May, 1933, and soon Dr. Sakel had records of fifty cases that had been brought to the clinic. Ordinarily, after classification, these patients would have been transferred to state hospitals for the usual forms of psychotherapy, but under the new arrangement each was subjected to insulin treatment. In some cases metrazol also was administered. Injections were given daily or on alternate days for periods of from four to eight weeks. The treatment failed in six patients, and they were eventually sent to state hospitals for further attention. But forty-four of the fifty were so markedly benefited that they returned to their homes and resumed their previous occupations.

The restoration of reason was a gradual process. For example, there was a young woman whose hallucinations took the form of letters, figures, and other symbols on her upper arm which her intended husband had tattooed from a distance. After sixteen days of insulin treatment she said "I believe my sight is getting poor, for I don't see the marks on my arms." Some hours later she saw them again. But during the next bout with insulin they disappeared and were absent for a longer time. And so it was with each repetition of the treatment, until finally the imaginary markings dropped out of her consciousness altogether. "Nevertheless," adds Dr. Sakel, "it was long before she admitted the unreality of the visions," so stubborn is the fixed delusional pattern. Eventually her wild storms calmed, and thinking and feeling were channeled again into orderly pathways.

Theories have been proposed to explain why insulin exerts a reforming influence on the sick brain, but there is no agreement among the experts. The mechanism of schizophrenia is a mystery, and it is not strange if the mechanism of its relief is equally hidden. Admitting that the treatment is purely empirical, many psychiatrists nevertheless have found it a godsend in thousands of cases that were drifting into stark madness—men and women who a few years ago were confined in institutions, and who to-day are going about "clothed and in their right mind" thanks to the powerful chemisms invoked by the hormone.

Results vary from hospital to hospital. In 1940 a survey was made of the patients that had been treated in the New York State hospitals. To see how lasting were the effects, only those whose treatment had ended prior to March, 1938, were considered. There were 1,039 such cases in the records; and when the accounting was made in March, 1940, it was found that 132 remained completely recovered, 148 were much improved, and an additional 192 showed some improvement. Thus a total of 472 persons, or more than forty-five per cent, were either recovered or improved two years after termination of the treatment. Before accepting these figures, however, a cautious critic would want to know what percentage of schizophrenic patients recover spontaneously, without pharmacological treatment.

As Sakel was working out his technic and demonstrating its usefulness in Austria, a psychiatrist in nearby Hungary was prospecting the possibilities of shock treatment from another point of view. This was Dr. Ladislaus von Meduna of the Royal Hungarian State Institute for the Insane. Dr. Meduna had been studying brain anatomy and was impressed with a structural difference between schizophrenics and epileptics. In the epileptic there was a characteristic overdevelopment of the web of tissue which interconnects the nerve cells of the brain; whereas in schizophrenics this connective tissue was scant and underdeveloped.

Meduna listed other contrasts also. There was the observation that schizophrenia and epilepsy rarely occur in the same individual. He remarked on the fact that the victims of schizophrenia were usually persons of thin bodies and angular features, whereas epileptics gen-

erally were stocky, broad, and heavily built. Of course there were exceptions, "nature does not recognize our rigid categories"; but by and large schizophrenics tend to be thin and epileptics to be thick. It had been noticed, moreover, among a small group, that when schizophrenics did have epilepsy their insanity abated following an epileptic convulsion.

All these contrasts added up to one conclusion in Meduna's mind: the idea that schizophrenia and epilepsy were incompatible conditions.

If so, he reasoned, why not make use of this antagonism? If schizophrenics are improved by convulsions, and if they are not naturally afflicted with epilepsy, let us use artificial means to induce a seizure and thus oppose the insanity with its natural antagonist.

It is well known that certain drugs will bring on convulsions. Dr. Meduna chose camphor for his early experiments. In later tests metrazol (cardiazol) was tried, and to-day it is so generally preferred by those who espouse the Meduna procedure that the treatment is widely known as metrazol therapy.

The metrazol is injected into a vein and a violent convulsion follows within a few seconds. The seizure lasts thirty to eighty seconds, with alternate jerks, writhings, and spasms of rigidity, after which the patient drops into profound sleep which lasts for several minutes. Metrazol treatment is more rapid than insulin treatment, making it possible to care for more patients within a given time. In 1939 Drs. Meduna and Emerick Friedman reviewed 2,937 cases that had been treated with metrazol, and reported 737 full remissions—a little better than twenty-five per cent.

Although it was Meduna's guiding idea that the epileptic condition selectively opposes schizophrenia, many physicians report that metrazol shock is more successful against other forms of insanity —particularly chronic states of melancholia and of mania—whereas insulin shock is more often successful against schizophrenia. However, there have been some dramatic cases of schizophrenics who had repeatedly failed to improve under insulin treatment, on whom metrazol was tried with encouraging results. The opposite has also been observed: cases that did not yield to metrazol have later been treated successfully with insulin. Patients that show resistance to one method and later respond to the other have been called "crossed cases," and Meduna suggests that stubborn schizophrenia should have each method tried in succession. "Meanwhile," he adds, "we shall have time to undertake exact biological studies, and in this way perhaps learn just what goes on in the organism during the treatment."

Apparently something very drastic goes on, for the violence of metrazol shock has resulted in not a few cases of dislocated jaws, broken legs, fractured vertebrae, and other injuries which occur in the split second of a severe jerk or contortion. Because of this and other suspected injuries, and the terror which repetition of the treatment invokes in its subjects, many psychiatrists refuse to make use of metrazol. Some have frankly called it "a perfectly dreadful drug."

Others hail it as a blessing. "In my opinion," said Dr. A. E. Bennett of the University of Nebraska School of Medicine, "it is one of the real revolutionary therapies of modern psychiatry. Its use is still empiric," but it "will remain until replaced by some more specific measure, since there is something fundamentally sound in this therapy."

At the same time the hazards are real and are not to be ignored, and during 1941 considerable attention was being given a rare drug used to soften the shock. This drug is curare, a vegetable extract first used by South American Indians to poison arrow tips. Claude Bernard studied the action of curare many decades ago and proved that it is harmless when administered by mouth. Since then various applications have been tried. In experiments at the Lin-

coln State Hospital in 1940 Dr. Bennett demonstrated that when curare was given a few minutes in advance of the metrazol injection the violence of the convulsion was moderated, and the percentage of fractured bones was considerably reduced. Indeed, he reports that curarization has eliminated "all traumatic hazards."

Dr. Meduna grants that metrazol makes brutal inroads on the human system but suggests that such may be necessary to "dynamite" the pathological sequences and restore the diseased brain to normal functioning. Perhaps, he concludes, as our knowledge of the "crossed cases" increases we may learn of less violent means of breaking the series of events leading to schizophrenia, and be able to discard the shock and coma of the insulin treatment and the epileptic seizure of the metrazol treatment. Then "we shall provoke directly the slow chemical processes that now can be stimulated only by the explosive mechanisms of the two methods of treatment."

II

More recently a third mechanism has been put to use against brainstorms. This is the electroshock method developed by Drs. Ugo Cerletti and L. Bini at the Clinic for Nervous and Mental Diseases in Rome. They made preliminary experiments with dogs in 1938, and began to try the electricity on a few psychotic patients. Medical men in France, Germany, and England took up the method, and late in 1939 reports of successful treatments began to appear in the British medical press. About this time the technic reached America.

To receive electroshock the patient lies on a table, two pads of rubber faced with interwoven strips of thin copper are adjusted to his temples, and a minute current of electricity ranging in force from seventy to a hundred volts is passed through his head for a fraction of a second. At the instant when the current begins to flow the patient becomes unconscious, presently his legs and arms twitch, he is shaken with a convulsive fit, drowses off, awakes a few minutes later. It is said that the terror of repeated treatment is absent. Perhaps this is a consequence of the fact that patients lose consciousness instantly and have none of the aura that precedes metrazol convulsions. The reported recoveries range from fifteen to fifty per cent.

Manic depressive insanity, which only rarely yields to insulin, shows a fairly high rate of remission under electroshock —as it does also under metrazol shock. This form of brainstorm is one of mood. In its manic phase the patient goes through a period of weeks, months, and it may be years, in a state of high elation and exaggerated excitement, only to fall into the alternate mood of depression, melancholia, self-reproach, often with efforts at self-destruction. A report from Drs. Lauren H. Smith, Joseph Hughes, and Donald W. Hastings shows that of thirteen manic depressive patients electroshocked at the Pennsylvania Hospital twelve recovered sanity and only one showed no improvement. During the same period three cases of schizophrenia were treated and not one responded favorably. The electricity proved to be fairly successful, however, against involutional melancholia, a mental disorder of middle age. Of thirteen such cases, six recovered, five improved, and only two failed to respond. Approximately similar results have been reported from other hospitals.

A still newer treatment for mental disease makes use of refrigeration. It was first announced in the spring of 1941 by Drs. John H. Talbott and Kenneth J. Tillotson of Boston. They reported on ten schizophrenics who had failed to benefit from insulin, metrazol, and other agencies. The patients were given a light anesthetic to make them less sensitive to cold, were wrapped in rubberized blankets through which a fluid refrigerant circulated, and by these means their temperature was reduced below the nor-

mal 98.6° F. Each treatment lasted from twenty-four to seventy-two hours, during which internal body temperatures were maintained between 90° and 80°, with even lower readings reached for brief intervals. One patient, a young woman who had not spoken to anyone for two years, talked fluently and logically when her temperature was around 89°, but lapsed into confused speech when the thermometer rose to 93°. After her third session with refrigeration her mental condition remained more nearly lucid with only an occasional schizophrenic phase. Of the ten patients treated, satisfactory results are reported of four.

Whatever the agency used—whether it be refrigeration, electricity, insulin, metrazol, or some other drug—these forms of treatment are severe. The patient's body, particularly his central nervous system, receives a stunning blow which jolts it out of its accustomed routine. Quite apart from the hazards of bone fracture referred to earlier in this article, there is evidence that brain cells are damaged and perhaps destroyed by these drastic changes in the internal environment. In some instances patients have continued to have convulsions after termination of the treatment, thus adding epilepsy to their dementia. Moreover, there have been patients who showed very marked improvement and apparent recovery but later relapsed into insanity. Many psychiatrists fear the long-term results of these violent disciplines, believe that their value has not been proved, regard the various drastic therapies as still in the experimental stage.

On the other hand, there are those who argue that the destruction of diseased cells may be beneficial. They reason that the various shock treatments may be selective in their action, eliminating the diseased cells and thereby clearing the brain of its disorderly units.

Few would counsel using violent means when equally beneficial results can be obtained by gentler tactics. "The curing by psychological methods, whenever possible, remains the ideal procedure," advise Drs. F. Humbert and A. Friedman of the Berne Psychiatric Clinic, "because it is better to guide the thinking processes than to deaden them."

But every physician knows cases in which psychotherapy has failed to penetrate the shell which splits the personality into two worlds. "I am hard as ice, and yet so full of feeling that I am almost sentimental," declared the schizophrenic Strindberg. And Kretschmer quotes another as saying, "There is a pane of glass between me and mankind." Often nothing will break through this formidable barrier but some potent shock—or even the surgeon's knife.

Surgery for the relief of insanity is perhaps the most drastic of all the technics so far devised. The operation is called prefrontal leucotomy, meaning the cutting of white matter in the lobes of the brain which underlie the forehead. The knife severs the connection between these frontal cells of the cerebral cortex, and the cells of the ancient inner brain which tops the spinal column, the thalamus.

The surgical procedure was devised by Dr. Egas Moniz of Portugal in 1935. Drs. Walter Freeman and James W. Watts, of the George Washington University School of Medicine, were the first to use it in the United States. They modified the operation, and introduced a new form of knife and other instruments which have proved useful. Drs. Freeman and Watts restricted their early service to cases of involutional melancholia and other disorders associated with middle age.

But at the Institute of the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia it was decided to try the surgery on schizophrenics as a last resort. Candidates for the operation were selected by Dr. E. A. Strecker from a group of apparently hopeless cases. All had been malignantly insane for more than five years, all had failed to benefit from insulin, metrazol, and other treatments, all were completely possessed by delusions and haunted by hallucinations

of the most distressing kind, stormy, violent, habitual disrupters of hospital morale. Four women and one man were chosen, the youngest twenty-five, the oldest thirty-nine. The operations were performed by Dr. Francis C. Grant.

"In prefrontal leucotomy recovery must not be expected," said the conservative Dr. Strecker in reporting these cases, and then he added that "all five patients improved." However, comparison of their behavior before the operation with their behavior since shows that the improvement has been very substantial, and in one instance can be described as revolutionary. This was a woman who was plagued with voices, voices so torturing in their persistence that she begged the doctor to puncture her ear drums so that she could not hear the eternal taunts and threatenings. Driven by these hallucinations, she was most unmanageable, given to atrocious conduct, apparently a hopeless case of deterioration. She underwent the operation six years ago, and the transformation was like a miracle. To-day that woman is a matron of charm, she has married, has even had a baby (though against the doctor's advice), and is a completely reoriented, socially attractive, apparently normal personality. It is doubtful if in all the annals of mental disorder a more complete or more dramatic "improvement" can be found.

Results such as these have rendered untenable the old concept of insanity as a mysterious psychological ill that yields only to psychological treatment. As Dr. Foster Kennedy said in an appreciation of Sakel's insulin therapy—and the remark applies to the other innovations described—"we shall not again be content to minister to a mind diseased merely by philosophy and words."

III

Philosophy and words, with which the medieval priest exorcised the spirits of demoniac possession, have departed also from the treatment of epilepsy. This "sacred disease" is not insanity, and yet it involves sporadic brainstorms of a most distressing character, and during the storm, or "seizure" as it is still euphuistically called, the epileptic is certainly out of his mind.

But epilepsy is a twilight zone in the realm of brain disorders, a shadowy region in which so many of the world's heroes have struggled and triumphed despite their infirmity, that the Italian physician Lombroso was led to describe genius as akin to the epileptoid character. Julius Cæsar, Mohammed, George Fox the Quaker, the poets Byron and Swinburne, the novelists Flaubert and Dostoevski, the essayist Charles Lamb, the musicians Mendelssohn and Paganini, the mathematician Blaise Pascal—epileptics all—have provided abundant evidence that the disease need not damage the mental faculties nor retard their use between seizures.

A striking demonstration of the educability of the brain after years of thralldom to epilepsy was reported to the 1940 meeting of the American Psychiatric Association. The case was that of a young man whose illness dated from childhood. At the age of four he had suffered a stunning fall on the head. He seemed to recover, but two years later, in the spring of his first year at school, he suddenly went into an epileptic convulsion, the first of a terrifying series. Sometimes he had as many as eighteen in a single day. It was impossible thereafter for him to attend school or even to be taught at home because of the frequency and violence of his convulsions. This had been going on seventeen years when, in October, 1939, the parents brought their son to Dr. Howard D. Fabing in Cincinnati.

The neurologist found it difficult to get much conversation from this twenty-three-year-old boy, who at home had sat awkwardly crumpling tinfoil, winding and unwinding a ball of twine, and staring vacantly out of the window.

It is usually possible to repress epileptic

symptoms with sedatives, though the drugs stupefy the patient and can hardly be said to give him more than a dulled reprieve. Special foods have been beneficial in many cases, particularly the ketogenic diet which is rich in fats and poor in proteins and carbohydrates. But these methods had already been tried with this boy, and something else was needed to get at his deep-seated disorder.

Fortunately a new remedy was available. It had been developed by two Boston neurologists, Drs. H. H. Merritt and Tracy J. Putnam, who set out to find a drug that would prevent epileptic seizures without making the patient drowsy. Their discovery is an impressive example of planned research in which a specific result was sought and found, not by accident, but by carefully reasoned design. They used cats as their experimental animals, and by means of electrical shock threw the cats into convulsions. They determined the threshold voltage, the electrical load that would just suffice to bring on this artificial epilepsy, and then dosed the animals with drugs to see which would raise the threshold and make it more difficult to induce the fit. Some two hundred chemicals were tested, and the one that came out with highest honors was a white powder, a synthetic compound of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and sodium. It has been named dilantin. Since Merritt and Putnam first announced their results in 1937 dilantin has been administered to thousands of epileptics, and more than seventy per cent of them have found the drug a veritable staff of consciousness. In case after case it has been demonstrated that so long as the patient takes his daily capsules he remains free of seizure.

But the overgrown boy in Cincinnati was an exceptional case, and it was recognized that his long-established chronic condition would provide a supreme test. Dilantin was administered, repeated the next day, again on the next. Then—it seemed unbelievable!—for the first time in seventeen years he spent an entire day without a convulsion.

What about mental performance? It was a question whether a brain that had lain fallow so many years could be educated. The neurologist called in as collaborator the psychologist Dr. Doris Twitchell-Allen. She decided to take the young man into her home as a member of her family, and during the next four months his course was under twenty-four-hour daily observation and guidance. An important element of this program was the tutoring by Mrs. Richard B. Freeman, beginning with elementary reading and arithmetic.

The result was astounding. Freed by dilantin from epileptic seizures, the pupil applied himself and learned rapidly. In a matter of weeks he had finished the first reader. He quickly caught on in mathematics, memorized the multiplication tables. Gradually he overcame some of his fears of physical effort and began to play ball, badminton, and croquet.

When Drs. Fabing and Twitchell-Allen made their first report in May, 1940, the young man had been under the combined influence of daily dilantin and psychological guidance for six months, and within that period his mental age had advanced from six years to ten years. Then followed six months at the Devereux Tutoring Schools in Berwyn, Pennsylvania. At the end of this period the student had progressed to the point where, though academically still a grade pupil, he could undertake more independent living. Through an arrangement with the College of Education of the University of Cincinnati he was tutored at the university by a graduate student. This experience, as well as association with other students, contributed in innumerable ways to his development. At last accounts, fortified by his daily dose, the young man was still free of seizures, still progressing in his studies—a remarkable demonstration of the close dependence of performance on chemical foundations.

IV

Fundamental to the modern study of epilepsy is the machine for recording brain waves—the electroencephalograph, as it is learnedly called by the technicians. According to Dr. W. G. Lennox and his associates at the Harvard Medical School, the apparatus reveals that the number of persons who carry a constitutional predisposition to epilepsy and allied disorders is twenty times as great as the number actually subject to seizures.

This means that, in addition to the 500,000 in the United States who have frank epilepsy, there is a "veritable sea of persons," estimated at some 10,000,000, who have a disturbance in the electrical pulsations of their nervous systems. Under ordinary conditions their internal environment, the circulating blood which conditions and determines the functioning of their brains, remains in equilibrium. But given extraordinary conditions—a shattering emotional shock, a physical injury to the brain, or severe dysfunction of some gland or other organ affecting the brain—and these potentials may possibly become actuals. Then their disordered brain waves may break out of control and manifest themselves in open seizures, or in some allied condition.

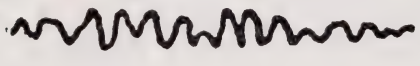
The recording machine was invented by a German neurologist, Dr. Hans Berger. Earlier investigators had detected cerebral electricity, but the currents were too weak for systematic study until Dr. Berger recognized in the radio vacuum tube an elegant means of magnifying these impulses to appreciable values. He attached wires to electrodes placed on opposite sides of a man's head, connected these to a powerful vacuum-tube amplifier, magnified the impulses a million times, and caused the brain currents to write their fluctuations on a moving tape. Dr. Berger noticed that there were patterns characteristic of repose, wakefulness, and other mental states. He tried his instrument on a group of epileptics and observed that their waves during seizures were different from those recorded when seizure free—a finding that was soon confirmed at other research centers.

One of these places is the Boston City Hospital. Its special interest in epilepsy began in 1923 when a wealthy New Yorker gave the Harvard Medical School a fund to support investigation in this field. He had a son severely plagued with seizures, for whom the medical men had been able to work no miracle. Finally the father took his boy to an osteopathic doctor in Battle Creek who treated epilepsy by a system of fasting. The child's condition improved under this starvation program, and for a while there was great encouragement; but eventually the convulsions began to recur. Then it was that the father offered his gift to Harvard, beseeching its doctors to see if they could discover the how and the why of this distressing disease. Since dietary control had helped his son's condition, even if only temporarily, it seemed reasonable to believe that somewhere in the chemistry of the body lay the secret of epilepsy—and the secret of its cure.

The Harvard Epilepsy Commission was established to receive and administer this and other gifts. The commission has been the activator of many research projects, particularly in the Boston City Hospital where one of the world's principal clinics for the treatment of epilepsy now operates. It was here that Drs. Merritt and Putnam discovered the use of dilantin. And it is here that Drs. Lennox, F. A. and E. L. Gibbs, and others skilled in neurology, biochemistry, and biophysics, are investigating the flesh-and-blood conditions associated with epilepsy.

They are studying brain waves and charting the differences. Each human being has his characteristic pattern, as individual as his handwriting, but in general there is a certain frequency which is fairly standard for normal persons in health. This normal frequency is around

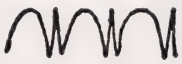
ten per second for the large waves, known as alpha waves. Here is a typical recording of a normal:



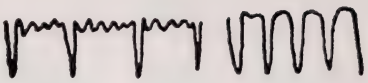
In an epileptic the waves are more stormy and come more slowly, generally at the rate of six or seven a second until he approaches a seizure. Then the pattern changes, and the nature of the change depends on the kind of seizure that possesses him. If the attack is of the violent kind known as *grand mal* the waves accelerate very rapidly, and at the height of the convulsion may swing back and forth at the rate of twenty-five a second. Here is a characteristic record of this kind made by a patient during a grand mal seizure:



If the epilepsy is of the milder transient type known as *petit mal*, in which the victim becomes momentarily unconscious and shows only slight if any convulsion, the waves usually are mixed, alternately fast and slow. Here is a typical record made during a seizure of this kind, showing a combination of alternate waves and spikes at the rate of about three a second:



There is still a third kind. The patient does not experience a fit, but lapses into a state of amnesia during which he may perform many odd and irrational acts of which he retains no memory. The Flemish painter Vincent Van Gogh was afflicted with this *psychomotor* type of epilepsy, and during an attack cut off one of his ears and presented it to a woman friend. The following was recorded from a patient during a psychomotor attack, the waves measuring about six a second:



These departures from normal have been named by Dr. Lennox "cerebral dysrhythmia," and he found that they enabled him to identify more precisely the nature of the epilepsy affecting a patient. Drs. Gibbs and A. M. Grass devised an electrical scanning apparatus for reading the 'grams, thus facilitating a quick and exact analysis. And it has been established that very slight differences in the height and form of the waves, as well as in their frequency, have diagnostic significance. In cases showing mixed epileptic symptoms it was often possible from the waves to determine which type of electrical storm was predominant. The waves also give preliminary warnings of seizures, and occasionally a grand mal convulsion has thus advertised itself hours in advance—somewhat as a distant thunderstorm betrays its approach through radio static.

In 1937 Dr. Lennox was treating an afflicted boy whose dysrhythmia was unique, yet carried the characteristic marks of his type of epilepsy. He thought it would be interesting to get a record of the brain waves of the child's parents. They readily agreed, and the father's waves proved to be of the slow kind, similar to those generated by his epileptic son. There were two other children in the family, and it turned out that neither of them had a normal pattern. Thus in this family of five only the mother had normal brain waves. The father and three children carried the epileptic pattern, though only one of them, the boy who was under treatment, had shown convulsions or other symptoms of the disease.

Since then it has been the practice at the Boston City Hospital to request a recording not only of the patient applying for admission to the epileptic clinic but also of the parents, brothers, and sisters. The collected data show that dysrhythmia is present in about sixty per cent of

the close relatives of patients. In a group of fifty-five epileptics it was found that nineteen were born of parents whose brains carried the telltale pattern in both father and mother, thirty-three had it in one parent, and only three had parents whose waves were normal.

On the basis of these studies it seems indicated that dysrhythmia is determined by a dominant gene in human heredity, that its presence in the brain indicates a predisposition to epilepsy or some allied disorder, and that marriage between persons who carry grossly abnormal brain waves is eugenically undesirable. Even though neither member of the pair may ever have shown any symptom of epilepsy, the chance of their producing an epileptic child is greater than that resulting from marriage between an epileptic and a person of normal brain rhythm.

The waves reflect the electrical activity of the ten billion cells which make up the cortical tissue of the brain. These cells may be likened to so many batteries whose frequency and intensity of electrical discharge are determined by relations between the chemicals which fill the cells and those which circulate outside in the blood. Thus electrical activity depends on the nature of the chemical mixture which is the brain and its circulating medium, and we arrive at the conclusion that epilepsy is an effect of disordered body chemistry.

The researchers at the Boston City Hospital have been exploring this disordered chemistry. They have found a difference in blood content, not only between epileptics and non-epileptics, but also between the epileptic in a grand mal seizure and the same in a petit mal seizure. The chief difference lies in the carbon dioxide of the blood. By means of a delicate procedure samples of blood have been taken from an artery entering the brain and also from a vein leaving the brain. These samples have been drawn before, during, and following seizures. Blood analysis shows that patients with grand mal tend to have higher-than-normal concentrations of carbon dioxide, whereas those with petit mal tend to have lower-than-normal; and the differences are most marked at the onset of a seizure. These results correlate with the electrical measurements—low carbon dioxide with slow waves, high carbon dioxide with fast waves. Presumably, if we could control the carbon dioxide of the blood we should iron out the electrical dysrhythmia, and with its restoration to normal, relieve the epilepsy.

V

Schizophrenia (which frequently shows abnormal brain waves) also has its disturbed chemistry, as several studies disclose. One of the most comprehensive investigations is that which has been under way for several years at the Worcester State Hospital in Massachusetts, where Dr. Roy G. Hoskins and his associates have followed the records of three hundred patients. They report that the schizophrenic person is quite as abnormal in body as he is in mind.

His resting blood pressure is low, averaging around 100, to compare with 120 and higher for the normal person of equal age. His pulse is slow, around 59, against 65 and faster for normals. His oxygen consumption is only about eighty-nine per cent of normal. Another striking difference shows in his utilization of protein. The more protein the normal man eats the more fuel his body burns—but in the schizophrenic this is not so. Apparently he does not get the normal stimulation from protein consumption.

Thus the schizophrenic body lives at a slower rate than the normal, the heart pumps more slowly, the blood flows under reduced pressure, the oxygen consumption is low. Dr. Hoskins calls attention to the fact that the normal man's body slows its activities in just these same ways when he is asleep, a circumstance which fits the picture of the schizophrenic as one who lives in a dream.

"His dream differs from your dream and mine mostly in that on awakening

from sleep the dream is not dismissed," said Dr. Hoskins. "The activities of the dream are carried on, rather than merely being visualized. The schizophrenic state and the dream state are strikingly similar in the free use of symbolism. Things do not mean what they seem, but what they signify in the patient's own particular code. If the reader will imagine that he has been awakened from a vivid dream, but that as he went about his affairs the dream continued to occupy the greater part of his attention, to dominate his thought and his activity, he will have a sufficiently accurate picture of schizophrenia for the purposes of this discussion. Largely it is a manifestation of more or less disguised wishes or fears masquerading as accepted reality."

Perhaps most of us at some time have dreamed that we were Napoleon or some other mighty one—or that we heard mysterious voices—or that we saw horrible things tattooed on our body—or that we were being spied on by an agent of evil. Indeed, "in our dreams we are all rather schizophrenic," as Dr. Hoskins continues, but when we wake up and the oxygen supply increases, and the heart beat quickens, and blood pressure mounts to normal, we slough off Napoleon, and forget the voices, the tattoo, and the spies.

Is this horrible disease, then, a thing of low oxygenation and other purely chemical operations that might be corrected if only we knew their controls? It would seem so. In the schizophrenic man there is a lack of equilibrium, a faulty homeostasis, and the tortures of a mind diseased are apparently a reflection of this fundamental disturbance of body chemistry. Years ago Claude Bernard postulated his theory that the constancy of the internal environment of circulating blood was the condition that freed man from the eternal fluctuations of the outer world and gave the brain a chance to develop its higher faculties. It is not strange if disruption of these chemical equilibria should disturb the brain and distort its functioning.

Here is a field that begs for scientific research. The amount of money devoted to systematic study of psychiatry is pitiful, especially when we consider the magnitude and importance of the human problems involved. One industrial company spends more on radio investigation than all the medical institutions of the United States together spend on systematic research into disorders of the mind. More than half of all the hospital beds in the United States are occupied by victims of mental disease—but scarcely two per cent of the graduates of the medical schools go into psychiatry.

Perhaps a change is on the horizon. The various therapies discussed in this paper have not only shocked certain insane persons into new life but they have had a considerable effect on the medical profession itself. The mental hospitals have been put on their toes. A bold question mark has been set on the category of "hopeless" in all future classifications of patients. Despite the justifiable protests against the empiricism, the brutality, and the hazards of the various drastic technics, more than a few "deteriorated cases" that were dreaming out their lives in forgotten corners of hospitals, have been snatched back to sanity, have been enabled to demonstrate that their brains were not deteriorated, and new encouragement has been injected into the entire fraternity of psychiatry. Possibly this will open the way to the expanded research that is so greatly needed, attracting both the gifted men and the necessary dollars to finance their studies.

"THE CHICAGO SCHOOL"

BY MORTIMER J. ADLER

"I HAVE the duty on Monday of reporting at a 'Philosophical Conference' on the Chicago School of Thought. Chicago University has during the past six months given birth to the fruit of its ten years of gestation under John Dewey. The result is wonderful—a *real school*, and *real Thought*. Important thought too! Did you ever hear of such a city or such a University? Here we have thought, but no school. At Yale, a school, but no thought. Chicago has both. . . ."

So wrote William James to Mrs. Henry Whitman in October, 1903. We have no record of the report he gave to his colleagues at Harvard, but the general tenor of his remarks can be gathered from a review he wrote shortly thereafter of philosophical papers by Dewey, Mead, Angell, and others, reprinted from the first series of Decennial Publications. "The rest of the world," he began, "has made merry over the Chicago man's legendary saying that 'Chicago hasn't had time to get round to culture yet, but when she does strike her, she'll make her hum! Already the prophecy is fulfilling itself in a dazzling manner. Chicago has a School of Thought! —a school of thought which, it is safe to predict, will figure in literature as the School of Chicago for twenty-five years to come." And he went on to say that the work of Dewey and his disciples presented "a view of the world, both theoretical and practical, which is so simple, massive, and positive that, in spite of the fact that many parts of it yet need to be worked out, it deserves the title of a new system of philosophy."

This September the University of Chicago celebrates its fiftieth anniversary. This September the world may not have time or patience to give much attention to an academic celebration—to its learned symposia, its recital of degrees *honoris causa*, its ritual of eulogy. But if there is still any time left for us to think about what we are doing we might well use a little of it to consider the institution and development of a university which, more than any other, reflects the temper of *our* culture. Universities in general may symbolize the achievement of European civilization—the endurance of which now seems to depend upon soldiers, not gentlemen or scholars; but the University of Chicago, like the city in which it was founded, is almost one hundred per cent American.

When Chicago got around to culture she was not content to make it hum. She turned out an American brand. It was not merely a "new system of philosophy"—the pragmatism or humanism which William James applauded—but a new orientation of the higher learning itself. President Harper accepted the definition of a university as "an agency recognized by the people for resolving the problems of civilization"; but from the beginning, and increasingly ever since, Chicago's university applied this maxim by doing the sort of work which took its bearings from, and exerted influence upon, the main directions of American life. The pragmatic philosophy of Dewey and others simply made articulate the principles of this new de-

parture—a higher learning indigenous to America, the birth of a typically American university.

The University of Chicago is popularly thought of as one of America's youngest institutions. In truth it is one of the oldest, if we discriminate between an undergraduate college and a university, a place for graduate study and research. Harper's Chicago is preceded only by Gilman's Johns Hopkins (1876) and by G. Stanley Hall's Clark (1888). Before these institutions there was only sporadic and casual graduate work at Harvard and Columbia, Yale and Cornell. There was neither a formal program for graduate study nor a faculty to give full-time instruction to graduate students. At Yale, in 1871, there was only one full-time graduate professor. Americans went to Europe, especially to the universities of Germany, to complete the studies for which an A.B. degree was supposed to prepare. After Johns Hopkins and Chicago led the way some of the older colleges on the eastern seaboard quickly transformed themselves into universities by collecting professional schools and organizing graduate faculties. Harvard and Columbia, under Lowell and Butler, became universities; but Chicago was founded as one, at once exceeding even Johns Hopkins and Clark in the degree to which it realized the ideal which had motivated Gilman and Hall.

Gilman started with forty graduate students and a small faculty; Hall also had a handful of students doing work in five divisions of graduate study. But when Harper opened Chicago's doors it was prepared to offer instruction and conduct research in twenty-seven departments; it had a staff of 120, divided into two faculties (of arts and literature, and of science); and in the very first quarter of the university's operation these men taught 594 students, about half of whom came to do post-graduate work.

Harper vigorously fought the American college system which, in his view, impeded the intellectual growth of able men by giving them heavy programs of undergraduate teaching. Teaching loads at Chicago were light, and promotion depended on successful research rather than on meritorious teaching. This, more than anything else, set the academic style and nourished what William James was later to call "the Ph.D. octopus." In part, Harper's intention seems to have miscarried, for his emphasis on research sacrificed many promising young men to the coils of the octopus, crushing (if not killing) them as much as a heavy burden of sophomores. But this must not lead us to neglect another point from which to view his intention, and its execution by Chicago's faculty. In 1895 he said:

> It is not enough that instructors in a university should merely do the class and lecture work assigned them. This is important, but the university will in no sense deserve the name, if time and labor are not also expended in the work of producing that which will directly or indirectly influence thought and life outside the University. . . . The true university is the center of thought on every problem connected with human life and work, and the first obligation resting upon the individual members who compose it is that of research and investigation.

Steadfast devotion to and brilliant performance of this mission brought Chicago fair renown in the first ten years of its existence.

Just four years ago Harvard celebrated its Tercentenary. At that time, when peace still encouraged us to think of the future's promise, Professor Whitehead congratulated Harvard on having completed its process of growth. "About twenty-five for a man," he wrote, "and about three hundred years for a university are the periods required for the attainment of mature stature." Once full-grown, the measure of a university is "in terms of its effectiveness." After three hundred years of growing up, Oxford and Cambridge played their part effectively in what Whitehead regards as "*the* brilliant period of European civilization," the 17th and 18th centuries.

It did not take Chicago three hundred years. Chicago sprang full-grown from

Harper's head. In ten years it had become a dominantly effective force in "American civilization," as the testimony of William James suggests. It is easy to make light of this achievement by saying that the delivery was well-oiled by Rockefeller millions, by saying that rapid growth and quick cash returns simply expressed the American way of doing everything in the industrial nineties. Of course it is true that money talked, then as now. Harper bought whatever he thought was needed to start right off in a big way. During the preliminary negotiations Harper wrote to Goodspeed: "Naturally we ought to be willing to begin small and grow, but in these days when things are done so rapidly, it seems a great pity to wait for growth when we might be born full-fledged." He bought the best professors, paying the unheard-of top salary of $7,000, and taking as many as twelve from Stanley Hall's sixteen carefully selected scientists. He disregarded deficits. That was a problem for "the Founder." His problem was to waste no time in using money, in pocket or promised, to create the superlative university. To that end he not only collected the best staff of men, but also managed, under forced draft, to get them to publish a tremendous body of completed research within the first ten years.

But the twenty-eight volumes of "the decennial publications," containing the work of 81 contributors, and costing the university $50,000 which it did not have, expressed more than Harper's ability to do big things in a hurry by pyramiding with money. They expressed, in more ways than William James realized, *a school of thought*. It was neither the eminent qualities of its individual professors nor the great quantities of research done in various fields which made Chicago the leading, the most typical, American university within a decade. Money bought professors for Chicago; it could buy them back for Eastern institutions, as the competition for triple-starred names during the last half-century reveals. Harvard, for example, has always had a larger endowment than Chicago and could usually procure the services of academic leaders. The fact that Chicago and Harvard have been for some time now closely tied in the ranking of American universities according to the number of "eminent names" on their faculties, or according to the number of "eminent departments" (as measured by productivity), is not the important fact about Chicago—except perhaps in the eyes of those who think Harvard provides the absolute standard for comparison. The important fact about Chicago—the fact so distinguishing that in this respect Chicago escapes comparison—is the intellectual life it has cultivated, and the influence which this has exerted, educationally and culturally, upon the rest of the country.

In 1904 "the Chicago School" meant one thing; in 1936 it meant another; but at both times it signified the existence there of an extraordinary intellectual ferment, a leaven which worked from there outward to raise the whole cultural mass. During this month of celebration on the Midway academic orators may praise Chicago for many things, but the main point will be missed if Chicago's peculiar vitality is not analyzed. Unfortunately the main point cannot be made as a paean of unalloyed praise. Chicago has defects peculiar to its special virtues, and the defects, as well as the virtues, are characteristic of American life during the past fifty years. The contribution of Chicago in the first and in the last decade of that period calls for criticism, not eulogy.

II

When I was a student at Columbia in the early twenties the return of John Dewey from China, to resume his professorial duties at the university, was a long-awaited event. At last I was going to find out about that "Chicago school of thought." Even though John Dewey made his hegira from Chicago in 1904,

even though William James had published a book called *Pragmatism* (1908) which successfully popularized some of the notions that had been much more technically expounded in *Studies in Logical Theory*, anyone who was interested in the pragmatic philosophy still turned in the twenties toward Chicago as toward Mecca. Though Dewey had been at Columbia for many years, and though James had left some disciples to carry on his teaching at Harvard, neither the Columbia nor the Harvard philosophy department could claim to be the seat of orthodoxy. Only at Chicago was there a homogeneous body of men who worked together with apparent understanding of a common doctrine. Some of these men, Tufts and Mead and Ames, had been at Chicago from the beginning; they had collaborated with Dewey in the early publications of the Chicago School.

But to think of the Chicago School entirely in terms of a doctrine called "pragmatism," or to restrict it to the "thought" of its philosophy department, misses the forest for the trees. The homogeneity which could be found in the philosophy department in 1904 or in 1924 (in fact, almost until the arrival of Hutchins), characterized the whole university. Whether it was an extraordinary accident, or whether Harper's feeling for the *zeitgeist* was so strong that he intuitively picked men in every field who uniformly reflected the same spirit, the remarkable fact remains that the University of Chicago had a central point of view which dominated most of its departments and united its faculty in a common enterprise. With few exceptions—notably Paul Shorey, the Platonist—the Chicago faculty consisted of men who saw eye to eye on fundamentals, whether they were professors of geology or economics, of physiology or religion, of education or sociology.

I do not mean to imply that the various departments always collaborated in research—although more of that has occurred at Chicago than anywhere else—but I do say that the large round tables of the faculty club could usually assemble a diversity of specialists who really understood what the other fellow's research was driving at because it was a common objective they all shared. If a university should be a *community* of scholars, if it should sustain a *universe* of discourse, then the pre-Hutchins Chicago almost (I say "almost") rang the bell. Paradoxically, Hutchins was attacked by the Old Guard at Chicago for wishing to "unify" the university by "imposing" a fundamental point of view (loosely called "a metaphysics"), when, in fact, his efforts to introduce new elements were restricted by a faculty trying to maintain its unity. The issue in the past ten years has not been a fight of schismatics against a unifier (if anything Hutchins and his group were the schismatics) but a conflict of basic doctrines.

That, however, is another story which I shall presently tell. Here I am concerned to define the unity of the earlier Chicago.

The general line of Chicago's pragmatism is too well known to need discussion beyond pointing out that much of its case rested on "the new science of psychology." According to Dewey's own report, it was James's *Principles of Psychology* which had awakened him from his dogmatic slumbers in the bower of Hegelianism. That book was radical in its chapters on instinct, habit, and emotion, in its attempt to give a physiological diagram for every aspect of behavior, in its view of man as an animal—whether rational or not. Although Aristotle had known long before about man's animality, this fact had been obscured or forgotten by the psychologists of the early 19th century who dealt almost exclusively in "states of consciousness" or "the association of ideas." But when the old truth was rediscovered it packed a new punch because the human animal, like every other, was now primarily viewed as engaged in the struggle for existence by adaptation to environment.

It was not merely discoveries in neurology, but Darwinism that altered the

conception of man as a knowing or a desiring animal, as political or artistic. This "evolutionary" conception of man as a system of reflexes which could be conditioned, as a bundle of drives which impelled him to adapt, gave rise to the new logic and the new ethics—both pragmatic in the sense that the ultimate criterion of the true or the good was successful adjustment, in thinking or action, to a changing world or a changing society. But most important of all was the emphasis on change itself. Darwin had shattered the illusion of a static universe. Evolution made a mockery of the quest for certainty. Everything, including truth, is in flux. Creative intelligence must look to the contingent future. Novelty should be prized rather than feared; for with the aid of Science the Savior man could be optimistic about winning the struggle for existence under the most adverse and unforeseen circumstances.

William James epitomized this new view of things when he wrote, in *The Nation* (1904):

> Not only has the doctrine of Evolution weaned us from fixities and inflexibilities in general, and given us a world all plastic, but it has made us ready to imagine almost all our functions, even the intellectual ones, as "adaptations," and possibly transient adaptations, to practical human needs. The enormous growth of the sciences in the past fifty years has reconciled us to the idea that *Not quite true is as near as we can ever get.** For investigating minds there is no sanctity in any theory, and "laws of nature" absolutely expressible by us are the idols of the popular-science level of education exclusively. Up-to-date logicians, mathematicians, physicists, and chemists vie with one another as to who will break down most barriers, efface most outlines, supersede most current definitions and conceptions.

This may not be a fair summary of pragmatism or, as James called it, humanism (because human needs were the ultimate measure). But it does define the point of view which unified Chicago, and made the University a single school of thought. One has only to recall a few of the famous names on the early faculty to see how this way of looking at things prevailed on all sides.

In biology there was Jacques Loeb, who pushed mechanism to its limits by trying to interpret even human adjustments to environment as physico-chemical tropisms. In psychology there was James Rowland Angell, who as a follower of William James, developed "functionalism," and this ultimately became, in the hands of John B. Watson, his student, radical behaviorism. In the social sciences there was Thorstein Veblen, whose iconoclasms demolished conventional views of the human enterprise, social and political, as well as economic; there were Albion Small and W. I. Thomas who instituted data collecting to make sociology descriptive and scientific instead of normative and moralistic, and used biological and evolutionary principles to account for social facts. In theology, or shall we say "religion," there were President Harper, himself completely modernist (not without cause did the Baptists question his orthodoxy), Shailer Matthews, Shirley Jackson Case, and others, who not only made Chicago famous for "higher criticism" but also introduced "social service" into the divinity school and turned the emphasis from dogmatic theology to comparative religion, studying the varieties of religious experience as psychological phenomena, creeds as ethnic by-products, and religion itself as part of man's struggle for existence. In education there were again Harper and Dewey who agreed perfectly that educational institutions must serve, to use Harper's words, as "the Messiah of democracy, its to-be-expected deliverer". To this end, Harper, as president, started university extension work and called research from the ivory tower to the street; Dewey, as founder and head of the first school of education, started, with the help of Ella Flagg Young, reforms in the Chicago school system, which spread nationwide as "progressivism."

All of this paints a picture of an institution resourcefully carrying out the

*Italics are mine.

impetus originally given it by such men as Harper and Dewey, zealously devoted to putting a new line of thought to work in every academic field, its members united in what might be called the religion of militant modernism.

But though it stands in the foreground, the University of Chicago must not be allowed to occupy the whole picture, for its School of Thought soon dominated the work of other institutions (in philosophy and education, in biology, social science, and religion); and when the background is completely envisaged we see the outlines of American culture itself during the past half century. Even if, in part, Chicago merely went with the tide, its clear formulation of principles and policies, its energetic application of them in practice cannot be denied profound influence upon the whole contemporary scene. More than the Academy of Plato (a real ivory tower so far as the main currents of Greek life were concerned), more than the medieval University of Paris (which never achieved sufficient unity of doctrine to maintain a "school of thought"), Chicago had, in its first long period, both homogeneity in itself and affinity with the general trend of American culture. It was the larger community in microcosm.

Why should anyone have wished to reform the University of Chicago? Was it not everything a university should be, doing everything a university should do? The answer is simply that its unity had been achieved too quickly and at too great a cost. The price must be measured in terms of the things which Chicago, and American culture generally, had been willing to give up, had, in fact, renounced as outmoded. At its *very* center, exercising centrifugal force, was a hard core of negations and exclusions. The denial of metaphysics and theology as independent of empirical science, the denial of stability in the universe and certainty in human knowledge, the denial of moral values transcending adaptation to environment and escaping relativity to time and place, the denial of intellectual discipline in education and of the light shed by an abiding tradition of learning, the denial of a personal God, self-revealed, and of a Divine Providence concerned with man's supernatural salvation—these kept the ball rolling, and gave it its terrific impact on American life.

It would be difficult to enumerate a set of propositions, codifying the Chicago School of Thought, which did not convey, explicitly or with merely verbal concealment, these profound negations. There were positive points of course, and therein lies the truth of pragmatism, of a functional psychology, of progressivism in education, of empirical methods in social science. Professor Barzun to the contrary, Darwin's discoveries were momentous, and the concept of evolution legitimately changed men's fundamental views. The misfortune, for which Chicago, not Darwin, can be blamed, arises from the over-emphasis, the exclusions, the "nothing-but" fallacy, in the drawing of the implications.

The "nothing-but" fallacy is a common human failing. We do not seem able to appreciate a new departure in thought which occurs by way of *addition* to the old. Novelty by itself does not stir us; it must be proclaimed as dispensing us from former allegiances. We are not content to say "This too is true"; we must revolutionize thought by saying "Nothing but this is true." If the positive points in the Chicago movement had been temperately affirmed truth might have been increased, even transformed, by their addition; but there would probably be no record to-day of any Chicago School of Thought. Given a sharp, negative twist, they not only created a school of thought but unified its members in a crusading movement against the old and supposedly outworn. Once remove the negations and make the contrary supposition—that the old is not outworn, but must be integrated with the new—and you will see how hollow at its center was Chicago's unity before Hutchins came along.

What Hutchins attempted to establish at Chicago was not a new school of thought, just as exclusive in its own way as its predecessor. The faculty misinterpreted him in terms of their own extremism. They charged him with wanting "nothing but Thomism," "nothing but principles," or "nothing but the past" where before there had been "nothing but pragmatism," "nothing but facts," or "nothing but the present." On the contrary, Hutchins' aim was synthesis—to relate science, philosophy, and theology harmoniously without sacrificing the autonomy of each, to be contemporary and American in education without promoting militant modernism or cultural isolationism. It was not merely the university that Hutchins sought to reform. He wished to free American education and culture from the negations and provincialism which Chicago typified.

III

In 1936, a little more than thirty years after William James had reviewed some of the Decennial Publications, under the title "The Chicago School," another review appeared bearing that same title. But this time the book was President Hutchins' *No Friendly Voice*, and the reviewer was a later day follower of John Dewey—Professor T. V. Smith. Had the title been truly deserved, its compact irony would have summarized a remarkable shift in the winds of doctrine at Chicago. William James had predicted that Chicago's School of Thought would be known as such "for twenty-five years to come." The time had run, the prediction had been verified; but despite Professor Smith's suggestion to the contrary, the first Chicago School has not been displaced by a second and opposite intellectual movement, under the leadership of Hutchins.

It takes more than one man or a few to make a school of thought in the sense in which Harper's Chicago deserved that description. In the past ten years there have been numerous references to "the neo-scholastic movement at Chicago," "Chicago Thomism," "Aristotelianism on the Midway," "the revival of classicism," "the return to the Middle Ages" —all suggestive of the fact that Chicago had become the center of another orthodoxy, the seat of an opposite school of thought. That, however, is simply not the fact; and, surprising as this statement will seem to some of his opponents, I do not believe that Hutchins ever wished it to be. It was not merely that he and his associates in reform were vastly outnumbered by the dissident voices on the faculty—more than an echo of the old Chicago spirit, which John Chamberlain neatly caught in Anton J. Carlson's reiterated "Vat iss the ef-fidence?" The truth is rather that Hutchins fought the old school not to replace it by another, but to place its positive contributions, shorn of their "nothing-but" exaggerations, in the perspective of the whole European tradition. Justice could be done to modernity without throwing ancient wisdom out of court.

The Editor of *The Christian Century*, commenting on the change from Harper to Hutchins, saw this truth when he wrote:

> The essential distinction of this [the first Chicago] school which characterized its departure from orthodox metaphysics was its adoption of the scientific method as the true method for the discovery not only of scientific truth but of metaphysical truth as well. . . . When President Hutchins came upon the scene the first phase of this development had run its course. This phase had been characterized by what is now generally regarded as a too narrow conception of scientific method. Especially in the philosophical disciplines, it has come to be recognized that its procedure, copying too closely the procedure of the physical scientists, has left on one side large portions of reality, and the most important portions, which now clamor for attention. The new President voiced this insistent demand. He spoke not for himself alone, but for a wide body of disillusionment with regard to the sufficiency of science.

There is here the additional point that, just as Harper's Chicago reflected and formulated the "religion of science" which dominated American culture from the nineties to the thirties, so Hutchins'

Chicago, in the past ten years, has focused attention upon—more than that, has become the leading forum for—the crucial issue of our day: *whether science is enough, theoretically or practically;* whether a culture can be healthy, whether democracy can be defended, if theology and metaphysics, ethics and politics are either despised or, what is the same, degraded to topics about which laboratory scientists pontificate after they have won the Nobel Prize or are called to the Gifford Lectureship.

Chicago's leadership in American education and its formative influence upon American thought are just as clear in the Hutchins era as they were under Harper. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Hutchins has succeeded in the sense in which Harper did. Harper built a school of thought which lasted for almost forty years, and during that time was the generator of educational movements and intellectual trends that spread over the country, east and west. Hutchins has neither built a school of thought nor been able to transmute the heat of the controversies he generated into the light of resolutions. But those controversies, which have gradually come to be recognized as the leading issues of our day, have been more heatedly agitated at Chicago than anywhere else in the country. Where there is so much heat there is always hope, at least for the emergence of light.

The Chicago Fight now plays the role in American culture once played by the Chicago School. The University which, in its first period, mirrored the prevailing ideology in its own solidarity of doctrine, still functions as the cultural microcosm. For the past ten years it has been the arena in the spotlight. The heavyweights in its ring have staged a fight for a nation-wide audience—an audience drawn not by their lust for blood, but by their genuine concern with the points in issue. Chicago did not make the issues important. They had gradually risen, by nature's demands, to the forefront of popular consciousness. But Chicago was willing to see the fight through, wherever the chips fell. It did not run away from trouble by insisting upon academic dignity, by hiding behind the falseface of academic politeness. Dispensing with kid gloves and Queensberry rules, the discussion turned into something of a public brawl, with all sorts of kibitzers on the sidelines mixing in. But, however lamentable some aspects of the controversy now seem, the Chicago Fight, like the Chicago School, performed the type of service which a university owes to the community.

Before we consider the defect which mars the virtue of Hutchins' Chicago, let me be sure that the reader understands what I mean by the exceptional character of Chicago's intellectual vitality. Unless he has lived through the past ten years at Chicago he will probably not believe me when I say that there has been more real tangling over basic issues at Chicago than has occurred at a dozen other places during the same time, or at some during their whole existence. I have taught elsewhere, visited a great many institutions, and know about many more from intimate report. Their faculties may harbor differences of opinion about fundamentals, but you would never know it by listening to the talk at the faculty club, reading the student papers, or detecting signs of strife in administrative decisions. From this usual state of affairs, Chicago differs almost in kind, not degree. The campus has been a seething ferment these past ten years, and everybody has been involved from the President down to the janitors—the students as well as the faculty. I shall make no effort to explain this extraordinary phenomenon: it may be the Middle West; it may be the lawless Windy City; it may be a sulphurous vapor exuded by the Midway or animal spirits blown from the Stockyards. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that the University is incomparably alive and kicking.

A few stories may help to gain credence for this fact. In December, 1933, President Hutchins delivered a convocation

address entitled "The Issue in the Higher Learning." Negatively, he criticized aimless gadgeteering on the part of laboratory scientists, and the social scientists' propensity to collect facts for their own sake. Positively, he urged that research of every sort be directed by leading principles, be illuminated by ideas. "We have confused science with information," he said, "ideas with facts, and knowledge with miscellaneous data. . . . I am far from denying the accomplishments of modern empirical science. Its record has been a grand one. . . . But as the Renaissance could accuse the Middle Ages of being rich in principles and poor in facts, we are now entitled to inquire whether we are not rich in facts and poor in principles. . . . Our bewilderment has resulted from our notion that salvation depends on information. The remedy may be a return to the processes of rational thought."

Hell broke loose shortly thereafter. "Facts *vs.* ideas" became fighting words. On Hutchins' side the *Daily Maroon's* student editor ran articles which got students and faculty engaged with each other in all sorts of alliances and oppositions. There was a running feud between Editor Barden and Professor Gideonse, now President of Brooklyn College, in which Gideonse posted his answers on a faculty bulletin board, answers that later formed the substance of his reply to Hutchins in a pamphlet called *The Higher Learning in a Democracy.* In that same year the *Maroon* published four long criticisms of the faculty's syllabi for the basic courses, written by pro-Hutchins youngsters, and based on the December proclamation. Other students rose in defense of their teachers. The feeling between student groups ran so high that it spilled over into sports: the Aristotelians crossed bats with the Social Scientists in baseball!

But the high point of the year came when the old warhorse "Ajax" Carlson stopped his researches on thirst and hunger long enough to challenge the opposition to a public debate. It was arranged at first to take place in a laboratory theater before graduate students in biology. But the demand for tickets was so great that the scene shifted to Mandel Hall, the University's largest auditorium. The tickets were free, but at such a premium that some students trafficked in them, selling them for as much as a dollar apiece. The faculty, by departmental groups, bought boxes in the horseshoe circle to defray the expenses of the hall. On the day of the event every chair that could be squeezed into the hall or on to the platform was added to accommodate the overflow. I know what the audience looked and sounded like, the intensity of its feeling, the thunderclap of its partisan applause whenever a punch landed on either side. I know how heating, if not enlightening, Chicago polemic can become, for I was the other man in that debate.

The story of the Chicago Fight in 1933 has its mate in almost every other year of the Hutchins' regime. There have been other debates, one between Hutchins and Dean Melby of Northwestern, sponsored by the *Daily Maroon;* one between Hutchins and Chancellor Carmichael of Vanderbilt, sponsored by the Alumni Council. The Alumni have been drawn into the controversy by attacks and replies printed in the Alumni magazine, some by the faculty and some by the old grads themselves. But one more story will suffice to show that students and faculty never miss an opportunity for intellectual fisticuffs, and the extent to which local wrangling has national repercussions.

Last year I delivered a paper at a Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion, held in New York City. Its title was "God and the Professors." Its argument bore directly on the controversy between Hutchins and his academic opponents. When, by way of the Hearst papers, which published my speech in full, or by way of *The New Republic,* which published Professor Sidney Hook's attack on it, the Chicago boys got wind of this off-campus dispute they were soon

"r'aring" to go. The *Maroon* at first reprinted my piece and Hook's, and editorialized on the pros and cons. But the faculty, and other students, had to have their say. Columns were filled with attacks and replies, mostly attacks; until finally, the *Maroon* issued a special six-page supplement which contained the gems of the occasion. The astonishing fact is that this supplement sold 5,000 copies. Requests for copies in small and large lots came from colleges all over the country long after none were left. Nor was the controversy confined to the *Maroon:* it raged in classrooms and drawing-rooms, both in Chicago and elsewhere—wherever, in fact, the Chicago Fight had gained adherents to its sides.

The ultimate comment on all this, revealing the trouble with Chicago in the past decade, was contained in the title of Milton Mayer's contribution to the *Maroon* Supplement. He, speaking for the innocent bystander, headed his piece: "I Can't Hear Myself Think." Despite the amazing vitality which Chicago has exhibited in seeing the fight through, it has never seen through the issues, nor clarified them sufficiently, for itself or for the public, to permit a sober resolution. The issues have been the same for the past ten years. Each year, when the shouting dies and the smoke lifts, prejudice and passion are left mumbling and smoldering until the bell rings for the next round.

IV

First, unity without diversity! Then, conflict without community! The defects of Chicago in its first and last decades are equally symptomatic of our cultural malaise. The causal connections here are manifold. A healthy unity requires the harmony of differences. But when, in the University or in our culture, other elements began to claim a place along with science, the weak unity, which had been maintained by negations and exclusions, gave way to discord rather than to the harmony of ordered differences. Nevertheless, the shift from the Chicago School to the Chicago Fight is a small step toward the ideal of civilization, the ideal of a university, which Whitehead, writing of Harvard's future, defined as "the possible harmony of diverse things." It is, he said, "the peculiar function of a university to be an agent of unification. This does not mean the suppression of all but one." From a negative unity to a warring diversity is change from a false peace to a significant conflict. From the conflict of violent extremes to a reconciliation of differences would be motion toward that genuine peace which still lies ahead. This is the University's future. There is more chance of its happening at Chicago than elsewhere, because at Chicago the opponents at least try to talk to one another.

What is needed to bring this about? Last September a conference of scholars was called not merely for the purpose of assembling leading representatives of science, philosophy, and religion, but *supposedly* to have them understand one another's role in the development of culture. Those who called this meeting felt that unless philosophy and religion are genuinely acknowledged—that is, given their *proper* place *above*, not just *along with*, science—democracy is threatened from within culturally, perhaps even more seriously than from without by force.

Anyone who had been through the Chicago Fight could have predicted the outcome of this Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion. It would fail. Though it meets this September in a second session, and next year again, the prediction remains unchanged, because what happened last year will continue to occur until the causes for such frustration are overcome. The failure I refer to is failure of communication. When there is no communication between reconcilable elements they appear to be irreconcilable extremes. Ten years' experience at Chicago indicates what one might expect from a gathering of

scientists, philosophers, and theologians, who have no common universe of discourse. Nor can such community be achieved, in a university or at a conference, simply by bringing the diverse elements together and having them read papers at one another. The obstacle to be surmounted first, the most difficult task to discharge, is teaching the specialists *how* to talk to one another.

As a matter of fact, conferences of this sort should not be necessary to achieve the end in view. That should be the main business of our universities. Their greatness should not be measured by the number of eminent scholars on their faculty lists, or by the holding of symposia at which learned papers are read, as at Harvard four years ago and at Chicago this September. A university's greatness consists in its being the intellectual forum of the community, the place where the basic issues of its culture are fruitfully debated. Chicago's greatness lies in the *partial* performance of this service. For ten years it has debated the issues which the Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion met to consider—made necessary only by the fact that such debate has not occurred at other universities, as at Chicago. But the point still remains that the debate has not been fruitful. What is needed to make it so? What must happen before Chicago can perform *completely* a university's function, before it can fulfill the promise of light which its career of intellectual ferment perhaps portends?

The extremes to be avoided are easy to point out. A university must avoid, on the one hand, the "peace" of sleep, resulting either from conventional academic politeness or from the hollow unity achieved by "the suppression of all but one"; and, on the other hand, it must avoid the violence of fruitless polemic. It must not commit the "nothing-but" fallacy which exaggerates the claims of any indispensable part at the expense of excluding others equally indispensable; nor should it be satisfied with an armistice, instead of real peace, by compromising issues rather than resolving them. Neither domination by one exclusive extreme nor suspended hostilities among many is desirable. Both counterfeit the ideal of true unity won from diversity by right order.

What is desirable is that peace of understanding which enables intelligent discussion to work progressively toward agreement—an end which may never be fully realized but which, nevertheless, gives discussion its highest meaning, if not its only justification. Unless controversy is to be as inconsequential as ping-pong, those who join issue in debate must aim at, and hope for, an ultimate resolution of the issues. But agreement, which is the concurrence of minds in the truth about things, cannot be reached, cannot even be aimed at by discussion, until there is understanding—the communication of minds through shared meanings in a single universe of discourse. The liberal arts and a common intellectual tradition are, therefore, indispensable prerequisites for the work of a university—the one giving men the technic of communication, the other rooting them all in the same cultural soil. Lack of liberal discipline has made our debates a babel of jargons, incurable by the logical esperanto of the semanticists. Lack of a common tradition has turned our universities into a jungle of predatory growths, impenetrable by special conferences or academic symposia.

The disease itself indicates the therapy. The cure will come only by a fundamental educational reform below the level of the university. The great tragedy of American education is that our universities were founded just at the time when genuinely liberal colleges were ceasing to exist. In fact it was the developing university which, imposing the elective system, helped to kill the liberal arts curriculum of the colleges. The other wound came from below, from the defection of the elementary and secondary schools. Crushed from above by a burden of specialization, which insisted upon departmental autonomy at the

college level, its underpinnings removed by failures in preparatory education, the college gave up the ghost of its liberal arts curriculum, retaining only the name of the degree.

The great difference between the medieval and the modern university is not that the former reached its apex in theology, and the latter laid its foundation in science; rather it is that the members of the medieval university, its students and faculty, were truly bachelors of liberal arts. They had learned how to communicate before engaging in the disputations which made the medieval universities the vital forums of their day. Embraced in a common tradition of learning, they could at least understand one another when they did not agree. The medieval universalism, of which Etienne Gilson spoke at the Harvard Tercentenary, did not derive from the universality of Latin as the learned tongue, nor from the catholicism of the Christian faith; for this universalism included the Jews and Arabs, many languages and many faiths. The European community of culture flowered because of excellence in liberal education—the cultivation of its arts, the possession of a common heritage of learning.

Walter Lippmann did not exaggerate when he said that "the prevailing education is destined, if it continues, to destroy Western civilization, and is in fact destroying it." He might just as well have said that we shall not have genuine universities again until all the preparatory stages of education are radically reformed, until the college, above all, is restored to its liberal function. The fate of Western civilization, as a cultural community, cannot be separated from the state of its educational institutions. Only one college in this country, St. John's at Annapolis, is working for the revival of a liberal curriculum. Only the University of Chicago has throughout its history manifested devotion to the true functions of a university—formation of fundamental doctrines, debate of the most serious issues. If the performance of these functions could be elevated by liberal education the doctrines might be moderated to the sanity of truth, the debate might become fruitful of sober resolutions. If in some way the spiritual union of St. John's and Chicago could be consummated, we might hope for the blessed event of a cultural rebirth.



ONE THOUGHT OF PITY

A STORY

BY HOWARD SPRING

THE advertisement said that the house stood in three acres of ground, that the aspect was southerly, and that a trout stream flowed through the little estate. "Stables converted into garage; gardener's lodge; uninterrupted views of southern slopes of Dartmoor; low rates; price moderate."

It was the sort of thing I was after and I was going to take a look at it. At fifty I had had enough of cities. A small home in the country with peace to write—that was what I wanted now. Already I could hear the trout stream tinkling in the summer and brawling in the winter through my own three acres. Already I sat on the warm outcropping rock of a tor and looked at the autumn heather and bracken burning away in my uninterrupted view of the southern slopes of Dartmoor.

But now it was not autumn; it was spring; and the car purred through Moretonhampstead, eagerly taking the road that ran into the tumbled wastes of the moor. It was a day of blue and white, of singing larks, of moorland ponies running wild with tails streaming in the wind: everything full of a great uprush of life and hope and liberty.

Even Princetown was unable to cast a shadow on that blithe day—Princetown that is no town at all, but a gray ugly huddle of a village, with the gray ugly huddle of the convict prison lying alongside it. Even then, when I stopped to have petrol put into the car I did not think of Coxon—did not think of anything at all but the three acres and the trout stream, the loveliness of the day and the loveliness of the liberty my success had given me.

And then I saw Coxon. There were six of them shuffling along the road, wearing the drab ill-fitting garments of the prison. They were short and tall and stout and thin, but they were all alike, gray-faced and hopeless-looking, their eyes in the dust, their feet going with the shamble of men who had forgotten the name of freedom. A warder with a rifle had them in charge. The abundant dark hair that Coxon had always worn was scythed away to a harsh stubble; his firm handsome face had become slack and deeply lined. He did not see me—the fool who had brought him there with one thought of pity. I was granted that mercy.

When the doomed file had passed within the prison gates I reversed the car and drove back the way I had come. The southern slopes of Dartmoor were no longer a prospect I wanted at my front windows.

Coxon and I had done so much together. He had come to our house to play when we were boys, and one day we had looked through the fence into the Maitlands' garden next door, and there was Phoebe Maitland sitting in a deck chair with her long red hair streaming down behind it. Through a gap in

the fence we could grab her hair, and we both wanted to do that, but we knew that if one grabbed, Phoebe would leap up with the shrill angry outcry that was to be expected of her, and therefore one of us would be disappointed of his grab. So we decided to grab together and did so, and we pulled Phoebe's hair right through the gap in the fence; and Coxon said, "Give me those shears, George. I'll snip it all off." And at that Phoebe screamed so much that her mother came running out and we bolted.

We went to the Manchester Grammar School together, and Phoebe Maitland went to the Girls' High School. He and I often followed her home; for the Maitlands, the Coxons, and my people lived in three adjoining houses. Sometimes she would turn on us and tell us to clear off. She had even then a sharp, virulent tongue.

We made, Coxon and I, one of those boys' vows that we would remain friends for life. It looked as though we were going to do it. We were clerks together in a Manchester cotton warehouse, and when I went to London and got a job with International Utilities Limited Coxon soon followed into the same firm's employment. We were both writing at that time to Phoebe Maitland, both, as it were, still simultaneously grabbing at her alluring red hair; and when Coxon married her that made no difference to our friendship. They were not well off. How could they be, with him earning a clerk's wages at International Utilities? They were glad enough to have me living with them at their little house in Harrow. Coxon and I traveled to and from the City together.

Then came the war to end war, and he and I joined the Manchester Regiment. We were in the same battalion all through, and he did better than I did. He got his captaincy and I was never more than a second lieutenant. He needed the extra pay, for Phoebe was expecting a child when the War started, and when it finished there were two more.

From that point Coxon's way and mine began to diverge. Of course our common experience in France made us swear that now, more than ever, nothing should separate us. But life doesn't work out the way you swear it's going to.

I lodged with them again after the War, but with three children in the house it wasn't the same thing. And soon they didn't need the money I was paying. Coxon had always been brilliant at mathematics and he began to go ahead at International Utilities. He caught the eye of Mr. Henshaw, who *was* International Utilities, if anyone was, and Mr. Henshaw, over a dinner table, caught the eye of Phoebe, who had grown into a very beautiful woman; and the less I say about all this the better. Anyway, Coxon went ahead and I didn't. Phoebe insisted on taking a larger house, which I did not share; and as Coxon's salary rose bit by bit Phoebe always knew bit by bit how to spend it.

Well, there was I, still sitting with the clerks in the general office while Coxon already had his own room with "Mr. Coxon" painted in black letters on the door. We continued to take lunch together unless some more important person wanted to lunch with him; but that was about all we saw of each other. He played golf at week-ends with people who were worth playing golf with, and Phoebe had tennis parties on her own lawn, and bridge parties in the winter. Now a hand at solo is all I care for in the way of cards, and I have always lived happily without golf or tennis. I did once do my best at one of Phoebe's bridge parties, but when I said "Pass" she raised her eyebrows, patted that hair which the years and a good hairdresser had made truly wonderful, and said "No bid?" I understood that I had used a low solo whist expression, and I didn't go again.

Coxon and I didn't travel to work together now, because I had gone to live on the other side of the town—right out in Essex, in a village where modern villas and bungalows had not yet come within

miles. I had a bed-sitting room over a corn merchant's shop, and it was there, five years after the War ended, with my window open on the elms standing round a little lake, that I spent every night of the summer writing "Old Soldiers Never Die." I shall not say any more about that. I don't suppose "Old Soldiers Never Die" will be seen on a stage again, but I need not tell you of its effect at that time. It was the most successful of all war plays: so successful that I was stunned by the uproar it made. I was slow in realizing that the shackles of the workaday world had fallen from me. Then I went to Paris and Vienna and Prague, to New York and Hollywood. I never had another success, but I found that one success of such dimensions enabled me to go on earning a good deal of money with very little effort. For fifteen years I lived a carefree life, and then found myself back in Paris, half-resolved to make my home there for good. In all those years I had not seen Coxon. For ten years I had not written to him or he to me. One evening when the boulevards were gay with lights shining on the young green of leaves, he walked right up to the café table where I sat, saw me, and swiftly pulled his felt hat down over his eyes. He made then as though to walk away, but I had recognized him and started up, grasping his arm. "Why, Coxon!" I cried. He sat in one of the painted iron chairs alongside mine.

At first I thought he looked splendid. His long dark hair was as glossy and abundant as ever. His face seemed even stronger and more handsome than when I had last known him. He was well dressed. At that time he would be about fifty years old.

I ordered him a drink and scrutinized him carefully. He didn't come out of the examination too well. Some of the deep lines in his face were of care rather than of strength. The hand which took up the glass trembled a little. When he put the glass down it made a tiny clatter on the iron table. Coxon kept his hat pulled over his eyes. From time to time he looked about him more with apprehension than with interest.

I noticed all these trifles, and they built up into something I didn't like.

We said over and over again, "What a surprise! Fancy—after all these years! Well, to run into each other like that!" but we didn't seem to get ahead with any real conversation. Added to everything else, Coxon was a little morose.

"Are you often in Paris, Coxon?" I asked him.

No, he said. He hardly knew the place.

"How long are you staying?"

He didn't know. He might push off to-morrow—possibly to Marseilles.

You see, we weren't getting on. He twirled his little glass and did not look at me as he answered my trivial questions. I tried again. "How's Phoebe?"

This time he was at least emphatic. "Damn and blast Phoebe!" he said and looked me full in the face. I saw that he was now speaking from the heart.

"Coxon," I said, "what's the matter? Can I help you?" I stretched my hand across the table and laid it on his arm. Then suddenly his face was twisted with an extraordinary contortion. He was trying to prevent himself from crying.

This was terrible. I quickly paid the bill and said, "Look, I've got a flat with a spare bed. Come and spend the night with me."

"All right," he said. "But we'll have to go and pick up my bag."

We got into a taxi and he gave the name of a hotel on the Quai Voltaire. When we got there he said: "George, you go in and get my bag. It's in the bedroom. It hasn't been unpacked. And pay the bill. I'll settle with you later. Say it's Mr. Henderson's bill."

"Henderson?"

"Yes. And look. You needn't tell them where we're going to."

I was standing on the pavement, talking to him through the open window of the taxi. "Why, what's it all about, Coxon?" I asked, uneasy to my very

marrow, but trying to laugh. "You been robbing the till at International Utilities?"

"Yes," said Coxon.

I crossed the pavement to the hotel door on legs that trembled.

I had never really liked that flat in Paris. It was all *nouveau art* and pretentious frippery. Now there was at least one piece of tremendous reality in it. Coxon, with the half light of a shaded lamp making his face look old and careworn, was asking whether he could stay there long enough to grow a beard. My recollection of that night is like the recollection of a nightmare—scattered bits of staring fright and horror. Individual phrases that Coxon uttered stand out clear in my memory: the key ideas round which his tragedy was built up. "Yes. It was a very nice house so far as it went. But it went too far."

This was not the house where, long ago, I had tried at a bridge party to keep pace with Phoebe's gentility. She had soon grown out of that little place, and out of another twice its size. The nice house that Coxon was now referring to was one they had moved into ten years ago. It was in Buckinghamshire, on the Chiltern slopes, a small manorhouse in about five acres of ground. Small, that is, as manorhouses go, but much bigger than anything Coxon needed. It ran him into three indoor servants, a gardener, an undergardener, a gardener's boy, and a chauffeur for the Rolls Royce car. Coxon could afford all this, for his career at International Utilities had been even more successful after I left than during my last few years there. Phoebe took the manorhouse to celebrate the day when Coxon achieved an almost undivided control of the company's finances.

He could afford it—if he spent every shilling he was earning—because it wasn't only the house; it was also the children. "They were all like her." That was another of the phrases that stuck forever in my memory, that recurred when I saw Coxon shuffling through the prison gates, when I turned the car and drove back to Moretonhampstead, wondering what had chiefly brought Coxon where he was: Phoebe Maitland and those children who were just like her, or my own misguided pity.

The children ate up all the money that was left over from Phoebe and the establishment. They were all boys. Public school . . . university. "The youngest is twenty-one," said Coxon bitterly. "Not one of them has ever earned a penny."

I had not interrupted Coxon much. Once he started, he was glad to run on, to get it off his chest. "But, good God, man," I said now, "couldn't you have stopped it? Couldn't you have put your foot down?"

"Just you remember," said Coxon, "all this was beginning fifteen years ago. Phoebe's still an attractive woman. What she was then you know very well. She had ways and means. Are you still a bachelor?"

I said that I was.

"Very well, then," Coxon commented bitterly, "you don't know what you're talking about. You stay a bachelor, George."

He remained silent for a while, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands. "I could see nothing but ruin for us all in the long run," he said. "I didn't feel I owed them much. Very well, then. I began to make provision for myself."

Coxon had been making provision for himself for five years. I haven't given you any idea of the scope of International Utilities, but you must understand that it was an immense concern. Its financial arrangements were full of subtle and complicated ramifications; its profits were never less than a million pounds a year. At the heart of that web of money, with all its meshes under his fingers, it would have been strange if a man of Coxon's financial skill had not been able to make provision for himself.

There was something almost of pride in the way he looked at me. "Oh, no; it wasn't difficult, George," he said.

"The thing is to know when to stop, when the moment has come to clear out. They'll never get to the bottom of it. I doubt if they'll so much as suspect it. It's all tied up in one or two countries in a way they'll never tumble to."

For the first time I began to be interested in the financial side of Coxon's crime. "How much?" I asked.

"Oh, about fifty thousand pounds."

He blew this trifle as casually as a bubble into the air of the flat. If it had been a cannon-ball it could not have bowled me over more completely. Again I detected that sense of pride in the effect he had created. "Then there was just a matter of five hundred pounds to put them off the track," he said.

The five hundred pounds seemed to Coxon, as he sat in his room at International Utilities, the master-stroke of the whole matter. It would be a large enough sum to account for his disappearance, and while they were puzzling that out there was a chance that they would not think of anything else. Not that they would find anything else. It was a hundred to one against. But he was not taking even that one chance. The five hundred pounds was his insurance against it. "What a fool! To wreck such a career for five hundred!"

For a year he had been betting rather heavily—he who had never bet in his life before, and he had taken care to back losers. He had received, as he had hoped to do, some letters from bookmakers, vaguely threatening. He now put them in a private drawer of his desk and locked it. They would force that drawer all right. They would find in it too some heavy bills that Phoebe had run up and that he had deferred paying till most of them were accompanied by letters asking for prompt settlement. Let them weigh it all up. "Poor old Coxon! He always lived to the top of his income. And that wife! Everyone knows she ran him in for a pretty penny. And then the poor fool tried to get straight by gambling. Let that be a lesson to you, my lad. It always sinks you deeper in the long run. But five hundred pounds! To cut and run on that!"

He smiled. He could see them shaking their heads over his folly. He got up and walked to the window. He heard the night watchman on his rounds passing the door. Only they two were in the great building. The last light of what had been a beautiful spring day was fading in a twilight that looked melancholy there in the city. Time to have done. Time to take the last walk through that impressive door which he had entered so long ago with George Heppinstall—when they were both raw youths from Manchester. His new suitcase with the new initials "H.H." was waiting for him at Victoria station, ready-packed with new things—clothes with the monogram "H.H." upon them, brushes with the monogram "H.H." stamped in the back, a few books with "Hilary Henderson" written on the fly-leaves. Nothing to do now but go.

He left the safe open, with a few bank notes lying outside it, to give the impression of a confused snatch, precipitate haste. He did not take a taxi. There was no sense in providing a witness to his destination. He walked down Blackfriars Street to the Embankment, pleased that he felt no stress of excitement, that he had thought of every smallest chance for and against his success. He had thought of everything except the ragged heap of misery that sidled up to him as he leaned for a moment against the Embankment wall.

The man carried a tray of studs and matches and other small articles as a cover for his begging. He leaned on the wall alongside Coxon and, looking at him sideways, Coxon saw that a few medals swung from his chest, and that in the side of a battered greasy hat he wore the badge of the Manchester Regiment. The sight of that badge drove Coxon's mind sharply back to the days when he and Heppinstall had been comrades, when Phoebe was young and beautiful

and their love was new and, having nothing, they yet seemed to have all things.

"Gawd strewth, guvnor, I'm starving. Gawd strewth I am. Not 'ad a solid meal for three days. Three kids, guvnor, and a missus."

He pulled open the overcoat which was nothing but a dirty tattered patchwork, and shamelessly exposed his body without a shirt. "The kids is just the same, guvnor—no clo'es, no food."

It was a whine Coxon had heard often enough, and it had never much moved him. "I don't know that I was moved then, George," he said, "or whether it was sheer damn' bravado—that impulse to play the fairy godmother, to change someone's whole outlook with a wave of the wand."

Whatever it was, he said suddenly: "Could you do with a fiver?"

"Don't kid a bloke, guvnor. Blimey, if you said five bob I'd feel like Rockerfeller."

"I said five pounds, and I mean," Coxon added, the game getting hold of him, "five pounds each."

They were standing in an alcove where the Embankment looped in a little on the river. No one shared their secrecy. The man crept nearer to Coxon, his eyes glittering, his voice husky, almost threatening as he asked: "Wotcher mean—five each? Each who?"

Coxon laughed and counted the five pound notes on to the fellow's dirty tray. "One for you," he said. "One for the missus. And one—two—three for the kids."

The man said nothing. He stood there open-mouthed, gazing at the thin crinkly sheets with their magic black inscriptions. Coxon walked on to Victoria.

"Coxon," I said, "have another drink." I thought he'd need it, so horrible was the idea that had come into my head. It was now one o'clock in the morning. We had talked ourselves hoarse. I poured him the drink and asked, "Was all your five hundred in fivers?"

"Most of it," he said. "I took good care to change 'em into French notes at the *bureau de change* at Victoria. I didn't want them in my pocket. The rest was pound and ten shilling notes that couldn't be traced."

"Traced?"

"You bet. There was a record of all the fivers."

Even now he didn't see what I was getting at. "Poor devil!" I said, half to myself.

Then suddenly Coxon saw it, and started to his feet, white to the gills. "Damn and blast the man," he cried excitedly. "Let him take his chance. I'm not going to wreck everything for him—five years' work, scheming down to the last detail. He was just a common sponger, pitching the tale. Why should I have mercy on him? Who's ever had mercy on me?"

I let him run on. He was full of self-pity, striding about the room, talking at the top of his voice. "Tell me that, Heppinstall," he demanded. "Who ever had pity on me? Who cared whether I lived or died? Even you," he said, turning on me bitterly, "even you haven't cared a damn. For fifteen years you might as well have been dead."

I didn't mind what Coxon had to say about me. I stuck to my point. "As soon as that poor devil tries to change one of those notes he's for it. They'll fit him in as an accomplice somehow. Twenty-five pounds from a perfect stranger! What a story! What a hope he has!"

Coxon walked up and down. "Pity!" he exclaimed. "I hate the name of it. It wasn't pity made me give him the money. It was just swank. And he'll get no pity from me now."

I went to bed. Coxon wouldn't do so. He kept his clothes on and slept on the couch. In the morning he came into my room and waked me. "George," he said, "I'm going to give myself up."

He was at first perfectly composed. He had bathed and shaved and looked a comfortable, prosperous man. But sud-

denly all this façade crumbled. He went down on his knees, buried his face in the bedclothes and wept. "It was all so perfect," he said, "not a flaw in it, I tell you. No one could have touched me. And now you—you with your damned pity! Why in hell did I have to meet you after all these years?"

It was my turn now to thrust pity aside. It seemed incredible that Coxon should be going back, because of me, to all the torment of a public exposure, to final and unutterable ruin. I urged him to forget all I had said, to do as he had planned, to use me in any way he liked. I even thought of what seemed to me a brilliant way of saving them both—him and this paltry beggar who had wrecked his schemes.

"Look, Coxon," I said, "you do this. You write a letter telling exactly what happened. It will corroborate what this feller says. They'll know your writing. They'll have to believe it. You leave the letter with me and I'll post it after you're gone—a month after—any time you like. Even if this chap's done a few weeks in jail, what matter? I don't suppose it'll be the first time. They'll have to let him out as soon as your letter arrives. I'll post the letter wherever you say—Berlin, Rome, Zurich—my time's my own. Let me do this for you, Coxon. Look at it in a reasonable light."

"Reasonable?" said Coxon, who was now again quite calm. "Do you call that reasonable? Suppose it was Martin?"

And on that I could not shake him. "Suppose it was Martin?" That was the great thought that had come to him during the night and that nothing could dissipate. I remembered how Sergeant Martin, himself shot through the shoulder, had brought Coxon in from no-man's-land, and we both knew that Martin had gone down and down when the War was over, sunk in the great anonymous slough of unemployment and misery. It was the remotest chance in the world, a chance that anyone but a fool would put aside, I now argued with Coxon. But he was not to be moved. "Suppose it was Martin?"

I saw how it was. That shuffling scarecrow on the Embankment had become a symbol with him: if not our Martin, then somebody's Martin, a human being with a man's right to justice. There are moments when I feel proud of Coxon—proud of him despite all that was said by the old moralist in ermine and red flannel—because in the very thick of his crime Coxon thought of this elementary right, which is so little thought of by so many of our governors and betters.

I traveled with him from the Gare du Nord as far as Calais. In my mind now is the bitter contrast of his tall upright figure ascending the gangway and the shambling convict I saw outside the prison gate. Between those times I did not see him.

What happened to Coxon when he got back became public property during the trial. He slept in a London hotel that night and went to the offices of International Utilities first thing the next morning. He walked straight into Mr. Henshaw's room.

"Good morning, Henshaw. I don't suppose you expected to see me again?"

"Ah, Coxon! Good morning. Sit down." Henshaw, all smiling urbanity, offered a cigar which Coxon took and which Henshaw lighted for him. "No. Certainly, we thought we'd seen the last of you. But we're delighted to have you back. Now you're *both* accounted for—you and your verminous accomplice."

"So the police have got him already?"

"Oh, yes. That was easy. But you, Coxon—you're another matter. Frankly, I thought we'd never see you again."

"You wouldn't have," said Coxon, "if that man had been what you call him—my accomplice. He was nothing of the sort. I want to explain that. That's what I'm here for."

"Perhaps," said Henshaw, "you'd better explain in writing. Here, make yourself comfortable, and take your time."

Coxon sat at Henshaw's palatial desk and began immediately to write. Henshaw did not leave the room. He sat on a couch by the fire, lit his morning pipe, took up the morning paper, and from time to time looked curiously at Coxon bent over his task. He got up only once. That was to touch a bell, and to the clerk who answered it he said: "Ask Mr. Applewick not to go. Tell him I'll ask him to come in here presently."

When the clerk was gone, Coxon looked up. "Applewick a police officer?"

"Yes—a good man," said Henshaw pleasantly, and went on with his reading.

When Coxon had finished writing, he got up and went over to the hearth and handed the sheets to Henshaw. One leg thrown over the other, puffing at his pipe, Henshaw read, while Coxon stood looking down at him like a young reporter anxious for his editor's praise.

"'M. Yes. Very interesting. Very good," said Henshaw approvingly. "You haven't signed it."

Coxon signed, and Henshaw locked the document into his desk.

"You know, Coxon," he said then, "you've been a fool—from your own point of view, I mean. That fellow you gave the notes to can't be released. You've come back for nothing."

"Can't!" Coxon burst out. "What d'you mean—can't? I tell you he must. He had nothing to do with it."

"He's got nothing to do with anything now," said Henshaw. "He's dead. And all this stuff that you've put down here—the medals, the Manchester Regiment badge, the wife and children—really, Coxon, you're very gullible. This fellow got tight as soon as you left him and walked under a taxi. The police know him well. He's just a rogue and vagabond. He never served in the War. Any scoundrel can pick up a few medals and a cap badge. And there's no wife, no children . . ."

"That'll do! That'll do!" said Coxon harshly. He stood for a moment looking at Henshaw with twitching face, and then cried in the bitterness of his spirit: "My God! To have risked fifty thousand for this!"

Henshaw was swiftly on his feet. "Fifty thousand!" he exclaimed incredulously. A moment later he was saying: "We're ready now for Mr. Applewick."

AN EXPERIMENT IN ENGLISH

BY JULIAN GREEN

ONE of the most curious consequences of the present state of affairs in Europe is the problem which now faces a great many men and women who have been driven from their homes by the invader and have sought refuge in this country. A strange and unforeseen problem: these people have been told by fate that, if they wish to live, they must learn English.

At first this would not seem very disturbing. To learn English, why yes. Millions of foreigners have learned English; it isn't anything like a feat, it is simply a question of time and patience and hard work. If some of us were told that, owing to almost unimaginable circumstances, we had to learn, let us say, Portuguese to go on living, we should no doubt accept the bargain; we might even, at first, think it a little funny, rather exciting, but as time wore on, our opinion on this matter might undergo a change.

It is all very well to take French or German or Spanish in college, they are a part of our studies; but in all probability our knowledge of those languages will seldom go beyond a sort of theoretical stage. We may be able to recite one or two of La Fontaine's fables, which, by the way, is extremely difficult to do well, or we may be able to write a letter with no grammatical mistakes, provided the letter is not too long; but even if we can't, well, it won't matter very much; should we get our irregular verbs a little wrong, there will still be room for happiness in our lives, whereas a refugee's happiness might be greatly interfered with by an insufficient knowledge of English.

Let us go back to the almost unbelievable time when there was no war. People lived in their homes and were reasonably happy. They did not stop to ask themselves whether they were happy or not, nor do we. A certain amount of boredom goes into the composition of the average happiness, latent, not conscious boredom, a strange feeling that, although the years rush along, the days are apt to lag. Some years ago a French play was given the hero of which was a man whose life was a series of minor worries: his cook gave notice on the eve of a dinner party, or his wife had a row with his best friend, or his secretary ran away. One day something really went wrong and there was cause for tears, scenes, and some of those words which, once said, can never be unsaid. Finally differences were adjusted and the tense atmosphere of drama gave way to that of peace. "Well," said someone, as the hero sank into an armchair, "everything is all right now. Happiness is here." Whereupon the hero, with the face of a man who has been badly harried by life and is a little skeptical of certain words, looked gloomily at the audience and said: "Happiness? Well, I'll get used to it somehow."

Now precisely that kind of happiness with its monotony and complete lack of excitement is what the world is pining for to-day. It was taken away suddenly from millions of men and women in the fall of 1939 and only then could they

appreciate what they had lost. With their country defeated and hope killed in their hearts, some of them preferred to face a long exile rather than live under the rule of the invader. So they came to this country, where freedom is still to be found, and with them, to be sure, they brought their language.

Most of them had little else to bring, but a man's language is so very much his own property that he almost identifies himself with it. This is a characteristic human trait. We are inclined to consider that what belongs to us and what we cherish most is somehow a part of ourselves. Our worth, our moral value depend largely on the value of that very thing which we wish to make our own. A miser is, or believes he is, so dependent on his wealth that without it he does not think that he can live, because, in his subconscious mind, it has become a part of himself; and he is really a very poor man. An art collector feels pretty much the same way toward his pictures: they do not belong to him as much as he belongs to them, and if they are destroyed by fire, for instance, his own soul is scorched by the flames. The same appears to be true of any kind of attachment, from the lowest to the highest forms of love. We are what we love most. All of us have met intellectuals who had obviously shed their humanity and transformed themselves into books, and that great modern thinker, Leonardo da Vinci, tells us in his brutal way that the average man is no more than a digestive apparatus.

Now, language is a part of us to such a point that we are not even conscious of it except under unusual circumstances. It is of course a property which we share with millions of other people, but it is nevertheless so essentially a part of us that if, in some inconceivable way, it were taken from us completely, almost every form of mental process might come to a halt in our brain. Try to think for only a few seconds without the help of words and see how far you can get.

I know of a French child—it would take a French child to do this—who once asked her mother the following question: "Mother, when you think do you think thoughts or do you think words?" Whereupon the mother immediately answered: "Don't be absurd, child. When you think, you think thoughts of course." But as she was an intelligent woman with a reflective turn of mind, she began wondering at her own answer. What did it mean to think thoughts and not words? So she asked a friend of hers who taught philosophy in Paris, and he said to her: "You had better tell your little girl that we don't know."

Well, I don't know any more than that philosopher, but it seems to me that we can't very well have thoughts without words, although I am positive that many times a day we are treated to words without thought. When I was younger and knew even less about such matters than I do to-day, I used to be irritated by a certain question which was sometimes asked me; later I found out that when we are irritated by a question it often means that we have not understood it. The question was: "Do you think in English or in French?" My answer was: "Tell me first if we think in words," with the unexpressed assumption that we didn't. Usually I obtained no reply and felt in consequence very superior. Nevertheless, the question that had been asked me was interesting and my answer, at best, a display of ignorance.

We may take it for granted that practically all our thinking is done in terms of a definite language. A language is not only a means of designating objects or describing emotions; it is in itself a process of thought. When the Latin mind was confronted with a certain aspect of the universe it created certain words to express it. This same aspect of the universe apprehended by the Anglo-Saxon race received a different name. The phenomenon described was essentially the same by whatever name it happened to be called, but the difference in the names argued a difference in the mentalities of the two races.

The French language interprets the universe in one way, the English language in another; it is the same universe seen from different angles. There is, I believe, a letter written by Keats in which the poet explains that some thoughts expressed in his poems were suggested to him by words. To a student of poetry this of course is an invaluable indication, but many a prose writer has experienced also the power of words to create thought. It sometimes happens that the very words used to express a thought cause it to deviate into an entirely unforeseen channel, nor does this argue a loose mode of thinking. To be sure, a philosopher or a mathematician will not allow himself to be lured away from his path by the magic of words, but to a poet, or even to a novelist, this deviation may prove a godsend, a source of real inspiration. We may be tolerably certain that had Keats been born French he might have written a poem called "Endymion" but the contents of that poem would have been different. To put it in other words, a French translation of "Endymion" as we know it can in no wise represent what Keats would have written had he written in French instead of English, because the mere sound of French words would have suggested an entirely different set of images.

A language is a world from which it is very difficult to escape. Yet to many in recent months it has become a necessity to give up their language and adopt a new and difficult means of expressing themselves. Some are succeeding better than others: it depends on age and natural gifts; the young are quicker in adapting themselves to circumstances; the old—well, an old man in exile is always in a bad plight.

Having lived in Paris many years, it has been my good fortune to meet most of the important present-day writers of France. A few are in this country, and as I am studying the problem of learning to think in a new language, I shall mention here the case of a man who is well known in most countries of Europe as one of the greatest exponents of modern thought. We have been friends for fifteen or sixteen years. He had been in America for several months when the catastrophe of June, 1940, made his return to Paris impossible. Upon my arrival in this country, toward the middle of last summer, I went to see him. We had a great deal to say to each other and a great many questions to ask. He wanted to know what was happening in his country, how his friends were faring, who was alive and who was missing. We spoke French of course. Unlike many philosophers, he has an exquisite sense of the beauty of words and expresses himself with the preciseness and the simplicity of a real artist. For that and other reasons I have always enjoyed listening to him, and I have never left him without feeling that in some way I had been enriched.

All of a sudden, in the middle of a sentence, he stopped short and looked me straight in the face. There was a look in his eyes which I cannot forget—a baffled, almost an anxious look; nevertheless he smiled and asked me: "How do you say 'inadequate' in French?" Now this man, by ten or twelve years my senior, is, as I have said, one of France's most honored writers, a man to whom many people look for guidance, the author of several books of permanent value. I laughed and gave him the word, but I did not feel like laughing any more than he felt like smiling. We both understood that this incident, which very few would have even noticed had they witnessed it, carried with it a meaning of importance. I do not wish to dramatize what seems, after all, only a small lapse of memory, but to a man of culture, every word of his mother tongue is a part of a heritage which must be preserved in its entirety, and to forget one of those words is a cause of worry and sadness because it means that something of incalculable worth is being threatened in him.

This is one of the vital problems which

a refugee writer has to face. But I have mentioned only one aspect of the question. The counterpart is that our writer has to learn English, not only enough English to carry on the business of everyday life in an English-speaking country, but enough English to express himself as a writer, enough English to do without translators. He existed in former years as a French writer; can he now exist as an English writer? He must lecture. Is he intelligible? He has something to say. Will people over here understand him? Not always. They do not realize what a struggle it is to express one's meaning in a language almost every word of which is a pitfall to foreigners. All they see, all they hear is a man with a tortured face, trying to get the accent on the right syllables and to remember his aitches. And pretty soon they tire of this, and the speaker, if he happens to be the least sensitive, realizes it with distress in his heart and deep humiliation.

Such, happily, is not always the case. Not so long ago in Baltimore I heard a French lecturer express himself in faultless English and with only as much of an accent as could be found pleasing. But whether they know English or not, there is something which these French writers must struggle to preserve: their language. It is the one thing which America will unwittingly take away from them if they do not keep guard over the treasure which their native land has entrusted to their care. They will preserve it, to be sure, by reading French books and talking with one another—but if they are alone and if they are too busy to read?

II

How much is our language really a part of us? In view of the fact that it is possible for us to forget our native tongue, I used to think that languages were superficial, that they didn't go very deep, otherwise how could twelve months' stay in a foreign country make a Frenchman or a German or an Italian hesitate about his prepositions and halt for the most familiar words which he knew as a child? With time I came to revise this opinion. To-day I feel pretty sure that our mother tongue gives us something which can never be eradicated.

I have always been interested in this question of languages because of the rather unusual opportunity I was given as a child to learn two languages at the same time. There are so many interesting problems connected with this situation that I may be excused for mentioning my personal case. I was born in Paris of American parents and brought up in that city, much in the manner of most Parisians, that is, I went to one of those large schools called *lycées* and practically all my friends were French. But at home I was no longer in France, I was in America. My mother's French was a matter of endless mirth to everyone, including herself, and we all spoke English, but I did not speak it well.

To my mother's shame it was a long time before I could understand English at all. As a child I could not bring myself to believe that English was a real language, rather did I take it to be a jumble of meaningless sounds which grown-ups made to pretend they were carrying on a conversation. These sounds I imitated in a spirit of mockery, but years went by before I realized that English words were actually supposed to make sense. I could not understand why, when everything had a name in French, people should go out of their way to call it by some other name. To me the real names of things were French; other names were fancy and unreal. The fact that my father and mother spoke a strange language was simply one of those many things which I vaguely accepted without understanding; it was a part of the mysterious behavior of grown-ups, and as I have mentioned before, I did not believe that in using this strange language they really said anything; I thought they invented these uncouth sounds for the purpose of being funny.

One day something happened which

gave me an inkling that the English language was not entirely meaningless. From a psychological point of view the incident is rather curious. Several times a week my mother read the Bible to us, and she read it in the King James Version. I remember that she would sit by a window, book in hand, and my sisters sat around her. I, being very small and not knowing English, was allowed to do as I wished, but I was so fond of my mother that I always sat on the floor at her feet whenever she read to my sisters.

On a certain afternoon as she was reading aloud I amused myself by exploring the cracks in the floor with a pin. It is extraordinary what one could find in those cracks before the days of vacuum cleaners: pins, tiny glass beads which came from goodness knows where, very hard crumbs of bread and, occasionally, a dead insect. All of which was intensely interesting to a child of five. All of a sudden I received something like a shock: I had understood; my mother had read a few words which I understood, they made sense. I got up in great excitement and was made to sit down again. Once more I got up and tugged at my mother's sleeve, but she pushed me gently aside and read on. To this day I can remember how utterly bewildered I felt because I couldn't explain the cause of my excitement.

In later years I made great efforts to call back to memory the first English words I was ever conscious of understanding, but I never succeeded. It is to me a pleasing thought that these words came out of the Bible and I often wonder what they could have been.

I suppose that a novelist would make use of this incident and compare it, let us say, to the opening of a sluice, with the mighty flow of the English language pouring into the child's brain, but nothing of the kind happened to me. I do not know how I learned English any more than I know how I learned French. The words I had understood that afternoon did not by any means give a key to the whole language, and I was almost as ignorant after hearing them as before except that I was now conscious of the fact that when my elders spoke in this un-French language they were really saying something. But the biblical words were nothing more from a practical point of view than a streak of lightning in a very black sky.

When a person says that he doesn't know how he learned a language he means, I think, that it "came to him naturally." He understood what was being said in that language before he was even conscious of understanding words. By the time I grasped the meaning of those three or four words from the Bible a long process had been going on in my brain, probably for several years, and had culminated in the moment which I have described. I had learned without being aware of learning. But as I grew a little older, a book, an English primer, was placed in my hands and I became painfully conscious that I was being taught English.

It was a difficult task. My pronunciation was dreadful and drew deep sighs from my mother who couldn't bear the thought that her son dropped his aitches like a foreigner. Spelling too was the cause of much grief to both of us. This was all the stranger since my sisters learned English with comparative ease; but French was my language, decidedly. Like all children, I was very sensitive, and the idea that when I spoke English I was ridiculous and might be laughed at soon became a sort of fixed idea which hindered my progress in that language.

It is rather odd that such an idea should have persisted in me after any cause for it had disappeared, but I remember that the first year I went to the University I was still so shy of the English language that I had mentally to prepare anything I wanted to say. Even the simplest things like ordering a book from Bruffey's, at the corner, demanded a sort of private rehearsal, and for several months I lived in a state of moral discomfort caused by the possibility of being asked questions in class by

my professors and having, as it were, to improvise answers in English. Even now I sometimes have a recurrence of the old feeling, particularly when I have been speaking French for any length of time.

For that and other reasons, I am more and more inclined to believe that it is almost an impossibility to be absolutely bi-lingual. True, several languages can be mastered by the same person, sometimes to an amazing degree. I have heard people turn from French to English and from English to German with consummate ease and such perfection as to accent, intonations, and choice of words that I wondered if there wasn't a trick about it. But this is not exactly what I mean. What I mean is that a man may speak half a dozen languages fluently and yet feel at home in only one; that is the language in which he will think when he is alone.

III

How difficult it is to master completely a language was made clear to me some years ago in London. I had spent most of the day with André Gide; we had walked several hours through the quieter part of the city, discussing books. André Gide is one of the few persons I know for whom a book is something real and important, not simply a certain number of pages to be read for amusement, then tossed aside and dismissed from memory. What he deems worth reading he reads with admirable care, always trying to get at the author's intention, which we so seldom do, and retaining as much of the book as he considers necessary. The result of such scrupulous reading is, as might be expected from a mind like his, a stupendous accumulation of intellectual wealth. Perhaps I should have prefaced my story by saying that his knowledge of English literature is one which a scholar might envy. His translation of "Anthony and Cleopatra" and of the first act of "Hamlet" is considered a definitive piece of work, and he has done much to introduce such authors as Conrad to the French-reading public.

After we had gone quite a way we both felt tired, and I said I had to go back to my room. Gide had an appointment in Chelsea but, not knowing his way round in the maze of London streets, he asked me to direct him. So I took him to a bus stop and told him to get off, let us say, at Carlyle Square. "But," said Gide, "I may not know Carlyle Square when I see it." "In that case," I replied, "it might be wiser to ask the conductor to tell you when you come to it." "Of course," he went on, "but *how* must I tell him?" By that time the bus was in sight. I said: "All you need to tell him is: Let me off at Carlyle Square." He repeated these words with great seriousness, and as the bus drew up repeated them again several times, hopped on and waved his hand, still mumbling the magic words: Let me off at Carlyle Square.

"Here," I thought, as I walked away, "here is a man who might have carried on a conversation with Andrew Marvell or Henry Vaughan, but cannot address a London bus driver."

A completely bi-lingual person is indeed a very rare bird. I have known people who were supposed to speak English as well as French and who, when the effort of speaking in a foreign tongue had been sustained too long, suddenly stumbled over the simplest words. Why this should be I don't quite understand, any more than I can understand why we are not all ambidextrous.

As I have already hinted, my own experience with English was not always a pleasant one. To begin with, I felt so self-conscious when speaking English that I deliberately made those very mistakes which I was striving to avoid; it was as if a sort of perverse imp prompted me to mispronounce certain words, usually when I happened to be speaking to the most fastidious of English writers. That disquieting book, *Fifteen Thousand Words Often Mispronounced* would suddenly appear to me in a sort of mental vision and shake its dreadful leaves in

my face as I spoke. I was painfully conscious of the fact that when I expressed myself in English I was all along translating from the French. As years went by this feeling gradually wore off, but if Pater is right in saying that the road to perfection is through a series of disgusts, I can affirm that, although I am far from having reached the goal he mentions, I am quite familiar with the less attractive aspects of the journey.

I remember that one of the first papers I was asked to write at the University was about Doctor Johnson. The question was as follows: "Do you consider that Doctor Johnson was a versatile man? If so, prove it." Now *versatile* in French means fickle, and little else. The English word, according to the best authorities, may accept of this meaning, but more generally signifies many-sided, having many aptitudes. Not being in the least aware of this and having the French word in mind, I wrote what I considered an eloquent vindication of Johnson's moral character. I showed how true he was to Tetty, how consistently kind to his friends, in spite of occasional fits of irritation, and above all how patient and long-suffering he was with Boswell. The paper was read by a young instructor, who returned it to me with a large question mark in blue pencil and the following appreciation: "Might have been a better paper, had you treated the subject." So I flew to the Rotunda, looked up "versatile" in the large edition of Webster, and, in the words of Ethelinda Sapsea's epitaph in *Edwin Drood*, "with a blush retired."

In later years I returned to Paris and wrote whatever I had to write in French. It didn't occur to me to do otherwise. I lived in France and the only writing I did in English was in communicating with my friends and relatives in America. But writing letters had little to do with writing books in the same language, or so I thought. This was, I suppose, a French notion; I mean by that, that writing a book, to a Frenchman, is a somewhat more formal process than writing letters. One cannot write a book with the same ease and, alas, the same *désinvolture* as one pens a message to a friend. This is true of any language, but more especially of French, because of the extraordinary importance given to style by French authors. When Buffon put on his best clothes to write in, his most elaborately embroidered coat, his finest lace, he was unwittingly giving us a living symbol of the French attitude toward literature. At times I wonder if such an attitude is not regrettable. It seems to me beyond a doubt that Flaubert's finest writing is to be found not in his novels, great though they be, but in the eight or ten volumes of his letters, many of which were written at top speed with none of those torturing qualms about style which made his literary production so laborious and comparatively so small. It is a rather melancholy thought that, had he devoted less time to worrying over double genitives and words repeated at a distance of only two pages, he might have given us a few more novels of the same quality as *l'Éducation Sentimentale*.

These ideas as to the importance of style still prevail in modern France. A man may be forgiven almost anything he says provided he says it well. On the other hand, a slipshod book has little chance of being permanently accepted. It is an illuminating fact that the boldest of revolutionary French writers between 1920 and 1930 wrote as carefully as the most finicky of poets. Surrealist manifestoes of those days were couched in faultless French. They demanded the overthrow of capitalism with an exquisite choice of words. To set fire to the Louvre, that old *idée fixe* of cultured reds, was advocated in terms of studied ferocity, but grammar and good usage went unscathed through the withering flame of all this eloquence. There is no French writer who at one time or other does not harbor the hope of becoming, so to speak, a part of French tradition. He may be against every kind of tradition in the world if he happens to be a radical,

but the tradition of style is still a matter of life and death to a man who wields a pen between the Atlantic Ocean and the Rhine.

IV

Some years ago a small controversy raged in literary cafés over something Paul Valéry had said. According to the poet, one of the most difficult sentences for a novelist to write was: *La Comtesse entra et s'assit.* The Countess entered and sat down. What he meant is plain enough. Everyone who has ever tried to write a story with any degree of care knows what efforts attend the stating of simple actions, such as the one just quoted. It is dreadful to be trite, but how can one avoid it when describing a trite incident? The Countess entered and sat down. What is the wretched woman to do? Go through contortions to reach her chair? Crawl on her stomach? Does the sentence have to be remarkable in any way? If beauty is to be given to it, how is this to be achieved? After all, there is only a limited way of expressing certain things, particularly in French. You can come in, enter, or penetrate. You can take a chair, sit down, and be seated—and everything else, as the French say, is *littérature.* But there is the point: literature. We want literature, we must give that sentence the mysterious quality of style. How on earth are you going to manage it in the present case?

Well, the Countess entered all the cafés in the neighborhood of Saint Germain des Prés, and all the cafés along the Boulevard Saint Michel, which foreigners call the Boul' Mich'. She entered and, believe me, she sat down. Finally another poet arose and laid the horrible ghost. His name is Jean Cassou, a splendid writer. He arose then, and said: "'The Countess entered and sat down' can in itself be a beautiful sentence. It all depends on the way it is introduced, on what comes before and what follows. It can be moving, it can be tragic; it can give you the shock of surprise, it can make you smile, draw tears from your eyes, or make your flesh creep. A poet could write such a sentence and hold his head high." Having thus spoken, he sat down, and as he sat down, the Countess got up and left, and has never been heard of since.

Once in a while, to be sure, she does come back in young writers' nightmares. I have felt her paralyzing hand on my shoulder as I wrote my first novels, but we all know that she is only a phantom and we are no longer afraid of her.

Having been brought up in France, I was imbued with these ideas concerning style; some I have kept, and they have become a part of me; others I discarded when I found out that they were more of a hindrance than a help, but they have all taught me something. I considered, as a young man, that one of the great principles of style was to skip all intermediate sentences, according to the rule given by Montesquieu, and I still think it is a good idea. Another principle which I cherished was not to repeat any word on the same page. This may seem a little strange to you. Indeed it seems strange to me now. It was one of those ideas which French school teachers have apparently inherited from Flaubert, and a disastrous idea it is when applied too scrupulously. Each word has to justify its presence on the page; even honest, hard-working auxiliary verbs are chased out, unnoticeable prepositions, conjunctions, and the like alone going unmolested. Variety of a sort is obtained in this way, but inspiration is often shot in the head. However, lest you might think that I was alone of my kind to carry on this tradition, I shall tell you the story of a man whom I shall call Brodard. Brodard was for many years the proof-reader of one of the leading magazines of Paris, an old magazine that had published novels by Balzac and Flaubert, and later some of Anatole France's work. Brodard, who had read *Madame Bovary* and had apparently never recovered from it, was implacable when it came to repetition of words. Authors were sent

proofs covered with little signs indicating that such and such a word was to be replaced by another, to avoid repetition. Most authors complied with these exigencies, and some of the best writers of the day among them. This went to Brodard's head, and in time he became insupportable. It was almost impossible to please this Aristarchus. Not only did he eschew words of similar form, but words of similar origin, even when their forms differed notably. One day it occurred to him that authors were not sufficiently attentive to the euphony of words. He began making suggestions: these two words sounded alike, the effect was monotonous; couldn't something else be substituted? So writers racked their brains to please Brodard and not offend his sensitive ear. But one day he quarreled with a novelist because there happened to be on one page two words with double *l*'s at a distance of only a line and a half. This was the signal for a general insurrection against Brodard. Authors refused to be martyred any more and threatened never to write again for that magazine if something wasn't done about the proofreader. So the latter was called to the director's office, and when he came out he was another man. I never saw him, but I had communications from him when I published my first novels in what he still considered his magazine. By that time, however, his spirit was broken. He mildly suggested to me, on one occasion, that the verb to have, when used more than five times in two lines, produces an effect of wearisome sameness, but he didn't insist on a change, he merely suggested. The old Brodard was dead.

My reason for dwelling on this curious man is that he was the embodiment of certain superstitious conceptions of style. Very typical is the acquiescence of so many French writers to his dictates so long as they seemed reasonable. In order to realize fully what this means we should try to picture, for instance, Mr. Erskine Caldwell's face if he were told by the proofreader of an American magazine that there was an unpleasing similarity in the sound of two adjectives on page three of his last story.

When I came to this country, in July, 1940, I conceived the idea of writing a book about France, not a book on recent events—others could do that better than I—but a book on what I owe to France. I am afraid it would take more books than I could write to pay such a debt; nevertheless, I found great pleasure in saying thank you to a nation I love and admire. I wrote in French (as I always did), when, having done about ten pages, I had a disquieting thought: "Who will print these words?" I did not know then that there are French publishers publishing French books in this country. So I laid aside what I had written and decided to begin the book again, this time in English, my intention being to use practically the same words, or, if you wish, to translate my own sentences into English.

At this point something quite unexpected happened. With a very definite idea as to what I wanted to say, I began my book, wrote about a page and a half and, on re-reading what I had written, realized that I was writing another book, a book so different in tone from the French that a whole aspect of the subject must of necessity be altered. It was as if, writing in English, I had become another person. I went on. New trains of thought were started in my mind, new associations of ideas were formed. There was so little resemblance between what I wrote in English and what I had already written in French that it might almost be doubted that the same person was the author of these two pieces of work. This puzzled me considerably and still does. It hasn't helped me much in understanding the relationship of language to human beings—in a way it has made it seem even more mysterious than I fancied—but it has enabled me to apprehend more clearly the problem of foreign writers who are at present experimenting with the English language.

PLYWOOD

THE LUMBERMAN'S STEPCHILD

BY JOSEPH L. NICHOLSON

WHEN the cane seat of a chair broke through, the cheapest thing used to be to buy a plywood chair bottom at a Five and Ten Cent Store and tack it on the chair with brass nails. Of course a cane seat was more desirable, but canes cost money and the plywood would do. "It'll do" has been the attitude toward plywood for many years. Actually, plywood is one of the sturdiest and most adaptable of all man-made materials. It is built up out of thin layers of wood, the layers glued to one another with the grain of each ply running at right angles to the grain of the next ply. This ingenious method of manufacture results in a material which utilizes the natural strength of wood and does away with most of its weaknesses. Yet for fifty years, despite its virtues, plywood was scorned as a cheap and second-rate substitute.

Plywood, like rayon, has been one of the victims of the conflict between machine technology and the ideals of conspicuous waste. Complaint about machine slavery and technological unemployment is common, but one of the chief obstacles to a reasonable utilization of technology is the body of customs, beliefs, desires, prejudices, and attitudes built up in the centuries before the industrial revolution.

The mass of men have never been very far from starvation; until recent times food, shelter, and some clothes were all most men could ever hope for. (The idea that it is well for everybody to be literate is recent.) Articles of manufacture were costly; furniture, fabrics, pictures, and most other things were luxuries and few possessed them. A man who got on wanted these luxuries not only because they were beautiful or useful, but because they were plain evidence that he had got on. "Solid mahogany!"

So, after the industrial revolution when the manufacture of consumption goods on a large scale began, the most desired models were the luxuries and grandeurs of the past. Baroque clocks of gilded cast iron, mercerized brocade, phony Gothic buildings—the list is long. Rarely was an inexpensive article designed with any appreciation of the materials that went into it; it was essential that a black oilcloth suitcase imitate patent leather. The manufacturers of rayon blundered along for years making "artificial silk," an imitation of a luxury. This they did until the shortsighted tactics of the silk people in cheapening and debasing their own fabric forced the rayon makers really to go to work on their new fiber and, by experiment, find out what could be done with it.

Plywood has had a similar career in modern times. Few persons were interested in it or undertook to experiment with it and discover its merits. It was a sort of lumber by-product, made up on order for a manufacturer who was manufacturing a cheap article. What was cheap in cost was most often cheap in

character and, with few exceptions, the makers of plywood were satisfied to do a slovenly job and turn out an inferior material. There is enough warped plywood furniture and a sufficient number of blistered plywood doors in this country to serve as evidence of the contempt in which the material was held.

Until very recently no one ever thought of selling plywood for itself; it was always a material intended for something else. New uses were found for it, but incidentally and most often by accident. The lumber business—almost the last of the industries to pay attention to technology—was not interested in plywood. It was so much easier to cut the "inexhaustible" timber and saw it up into boards. In a word, plywood was made by people who were chiefly interested in some other business.

Recently, as with rayon, there has been a change and now the war may provide the long-awaited opportunity for this stepchild of the lumber industry. There is good reason to believe that plywood is more adapted to the mass production of planes than aluminum; the necessity for the quick construction of shelters for munitions workers may bring about the mass production of prefabricated plywood houses.

II

It is an ironical fact that plywood in its original form—veneer—was known to the ancients and esteemed by them as one of the costliest of luxuries. The art of veneering was known in Egypt in the 15th century B.C. Since few trees that could be used for ornamental purposes grew in Egypt, ebony, rosewood, and teak were imported from India. To bring even a single log so far by galley and oxcart was a long and laborious undertaking; it was necessary to make a single log do for a number of pieces of furniture. The mummy cases of many of the Egyptian kings were made of veneered wood. Veneer was as great a luxury to the Romans as it had been to the Egyptians and veneered citrus-wood tables became so fashionable at one time that Pliny says that Cicero paid a million sesterces—twenty thousand dollars—for one of them. The great cabinet-makers have always used veneers—Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite among them—and costly furniture is still made with veneer. But the purpose is chiefly decorative. The old veneer workers did not know that glued wood has advantages other than beauty; the most important of these advantages is strength.

Here is a simplified picture of how most plywood is made: A log is rotated against a long sharp knife which peels off a continuous ribbon of veneer as wide as the log is long, and about one-eighth of an inch thick. A ready comparison is the unwinding of a roll of paper. As the log unwinds, the ribbon of veneer is clipped in the desired lengths; the lengths or sheets are dried. Glue is applied to their surfaces and they are then piled—usually in layers of three or five—and pressed until the glue hardens, making them into a solid panel. The grain of each ply is at right angles to the grain of the succeeding ply.

Plywood takes advantage of the structural pattern of the tree. A tree, untouched, is a marvelous structure. No man-made creation of comparable size, weight, and wind resistance can rival it. The fibers of a tree, running up and down its length, are tiny, elongated sacs which fill with moisture and swell up in damp air and empty and contract when the air is dry. Cut to the ground and chopped in pieces, a tree refuses to die; it alternately swells and contracts in rain and sunshine. Windows and doors stick in humid weather; they rattle when dried in artificial heat. In some instances wood will shrink as much as one inch to a foot between wet and dry. The shrinking and swelling occur across the grain. That is, a tree expands its girth with water as a man expands his girth with eating.

Plywood takes advantage of the fact that wood does not swell in the direction

of the grain. A ply is prevented from expanding across its grain by being glued to a ply with a grain running in an opposite direction. The shrinking or swelling of each ply is resisted by the adjacent ply, and the result is a balance.

Plywood is split proof. It is easy to split a piece of wood with a knife or a hatchet in the direction of the grain; it takes a lot of cutting and chopping to cut wood across the grain. Plywood profits from the fact. It is a good insulator and can be bent easily into rounded forms. When properly made, it is durable and slow to decay. And, as its manufacturers now know, it is adaptable to hundreds of uses.

The date and place of its origin is not known but it was sometime about the middle of the 19th century; no doubt plywood was developed independently in various places. It was used in Russia in the 80's, and the Russian-Baltic Car Works employed it in the building of railroad cars. From Russia it was brought to Germany. The Deutsche Rohrplatton Gesellschaft devised a number of special processes for dealing with plywood.

One of its earliest applications in the United States was in the manufacture of pianos. Plywood was used in piano planks for gripping the steel tuning pins by which the wires are adjusted to pitch. When it was discovered that the material could be curved, plywood was used for the "S" dashboards of sleighs and for the perforated seats and backs of the benches in oldtime railroad and ferry waiting rooms. "God Bless Our Lodge" perforated in the back was much admired.

Hardwood veneer factories were common in the East, but the manufacture of plywood on anything like a large scale did not begin until 1905, when a small company in Oregon undertook to produce it and use it in the making of light and cheap doors.

In the years following 1905 the amount of plywood produced increased very slowly. The mills had no way to retail it and, since plywood competed with lumber, lumber yards were reluctant to handle it. It was difficult to persuade a local contractor to use plywood to build a cupboard if he had to wait weeks for the delivery of a couple of panels. Where inaccessibility was overcome there remained the belief of many people that plywood was inferior. It was not until the demand was swelled by the first World War and the mills in the Northwest expanded that the plywood people were able to form a trade association which undertook to set standards of quality and to experiment in the development of new plywood products. Later on the industry—as distinct from the veneer industry—made a big advance when a national sales organization was formed to sell plywood. Most lumber yards now carry it.

What galvanized the mills during the last war was the search for material for airplane manufacture. Plywood was the strongest available material for its weight and in a very short time aircraft manufacturers were using it.

Long before 1917 plywood had been employed in aeronautical construction. More than thirty years before, an officer in the Russian army named Captain Kostovich built out of plywood a rigid airship of the type later developed by Count Zeppelin. When Igor Sikorsky began his experiments in airplane building in 1910 he used plywood and the entire fuselage of Sikorsky's first four-engined machine, the "Grand," was built of plywood.* In 1912 the first airplane to be constructed entirely of plywood—wings included—was built in Russia. These various experiments influenced the Germans in the construction of the famous Albatross and Gotha machines, but little was done in the United States until after the War began. Plywood cowlings were made for the DeHaviland 4's and a plywood monocoque fuselage—we will deal with this presently—was submitted by the Dodge Brothers to the Signal Corps in May, 1916.

*A photograph of the "Grand" will be found in the Personal and Otherwise Department in the back of this issue.

Despite the merits of the material, difficulties showed up that could not be overcome. The method of construction required that flat pressed plywood be steamed to "compound curvature," and there was always a tendency for the material to return to its original pressed condition. The result was that the airplane changed shape or wrinkled with each change in temperature or humidity. Confronted by these problems, aircraft manufacturers turned to aluminum, which has been the standard material ever since. Still, before the first wave of interest expired, experiments had been pushed a considerable distance. In 1919—just after the War—the Haskelite Corporation of Grand Rapids succeeded in making a two-piece plywood fuselage with concrete dies and the Curtiss Company built the "Oriole" of plywood. Then for fifteen years or more little was heard of plywood planes.

The main trouble was the glue. There were three principal types of glue used in making plywood. These were starch glue, made from tapioca; casein glue, made from milk curds; and glue made from packing house waste—sheep's ears, bone, hooves, and blood. While some of these glues are partially resistant to water, they are also susceptible to bacteria, and in time the plies come apart. This was an additional handicap in plane construction and there are accounts of Fokker planes in use in the Dutch East Indies which grew mushrooms inside their wings.

In 1930 this difficulty was solved by the importation from Germany of a newly developed plastic glue, "a resinous bond," made from a formaldehyde resin. This glue is the same sort of plastic as is used in making telephones, unbreakable tumblers, and fountain-pen barrels. It is not only water-resistant but bacteria-resistant as well. For more than six years test samples of plastic or synthetic resin-glue plywood have been imbedded in the Florida sands at a tide level where they are alternately covered with salt water and exposed to sunshine. The plies have yet to delaminate. Recently experiments have been made to carry the resinous bond a step farther by soaking the plies in the resinous solution before they are pressed together. The aim here is to fill up the air cells and thus make the finished plywood completely water resistant. The only drawback to plastic glue is its expense and the majority of plywood manufacturers still use the old glues. Plywood made with various types of glue varies in utility; the public is not yet aware of this and one of the industry's biggest problems is to see to it that the right plywood is not put to the wrong use. Plywood should be stamped and identified so that the purchaser will know whether it is desirable for exterior use or not, and a diligent effort should be made to educate the public about the merits and shortcomings of various glues.

III

Because plywood permits cheaper and better houses, barns, silos, and even factories, it has found its largest market in this sort of construction. Plywood takes the place of lumber in the conventional house chiefly because it can be had in light panels, four by eight feet or larger. With these panels the labor once used in handling boards is cut down, much of the old sawing and fitting is done away with, and two-thirds of the nailing once required is no longer needed. When plywood is used for sub-flooring the laying time is cut in half. The wide unbroken surfaces help greatly in insulation and reduce the heat loss; and, because of its bracing effect, plywood will resist a higher wind than wood can. Of course it is an easy material to bend for rounded corners, arches, bay windows, and concrete forms.

In taking the place of lath and plaster plywood has still other advantages. The lath and plaster used for walls and ceilings add weight and no strength to a house; the frame must be additionally strong to support this weight. Plywood,

however, is light and adds strength. A six-room house of average size takes about one thousand gallons of water for the plastering and often there is a four- to six-weeks waiting period before the house is dry enough to permit the laying of floors and hanging of doors. There is no waiting period when plywood is used. Furthermore, plywood has been so improved that it can be used for interior finishes of great beauty. It takes paint successfully and can be papered; it is available for paneling in almost every variety of wood. All told, it has been estimated that sums up to fifteen hundred dollars can be saved in the "drybuilt" construction of a six-room house.

But the golden vision in building construction is the prefabricated house. For more than ten years the advocates of prefabrication have argued that with mass-bought material and most of the work done in a factory with unskilled labor, the labor cost of carpenters and plasterers and bricklayers will be heavily cut and the price of a dwelling made low enough so that "anybody can buy one." Some of the enthusiasts wanted to use plywood, others believed that steel was a better material; but despite the logic of all the arguments the prefabricated house did not get to first base.

The principle of prefabrication—the making of standardized panels in a factory and assembling them on the site—was most easily carried out with cubelike architecture. If factory output had been big enough to whittle down the price of the prefabricated house this distaste might have been overcome. However, because modern architecture was not popular for domestic construction, several manufacturers brought out "colonial" models. Here again the prefabricators met strong resistance from contractors, building-trades unions, and suppliers of building materials. Local building codes caused more trouble. The result was that until a year or so ago the prefabricated house was at a standstill.

Now the plywood people believe that housing for defense workers may give prefabrication its chance at last. Plywood houses of this character can be made and erected quickly because they are usually screwed and bolted together and are demountable. A hospital building made of plywood has been shipped to England and set up there. Government orders should result in large-scale production and costs should be cut. But whether the government goes ahead on a large scale or not, the odds are still in favor of prefabricated housing however tiresome the wait may be—and plywood is the likeliest candidate for the material out of which the houses will be made. Steel is heavier, lacks insulating qualities, will not absorb sound, and corrodes. Plywood simply does a better job. Several manufacturers on a small scale are making room-high panel units several feet wide, which contain both the exterior and interior wall. The plywood is glued to the joists—not nailed—and the result is a stronger house. The glue binds the plywood along the whole surface of the joists instead of providing only the intermittent and inefficient contacts that nailing gives. At the point of erection these glued sections are simply set in place.

Plywood manufacturers are now planning to have lumber yards carry in stock standard panel units containing the exterior and interior wall, so that you may build a house of them as you would of blocks, and at the same time carry out your own idea of design. Another manufacturer has plans for a flexible strip of plywood which can be shipped rolled up like roofing paper and can be wrapped round a house at far less cost than putting on clapboards or using panels.

It would be tiresome to try to list all the present uses of plywood and the new uses now being experimented with. It is a desired material for trunks, movie sets, concrete forms, and railroad cars. Molded plywood automobile bodies—the molding process will be described presently—have many advantages. Wood has superior insulating qualities, as the

wooden coffee-pot handle proves. A plywood automobile body is cooler in summer and warmer in winter. Again, wherever water is alkaline the life of a metal hot-water tank is limited. Plywood water tanks, used experimentally so far, have proved so superior that they may displace metal.

The whole business of boat-building is being revolutionized by plywood. Plans have been presented to the government to make our mosquito fleet of plywood. Assault boats, one-fourth of an inch thick, have been ordered in thousands. These assault boats are the flat bathtub-like hulls that will carry eleven men across a stream to take and hold an advance position until the engineers can string together a pontoon bridge. Incidentally, pontoons formerly made of metal are now made of plywood, with the result that three weigh less than one of the old ones.

IV

But the most spectacular prospects for plywood now are in airplane construction. To-day some fifteen aircraft companies have made or are making plywood planes or parts. Two hundred training planes for the Army are being built with plywood wings. And it is the plastic glue that has made this possible.

When, during the last war, experiments with plywood were abandoned and aircraft designers turned to metal, the open strutted plane with a boxlike fuselage was discarded. There was devised in its place the "stressed skin" ship with hollow wings distended over cantilever frames. The framework of both wings and fuselage was so complicated and so heavy that the metal skin had to weigh as little as possible and still have stiffness. That was why aluminum was adopted.

The manufacture of an aluminum plane is an enormously complicated task. Armed with small squares of blueprint, a swarm of men crawl in and out of the plane frame work and squeeze into the wings as they fasten the aluminum sheets to the plane. In an average-sized bombing plane there are some 450,000 rivets to be fastened one at a time and at a cost of upward of five cents a rivet amounting to more than $22,500! Often the design of a plane is deliberately complicated so that a man can reach a rivet inside the wing or tail. Construction of this character is accompanied by weaknesses that are all but insurmountable. "The most perfect weld," says one commentator, "anneals and reduces the strength of the base metal adjacent to the weld. The rivet demands the sacrifice of rivet holes. Even the spot weld converts its area of wrought base metal to a casting with consequent reduction in strength."

Metals fatigue; they tend to crystallize after being subjected to long periods of vibration, and this is extremely important in a fast-moving piece of machinery like an airplane. Furthermore, every rivet in a metal plane offers resistance and requires more power of the engine to pull it through the air. Since the metal must be light and paper-thin to hold down weight, all stiffness is lost. So a plane's wings are rippled and dimpled by the rush of air and resistance is further increased. The principle of a skimming clam shell or plane in flight is that the rush of air over the smooth surface forms a suction which gives a lift to the shell or plane. If the surface is not smooth there is little suction. Just so if a rubber suction cup is attached to a window it holds firmly; if thrust against a rough stone surface it will not hold with any strength.

Of course, in addition to all these difficulties, there is the great cost of metal planes and the time required for their construction. To make a metal plane may take from one to three years from the time a start is made on the draftsman's drawing board until the moment when the ship comes off the production line and is wheeled out of the factory for its first flight. In the meantime aeronautical science and discovery have leaped ahead so far that the plane is obsolete and the costly metal dies used

to stamp out the aluminum parts are useless and out of date.

Many of these handicaps and troubles are swept away in the manufacture of the molded plywood plane. "Clark has shown," says the commentator quoted above, "that for a given weight a thicker shell of lower density material without stiffeners will support a greater stress than a thin metal shell with stiffeners, and upon this thesis is founded one of the plastic airplanes of to-day." This use of the phrase "plastic plane" is laying it on a little thick; the ship is no more a plastic plane than a plywood packing box is a glue box. But the thesis is correct.

Watch the process of manufacture: workmen lay paper-thin flexible strips of veneer over a wooden form identical with half of a fuselage or wing. The strips are coated with a plastic so that the next strip of veneer when laid down at an angle will adhere to the first—and so on until the desired number of plies is obtained. Then the whole assembly is pushed into a chamber where it is subjected to heat and pressure causing the plastic to bond the plies into one solid piece of plywood the shape and size of half a fuselage. (This is the molding process now used experimentally in making automobile bodies.) This is then lifted off the form and joined to its other half. The same method of manufacture is used with wings and tails. The plane emerges from the oven, innocent of rivet heads, and is then given a glasslike plastic coating offering a minimum resistance to the air. (It is claimed that 25 per cent less power is required, and that where a conventional plane driven by a 75 horse-power motor develops a speed of 105 miles an hour, a plywood plane of the same size and driven by the same motor develops a speed of 140 miles an hour.) It is when the wings and the fuselage are inspected in cross section that the theory of construction becomes clear. Gone are most of the complicated cross braces. Wings and fuselages are *hollow*, the curved frames tightly fastened to the skin. This is called monocoque construction and resembles the construction of an egg in that full advantage is taken of the inherent strength of an arch throughout its whole surface.

Plywood will not fatigue as metals will. The absence of supporting members reduces the number of vital spots that may be reached by shrapnel and machine-gun bullets. Since the plywood plane consists of a very few sections, in place of the countless patches of metal in an aluminum plane, there are fewer opportunities for trouble, inspection may be done more quickly, and maintenance is cheaper. Furthermore, plywood is resistant to the corrosion of acids, alkalis, and salt water; metal is not as resistant and metal planes require the replacement of skin and reriveting of corroded parts.

But the greatest advantage of all is in speed of manufacture. To-day we are rushing to build up a force of 50,000 planes and now 20,000 or 30,000 more are demanded. But the problems involved in mass production of planes have been nightmares. Barely has a plane been completed when word comes that another nation has just completed a new plane that will leave ours helpless. The Air Corps is caught on the horns of a dilemma. Unless they agree on a type of metal plane it is impossible to have quantity production. But as soon as they freeze a design they are committed to a plane that will be obsolete when it is finished.

No such obstacles hinder the manufacture of plywood planes. They can be made and redesigned quickly—almost built as needed. To make a plywood plane only a simple wooden form is required. If a change in design is necessary it is a simple matter for a carpenter to add or subtract from the wooden form. To change the dies used with metal planes means months of delay and heavy expense involving the use of already overworked machine tools. With plywood, riveting is eliminated and much

less labor is required. Only woodworking machinery is necessary; planes can be made in our piano or furniture factories which have idle capacity.

Plywood has been tested under the varying temperature changes encountered in flying. A plane must operate in the tropical heat and humidity of Central America, in the desert sun of our Southwest, or in the blizzards of Alaska. It is not uncommon to have a plane pass through some of these combinations of weather within a few minutes of each other. A plane operating at 35,000 feet is subject to a temperature of 70 or 80 degrees below zero. In descending to sea level it may encounter a humid temperature of 120 degrees. Plywood has been tested by repeated alternate temperatures of 70 or 80 degrees below zero to 140 degrees above without any signs of weakening. There are many aeronautical engineers who still have their fingers crossed as to how well the glue of plywood will hold up under prolonged extreme temperatures of heat or cold. Also the plastic for gluing plywood that will withstand these extremes of temperature is difficult to use in the manufacture of molded planes because of the high pressure and temperature required to set the glue. Experiments now under way with high-frequency current as used in the "fever machines" may solve the difficulty and revolutionize the plywood industry.

There is no evidence that the plywood plane will replace overnight the metal plane. At present there is little scientific data on the use of plywood in aircraft for the reason that aeronautical science for the past ten years has developed round the use of metal. Engineers have been schooled in the use of metal so that they might be said to be metal-minded. There has been a woeful lack of strength data for use in the complicated formulæ for determining the strains and stresses that a wing of a plywood plane must endure. The Forest Products Laboratory has asked Congress for an appropriation of $400,000 to prepare the engineering data needed to design, build, and test plywood planes. When a plywood plane is built to-day the only method of determining its airworthiness is by the "try to break" process—that means testing it to destruction. As the big plane manufacturers are snowed under with government orders and at the same time are being prodded for faster and faster delivery there is no opportunity for them to pause to develop a plywood plane. Its development so far has been a venture of the smaller companies. In most instances the companies were formed by individuals confident of the future of plywood planes. After the war there will be thousands of pilots desiring a low-cost plane so that they can continue flying, and the plywood constructed plane may be the answer.

Despite all the difficulties, the advances in the use of plywood for aviation are coming rapidly. The Canadian Government has ordered a number of 42-foot fuselages. These are the largest to be built so far. Two companies making plywood planes have had their models approved by the Civil Aeronautics Authority. But the biggest recognition of the advantages of plywood will come from the fact that the largest aviation companies have more work than they can handle and are subcontracting as much of it as possible. Metal-working shops which could do the work are running at capacity. The plane manufacturers, in consequence, are turning more and more to the use of plywood parts such as leading wing edges, tail sub-assemblies, bomb-bay doors, engine coverings, which can be made by the wood-working industry which has had relatively little part in the defense program. So despite its golden future, plywood is still laboring as a substitute; the stepchild of the lumber industry is waiting for the recognition that is almost here.

LABOR, CAPITAL & CO.

UNIONS AND MANAGEMENT GET TOGETHER

BY IRWIN ROSS

A UNION in New York recently sat down to bargain with a group of employers. At the outset of the discussions the union chief declared: "Gentlemen, we are not here to demand higher wages. Nor do we want shorter hours. As for working conditions, we think they are pretty good."

He paused for a deep breath, then plunged forward before the employers could recover from their amazement. "What we do demand," he said, "is, first, that you modernize your industry, and, second, that you spend one million five hundred thousand dollars a year in a giant promotional campaign to increase your sales and profits."

The speaker was Julius Hochman, general manager of the Joint Board of the Dressmakers Union, a section of David Dubinsky's International Ladies Garment Workers Union. The Dressmakers Union, 85,000 strong, is the largest labor organization in New York. Similarly, the dress industry, which does an annual volume of $350,000,000, is the largest industry in New York.

The Dressmakers Union, however, was by no means unselfish in its proposals. It merely realized that the way to win better conditions in a sick industry is to help that industry regain its health—*i.e.*, make greater profits.

The program of the ILGWU, together with similar schemes in the steel, men's clothing, textile, and millinery industries, constitutes a significant experiment in industrial relations. In a sense, union-management co-operation, as the movement has come to be known, marks labor's coming of age. When a union is young it has to fight for its existence. It endures lock-outs, pitched battles with the police, court injunctions—a whole gory lot of tribulations until it establishes its right to bargain for its members. When the basic issue of survival is at stake labor has little time, and less inclination, to heed the woes of management. But once it has established the procedures of collective bargaining, once it is accepted by employers as a natural part of the industrial landscape, then a union can enjoy its freedom in an atmosphere devoid of eternal vigilance and can turn its energies to the solution of new problems.

The International Ladies Garment Workers Union provides a detailed illustration of this general pattern. The organization established itself in New York in a series of bitter struggles before the World War. Fierce factional strife during the twenties shattered its ranks, but with the NRA it came back strong.

In thirty years the ILGWU has substantially improved the living standards of its members. Whereas before 1910 a woman earned between $6 and $12 a week, to-day she averages $34. Hours have been reduced from 70 to 35 a week. Despite these gains, in 1940 the average dressmaker was still struggling along on a mere $1,034 a year. Although full-

time weekly wages were higher, she was employed only from thirty to thirty-five weeks a year.

What was to be done? Julius Hochman, the plump, bushy-browed little leader of the New York dressmakers, is a man with a wholesome respect for facts. He realized that in its current state of doldrums the dress industry could not absorb another wage increase. In the two year period 1937–39 its annual volume had gone down $50,000,000. Twenty-two per cent of the firms in the industry had gone out of business in 1939. Since a wage increase was impossible, Hochman concluded that the only way to raise the income of his members was to increase their employment—both in terms of the number of weeks worked and their volume of daily production, since they are paid on a piece-rate basis. He cast about for some method of achieving his goal.

There is little of the visionary theorist about Hochman. At one time or another during his forty-nine years he has been a Socialist and a vegetarian, but he has also had two decades of training in the hard-headed realities of trade-union strategy. He is a crafty and resourceful negotiator and a past master at the strenuous art of intra-union warfare. During the twenties he trounced the Communists in the union so severely that they have never been able to make a comeback.

Hochman reasoned that if the employers could not lift the industry from its slump then it was up to the union to show them the way. This was what the facts of the case demanded; he did not care if he flouted Marxist traditionalism in deciding to aid rather than to fight the employers. To his critics he said, "There can be no personal security in an insecure business."

Months before the collective-bargaining contract was to expire Hochman hired production experts and economists and put them to work on a survey of the industry. The results of their labors made disheartening reading. Dress manufacturing abounded in wasteful practices. Since the workers are paid on a piece-rate basis, any time they lose during the course of the day reduces their earnings, and of course increases the employer's overhead costs.

In many establishments the dressmakers spend hours sitting idle at their machines, waiting for materials to reach them. In other plants the lighting is so poor that the girls complain of headaches, while the employer complains that he has a bunch of "klucks and loafers" who can't turn out a decent garment. Machine inspection is often considered an unnecessary expense. So the machines constantly break down, thus losing more valuable time for both worker and employer. Cost accounting and budgetary control is a virtual no-man's-land. Still another great source of waste is the number of idle plant hours partly because of seasonal demands and partly because of general inefficiency.

For years, the report continued, New York was the only dress "market" in the country. Despite their uneconomical habits, New York manufacturers could sell their garments at a substantial profit. But when, about 1930, more efficient manufacturing centers sprang up in St. Louis, Chicago, and other cities, the New Yorkers began to feel the pinch. Still they did little to improve conditions in their shops. Traditional inertia was too strong.

The information compiled by his experts convinced Hochman of the need for reform. At the same time he realized the futility of raising the productive level of the industry if the demand for dresses was not proportionately increased. He therefore asked the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency to undertake a survey of the sales potentialities of the dress industry. The Thompson people, who number among their clients J. P. Morgan and Co., Commonwealth and Southern Corporation, and the National City Bank, were taken aback by the unexpected visit of the union officials, but they readily agreed to conduct the survey.

The facts they eventually turned up—at no expense to the dressmakers—were quite illuminating. The average woman buys only two street dresses a year. She spends more for "unseen" garments and hosiery than for dresses, 7.9 per cent as against 5 per cent of retail-store sales. American women are clothes-conscious, but the trouble is that, instead of dresses, they buy between 55,000,000 and 69,000,000 dress patterns a year. Millions more are distributed free. And, significantly enough, the dress industry spends an insignificant sum on advertising. Manufacturers of toilet articles budget $42,000,000 a year for national advertising, tobacco companies spend $34,000,000, while the entire clothing industry—men's, women's, and children's—disburses a meager $10,000,000.

These data carefully digested, Hochman formulated an extensive program to modernize the industry. His chief demands were: improved factory management, cost accounting and budgetary control, industry-wide planning to level seasonal peaks and valleys, and a large-scale promotional campaign designed to make New York the world's style center and to raise the nation's total dress sales.

Through ten long weeks, at industry-wide conferences attended by 150 to 200 representatives and at smaller gatherings in mid-town hotel rooms, Hochman alternately threatened and cajoled. Occasionally he grew rhapsodic. Rocking back and forth on his feet, speaking in the rhythmic sing-song of his ancestors, he declaimed: "We have the audience, we have the material, and most important of all, we have the genius and talent with which to clothe American women as no other place or culture has done. Where in the world of to-day are there more fashionable people than in New York? Where are there more functions and gala affairs at which fashions are discovered, bred, and transformed? We shall be shortsighted indeed if we do not sell women the idea that a New York-made dress is fashion."

The manufacturers admitted that something had to be done to extricate the industry from its depressed state, but some of them were piqued that the union had taken the initiative. They considered it an infringement of their managerial prerogatives. But Hochman persevered and, without ever explicitly stating it, let the impression arise that the employers would be faced with a strike if they did not adopt at least a portion of the union's program.

Eventually they did just that. The "Efficiency Clause" of the new three-year contract provided for the promulgation of rules of efficient production by the union and employer representatives. In the event they could not agree, Harry Uviller, the Impartial Chairman of the industry, would draw up the regulations. Uviller is the court of last appeal for all disputes under the union contract. Compliance with the efficiency rules is mandatory on all employers, on pain of severe penalties imposed by the Impartial Chairman.

Under the "Promotion Clause" the trade associations agreed to raise $1,500,000 annually to finance a publicity and advertising campaign. The union had already offered to contribute $100,000 toward this kitty. The bulk of the money would come from the sale to manufacturers of labels to be attached to every dress. Each firm would pay one-third of one per cent of its monthly gross—or $3.33 on each $1,000 worth of business.

After the contract was signed the manufacturers and the union formed a new organization, called the New York Dress Institute, to conduct the promotional campaign, supervise the issuance of labels, and aid in the efficiency effort. It has retained the J. Walter Thompson Company to handle publicity and advertising. The Institute's promotional labors are centered round its label, which bears a silhouette of the New York skyline and the legend, "New York Creation, New York Dress Institute, Made Under Standards of ILGWU."

"New York Creation" is the key

phrase. The Institute is engaged in an all-out endeavor to sell it to American women as the successor to the famous Paris names. The sales campaign will include national advertising—newspaper, magazine, and radio—dress shows, free publicity of various types. For one thing, all fashionable gatherings about town will be covered and editors deluged with photographs and releases along the lines of: "Mrs. Van Hipplewaite, seen in a New York Creation at . . ." The fashion shows are expected to be quite elaborate and will feature the various price lines carried by the manufacturers, from $1.37 wholesale up. Unlike the bygone Paris gatherings, which were intended only for the trade, some of the New York showings will be open to the public as well. The Institute is frankly appealing to the great multitude in its effort to make New York the world's new style center.

The union does not officially venture any prophecy as to the increased amount of business the new program will bring. But the possibilities are immense. On the promotional side, for instance, one of the many amateur mathematicians in the union ranks provided me with this estimate: If the campaign induces the average woman to cut down on her smoking by two packages of cigarettes a month she will save $6.50 a year, enough for a new dress. Forty-five million more dresses would be sold annually.

II

As for promoting efficiency in production, the experience of the steel workers, which is on a much smaller scale, indicates what can be done. The Steel Workers Organizing Committee has undertaken co-operative programs in thirty plants. In every instance at least a 20 per cent increase in efficiency has occurred. In one plant, specializing in submarine motors, productive efficiency rose more than 50 per cent.

Harold J. Ruttenberg, the Research Director of SWOC, writing in the *Harvard Business Review* for spring, 1940, has provided an interesting illustration of the method. One company was plagued by "alligator hide"—a rough surface—on its finished sheets. The imperfection necessitated scrapping 60 per cent of its production and threatened to run the firm out of business. Unable to remedy the situation themselves, the management hired a well-known metallurgical consultant who spent ten days at the plant, at a fee of $500 a day. He made many suggestions, each one of which was dutifully followed. They had no effect, however, on the incidence of alligator hide. At his wits' end, the superintendent prevailed upon the president of the firm to seek the advice of the union.

The union was eager to co-operate and immediately formed a committee of the most experienced men in the plant, representing every department. It met with the management; each member solemnly examined the spoiled sheets. Finally an old, experienced hot mill man spoke up. He had seen such alligator hide many times before, he said. It was caused by the pairs soaking too long in the pair furnace. Why did the pairs soak too long? the superintendent asked. He replied that "it was because the pickler was working shorthanded and could not get them back fast enough to keep the furnace going." The superintendent derided the suggestion.

Offended, the old man bet a week's wages he was right. They took him up on it. Three additional men were placed on the pickling crew, and the imperfection in the sheets was quickly remedied.

This was only one of the many suggestions offered by its workers which the company followed. At the end of the first year it had spent $6,900 on new equipment, but saved $173,100 as a consequence of this investment and other union suggestions—a net saving of $166,200.

The method of the steel workers differs from that of the dressmakers in two important details. In the first place it is

not one comprehensive plan for an entire industry, but rather a series of plans, each one designed for the specific ills of a single firm. This is because in the steel industry every shaky concern does not face the same problems. Second, the plans are not devised by a group of outside experts, but by the rank and file workers themselves. The reason is simple: steel making is a far more complicated process than garment manufacturing. Outside experts cannot hope to attain the collective knowledge possessed by a group of workers, each one of whom has specialized experience.

Union-management co-operation has not been confined to the basic steel mills, but has achieved success in allied fabricating plants. In one concern which manufactures automatic water heaters, within a year production rose 27½ per cent, a $50,000 annual loss was turned into a $50,000 profit, and the workers' earnings rose more than 30 per cent, from $860.75 to $1,163.30 a year.

In attaining its objectives the steel union has had to overcome several obstacles: the hostility of foremen and plant managers, who fear that their inefficiency will be shown up; the unwillingness of employers to grant a closed shop, which the union demands as a token of good faith; the occasional impossibility of setting a price on certain economies. The workers' insistence that they be recompensed for intangibles produces difficulties.

So far the SWOC has achieved impressive results with a relatively small number of firms. Most, although by no means all, of these companies were literally forced to accept the collaboration of the union as the last alternative to bankruptcy. They are hand-style or semi-automatic mills, doomed to eventual extinction by the continuous strip mills. The union has prolonged their lives and at least temporarily saved the jobs of many thousands of workers. Other firms, however, suffer from disabilities that can be permanently overcome.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers is another union whose experiences indicate the value of union-management co-operation. The men's clothing industry is the Amalgamated's bailiwick. The Research Director of the union, Dr. Gladys Dickason, estimates that her department and the union's business agents annually help at least fifty firms put their shops in order. Dr. Dickason, a vivacious but rather sharp-tongued woman, was a Professor of Economics at Sweet Briar College and Hunter College before she came to the Amalgamated seven years ago. She now knows the men's clothing industry as well as she knows Ricardo and J. M. Keynes, and finds that the combination has a formidable effect upon employers—clothing men always respect academicians and are apt to take their advice.

Recently, for example, a New York firm employing 300 workers asked for a ten per cent wage cut. The union sent Dr. Dickason to confer with the management. All the executives had gathered and were awaiting her arrival with the confident expectation that she would recommend the cut.

"We're willing to show you our books," the owner declared. "It's down there in black and white. We absolutely need the cut in order to continue in business."

"Take it easy," Dr. Dickason replied. "First show me through the plant." She spent some time examining operations and found that they were using machinery that was thirty years old. Certain machines performed 1,800 revolutions per minute, whereas the standard for the industry was 3,200. Other operations, such as pressing, were done by hand, an unnecessary expense. Dr. Dickason blew up: "That's not mass production! That's fooling around! Wage cut or no wage cut, you must put in new machines."

The firm had not instituted the improvements in the past because it could not afford them. Its payroll was overburdened by unproductive relatives, sons and nephews who spent more time on the

golf links than in the shop: but Dr. Dickason held firm. Some of the human surplusage was lopped off and new equipment purchased. The wage cut was found to be unnecessary.

Employers are quite fulsome in praise of the union when its suggestions have saved them money. On one occasion, after an Amalgamated business agent had straightened out a shop's problems, the owner sent the union a check for several hundred dollars as payment for his services. It was returned.

The Textile Workers Union, which is the Amalgamated's protégé, has followed in its footsteps. In the past couple of years the TWU's advice and engineering assistance have helped five firms continue in business.

III

The millinery industry has fostered an entirely different approach to union-management co-operation: the creation of a commission of outside experts—primarily accountants and production engineers—who enforce fair trade practices and tub-thump for modern methods of cost calculation. In 1936 the millinery industry was in the worst condition of any of the apparel trades. Cutthroat competition was rife. The consumer was frequently cheated.

Early in 1936, on the suggestion of Max Zaritsky, president of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union, the Millinery Stabilization Commission was created by the employers' associations of New York and New Jersey and the union. The manufacturers bound themselves to adhere to all regulations promulgated by the Commission.

Fair trade practices have eliminated many traditional abuses. No longer can a manufacturer sell below cost to throw a weaker competitor out of business. Hidden rebates to retailers are likewise forbidden. The consumer is now protected: the Commission has outlawed the manufacture of "ash-can" hats, which are made from used bodies and surreptitiously passed off as new products. The piracy of trade marks has been stopped. In addition to enforcing fair trade practices, the Commission has undertaken an active promotional campaign, similar to that of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Several fashion shows are held each year in New York City which are attended by thousands of buyers from every section of the country. National Millinery Weeks are promoted for the entire United States.

The Commission conducts a ceaseless campaign to convert manufacturers to the use of proper methods of cost accounting. It constantly runs into situations such as this: a concern complains of taking huge losses in business. At the same time accusations come from rival manufacturers that the firm is selling below cost. The Commission investigates. Its accountants find that while the owner has a set of books they are not informative enough. They go through his whole line of hats and discover that with each one he has left certain items out of his cost calculation. On one model the flowers are not figured, on another, the breakage and spoilage. Unemployment and social security taxes, totaling four per cent of labor costs, are forgotten. The accountants reprice the manufacturer's entire stock; as a consequence a profit is shown this year instead of a loss.

The Commission has achieved only a mild degree of success in its endeavor to teach employers how to keep their books. As with all its campaigns, it finds that ignorance breeds obduracy, and small-fry millinery manufacturers can be very stubborn indeed. They are exceedingly adept at finding loopholes in the Commission's regulations and at generally subverting their intent.

Despite these difficulties, conditions of both workers and employers in the New York millinery industry have gradually improved. The change was particularly noticeable in 1939, the last year for which figures are available. Whereas in 1938 the average wage of a millinery worker was $1,119, in 1939 it rose to $1,304.

In 1938 average aggregate profits stood at $1,283,949. In 1939 they had increased to $1,354,424.

It will be noticed that all the plans that have been discussed have been undertaken in industries or in firms that were in an unsound financial condition. With prosperous concerns there is hardly as much incentive to co-operation, although there is evidence that the program might be equally successful.

Union-management co-operation in the repair shops of the Baltimore and Ohio and Canadian National railroads is a case in point. Co-operative agreements were instituted on the B. & O. line in 1923 and on the Canadian National in 1925, and have continued in operation to the present day. They were much more successful when the roads were prosperous, in the twenties, than they were during the depression. When conditions were good the workers were eager to offer labor-saving suggestions. With business bad, however, they feared loss of employment resulting from any increase in productive efficiency. The steel union has solved this same problem by insisting that whenever technological changes are effected, the displaced workers must be given temporary jobs until regular openings develop.

IV

The defense emergency has considerably broadened the horizons of co-operation. Labor has been spurred to analyze and try to remedy two of our most dangerous bottlenecks: steel and airplane production. Philip Murray and Walter P. Reuther were responsible for widely publicized schemes by which they hoped to achieve capacity output in these fields.

Murray proposed that the entire iron, steel, and tin industry should be organized into one giant production unit, governed by an industry council composed of an equal number of labor and management officials, with a representative of the government as chairman. Existing steel-producing facilities would quickly be co-ordinated and a concerted program of expansion put into operation. Indeed, Murray wants similar councils in every major industry in the land. Reuther urged that the idle automobile plant capacity and the idle man-power of the Detroit area be brought together for the mass production of fighter planes. He estimated that within six months Detroit could produce 500 planes a day. Neither the Murray Plan nor the Reuther Plan has yet been adopted, but they do indicate the range of union-management co-operation.

Two misconceptions have arisen about co-operation. One group of business men see it as tantamount to socialism; another body embraces the program as a painless cure for the economic ills of the country, a substitute for governmental action. Actually, co-operation is neither socialism nor a Rotarian's utopia, and, fortunately, most business men sympathetic to the program realize this. Socialism would involve labor's ownership, as well as management, of the productive plant, whereas under a co-operative program capital retains ownership and control. On the other hand, co-operation does not pretend to deal with any of the basic problems of our ailing economy. It can hardly justify a return to the easy methods of the twenties.

The various plans we have discussed do not yet represent the dominant tendency in industrial relations. But they are straws in the wind, harbingers of a new sort of economic life. The continued growth of co-operation depends on two things: the persistence of the factors that originally called it forth, and the effect of the crisis on labor's numerical strength.

Co-operation has been undertaken to solve the problems of inefficient concerns in a number of industries. These defectives have in large part been the result of the growing separation between ownership and management in industry today. Hired production experts lack the first-hand, intimate knowledge of men

and machines that was formerly possessed by the owner-manager who started as a worker and built his business up from scratch. The high-priced, college-bred manager is therefore much more dependent on the advice and assistance of his underlings—workers as well as foremen—than the old-time owner-manager ever was. It is true, however, that absentee ownership is not as basic a complaint in the apparel trades as in steel and railroads.

The gap between ownership and management will no doubt continue; hence the value of co-operation will also persist. Whether labor will increasingly be able to participate in management is another question. As indicated before, the answer depends on the extent to which trade unions become solidly established, which, in turn, depends on their ability to increase their membership until it encompasses a preponderant number of the wage earners in the country.

That task may take years to accomplish. On the other hand, the restrictions and prejudices loosed by war may very well emasculate labor.

The third possibility is that the ever-increasing demand of the defense program for brains as well as men will speed up the process of labor's integration into the community and will cause the present pattern of union-management co-operation to be duplicated many times throughout the land.

MID-CENTURY

BY FRANCES FROST

O CHEMIC age, O century of sorrow,
What shall the heart compel, the brain contrive
That will outwit the treacherous to-morrow;
By what quicksilver strategy, survive

The child, the dog, the red mercurial fox,
The tottering big-eyed calf, the silver running
Of the frightened mouse; what chipmunk in the rocks
Will nibble dawn with cobwebs and with cunning?

What shall we save in cities ruinous
Of precious crucibles, of fiddles crying,
When mortal meteors made luminous
Scream down the fiery plummet of their dying?

Shall we in the steel-pocked terror of our earth
Devise some alchemy, some starry magic
Whereby a child gone mad may yet give birth
To a new child less murderous and tragic?

What shall we leave upon this hemisphere:
What shape of hands, what maggot in belief,
What war-crazed eyes, what agonies of fear,
What name for god, O century of grief?

LAYMEN AND ALCOHOLICS

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

As he came out from under the opiate the man in the hospital bed opened his eyes to black darkness. Somewhere in the room, as if from a distance, his wife was asking quiet questions. Then the doctor was answering her. "I must be frank," he was saying. "I've never known a patient who had reached this phase of this type of alcoholism to recover. Even if your husband were to stop drinking, and that is not likely after twenty-five years of it, he is bound to have recurrent spells of blindness and an increase of the trouble with his legs. Disintegration is setting in. About six months are all I can give him to live."

While he was lying there, waiting for the doctor's prophecy to come true, a stranger came to see him. The stranger was a man who had once been in the same condition. And a stranger had come to see *him*, just as he had come, to tell of the unknown men who, under the name of Alcoholics Anonymous, were helping to cure other alcoholics just as they had been helped.

The patient was impressed with what his visitor told him about the new treatment. When the alcohol was gone from his system and he was able to hobble about on crutches he attended a meeting of the group. Encouraged to do so by his doctor, he consulted with its leaders. In three months he was out of the hospital. In six months he was well enough to be back at his desk. Now, after four years in which he has not had a drink, he is in excellent health. And the disease has left none of its marks on him.

This man's story is no longer an unusual one. Within the past few years many such hopeless cases and many less serious ones that were once listed as doubtful have been healed. The healers have not all been members of Alcoholics Anonymous, but they have all been laymen. And their success in this difficult field has impelled the physicians who once considered them as "dangerous meddlers in a dangerous province" not only to sanction their practice but to invite them to share the burden of curing alcoholism.

At the annual meeting, held last fall, by the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, a group of physicians and social scientists who for the past three years have been making an intensive study of the nature of the disease which makes drunkards of so many men and women, Dr. Merrill Moore, Associate in Psychiatry, Harvard Medical School, startled the conference of which he was chairman with the remark that "Physicians in general are admitting that the lay healers are doing remarkable work." Asked at the end of the conference to expand his comment, he said, "We know that if we are going to make any real advance we must tap every source of knowledge and healing there is. . . . Not only lay therapists, but lawyers, clergymen, and social workers are successfully helping and treating the alcoholic. . . . This means treating someone who is emotionally sick or hurt or down or sometimes weak. Certainly physicians have no corner on it. There is no magic to it. And no royal road."

Again at the Council's three-day symposium held in Philadelphia last December, under the auspices of the Association for the Advancement of Science, the achievements of lay healers were touched upon. Some of the healers read papers, and at the informal luncheon and dinner conversations they were listened to and even deferred to by the medical scientists.

To learn the consensus of opinion I questioned forty of the leading medical authorities who attended the symposium either as participants or audience. Thirty-four of them admitted that, in face of the evidence, the lay therapists were getting the best results. Some of them went so far as to say that the laymen were curing cases which the physicians had pronounced incurable.

The six who held back were not complete dissidents. Their difference was a difference in their school of thought. Unlike their colleagues who believe that alcoholism is caused by some deep mental and emotional disturbance of which drinking is only a symptom, and that its cure must therefore be mental, they contend that its cause lies in some fundamental chemical derangement and that its cure must therefore be chemical.

"We grant you," said one of them, "that a drunkard may be cured of the drinking habit, but that does not mean he is cured of alcoholism. For the fact remains that alcohol is a poison to him. And if at any time he takes to drinking again, no matter how moderately he may begin, he will again end up as a drunkard. The alcoholic may be said to be completely healed only when he can drink without disaster. Some day some bright young chemist will emerge from his laboratory with some chemical which will do away with the allergy which makes the systems of some people intolerant to alcohol. Then the cure for alcoholism will have been found.

"In the meantime," he concluded, "I'll gladly give credit to the laymen who are doing so much to arrest the disease by curing drunkards of drinking."

I am not of course presuming to decide which of the two schools is right. Since it is the excessive drinking which causes all the havoc in alcoholism, what really matters is the apparent agreement on both sides that drunkenness can be healed and that the lay therapists are breaking all past records in the number of their healings.

Now when I use the terms "alcoholic" and "drinker" I am not referring to the casual convivialist nor to the extreme cases in which the patients' minds have lost all touch with reality. They are the physicians' private enigma. I mean the man or woman whose abilities, health, and social graces have been dissipated by constant drinking and who is not able to stop it without help from the outside.

And when in this instance I speak of the layman I do not include the charlatans who make false claims for their patent nostrums. I am thinking only of those therapists whose accomplishments are acknowledged by the physicians and who work along with them in their diagnoses, consulting them as the individual cases may warrant.

Specifically, these fall into three groups: the trained psychologists with whom treating alcoholism is a profession; religious healers; and former alcoholics with whom healing is an avocation.

The professional psychologists are not many. They are exclusive, accepting only a few patients at a time. And they are expensive. As I have already gone into their methods of work in a previous number of this magazine I shall now say only that they are skilled, painstaking, and highly successful, and it is a pity that there are not more of them and at a price which the middle class could more easily afford. The religious healers are doing some excellent salvage work, particularly among the poor. To go into their technic would involve a discussion of articles of faith for which I am not prepared. So I shall confine myself to the third group, the men who have been alcoholics themselves and who, having been cured, are now spreading out like a network and

with an efficacy that is convincing to the most conservative medical men.

That they are meeting with success should not, however, be either astounding or extraordinary. For the truth is that while all along the doctors—and I am only echoing them when I say so—have been trying to find out what alcohol does *to* the alcoholic, nobody has tried to find out what it does *for* him. But these men know the whole bitter story. They know the drive of drink, its satisfactions and elations. They know the sting of its broken resolutions, as they are drawn back to it again and again. They know its humiliations and deep despairs. They know the things, so infinitesimal to the balanced temperament, which set the drinker on edge and send him into his cups as a way of escape. They know his whims and his disinclinations. How he thinks, how he feels, how he rationalizes are well-worn pages to them.

This is not to say that every alcoholic who has been straightened out is qualified to heal others. But among them there are many whose highly sensitive and intelligent natures, added to a capacity for making friends, fit them peculiarly for this highly specialized curative art. As a further aid there is that strong bond between drinkers which makes it easy for the man who has been down and is up again to reach those who are still down or groping.

II

In order to keep their record straight, before going into their processes, it must be noted that their therapeutic definitions and principles coincide with those of the medical specialists. They recognize alcoholism as a "fugal" disease, meaning that it is made up of several strains, each one of which is involved in the others. There is the first cause which is usually some circumstance or event in early environment which sets up an "imbalance" in the personality, making it difficult or even impossible for those who are thus afflicted to face the realities of life. Or it may be some inherent tendency, such as a highly strung nervous system, which is aggravated by some such circumstance as I have mentioned. As a second or remote cause, there are the problems which arise in every life and which the unbalanced temperament is not able to cope with. Third, there is the drinking, which is the means of escape and a symptom of the disease at the same time.

If the disease is to be cured every one of its elements must be taken into consideration. The first cause must be detected and explained away. The patient must be taught how to face his problems as they come to him. And he must be given new interests to take the place of his former interest in drinking.

Two further points should be borne in mind. To be healed of alcoholism the drinker must have the desire to stop drinking and he must be willing to face a future in which he will never again be able to take a drink. For in the annals of medical science there is no record of a man's having been healed of alcoholism unless he had taken the cure of his own volition. Nor is there any record of a reformed drunkard who was ever able to drink moderately without going the whole way down hill again.

With the perspective clear, let us look into the processes of this new lay therapy through the story of one of its practitioners.

Mr. Ex, as we shall know him, began to drink when he was a student at college during the prohibition era. By the time he was thirty-five he had been arrested for drunken and disorderly conduct in a chain of ports around the world. More to please his parents than himself he had taken the "cure" in five expensive alcoholic retreats, only to drink more on coming out of them than he had before going in. Outstanding psychiatrists had told his father that his type of alcoholism was rarely curable.

Then something he does not speak of happened to make him want to stop drinking. With all that he had learned about drinking and the drinker in his fif-

teen years' carousal he was able to stop by himself. During the months when he was striving for equilibrium he found peace through helping one of his former companions at the bar. Five years have passed during which he has devoted his leisure to this curative work, and he has a number of difficult cases to his credit.

His technic is simple. He employs no formidable terminology, as his experience has been that the ominous vocabulary of some practitioners is confusing and repellant to the sick and jittery mind. Since no two cases are alike, his approach comes by intuition, and the discipline and text emerge out of each case as it moves along.

According to Mr. Ex, ninety-five out of every hundred drunkards have the deep desire to stop drinking. Only a few will admit it. They think it is a confession of weakness; or they are afraid of becoming unpopular in their social group; or they cannot face the knowledge that liquor has got the best of them. And any direct suggestion from their family that they see the doctor or take a cure drives them farther into their cups.

Therefore Mr. Ex's approach is the more subtle one of man to man. He goes out where drinkers congregate. The man he is looking for may be someone he knows or whose family has asked him to step in and take hold. He never talks shop until he is sure he is on firm ground. A glass of tomato juice may evoke a question or the lift of an eyebrow, to which his answer implies that he has had more than his share of gin. A comparison of symptoms and an exchange of reminiscences may follow. By degrees the drinker may be led to unload his troubles and the friendship is established.

From there it is a short step to his admission that he wants to stop his drinking—a cue for Mr. Ex to ask him why he doesn't stop. He may say that it will make a sap out of him. The response to this is that only a strong man can give it up. Or he may say that he is thinking of going to an institution—then when he comes out he can take a few drinks without wanting to get drunk.

"At this point," Mr. Ex says, "I tell him what happened to me not once, but five different times when I thought I had been cured and could take a drink. What I am doing all this time is leading him to a mood where I can ask him to play ball with me. Just how I do so depends of course on the personality I am trying to reach."

The most difficult alcoholics to approach are those who take alcohol as a narcotic to avoid the pains and the realities of living. Most often they have to go through some devastating experience before they are ready to give it up. However it comes, it is only when the patient expresses a real desire to be cured that the cure begins. Somewhere at the outset when a diplomatic moment presents itself he is persuaded to see the doctor for a general going-over. Regular meals and exercise for those who can take it are prescribed. And work. If the patient still has his job so much the better. If not something absorbing is found to keep his mind employed at some spot away from himself and his former rendezvous.

Some alcoholics cannot stand the strain of giving up liquor all at once; they can be led to taper off. When they find they are able to go any length of time without a drink their morale shoots upward. Curiously enough, the first few weeks of abstinence are not always the hardest. For the old urgency has a way of turning up at the end of the second or third month, trying to beat them down again. Mr. Ex's prescription for such hours is immediate action—a brisk walk, a bus ride, the movies, or even a telephone call—any interlude that will bring about a change of thought. As such temptations are resisted they recur less frequently until finally they are gone never to return. A good exercise in resistance is to walk past bars until one is able to ignore one's own favorite bar in the same way. A patient who can do

this half a dozen times is ready to enter a bar or go where drinking is without taking a drink. When he has gone successfully through this ordeal he is well fortified for complete recovery.

Mr. Ex is devoting the gratuities he receives for his treatments to a fund with which he is establishing an Alcoholic Consultation Bureau in the city where he lives. It is to be a county center where those with drinking problems of their own or those who have a drinker in the family may go for treatment or advice, safe in the knowledge that their confidence and identity will be respected. If it proves effective he hopes that it will become a model for other communities to follow.

III

At the time the previous article on this subject was published I received hundreds of letters from *Harper* readers in many parts of the country. They came from men and women in many walks who laid bare their most intimate personal sorrows as they asked me to advise them about some member of the family who was drinking to excess. There was little I could tell them. Psychiatric treatments were beyond what most of them could afford or there were no psychiatrists in their localities. In some instances psychiatry had been tried and had failed. The few reliable private institutions I knew of were too remote or too costly. Most of the public hospitals, if there were any in the communities, had no alcoholic ward. The public mental hospitals, generally speaking, were insane asylums from which the discharged alcoholic patients were known to be worse off than when they had entered.

It is to such people as these, people who do not know where to turn for help that Alcoholics Anonymous, the group of men I mentioned in the first part of this article, are hoping to have something to say.

This organization, which now has a membership of over two thousand and centers in fifty localities that embrace all of our States except a few in the Middle West between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River, had its beginning in the healing of one man, a Wall Street broker whom we shall speak of as Mr. Jones. After a drinking career of fifteen years in which he had built his ration of gin up to two quarts a day, he was pronounced a hopeless alcoholic. Some time before this verdict a friend who had been cured of dipsomania with the help of a religious group had told of his experience with such simple precision that Mr. Jones had been challenged by it. Thinking now of what the doctors had said, his mind reverted to his friend, and he sought the same aid. "In a week," says Mr. Jones, "I had taken my last drink. In a month my appetite for liquor was completely gone."

Shortly after this a business trip took him to Akron, Ohio, where he remained to help a former crony who had lost his job and was without the prospect of another, as the title of "confirmed drunkard" had been conferred upon him by the townspeople. This friend healed one of his own friends. Mr. Jones did likewise. By the time he was ready to return to New York he and his patients had made plans for a full-time avocation of healing alcoholism and for starting a healing movement across the country.

Mr. Jones realized that, while drinkers may have their similarities, no two of them are ever alike in nature. If he were to reach out toward all those who needed help he saw that he would have to broaden his therapy, which up to this time had been wholly religious. Back in New York, he and his wife took five nonpaying alcoholics into their home for study and experimentation. In healing them he was able to formulate a set of elastic principles capable of spanning a wide area of cases.

In 1936—two years after it had been started—the movement had spread with such rapidity that money was needed for office purposes. Two or three of the members felt that if they could take the time to collaborate on a book about their

experiences they would be able to raise the necessary amount. Someone told Mr. John D. Rockefeller of the recoveries they had effected. After he had looked into their activities he made it possible for them to take the time to write the book. When it was ready to be published a group of Mr. Rockefeller's associates consented to form a Board of Trustees to handle the royalties as they accrued.

Last year, with the work speeding onward, Mr. Rockefeller felt that what it now needed was "not money but standing." At a dinner given by him to two hundred of the country's most prominent men he invited Mr. Jones to speak. What he had to say was verified and approved by medical scientists and clergymen through such spokesmen as Dr. Foster Kennedy and the Reverend Harry Emerson Fosdick. The honorarium of three thousand dollars raised that evening, together with royalties from the book, maintain a small office in downtown New York. Mr. Jones's salary is thirty dollars a week. "I have a strong feeling," he explains, "that if I were to commercialize my services within the group by accepting money I should impair my effectiveness."

Among the members of Alcoholics Anonymous are lawyers, doctors, clerks, chauffeurs, stenographers, and housewives, and they are of all ages between the early twenties and the late sixties. Out of two thousand current cases, ninety-five per cent of whom are employed, one thousand have not tasted liquor since they attended their first meeting. For some this means three months. For others, six years. Five hundred have slipped a bit now and then, but they are out of the quicksands. The other five hundred are not yet quite sure that they want to be cured, or they are suffering from the more doubtful forms of the disease; but they are being helped.

It has been said that the technic has the mark of Buchmanism. It probably has, and of other religious groups and healing methods. For it is a synthesis of everything that has proved useful in the whole field of alcoholic diagnosis and treatment. A movement that has for its purpose a crusade of mutual assistance in which one drinker becomes therapist for another, it is open to anyone who drinks too much and cannot stop of himself. Two exactions only are demanded of him. He must be sincere in his wish to be healed. He must have the desire to help his fellow drinkers. Anonymity is maintained because of the extreme sensitiveness of the alcoholic to prejudice or ridicule. And it prevents giving offense to relatives or to doctors and spiritual advisers, all of whom have their redemptive parts to play.

The actual phases of the treatment are not fundamentally different from other mental therapies. But the instruments are not the same and the terminology is non-existent. The "mental catharsis" of the psychologists becomes here the simple business of talking out loud to an audience made up of those who are taking the cure themselves. These open meetings are practical forums in which the members exchange points of view and offer suggestions under the leadership of the more experienced therapists such as Mr. Jones. Once a week the families of the patients are invited to special meetings where the care of convalescents is the main topic of conversation.

Another important step is the mental inventory in which the patient lists his virtues and his faults as an aid to self-appraisal. It is from this evaluation that the pattern of adjustment, the vital core of rehabilitation, is drawn. (It is what the psychiatrists call "personality change.") For instance, if a member has mistreated his wife, neglected his family, or been dishonest in his business dealings, or quarreled with his neighbor, he must not only change his ways, but he must try somehow to repair the damage he has caused. Whatever his troubles, he is given ample opportunity to talk about them; for it is through such

disclosures that the real cause of his malady reveals itself. Instead of evading his problems, as he has in the past, he is taught how to solve them. And if he strikes a snag he knows where to go for help—and it will be to someone who has been through the same experience and will therefore be able to give him a sympathetic and helpful hearing.

As the treatments progress he is directed toward some interest absorbing enough to take his mind away from liquor. Sometimes he may find his release in the recognition of a Supreme Being, a Power outside of himself who is greater than himself. There have been a number of cases in which this religious awakening has broken the spell of the exaggerated egotism which was one of the persistent causes of his illness. However, no compulsion is put upon the patient. He makes his own choice. About sixty per cent of the members of Alcoholics Anonymous are deists. Many who have not been to church since they were children have returned to their faiths. And there are not a few atheists among them. For most of them the great hobby that holds their enthusiasm is the help they are giving to one another. "It is a great satisfaction," said one of them who was in the advanced stages of the disease when he was enrolled, "to know that you are marking the difference between life and death for someone."

The processes employed in the course of treatment are not allowed to become stagnant. "We are always experimenting," Mr. Jones explained. "We try something and if it doesn't work we throw it out. What we are striving for is a progressive and ever more flexible system of healing which will cover more and more of the peculiar effects of alcoholism on the many diverse human personalities."

IV

The layman's burden I have indicated is not for the shoulders of the therapist alone. The family of the alcoholic—parents, sisters and brothers, sons and daughters, husbands and wives—may very well be the deciding factor in the success or failure of his cure, just as they are often the chief contributors to the disturbance which causes the illness. Because of this possibility some physicians will not treat certain patients unless they are removed from their homes until recovery is pretty well assured. And all healers make every effort to gain the co-operation of relatives as a precaution against relapse. When families fail it is not as a rule because they are contrary or apathetic, but because they do not know the rules.

For their benefit I am setting down a list of things to be remembered which I have gleaned from the specialists:

The convalescent needs care and sympathy, not nagging and recrimination. He must, until you are sure that his recovery is complete, be handled with silken gloves. For he has been through a devastating purgatory. Invalid though he is, he wants to be treated like a man and not a child. Yet, paradoxically, he must in some things be looked after as if he were a child. Great care must be given to his diet. Some medical scientists are now thinking that alcoholism may be due to lack of sufficient vitamins in the drinker's system. Tomato and orange juice, carrots, beets, celery, wild rice, milk, eggs, good red meat (if his blood pressure is normal), and some chocolate and sweets (if he is not diabetic), are some of the foods that will give him the needed vitamins. However it is always best to consult a doctor on his diet necessities.

Happy occupation for his leisure hours is a vital *must* on his program. Study his tastes, if you do not already know them, and use your ingenuity in finding things for him to do that he will enjoy. Don't try to force him to meet people or do things that he dislikes.

It is imperative not to discuss his illness with him or to comment about his abstinence or attract attention to it, unless of course he opens up the subject. Then talk round and away from it. If

you are in the habit of serving cocktails be sure to have one for him on the tray as well as not *one* glass but *two or three* glasses of tomato or orange juice. Let him make his own decisions. That is a part of his readjustment. He is not well until he can say "No" to himself in the face of temptation. Don't lock the liquor away from him. Don't pat him on the back and tell him how proud you are of him and how you all appreciate what he is going through and are feeling sorry for him. Don't set up pressures by holding him too strictly to household routine. Don't scold if he is late to dinner. Maybe he was finishing up a round of golf. Next time, remembering what happened last time, he may take one drink to brace him for what he thinks is going to happen to him when he gets home. That one drink will make him feel just fine. So he may rationalize that just one more won't do him any harm. And he's right back where he started.

Beyond everything, never rake up past offenses. Alcohol draws a curtain over the reason and the memory of its victims, driving them blindly into acts for which they are not responsible and which they cannot remember when they are sober, as such acts make no record on the conscious mind.

These details are not trifles. The convalescent drinker is edgy and high-strung. If he can be kept healthy in body and contented in mind he has a far better chance of complete and permanent recovery than in an environment where he is constantly on the defensive.

THE MILL

BY ELFORD CAUGHEY

THE mole, the ant, the sparrow and I
Labor for food, and the years go by.
At night in sleep we drift away,
Returning to toil at break of day;
Refresh our bones with sleep once more
To do the work we did before.
And none will shirk a bloody deed
To save the life he toils to feed,
So that at dawn he may arise
And slave till stars unveil their eyes.
How foolish is this mill, I know,
Yet daily forth to labor go.

THE JEWISH QUESTION AFTER THE WAR

BY BENJAMIN AKZIN

EARLY in 1940 a gathering of Jewish refugees from Czechoslovakia was held in London. The main speaker was Mr. Jan Masaryk, formerly Minister of Czechoslovakia in London and now Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Czechoslovak government-in-exile. He delivered a beautiful and generous speech. It ended on a note of promise: "When I return to Prague, you, ladies and gentlemen, will return to Prague with me!"

The concluding sentence of the speech received wide publicity, even wider publicity than one would have expected. All over Bohemia and Moravia the German authorities are understood to have spread the story of Masaryk's pronouncement, accompanying it with appeals to the local population to rally to Germany's cause, and warning that in case of German defeat the Jews would return and claim their former possessions.

That the argument was not entirely lost upon a great many Czechs and Slovaks can be easily deduced from the reaction of Czech authorities in London, ever on the alert for news and views from their native land. Headed by one of the truly liberal statesmen of our times, Dr. Beneš, and by Jan Masaryk himself, they began anxiously inquiring whether an adequate and humane solution could be found for these refugees other than their return to Czechoslovakia. Not stopping there, these liberal Czechs, never before impressed by the need for Jewish emigration from Europe, suddenly embarked on a feverish if discreet search for an outlet which could absorb many of the Jews who remained in Bohemia and Moravia and who, once the war is over, would like to find a better future elsewhere.

But will these Jews want to leave their native land once Nazism is defeated? Realistic observers of the European scene know that this desire will be overwhelming, not only among the Jews of Czechoslovakia, but also among most Jews of Central Europe, just as they know that most of the statesmen of Europe will be glad to see them go. The intolerant statesmen would push them out with a kick and a curse, the liberal ones would try to help them to a better life elsewhere and would attempt to guarantee equality of treatment to that minority which will choose to remain; but all of them would welcome a large-scale exodus of Jews from Europe. It seems that Jews and Gentiles in Europe are unanimous on this point.

Why should this be so? To explain it, let us take once more the case of Czechoslovakia. On the territory of the former Republic there still live to-day almost 300,000 Jews. Another 70,000 are refugees scattered all over the earth. These figures indicate that pre-war Czechoslovakia had at least 100,000 Jewish bread-winners, living with their respective dependents. Practically all of these bread-winners, including those who are still present physically in the country, have been squeezed out of their positions in economic life. Some of these positions, the choicest ones, have fallen into the hands of Germans or Hungarians. But most of these positions, the penny-

wise occupations and trades, have been allowed to pass, directly or indirectly, into the hands of the Czechs and Slovaks and Ruthenians, who now eke out the pittance attached to them. A group of Czechs and Slovaks and Ruthenians numbering, with their dependents, in the hundreds of thousands, with their relations and friends well in the millions, are now clinging to these jobs. Deeply unhappy over their present lot, anxiously awaiting the hour of liberation, they nevertheless are jealously guarding the miserable inheritance which they have been permitted to keep after the economic liquidation of the Jew. They regard as an enemy anyone who suggests that some of these jobs be turned over to the Jews whose place they have inherited, or that they make room for the Jews if and when new and better jobs are created. Their attitude undoubtedly constitutes bad economics, but it represents, just as undoubtedly, potent mass-psychology. This is why the Germans are able to use the Jewish argument even now, when the subjected foreign populations should have become thoroughly disillusioned and immune to German propaganda, and this is why the specter of future difficulties haunts the liberal Beneš and the aggressively humane Masaryk.

They visualize a resurrected liberal Czechoslovakia. What should its leaders do? Reintegrate the Jews in their possessions and jobs, throwing out the non-Jews who in the meantime had occupied them? Merely to ask the question is to perceive its utter unreality as a matter of practical politics, whatever the rights and wrongs involved. Perhaps, were the country rich and were the war followed by rising prosperity, a great many new economic positions would be found that would permit the reintegration of the Jews without arousing anyone's jealousies. But the world faces the probability of a post-war depression. Depleted material resources will have to be built up in the midst of monetary chaos, of the sudden stoppage of a gigantic war industry, and of continued dislocation of international trade. Financing the process of rebuilding will be possible only with the help of foreign loans, and the distribution of the proceeds of the loans among the host of would-be beneficiaries will create pressure-groups and malcontents galore. In the meantime one lesson of the Nazi occupation will have been learned well: "The Jew's needs come last." Even if physically present, economically the Jew has been expelled. Any attempt on the part of a well-meaning government to "admit" or "reintegrate" him into the economic community will meet with approximately the same reception that would be accorded to a policy of large-scale physical immigration. We know how unthinkingly fanatic populations become in times of stress on the subject of immigration, and how ill-advised a government would be to disregard these moods. The attempt would never succeed were it seriously tried. But it never will be tried, for the Czech leaders are perfectly aware that its only result would be the creation of a fertile field for opposition and intrigues. The least that these intrigues would accomplish would be the substitution of a reactionary government for a liberal one; the most that they would lead to would be the rebirth of the racial principle as a factor in European politics, with all the attendant consequences which are so familiar to-day.

The alternative is not pleasant either: it spells continued discrimination against Jews, if not in law, at least in fact. And this is not only a course distasteful to a true liberal. It is more than that. It creates an atmosphere of inequalities, an atmosphere in which no democracy can flourish, in which are present all incipient elements of autocracy and dictatorship.

It is because of these consequences, rather than because of the distress of Czechoslovak Jewry or the painful ethical dilemma of Czechoslovak statesmen, that this problem assumes all-European, even world-wide significance. Racial

propaganda, militant dictatorship, interference with the rights of the individual are not easily localized. Once permitted to develop, they tend to grow in intensity and to spread geographically, until they assume the proportions of a world menace. Nor is it likely that the role which the Jewish question plays in this connection will be overlooked. Acting—in the words of V. Jabotinsky, the most brilliant thinker and leader in contemporary Jewry—as the "favorite culture-medium" on which the microbes of aggressive dictatorship feed and grow, it was the Jewish question that enabled Hitler to work his way into German leadership and to undermine the ideals and stability of other nations as well. To permit the Jewish question to survive in its previous form means to perpetuate the condition that has led, and may well lead once more, to the tragic events of the past decade.

II

It is for a purpose that I have chosen Czechoslovakia—the one true democracy east of Switzerland—as illustration. Even in that atmosphere, where the bad will of men plays no large part, the problem is insoluble on the basis of stationary populations. The phenomenon is far from local. Take tolerant, broadminded Holland. Assuming that the good Queen Wilhelmina returns to the Hague, can anyone imagine that she will decree that the jobs, houses, workshops, and offices which formerly provided livelihood for the 120,000 Dutch Jews, and which now are being rapidly occupied by 120,000 non-Jewish inhabitants, be taken away from the new occupants and turned over to their former possessors? Or can one expect any such policy to be adopted in the case of the 250,000 Jews still in France, or the 70,000 Jews of Belgium, or the 40,000 Jews now in Italy, or even the small Jewish communities of Denmark and Norway? All the difficulties encountered in Czechoslovakia would just as effectively preclude the successful adoption of liberal racial policies in all these countries. And the consequences would be just as unfortunate.

But the bulk of European Jewry outside of Russia live in countries where these objective difficulties—"antisemitism of things," in the words of Mr. Jabotinsky—are joined and aggravated by a deep-seated human factor—"antisemitism of men." All over Poland, Germany, Rumania, Hungary, and to some extent in the Balkans as well, an age-old inclination to deny, or at least to doubt, the claim of the Jew to decent treatment and civic equality has been recently revived by the strong impulse of German propaganda and German example. It would be a mistake to think that Hitler's defeat will carry into discredit everything connected with Hitler. In a great many respects the theories and practices of the Nazi revolution will remain an important factor of Europe's and the world's history. This will be particularly true where personal or group-egotism will seemingly profit by the partial adoption of Hitler's views. In the traditionally antisemitic zone of Europe, at any rate, antisemitism after Hitler will therefore be a much more potent and dangerous factor than it was before Hitler's appearance. No government will dare to disregard these habits of thought stimulated by the German example and reinforced by what will popularly and superficially appear as an overwhelming economic interest. The 2,000,000 Jews of western and central Poland, the 800,000 Jews of Rumania and the 500,000 Jews of Hungary (I am using the 1938 figures) are being eliminated from all economic positions, and, while the results of this elimination are disastrous to everybody, the *seeming* heirs of Jewish positions are non-Jews. These heirs, their dependents and friends, will frantically oppose any attempt, however justified on moral or even on economic grounds, to reintegrate the Jewish population. They will oppose not only the restoration of formerly Jewish possessions, but even the allocation of public funds for the rehabilitation of unem-

ployed Jews or the opportunity for Jews to occupy available positions, as long as there remains any appreciable number of non-Jews whose needs have not been satisfied. Unfortunately we know that the post-war depression will leave a great many people in that part of the world with their needs far from satisfied.

An interesting sidelight on the situation is thrown by the delicate position of the Polish government-in-exile. In the first months of the war that government, then stationed at Angers in France, was trying to court favor with Western liberal opinion and to live down the reputation of Poland for antisemitism. As a result, and at the request of Jewish leaders in America and abroad, several declarations were issued on the authority of that government, pledging full equality of rights for Jews in post-war Poland. The results were not so good. Somehow informed opinion in the West, Jewish and non-Jewish, did not quite believe that such wholesale change of heart in Poland was at all likely; at the same time German authorities in occupied Poland made good use of these declarations to undermine the Poles' loyalty to their exiled leaders. Of late the government-in-exile has become far more sparing with its post-war pledges, although diplomatic caution has prevented the Polish leaders from openly acknowledging that without an outlet and facilities for large-scale Jewish emigration the problem is insoluble. Other governments in exile have followed the same policy.

Thus very likely we face the revival in the Europe of to-morrow of excessive nationalism and of oppression of the individual, both feeding upon an unrelieved and unmitigated Jewish question. The prospect is a cheerless one, not for Jews alone. Political ills, excesses of power, are infectious. Keep the center of infection intact, and the chances are that the infection will spread, repeating the tragic cycle.

Mention the subject in conversation with any Central European statesman, from the Left to the Right, and you will realize that he is well aware of it. He will not always admit it if he doesn't happen to know you well. To avoid possible controversy and to take a "nice" stand, he will talk about a future reign of democratic equality. But in his heart he knows that any attempts to translate these declarations into deeds will merely lead to his overthrow. And he is therefore resigned, more or less sadly, to the continuance of the discrimination that existed in these regions before the war. In certain of these countries which were immune from official antisemitism before the war the statesmen know that there is no return to the old traditions of liberalism, that the precedent of discrimination created during Nazi occupation will enforce its own perpetuation.

Gradually a correct appreciation of this problem begins to penetrate certain informed circles in the West as well. This is especially true of the governing circles in England. Few will admit it there; for admitting the scope of the problem would mean that an adequate solution would have to be provided, and this, as British politicians are aware, would probably result in the need for Great Britain to open Palestine for the Jews and, to that extent, modify the long-cherished project of London's Colonial Office to establish and control an ostensibly independent federation of puppet States covering the entire Arab-speaking area—a second and improved version of the "native States" of India. So the official "war-aim" of the British government as regards the Jewish question is still encompassed in the formula of "equal rights." But the most honest and thoughtful of contemporary British politicians, Sir Archibald Sinclair, leader of the Liberal party and Secretary of State for Air, has recently told a delegation of Jewish leaders: "When the war is over we shall see to it that equal rights are promised to you in every Constitution in Europe. But there is only one way to guarantee that this promise is carried out—to station British troops in every country and to have them intervene whenever the

promise to you is broken. And this we cannot do."

He was right, and at the risk of disturbing all those who find it more comforting to believe that in the over-heated atmosphere of European nationalities, equality of rights and of opportunity for Jews will exist after Hitler's defeat, it is necessary to emphasize that all indications point in the other direction.

Oppressed nationalities do not react to oppression by becoming internationally-minded; they react by becoming more intensely nationalistic. In relations *between* States the pressure of events, the lesson of history, the influence of America and England will *perhaps* induce them to compromise, to forego absolute sovereignty, to agree to political and economic co-operation. To compensate for this loss of freedom of action in respect of foreign relations, each dominating nationality will try to get its own back by asserting itself to the utmost *within* the individual States. This will be especially true in economic matters, for in the impoverished post-war world the battle for daily bread will be desperate; and it will be even more especially true regarding the Jewish minority, discrimination against whom is a familiar feature and will not entail the risk of conflict with powerful neighbors across the border.

Just how widely this reaction is likely to spread is shown by the warning issued a few months ago by one of the most outstanding leaders of British Jewry, Neville Laski, K.C., a noted lawyer and a brother of Professor Harold J. Laski. Neville Laski found it necessary to warn publicly that after the war there is likely to come a tremendous wave of antisemitism in England.

Wild as the idea appears at first, a moment's reflection indicates that it is based on sound reasoning. Antisemitism grew in England, steadily and rapidly, up to the very outbreak of the war. Not all of it could be attributed to Mosley propaganda. On the contrary, it was the predisposition of considerable groups to indulge in anti-Jewish activities that won adherents for Mosley and other incipient subversive groups. After September, 1939, the further growth of antisemitism was checked. Hitler being the national enemy, any doctrine as intimately connected with Hitler as antisemitism was bound to become largely discredited. Despite this overwhelming handicap, antisemitic propaganda in the air-raid shelters, distribution of anti-Jewish pamphlets and stickers, insults and minor brawls are a daily occurrence and fill the records of British police courts. Essentially, it is not important whether this undercurrent of antisemitism is spontaneous or due to a deliberate propaganda campaign. Even if a major part in this development be assigned to fifth-column propaganda, the very fact that this propaganda, without either official or press support, is able to hold its own in such unfavorable conditions shows that it has fallen on fertile soil.

Now let us try to visualize the situation after British victory. Hitler is no longer a factor in the situation. Millions are demobilized from the armed forces and from industry. Despite the best efforts of British statesmanship, there will be untold cases of maladjustment, of envy, and of disappointments. The temptation to blame somebody for the difficulties of the aftermath and for the war itself, somebody far closer and more accessible than the abstraction "Nazism," will be great indeed among many of the maladjusted. No wonder that a wave of militant antisemitism is considered by Anglo-Jewish leaders a likely post-war development.

Pursuing the same line of thought, one may easily conclude that the end of the war will bring in its wake an antisemitic wave the world over, in countries that will have remained relatively aloof no less than in countries which have suffered from the war. For even the least involved countries will experience their share of economic difficulties, and they too will have been influenced by Hitler's lesson in making the principle of inequality a seemingly paying and, to some minds attractive, proposition.

The aim of this article is not to frighten, but simply to analyze a painful question, and to probe for possible traces of a disease that has been recognized now as both extremely dangerous and extremely catching. It would be an exaggeration to say that a universal epidemic of antisemitism must be expected after Hitler's defeat. But with all certainty it can be stated that the post-Hitler world will be anything but immune to antisemitism. Unless precautions are taken the disease may and will spread.

III

Alone among the statesmen of the Western world, two Americans have recognized the extent of the danger and have formulated the only adequate precaution. The first formula was offered by President Roosevelt, on the occasion of the Washington session of the Intergovernmental Refugee Committee, October 17, 1940:

> The War will come to an end some day, and those of us who are realists know that in its wake the world will face a refugee problem, of infinitely greater magnitude. . . . There may be not one million but ten million or twenty million men, women and children, belonging to many races and many religions, living in many countries and possibly on several continents, who will enter into the wide picture—the problem of the human refugee. . . .

The solution President Roosevelt envisages is the "resettling of several million people in new areas of the earth's surface."

President Roosevelt was quite right in dealing with the Jewish question within the larger framework of the problem of minorities in general. Though the Jews form the most ubiquitous minority, and the longest-living one on record, and though anti-Jewish prejudice is the most obstinate and severest case of xenophobia known to the world, it still is nothing else than xenophobia—the dislike of the stranger. Somewhat milder forms of the same disease are a recurrent feature in our world. The relations between Slavs and Germans, Germans and Latins, Catholics and Protestants, White and Colored, Christians and Moslems, Northerners and Southerners, the relations between smaller units within each of the larger groups offer innumerable examples of this phobia. At times it is no more than a trivial dislike that can be cured or ignored. At other times the dislike is intense, shows no sign of abating, is easily stimulated and becomes a major threat to orderly life in the affected area. Race, religion, nationality, language, or dialect may form the element determining the "strangeness" of the group involved. It is pathetic indeed to watch some Jewish spokesmen (usually among the least religious) trying to escape the consequences of antisemitism by incessantly proclaiming that Jews are a religion, not a nation. As if the label mattered!

Where xenophobia reaches across political frontiers it may result in cruel wars, though most wars have been fought for other reasons. On the other hand, it can be easily held in check if the leaders of the hostile nations keep their tempers and avoid incidents. The real difficulty starts where members of one group are intermingled with members of the other within the same territory. Physical proximity degenerates into irritating friction, and friction leads to outbursts of violence, as in the relations between Turks and Armenians in Asia Minor, between Arabs and Assyrians in Iraq, and between various European peoples and Jews on many occasions.

Indeed there are regions in Europe the internal peace of which depends on a better distribution of populations than that brought about by history. At times one hears the well-meaning advice that Europeans be taught to live together. Switzerland is usually cited in this connection. Well, Danubian and Vistulian Europe is not Switzerland, and even the Swiss have become conditioned to tolerate wholeheartedly a particular blend of nationalities only—the blend of German-French-Italian-speaking Swiss. Anyone with a knowledge of that friendly coun-

try is aware of the suspicion with which the Swiss view any man belonging to a breed different from these three groups as soon as he shows the slightest sign of terminating the life of a tourist and of desiring to become a settler. Even the members of the staff of the League of Nations experienced this reaction.

Much more feasible than this recommended experiment in re-educating European humanity, and certainly much more capable of rapid realization, would be a policy of facilitating mass-transfer of populations in some of the worst embroglios. Transylvania is indeed an insoluble problem without such transfer: mere cession of territory would not suffice, for there are Rumanian-speaking areas in western Transylvania, and Hungarian areas in eastern Transylvania. Slovakia is another, with a Hungarian belt in the north and a Slovakian in the south. No boundary line, however drawn, would do justice to ethnography; and to ignore ethnography would bring back all those irritations that, in due time, would develop into sores and prove the breeding-ground for yet another war. "Federation" is no answer either. Living in a federation will not dull the sensitiveness of these national groups to splinters of their own across the border, nor to the presence of a "strange" and disliked splinter on their own side of the border. Austria-Hungary was an instance of this kind of "Federation," in far more idyllic times, and its political atmosphere was anything but normal.

There is no need to envisage compulsory transfers of population. The pressure of hostile majorities, and the wish of members of the minorities to seek comfort and protection among their own kind will create a tremendous urge to migrate. The volume of migration will not reach one hundred per cent, but there is no need that it should. As soon as the splinter-groups have been reduced to the point where mutual suspicion will give room to mutual good-will, this will serve as natural indication that the brew of nationalities has reached its level of tolerance. But it is essential, in order to permit matters to reach this level, that the facilities for option be kept open for some considerable time—a few years at least. The great rush of migrations will occur at once, the moment the frontiers are open. Soon afterward migrations will slow down to a dribble, unless unforeseen complications aggravate the situation once more at some sensitive points.

The extent to which migration will have to proceed to reach this level of pacification will differ in various cases. Most probably, as between Czechs and Sudeten-Germans, the ratio of voluntary migrants will be tremendous, while in Transylvania, for instance, a relatively minor movement of the population will suffice. Jewish migration too will serve in these conditions as an automatic indication of antisemitic temperature. A tremendous number of Jews will want and need to move. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, long before the entire 5,000,000 Jews of that zone have left, the friction round the Jewish question will be considerably reduced. Jews will stop feeling threatened, non-Jews will stop feeling irritated, and a certain percentage of the Jewish populations will be able to plan new life on the old spot under far better auspices, where a larger number would have faced but continuing misery.

It would be puerile to deny that a large-scale movement of populations will be a difficult enterprise. To organize it co-operation will be required not only on the part of the immediately concerned countries (who will accord it quite gladly, for each of them will get rid of a block of unwanted minorities and may get in exchange a block of kindred people), but also on the part of the international community as a whole, and of the Great Powers more particularly. Financially too international support of the migration schemes will be unavoidable if the world wants to be rid of a deep sore.

It would be an easy temptation to slow down the tempo of the migrations so as to permit the entry of only as many im-

migrants, at any given time, as there will be available economic positions in the new country. This would be a fatal mistake, for it would reduce the movement of migrating minorities to a point where the number of those leaving will be insignificant in comparison to those remaining and to those being born in the meantime, thereby robbing the scheme of its main significance—that of *rapidly* draining the centers of irritation in Europe. Time is of the essence of success in this process. An interesting sidelight on the question is thrown by comparing the correct procedure in the cases of the Greco-Turkish and Greco-Bulgar population transfers with the erroneous procedure adopted by the Zionist agencies conducting Jewish immigration into Palestine. In the former cases physical transfer was rapidly accomplished, thus removing instantly the source of international friction, with the immigrants awaiting their turn of economic rehabilitation after they reached the new country; in the latter case the tempo of the immigration was made dependent on the readily available economic opportunities, forcing the would-be immigrants to stay in the meantime in the countries where they were unwanted and from which they wanted to escape, thus continuing to aggravate that "Jewish question" in Europe which their speedier emigration might have relieved, and, at the same time, by the very gradualness of their infiltration, creating opportunities for the crystallization of an Anglo-Arab opposition to their further immigration into Palestine.

Despite these difficulties, the envisaged transfer of populations other than Jewish will be fairly easy to accomplish. The distances will be short; climatic and economic backgrounds in the old and the new lands will be similar; and in many cases the movement will proceed on an exchange basis, permitting use of existing resources instead of having to create entirely new ones. Therefore, while the number involved will be large, perhaps exceeding 10,000,000, this transfer will not be particularly burdensome.

Far more involved will be the implications of a mass-transfer of certain Jewish minorities. The process of Jewish emigration will have to envisage their moving out of the entire zone of Central Europe. (There was some loose talk about setting aside the Lublin area in Poland or part of Bessarabia as a Jewish commonwealth. To do this one would have to clear these areas of their present inhabitants, forcibly, for there exists no incentive for them to move away from a territory traditionally and ethnographically theirs, and the result would be an *irredenta* supported by the whole of Poland, Rumania, or the Ukraine.) Furthermore there will be no element of "exchange" involved in the Jewish migration; therefore the countries of that zone would strenuously object to the emigrating Jews taking out considerable resources; and without such resources the resettlement of the migrants in their new home would be severely handicapped, thus necessitating an even greater measure of international financial assistance.

IV

But the cardinal difficulty about Jewish mass-transfer from Central Europe concerns the choice of place for immigration. Where are they to go? Here again it is essential to consider the problem not only from the point of view of Jewish suffering or desires, but in relation to its effect on world peace.

We must face the fact, unpleasant though it may be, that practically all the organized nations of the world, including the countries of the Western Hemisphere and the border countries of the Southern Seas (Australia, South Africa), have reached a point of allergy to Jews which practically rules out any prospects of a further large-scale admission of Jewish immigrants. It is not that further large-scale immigration into these underpopulated countries would result in economic disadvantage; most probably it would redound, economically, to the countries' benefit. But psychologically,

these countries are not and will not be receptive to any large blocks of immigrants, particularly to large blocks of Jewish immigrants.

There is no need to elaborate on this point. The two most humane rulers of our day are President Roosevelt of the United States and Prime Minister Smuts of South Africa. And yet, although the rules were somewhat mollified in this country for political refugees, immigration laws in these two nations were never applied more sternly to cut down foreign immigration, especially—in effect though not in law—Jewish immigration, than under the administration of these two humanitarians. It would be preposterous to suspect their personal motives or even to question their sincere sympathy with the homeless Jews. But they realize the extent to which xenophobia, especially that particularly obstinate form of xenophobia known as antisemitism, has grown in their own countries, how easily a large influx of new immigrants could be seized upon to inflame the passions and prepare the way for all-out reaction; and it is simple caution that causes them to apply the brakes.

To complete the picture, let me quote an incident that occurred at the Evian Intergovernmental Refugee Conference. During the entire session of the Conference, which I observed closely, it was the only time that unpleasant truth cut through diplomatic niceties. In the general discussion there arose the representative of Australia, a very large, very under-populated, and very liberal country, and declared: "Gentlemen, we in Australia have no racial problem, thank God, and we do not intend to have one started."

The simple truth is that the resistance of England, of the Americas, and of the Dominions to antisemitism and to the things that come in its wake is already very strained, a matter of touch-and-go. It is hoped, though one should not be too confident, that the resistance will prove equal to the existing stresses. But so allergic have these countries become to Jewish immigration, that a further large-scale influx is no longer a matter of practical politics. Small groups of individuals will probably manage to find a berth in these countries. But any migrations on a scale likely to alleviate the pressure of the Jewish problem in Central Europe will not find room in any other organized nation. The world, by and large, as somebody has said, can be divided with regard to the Jews into two parts: that which the Jews will have to leave, and that which they will be unable to enter. All this is very unpleasant. Freedom of migration is a beautiful idea. So is freedom from xenophobia. But nothing will be gained by refusing to face realities, and much is to be lost by refusing to deal adequately with a dangerous disease.

The inescapable conclusion is that Jewish emigration will have to be canalized into a space where the immigrants will gradually create a more or less homogeneous society, not a minority likely to become the unwilling source of new irritations. In the case of most other minorities such spaces are clearly indicated on the map: among or next to their nearest ethnical relations across the border. In the case of Jews such space or spaces will have to be specifically set aside.

This setting aside is no easy matter. From time to time one hears of projects to permit large-scale Jewish immigration in a somewhat isolated part of an organized nation. Certain parts of the Dominican Republic, Bolivia, Venezuela, or Brazil, Lower California in the Mexican Republic, Guiana, and Alaska have been thus mentioned. It should be noted that in none of these or similar instances was there any thought of separating the territory in question from its mother-State. The most that was ever discussed was that the State concerned will permit a large influx of Jewish capital and a limited influx of Jewish immigrants, leading in all likelihood to a decreed stoppage of further immigration as soon as the controlling State decides

that a waste territory has been sufficiently developed by the Jews and that henceforth its further development may be safely and profitably left to the non-Jewish inhabitants available. (This is the manner in which slightly cynical observers summarize British policy in Palestine as well.) But even assuming the fullest measure of good faith on the part of all concerned, such projects are bound to meet another snag, which I can describe no better than by relating a discussion I had with a leading Republican statesman previous to the last Presidential campaign.

That statesman, a thoughtful and sincere man, in search of a constructive solution for the Jewish problem, happened to discuss with me the project of settling Jews in Alaska, then much in the news. It was my duty to tell him that in opening Alaska to a large-scale Jewish immigration the government would face an alternative: either the Jewish immigrants would be allowed to enter with the same rights as any other settler, including the right to apply for American citizenship, or they would be permitted to settle in Alaska only, without the right of moving freely about the country. In the first case within very few years most of the immigrants would leave Alaska and spread all over the United States. If this were intended, one should not fool oneself: one might just as well let these immigrants enter the United States to begin with. In the second case, America would revive the "pale of settlement," that eternal shame of Tzarist Russia, and establish a precedent for legal discrimination based on origin, an entering wedge for reaction at its worst.

"Is there, then, no way of setting aside Alaska for Jewish immigration?" asked the statesman. "There is one way," I answered; "if the United States should renounce Alaska, then the Jewish immigrants there would be citizens of a foreign State, and no one can object to the United States refusing immigration visas to these foreigners." "But I didn't think of suggesting this," remarked the eminent statesman. "Neither did I," I said. "I merely wanted to point out how unreal the Alaskan project is when one analyzes it closely."

This is true not only with reference to Alaska. It remains true with regard to any project of segregated Jewish immigration within any nation. Compulsory segregation is the entering wedge of reaction at its worst. And if the immigrants are not compelled to segregate they will end by once more becoming a ubiquitous minority which, thrust upon the painfully allergic majority, will result in the now familiar Jewish problem.

This has been clearly perceived by another astute observer of the European nationality problem, ex-President Hoover, when, thinking mainly of the Jewish immigrants whom no organized country will accept in sufficient masses, he proposed, in a speech on February 11, 1940, the setting aside of a self-governing territory in Africa, capable of harboring up to 10,000,000 people. The answer to our problem is indeed a territory which its present rulers would be willing to relinquish to its future population, and which would become inhabited mainly by refugees. This would be the only way of solving the Jewish question in Europe, transferring the Jewish victims of that problem without transferring the problem itself.

Mr. Hoover's formula is clearly in need of corrections. Somewhat precipitately, he assumed that such a territory might be another melting-pot for European nationalities who, at home, proved hardly compatible. To take two instances, one does not quite see why Polish Jews and Sudeten-Germans, or Hungarians and Rumanians from the Transylvanian borderlands, would prove a successful combination. He obviously overlooked, for the moment, that the non-Jewish minorities of Europe could be much more easily (and with far greater enthusiasm on all sides) transferred much nearer their old homes, where they would be able to join the political community most congenial to them. It is only for the Jews that the

expedient of costly and complicated overseas migration will be necessary, for lack of a political and ethnical center of theirs in Europe.

Neither is the choice of Africa as the best place for such concentration likely to pass muster. It is true that economy of effort will dictate the choice of only one territory, rather than the building of several "homelands"—a luxury beyond the reach of any nation, and certainly beyond the reach of the Jewish people. But why Africa? The Jews of Central Europe, if anyone asked them, would choose Palestine. The nations of the world, with rare unanimity, have once before applauded the choice of Palestine as the future Jewish commonwealth, and are very likely to do so again. Certain signs indicate that even the British government, despite its occasional danglings of small-scale colonization projects in Tanganyika, Kenya, Rhodesia, British Guiana, and British Honduras, if it ever has to decide seriously on the territory it would rather let the Jews have, would much prefer to retain the immensely wealthy territories it controls in Africa and America as colonization reserves for its own stock, and would give its consent to large-scale Jewish immigration into Palestine.

V

But the choice of territory, the discussion of ways and means, even the general formulation of a solution, will be up to the Peace Conference and to those preliminary consultations of Allied and American statesmen which are already taking shape. What is important at this point is merely an analysis of the factors and implications of the Jewish problem. Such analysis is often handicapped by the reluctance of Jews to face the problem in all its gravity, and by a similar reluctance of tactful Gentiles to hurt Jewish susceptibilities by probing into a painful wound. Well-meaning as these attitudes undoubtedly are, it is they that have prevented a clear study of the problem and its implications, and have resulted in a superficial and wishful, though benevolent, treatment of the Jewish question, leaving its essence untouched.

This would have been sufficiently grave had the problem concerned Jews alone. The human suffering involved would well justify the need of an adequate solution. But were this the case, the problem would have been fated to remain unsolved: statesmen of the world are far too occupied with urgent problems of world-wide significance and of immediate concern to their own countries to give much attention to the sufferings of a small minority group. But recent events have indicated that the Jewish problem is precisely one whose implications are world-wide and of immediate concern to a great many countries. In the circumstances anyone who advocated its further treatment in a dilatory and inadequate manner, even though doing it from the best of motives, would perform a very bad service to the cause of world peace. This, at last, begins to be clear; and it seems that now, when preliminary studies are made concerning the solutions to be adopted at the conclusion of the second World War, the Jewish question, in its full scope, is at last getting its place on the agenda of the political world.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

With the train having arrived and the blurred terminal having been safely passed through and the porter ahead with the bags and then the bags first into the cab and the question "Where to?" obediently and correctly answered, Mr. Volente settled back into the leather seat with one foot on his luggage and his head now resting back and his gaze fixed upward through the open skylight, the buildings crouching over him and sweeping by. There is no earliness, said Mr. Volente without saying anything, quite like the earliness of a city morning in the great heat of summer, the audible heat, the visible heat, odorous and vaporous and terrible and seductive. He could still feel against his toe the quick nudge of the metal plate at the top of the escalator, hitting his toe at the end of the ascent as though it (the stationary element) were actually the moving element, as though the terminal had slipped itself under his foot, he being rigid, still, quiescent, the terminal being fluent, restless, and suddenly buoyant and he suddenly floor-borne.

The Hotel of the Total Stranger, he had said to the driver, Max Weinraub, and the door had closed and the hand of Weinraub had, reaching back, lowered the flag on the meter and the yellow flight had begun toward the known destination, the predictable hotel room (although it might be almost any number, still always the same room—it might be 302, or it might be 907 on the ninth floor, or it might be Number 1411 which would be a hard number to remember and he would be always asking for the wrong key perhaps), but it would be the familiar room just the same with the, Mr. Volente was sure, same things in it, no matter what number. It would have first the airless abandoned feeling and then the windows flung up by the boy dropping the bags and instantly the infiltration of the noise and the heat and the life and the pigeon on the sill straightening its feathers. The walls would be apple green, the paneling (apple green) decorative on the wall being formed by strips of molding, also the same color. And the mirror would match the bureau because it would match, and would be suspended by a gold cord with a decorative gold button concealing the hook and a gold tassel as the crowning effect. Oh, beloved room, the steel girders structurally in place here overhead, neatly buried in their white cerements, giving Mr. Volente something to gaze upon while lying in bed; and the bathroom with the shower curtain on little roller-hooks, a single shake being enough (Oh, room!) to distribute the curtain the whole length of the tub, and the glass shelves of the medicine cabinet ready (and able) for the safe-keeping of the brush, the cream, the paste, the things. In the closet would be the paper bag to catch the soiled clothes which if sent before eight would be returned on the afternoon of the third day. It was a Biblical promise, the afternoon of the third day, almost.

New York lay stretched in midsummer languor under her trees in her thinnest dress, idly and beautifully to the eyes of Mr. Volente her lover. She lay this morning early in the arms of the heat, humorously and indulgently, as though, having bathed in night, she had emerged and not bothered to put anything on and had stretched out to let the air, what air there was, touch her along arms and legs and shoulders and forehead, he thought, admiringly. The trucks and the sudden

PUBLIC LIBRARY

acceleration and the flippant horn and the rustle of countless affairs somewhat retarded by the middle-of-summer pause in everything, these were the sounds of her normal breathing (if you knew her well enough and had lived with her at this season in the long past) and her pulse, normal. It was the hour the earliest people were entering the buildings. Awnings were being cranked down already to spread the agreeable shade, the rectangles of relief written on the sidewalks. In every street the glimpse he caught of some door or some vestibule or some window would stir his memory and call up the recollection of something in his life that had once been.

"It was in this doorway . . .

"It was down that side street . . .

"It was in the back room of this café that . . ."

That was the thing about New York, it was always bringing up something out of your past, something ridiculous or lovely or glistening. Here all round him, he mused, was unquestionably the closest written page in the book of his life; here in the city in the streets and alleys and behind the walls and in the booths and beneath the roofs and under the marquees and canopies were the scenes of the story he remembered in tranquillity, however poorly constructed, however unconvincing when retold.

In the short space of time it took the cab to go from the Penn Station to the hotel Mr. Volente mentally made the long sentimental journey to the historical places of the past. He knew that in the flesh he would soon visit some of these spots, just in passing, when he got loose in the city—as he always did; the habit of revisitation was fixed in him, it was a date he kept with himself, unconsciously—the only date he regarded with complete seriousness in New York. It was always that way: when he got to town the first 'phone message he put through was to himself. Mr. Volente, calling Mr. Volente. Meanwhile, sitting in the cab, he piloted his thoughts swiftly to the ports they always called in. Here was Fifth Avenue and the Childs restaurant where the waitress had long ago spilled a bottle of buttermilk down his blue suit. A turning point, he liked to think. He often wondered where the girl was, this somehow invaluable and clumsy girl who had unwittingly shaped his life into a pattern from which it had not since departed. (Mr. Volente had written an account of the catastrophe at the time and had sold it to a young and inexperienced magazine, thus making for himself the enormously important discovery that the world would pay a man for setting down a simple, legible account of his own misfortunes. With the check in his pocket and trouble always at his elbow, the young Volente had faced life with fresh courage and had seen a long vista of profitable confession; and in fact he had stuck it out and done well enough.) I suppose I shall run out eventually, he thought dreamily, but I haven't yet. That poor girl—that waitress! Where is she? He should send her something, a large sum of money such as five dollars perhaps, or an autographed copy of his latest book, let's see, what was the name of it?

What is this we have here? A shop window. That's it. On University Place. It was while looking into this window that a small dog he had once loved (and a great window shopper) had been struck by a cab and killed. The very place. And the dog was a sort of symbol of something which was still alive, still very much alive, and must be kept forever safe against disaster and the badly driven cabs that there are in the world. University Place, corner of Eighth Street (careful about the car tracks that aren't there any more, Volente!) a stone's throw from the place—yes, there is the garden, visible through the iron gates, a comic pleasance surrounded by walls, the same pergolas, the same privet hedges, the brick paths, and the pinched and sooty symmetry. How infinitely refreshing it had seemed in those days and still seems now in memory, from the third-floor rear of the house

where in the bedroom on the hot days the cool cross draft across the low rooftops of the Mews struck through, filtered of all devils by the coarse mesh of the fire escape, the peaceful ineradicable room! Farther west . . . it was in this block, it was here, in Washington Place, it was down these three steps, or is it four, in this now legitimate café once so lawless and hospitable, that they had dined the night they were married (only nobody knew) and had sipped the wine in joy. Here is the very lamp-post (next block, please) under which, in another chapter, in another vein, with equal wonder and intensity . . .

This statue in the Square—something familiar here, Volente! Of course! Subject of a sonnet. Sonnet twenty-nine, the one with the tired feet. Yet how tender and fine and wonderful it had seemed on the occasion of its troubled birth!

It was here on this stoop he had vomited, but we will not dwell on that. He was always vomiting, thought Volente with a sigh. Nausea and love, the twin convulsions, one of the stomach, the other of the entire system sometimes called the heart. Oh passionate and disturbing city to whose innumerable small rooms at whose uncountable tables he had committed the immediate problems of the soul, to have them clarified in the wine at evening and returned to him (as though by special messenger) on a tray the following morning—all those crazy little places, ennobled by the so many confidences. (In those days, he thought, there was no air-conditioning; the same air remained in the small rooms and moved about, distributed by a fan, from table to table with the drifting smoke, until the whole place gathered over a period of months and years an accumulation of ardor and love and adventure and hope, a fine natural patina on floors and walls, as a church accumulates piety and sorrow and holiness.)

Mr. Volente's cab moved swiftly but not so swiftly as his mind, which was in West Thirteenth Street in a remoter past, only the El was there and the shoe-shine hat-cleaning parlor on the corner. It was up two flights, he thought, and heard the clicking of the release latch on the outer door and saw the polished plates of the letter boxes and read the names. Two flights up, what lean and tortured years, with those other fellows—all gainfully employed except himself—those mornings alone in the apartment straightening up after the others had left for work, rinsing the dirty cereal-encrusted bowls, taking the percolator apart and putting it together again, and then sinking down on the lumpy old couch in the terrible loneliness of midmorning, sometimes giving way to tears of doubt and misgiving (his own salt rivers of doubt), and in the back room the compensatory window box with the brave and grimy seedlings struggling, and the view of the naked fat lady across the yard. It had always been a question then of how to get through the day, the innumerable aimless journeys to remote sections of the town, inspecting warehouses, docks, marshes, lumberyards, the interminable quest for the holy and unnamable grail, looking for it down every street and in every window and in every pair of eyes, following a star always obscured by mists. But there were also the noons in the restaurant in Waverly Place (it was through that door) studying the menu to get the biggest value for fifty cents including tip, studying the faces of the other lunchers and the answering grave look in the eyes of the girls and the constant and abiding riddle, and on fine warm June days in the back garden, the same food and ritual, in the alanthus shade. And the healing night (Mr. Volente had glided swiftly down Sixth, turned right on West 4th, then left on Barrow and vanished down a rabbit hole where he was welcomed by an Italian), and there would be the same cheap table d'hôte that he liked and the same girl with him that he loved, together discovering the indispensable privacy of a dim and crowded room.

It was in this flower shop that I bought the . . . it was in the third booth from the door in the second restaurant from the corner that B. told me that . . . it was at this newsstand that I bought the Morning *World* that contained . . . here walked I under these great trees alone with my misery (Number 17 in the catalogue) . . . it was from this drugstore that I 'phoned M. . . . it was up that narrow and deplorable stairway I ascended . . .

Mr. Volente's mind skipped again, downtown to a doorway in Park Row. It was late Saturday afternoon in the fall of the year and he was standing in the lobby slowly eating Tokay grapes and spitting out the seeds. He had just quit his first job in New York and he was moodily eating the grapes by way of celebrating, in one inclusive ritual, the failure of his first major maneuver in life and the renewal of his liberty. His inability to cope with the requirements of the job was a stone in his stomach, to which he was now adding ripe grapes; but the sense that his movements were no longer circumscribed by the hands of a clock, the sense of the return of footlooseness, the sense of again being a reporter receiving only the vaguest and most mysterious assignments, was oxygen in his lungs. He stood there a long time, having nowhere in particular to go any more. An important doorway, he had always thought. He had never eaten a red grape since without tasting again the sweet tonic of rededication.

Ah, me, thought Mr. Volente.

Doorways! Had he never been anywhere except in some doorway for God's sake? There was an almost furtive quality to his past. Fourth Avenue in the twenties, what are you doing here, Volente, in this doorway in this dreary section of Fourth Avenue? You know well enough—you know you are waiting, because you think if you wait cleverly enough, you will catch a glimpse of her as she gets out at five o'clock from her job in that woolen place unless it was a cotton place, anyway a glimpse being the only nourishment that this bitter day affords, and this waiting, like a hungry dog for a crust. I said hungry, Volente.

Gramercy is round the corner, the green Gramercy with the snobbish fence behind which the rich children ride the velocipedes from Schwarz's. It was in that park, keyless though I was at the time, said Mr. Volente . . .

Here is the house where I awoke after the ball was over and in the solemn dreadful noon put on the dinner jacket again, and the rumpled-bosomed formal shirt again, and traveled across town pretending I was a waiter or a musician on his way to keep an engagement. Here is the tower where my son was born, and the sound of the Sunday bells, and the angel of death in a starched uniform and the blood running slowly through the transfusing tubes.

The cab stopped at the Hotel of the Total Stranger, and Volente registered and was shown to his room, Number 704, the one with the mirror with the gold tassel. He unpacked, putting his razor and things in the medicine cabinet. After breakfast he walked out as he had known he would, and met the heat as he emerged into the street, and took the heat in his arms affectionately and held her, with love and recognition. The people were moving slowly, the delivery boys in shirtsleeves with the half-moon of sweat under the armpit, the porter languidly shining the bronze standpipe with the creamy stuff from the old gin bottle, the cop in shirtsleeves, even his revolver wilting under the terrible blow from the sun. Mr. Volente strolled aimlessly over to Park Avenue and turned uptown. Presently he noticed a doorway which seemed familiar. He glanced at the number, then at the names on the plaque. Names of medical men. Volente smiled. It was in this building, on a May morning and without a word of warning, that a nurse had pulled a stomach pump on him.

Volente sighed. Oh inscrutable and lovely town! oh citadel of love!



The Easy Chair



UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THE house of the literary is always in disorder, but you may have noticed that of late it has been extraordinarily confused. Some odd things have been issuing from it, not the least of them voices desiring you to love and save democracy which, speaking an unaccustomed idiom, may make you feel a certain uneasiness. I am not referring to the literary reds, who may be disregarded. They are kept minds who pimped for the Nazis while they were told to, and are worth no comment now that the foreign power which hires their integrity is requiring them to work the other side of the street. I mean better, more serious men whose trouble is not purchasable integrity but a disease that has been endemic among the literary in our time. They have been filling the air with the confession of sins, repentance, and profession of faith—together with a command to the rest of us to go and do likewise. The literary are, by God, going to see to it that we save democracy. It may be wise to make sure whether this is really the sawdust trail they are traveling or the familiar steep place to the sea they have rushed down a number of times before. Possibly we are better off without their help.

The remembering mind was recently stirred by the determination of one literary man to restore, single-handed if need be, the private authority and the social health of the American family. He was clear that he must do so in order to save democracy, and clearly his effort is well intended, but one was forced to remember that about twenty years ago this same thinker slew the American family as a medieval tyranny which was a prime cause of America's failure to develop a civilization. He has passed twenty years in a conviction that it died at his hand, and his concern now seems to be an urgent fear that we may have been taking literature seriously. Again, here is a writer who has lately learned that there are typical, native patterns of American life which seem to have something to do with the vigor of democracy. His whole list is revealing, but one is most pleased to observe that he names on it the native fraternal lodges with their benevolent social intentions, their group insurance, their concern for the education of the young and the support of the elderly and infirm. It now turns out that such societies have a function in democracy, and maybe we had better forget that twenty years ago, to this thinker and his colleagues, those lodges were comic stuff, just one more peasant mania of the upcountry mind. An astonishing number of the things that the literary derided for twenty years are similarly turning out to have been pretty valuable. Patriotism, for instance. Through twenty-odd years patriotism was the most repulsive of superstitions, a stupidity which shrewd villains manipulated in order to work a further exploitation on the believing fools who constituted the mass mind—but it would handily serve the literary now. In

short, the literary chorus is recommending to us as indispensable to democracy nearly all the virtues, habits, institutions, and energies which, in the general sum, the literary spent more than twenty years denouncing as either indecent or inane, as the compulsions of the mob.

Several years ago, Mr. Edmund Wilson remarked of American literature of the Nineteen Twenties that never in all history had a generation of writers so unanimously and so savagely attacked their native culture. (At some future time I will lay open the Nineteen Thirties here; this month I have space only for the Twenties.) Mr. Wilson is the most intelligent person now practicing literary criticism in these parts. But his mind was shaped by the period he was discussing; he accepted the attack as justified, he could not see it as either a cultural catastrophe or a form of literary suicide. Yet it is clear that the main current of American literature during the Twenties, literature's official literature, was both a flight from reality and a repudiation of our democracy. Overseas there was developing the strange myth of a superior race whose destiny it was to inherit the earth. But on this side of the Atlantic our writers, with a high heart, the most sedulous industry, and the most prayerful purpose, were developing a stranger myth, the myth of an inferior race which, alas for civilization, had inherited the earth already.

The Americans as an inferior people—that was the master idea of our literature during the Twenties. It can be seen most clearly in Mr. Mencken's finding that only inferior genes and chromosomes had made the Atlantic passage, and that there had consequently grown up here a slave race, the comic but forever dangerous *boobus Americanus*, who was an unrelenting enemy of civilization. But though such men as Mr. Van Wyck Brooks, Mr. Harold Stearns, Mr. Lewis Mumford, Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn, their disciples, and the novelists, poets, dramatists, biographers, and amateur historians who converted their general theses into specific allegations—though such men as these based their findings on different grounds, they came out exactly even with Mr. Mencken. This was our official literature, the literature which writers themselves accepted, praised, and worked within. It spent ten years showing that the Americans were stripped Europeans, brutalized by their wilderness continent, malformed by the repulsive forces of the Puritan and the Pioneer, materialistic and envious and intolerant and corrupt, standardized and uniform in thought and feeling and ideal, enforcing uniformity on everyone, hating distinction and individuality, fearing freedom, denying freedom to those who were valiant enough to desire it, contemptuous of beauty, ignorant of culture and high thinking and the good life—at once the victims and the despots of the mass mind. You will remember that the literary ranged through history, folklore, and what they called the racial unconscious to prove that the Americans had always been the same, that our past was tawdry, our heroes unworthy, and our goals base. The examination was complete and the verdict absolute: the Americans were a cruel and offensive mediocrity, a herd whose will was expressed as the tyranny of the mass mind. Let us remember that what literature was talking about then was what it is talking about now as American democracy.

There went into this repudiation a complex assortment of fallacies, but you will get to the core of them by referring to any of the classic statements of American democracy, say Lincoln's Second Inaugural address. American democracy exists as an assumption that, in the light of eternity, human beings have dignity as human beings, that the human spirit is at least fifty-one per cent decent, that the experience of mankind is entitled to respect. It is the Christian assumption that men are the children of God, or the humanistic assumption that life has dignity if only because it is tragic, if only because men are born in travail and die in pain. But in the official

literature of the Twenties that assumption is rejected, both explicitly and by implication. . . . We must exempt a good many writers, among them some who were certainly the best. Thus, to name four, in the work of Robert Frost, Carl Sandburg, Ellen Glasgow, and Willa Cather human experience is dealt with not only honestly but with the respect imposed by human dignity. The point is, however, that these writers are not of the official literature nor within the main current. Let Sinclair Lewis stand for the others, as he was by far the best of them. Mr. Lewis is so at a loss for dramatic contrast in his work that he can praise only a couple of simple-minded women and a bacteriologist whose emotions are adolescent and whose science remains the astonishment of scientists. The generality of his characters are mere butts; they are objects of contempt. As with Mr. Lewis, so with lesser writers; the official literature is a detailed description of America and the Americans as contemptible.

Or take it on the simplest level, the ex-American whom most writers call the greatest English writer of the Twenties, Mr. Eliot. Mr. Joseph Alsop, in the last column he wrote before entering the military service, referred to Mr. Eliot's "The Hollow Men" as the greatest poem of our time. Mr. Alsop should know better, and in fact had a teacher at Harvard who taught him better; but he was within the accepted opinion of the literary, who have repeatedly told us that Mr. Eliot's "The Waste Land" sums up and passes judgment on our time. It was written nineteen years ago and the literary accepted it as final truth, but already it is an archeological curiosity. It passed judgment on the Western world, which it found to be inhabited chiefly by a typist, whose unworthiness seems to have consisted in her being a typist, and a young man carbuncular, one of the low on whom assurance sits . . . well, Mr. Eliot ended that line "on whom assurance sits as a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire," but one changes it to read, "as a tin hat on an Air Raid Precautions warden," and so gives the show away. For the time we are living through has found in the typist and the young man carbuncular virtues and heroisms which Mr. Eliot was totally unable to perceive and on which the preservation of our world depends. He ended the poem which Mr. Alsop praises with a prophecy that completed his judgment on the Waste Land: "This is the way the world ends, This is the way the world ends, This is the way the world ends, Not with a bang but a whimper." If the world is ending now, whose is the whimper, the young man carbuncular's or the poet's? Literary history is full of broken prophecies but few have ever been so silly or so ignorant as Mr. Eliot's. Literature, however, was committed to it, and the times have proved literature absurd. So with the American literature of the Nineteen Twenties, which accepted the Waste Land as a symbol of American life and maintained toward the Americans the simple snobbery, contempt, and fear of Mr. Eliot being superior in the public view to the young man carbuncular.

It is permitted us to doubt that the Americans are an inferior people, but there can be no question that during the Twenties our writers constituted themselves a superior caste. They honestly believed that they were the garrison of a beleaguered fortress, whose charge it was to defend against the mass mind the honor and aspiration of America, the freedom and the culture, the light and the truth, that had all but been destroyed in the nation at large. Really they were a little, academic, self-righteous group of bemused men who preferred ideas to realities, had an unconquerable distrust of experience, walled themselves off from the culture of which they should have been a part, and were deathly afraid of the democratic faiths. That is the cultural catastrophe of our time. And also it is the betrayal of America by its writers which Mr. MacLeish was fumbling toward but did not reach when he wrote "The Irresponsibles."

We need not inquire into the reasons behind it. Some of the repudiation resulted from a generous and high-minded determination to bring about better things in the Waste Land. Some of it was a truly magnanimous desire to make the American people over in the image of literary men. Some of it was a species of algebra and abstract logic which required the utmost skill to keep thought separated from the objects of thought. Some of it was a widespread impotence of literary folk, a deficiency of vital juices, an inability to share or even enter the common experience of mankind—plus a conviction that vision is better than sight and thinking is better than experiencing. Much of it was a neurotic anxiety, more was ignorance, perhaps still more was the charlatanism of people who did not know what they were talking about or the mere lying of others who did not care. Or we may lump it all together as a literary fashion—and inquire if literary fashion matters at all.

Well, yes. It matters for two reasons. In the first place, that which a decade of our literature rejected as the tyranny of the mass mind was in fact American democracy. Our democracy is neither an equation nor a thing which can be measured in ergs or cubic centimeters, nor yet an articulated system of syllogisms beautifully spun on the air by seeking minds. It is only the American people, as they are, and the institutions they have developed, and their ideals, aims, permissions, and prohibitions. It can be worked with from within, but literature in our time has bankrupted itself proving that nothing can be done about it from without. In the second place, the people who repudiated it are now instructing us in democracy and exhorting us on its behalf. What do they know about it, what are their credentials, what does their record show?

There has been a considerable movement down the sawdust trail toward the waters of redemption, and a lot of writers have lately been born again, a second time, in democratic belief. That's just fine. Nevertheless it will be prudent to require them to walk carefully and speak softly for a probationary term. For the phenomenon of conversion, though exhilarating to the convert and frequently instructive to the onlooker, is not always to be trusted. It may be that the literary are going back to their sources and renew themselves in the experience of their countrymen, where only the truths and benefits of literature arise. It may be that they are going to substitute the primary affirmation on which all else must depend for the contemptuous denial they maintained through a quarter of a century. If so, then it may be also that the cultural catastrophe is reparable and that the cleavage between our literature and the national life is going to be obliterated. It may be that literature can regain the authority it has lost. For during that quarter-century the Americans read their writers more widely and rewarded them more richly than ever before—but also they degraded them to the status of professional entertainers. The retaliation of the inferior people on the superior caste was a judgment that literature lacked seriousness and a refusal to accept it as speaking either to them or for them. It may be that the literary have learned wisdom.

And maybe not. The dilemma of literature in our time has been simple but absolute: an abstract admiration of democracy which was in reality a repudiation of the mass mind, a love of the people on rigorously theoretical grounds, which in act and deed always turned out to be a fear of the mob. Literature has always known what to do about the mob and the mass mind, and we may be forgiven for suspecting that it still knows. We had better make sure before we accept either the alliance or the leadership which writers so urgently offer us. They have been wrong about us for a quarter of a century, and it is hard to be sure that they have any other claim to being right about us now.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

VOLUME 183 OCTOBER 1941

Harpers Magazine

FELIX FRANKFURTER, CONSERVATIVE

BY FRED RODELL

In a Beacon Street drawing-room, furnished and peopled as it might have been when Hawthorne, Emerson, and the elder Oliver Wendell Holmes made their calls there, talk was progressing politely over the teacups. There was a pause. A latecomer took advantage of it to announce that Harvardman Franklin D. Roosevelt had just named Harvardman Felix Frankfurter to the vacancy on the Supreme Court of the United States.

"What!" exclaimed the gracious gray-haired hostess, coming as close to overturning her silver tea tray as a Boston dowager ever comes. "*That* young radical?"

A buzz of excited comment featured indignant references to the "young radical" and to "that man" who had appointed him to the high post. One suspected Communist, youngish scion of a Brahmin family who had merely gone New Deal, chortled with pleasure. The company in general knit brows and clucked tongues. As the excitement died down a grave man over in the corner, distinguished conservative member of a distinguished conservative Boston law firm, smiled quietly.

"Wait and see," he said.

That was two and a half years ago.

To-day, up in the Supreme Court's marble temple—up where the Nine Old Men of a few years back have given way to seven middle-aged New Dealers and two sturdy Republican survivors—a storm is brewing. Sensitive ears could catch the rumbling of thunder in the undertones of dissenting opinions way last winter, long before Franklin D. Roosevelt made his sixth and seventh anointments. For the fact is that the Court, which throughout its history has always tended, like the amœba, to split in two, is splitting again now. And incredible as it may sound to some, the leader of the Court's new conservative camp is none other than the jaunty little Justice who used to be hissed from Hugh Johnson to high-water as the New Deal's machiavellian master-mind, whom the Hearst papers once called "the Iago of the Administration," whom Boston dowagers

Copyright, 1941, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

still speak of as "that young radical"—ex-professor Felix Frankfurter.

That this seeming paradox should come to most persons either as a rude shock or as a pleasant surprise is due to the fact that Felix Frankfurter has long been the victim of a two-way misrepresentation. He has led, in the public eye, a double life.

His friends and followers—and both are legion—have consistently portrayed him as something of a saint. Others, knowing him only second- or third-hand and disapproving of his doings, have pictured him as a species of devil. In consequence the general public, confronted with a man who wears now a halo, now a pair of horns, has perceived no man—no three-dimensional human being—at all.

Frankfurter's friends, viewing him from close on, have seen the eager, warm, effervescent individual whom they personally know. They have seen five and a half feet of perpetual energy that can pick up the dullest roomful of conversation and spark it with bright talk on almost any subject under the sun, from the eighteenth-century Federalist Papers to Walter Winchell's latest column, from the pros and cons of the British parliamentary system to the pros and cons of his law clerk's new best girl. They have seen the unstuffy scholar, too generous with his time and energy to make many conventional contributions to formal scholarship; the Harvard professor who used to brave traditional Harvard coolness to carry his teaching and his guidance beyond the four walls of the classroom; the one-man employment agency who for twenty years busied himself finding jobs for his recurrent batches of boys and then watching over each of their careers with paternal pride. And they have seen too the Good Government advocate, the apostle of public service, the man-of-good-will; the unabashed worshipper of ex-Justice Brandeis and of the late Justice Holmes, who constantly quoted his two heroes' words as gospel and who could presumably be counted on—when he went to the Supreme Court himself—to carry on the Holmes-Brandeis tradition of legal liberalism.

Frankfurter's detractors, on the other hand, viewing him from far off, have seen only the slightly mysterious Influence that seemed to pervade all sorts of Left-wing causes. They have remembered him, especially, as the then unknown law teacher who first won nationwide attention back in the Twenties when he aligned himself with radicals all over the world to champion two murder-convicted anarchists named Sacco and Vanzetti. They have remembered him as one of the founders of the pinkish American Civil Liberties Union, and as one who urged the freeing of Tom Mooney from prison long before every Communist picket line carried a "Free Tom Mooney" sign. They have remembered that during the early days of the New Deal he placed a hundred-odd of his disciples, his "Happy Hot Dogs" (as they were called in paraphrase of his own name), in key spots in Washington; that his O.K. on a government job application carried more weight than Jim Farley's; that his protégés and alleged alter egos, Corcoran and Cohen, were said to have taken the nation's law-making out of Congress' hands; that he himself made frequent visits to the White House and always emerged enigmatically silent. They have therefore assumed that his appointment to the Supreme Court would merely mean a continuation of his sinister-seeming Left-wing work, in his official post instead of from behind the scenes.

It is interesting that both these pictures—one white, one black, one taken from too close, one from too far away—agree on one point. They place Felix Frankfurter somewhere left of center, somewhere in the liberal-radical ranks.

Yet both these popular pictures, though true in all their details, are essentially false as any picture must be false that lacks perspective. And they are nowhere more puzzlingly false than in their mutual failure to presage or explain

Mr. Justice Frankfurter's recent judicial activities—the activities whose conservative trend has set his New Deal brethren on the bench to writing bitter dissents from his opinions, and has set official Washington, whether pro- or anti-Frankfurter, agog.

Perhaps there is only one group that saw Frankfurter in focus all the time, that guessed the Justice right before he became a Justice. Shortly before the Frankfurter appointment the nation's lawyers were Gallup-polled on their choice for the Supreme Court vacancy. Taken as a whole, the legal profession, ultra-conservative by bent and tradition, has never lost any love on liberals or Left-wingers, particularly in the law. But the lawyers' first choice for the highest honor their profession has to offer—with five times as many votes as his nearest rival—was Felix Frankfurter.

Being lawyers, they presumably based their estimate of the Justice on the facts, the whole facts, and nothing but the facts of the life of the man.

II

Frankfurter was born in Vienna in 1882. When he was twelve years old his father gave up a comfortable business in the old country and transported the family to New York to live. Not impoverished in the sense that the word "immigrant" usually implies, the Frankfurters were certainly not well-to-do. But young Felix at no time had to help support the family, and the few dollars he earned at after-school odd jobs were put away for his own future education.

Whatever he lacked in the way of material advantages, he more than made up in the way of brains. A precocious, quick-witted, birdlike youngster who loved to read and to talk, he learned English rapidly, whipped through public school and C.C.N.Y. with high grades, and after a year in a City clerkship, where he was able to save the whole of his twelve-hundred-dollar salary, was off to the Harvard Law School. Maintaining there his excellent scholastic record, he had no trouble getting a job in a big Wall Street law firm when he graduated in 1906. He has had no real economic worries since; and so his story fits the pattern of The Boy Who Made Good Fast rather than of The Boy Who Came Up the Hard Way.

Frankfurter spent a mere two months with Hornblower, Byrne, Miller & Potter. Then he was offered, and took, a post in the United States Attorney's office in Manhattan, under Henry L. Stimson who had just been appointed by trust-busting President Theodore Roosevelt to go after the economic royalists of that day. For five years, Frankfurter helped Stimson bust trusts and put bad rich men in jail—with a will and with considerable ability. And Frankfurter's philosophy of government still stems in large part from that early experience. For, like Louis D. Brandeis who, though not yet on the Supreme Court, was already one of his heroes, Frankfurter has ever since been a trust-buster at heart, instinctively mistrusting bigness in business and hankering to turn the clock back toward the days of petty trade rather than accept the fact, and the advantages, of large-scale industrial and financial activity.

When Stimson was called to Washington in 1911, as Taft's Secretary of War, he took his bright young assistant along. (Frankfurter returned the favor twenty-nine years later, for it was he who got his old and still revered chief back to the same post under Franklin D. Roosevelt.) And after Woodrow Wilson came in Frankfurter stayed right on in Washington, shifting from one minor administrative position to another and constituting himself a sort of one-man brain-trust for his superiors.

It was in Washington that Frankfurter's social talents really began to blossom. Living in Old Worldly bachelor quarters, which he shared with Lord Eustace Percy of the British Embassy and two others, he soon gathered round him a circle of idealistic young government

servants on whom his encyclopedic mind and electric tongue seemed to cast an almost mesmeric spell. Justice Holmes, making friendly fun of the little groups of serious thinkers who used to meet regularly at the Frankfurter-Percy establishment, dubbed it "The House of Truth."

In 1914, with his hero Brandeis, an influential Harvard alumnus, pulling the strings for him, Frankfurter was appointed to the Harvard law faculty. By 1917 he was back in Washington, ending up as chairman of the War Labor Policies Board. The Navy was represented on the Board by a young assistant secretary whom Frankfurter had known slightly during his New York trust-busting days and whose name was Franklin D. Roosevelt. It was the beginning of a fruitful friendship.

Then in 1919, Frankfurter returned to Cambridge to teach. And until his good friend Franklin gave him the nod for the Supreme Court twenty years later, Professor of Law at Harvard he remained.

If, as has been said, dissatisfaction breeds progress, a professorship at a large university, despite some popular notions to the contrary, is scarcely the ideal breeding-ground for a progressive. It is a comfortable, well-paid, lifetime job. Unless the man who holds such a job is nevertheless restlessly unhappy in it he is not likely to try to shake the world.

Frankfurter was supremely happy at Harvard. He loved teaching. He loved —and could afford—good food, good wine, good talk, good books, good living. Within this ambit his tastes were not extravagant, and so the offers of considerably higher-paid jobs in private law practice that constantly came to him held no appeal. The twelve thousand dollars a year that he was soon earning was plenty, in the absence of children, to support himself and his wife, the former Marion Denman, in regal academic style.

Most of all, Frankfurter loved friends. He collected them as avidly as a philatelist collects postage stamps, and they ran an indiscriminate political gamut, from Sidney Hillman to Al Smith, from Socialist Harold Laski to Tory Lord Lothian. Essentially a tolerant person, with a gift for adapting his own facile mind to others' points of view, he did not much care what his friends believed so long as they were interesting individuals. Essentially a sensitive person, he usually took pains not to offend others or to put himself in a position where others could offend or attack him.

In this respect the Sacco-Vanzetti affair was a distinct deviation from his normal behavior. Back in 1921 the two Italian anarchists had been found guilty of murder in Massachusetts. After five years, during which the case sputtered along with radical and labor groups in increasing numbers calling the conviction a frame-up and delaying execution by various legal moves, Frankfurter was persuaded to enter the fray. He immediately became the public leader of the crusade and for seven or eight months put up a valiant but losing fight to save the two men from the chair. In so doing he risked his job at Harvard, made himself extremely unpopular with the right people in Boston, and incidentally spread his name throughout the nation—the case actually becoming known as "the Frankfurter case."

Yet those who thoughtlessly assumed that Frankfurter's motives were identical with the motives of most of his brothers in the cause were mistaken. As Frankfurter himself incessantly pointed out during the last stages of the affair, when much of his time was devoted to answering personal attacks on him, his careful reading of the records had convinced him of the unfairness, bias, and technical impropriety of the trial, and his first concern had been to save the judicial system of Massachusetts from what he saw as a grievous and dangerous error, an error all too likely—in view of the publicity surrounding the case—to lead to disrespect for the courts and the law.

Apparently the unpleasantness which the episode caused him made a deep

impression on Frankfurter. He never again engaged in a similar activity—his defense of Tom Mooney having come years before, in the form of a technical report to President Wilson who had sent him to San Francisco to investigate the fairness of the Mooney trial. And significantly, in a recent magazine "profile" of the Justice, written by his intimate, Archibald MacLeish (for whom he secured the job of Librarian of Congress), and hence to be considered an authorized biographical sketch, there is not one word of mention of the Sacco-Vanzetti affair.

It was in the same sketch that MacLeish called Frankfurter "the ablest teacher of his generation." Many another devoted disciple would doubtless concur in this sweeping tribute. Yet it demands perhaps some slight qualification.

There were, for instance, those on the Harvard law faculty itself who occasionally disparaged the work of their increasingly illustrious colleague. "He teaches Felix Frankfurter, not law," a few of them used to say. Some of this was unquestionably jealousy. Some of it was honest disapproval of his teaching methods.

In his courses he would delve deep into the historical and philosophic background of each rule, each point of law, and worry terrierlike all the minutiae of the rigmarole of legal procedure. Never caring whether he covered much ground in the traditional sense of number of cases or number of rules, he preferred to play every angle of the material under discussion—and one of his courses became known as the Case-of-the-Month Club.

He conducted his classes much in the manner of an interlocutor with a minstrel show, popping questions here, there, everywhere. The dull and mediocre students, the slow-witted, got short shrift. Moving too fast or too subtly for them, he left them behind—and as a result they had no more use for him than did he for them. (Alone of all the courses in the Harvard Law School catalogue, his "Jurisdiction and Procedure of the Federal Courts" for years carried the notation: "Open only to students of high standing with the consent of the instructor.")

But the bright boys, the end-men of his minstrel shows, revered him. He made much of them, not only in class but out; he palled with them, helped them edit their *Law Review*, counselled them on their personal problems, invited them to his home. And since the Harvard Law School is institutionally a rather cold place, he got adulation in return.

He also helped them get jobs when they graduated. Hence grew up the Frankfurter employment service. Harvard, when Frankfurter went there, was the top law school in the country; Frankfurter knew its top men best. As time wore on government bureaus and private law firms from Wall Street to Walla Walla got the habit of writing him to recommend young lawyers for them. Eventually, the placing of his high-stand students became almost a routine matter of answering letters.

It is thus an absurd injustice to Frankfurter to suppose, as many do, that he suddenly rushed scores of his boys to Washington in 1933 with some sinister intent to run the New Deal from offstage. He had been sending his protégés to Washington to work under Harding and Coolidge and Hoover just as assiduously as he sent them when Roosevelt came in; it merely happens that the New Deal with its mass of alphabetical agencies opened up more jobs for young lawyers. Tom Corcoran, for instance, probably the most publicized of the "Happy Hot Dogs," originally went to the government with Frankfurter's blessing during the Hoover regime and simply stayed on after 1933.

Moreover Frankfurter, no socialistic scorner of private enterprise and the profit motive, helped place through the years many more of his students in New York law offices. But his definite preference and his constant urging was that his

disciples enter a life of public service—so much so that his get-thee-into-government gospel became something of a legend.

This personal crusade stemmed in part from Frankfurter's own experiences in government, from the satisfaction they had given him, and from the conviction he had then acquired concerning the crying need for trained young men to replace party politicians in running the nation, the states, and the cities. It also had its roots in one of his deepest traits.

Frankfurter has long been an unblinking Anglophile; he has long carried on, with English ways of living and thinking, a sort of personal Union Now. It is even said that he refused the Solicitor-Generalship of the United States when it was offered him in 1933 largely because he had accepted a visiting professorship of law at Oxford and could not bear to deprive himself of the treat of a year in England.

Of all the things about England that Frankfurter admires, he admires most the British system of government. Of all the things about that system which he admires, he admires most the British Civil Service—and the national attitude which makes a lifetime in government office one of the most desirable and honorable careers open to an educated man. And when he steered his students, and other university graduates, into the paths of public service he was doing his bit to approximate in this country that old-established British institution.

Nor did Frankfurter allow his influence to stop short with the placing of his boys in government jobs. Anxious not to lose track of them, he corresponded with them constantly, amiably curious about their work, their ideas, their private lives, prodigal with his advice and his encouragement. As one of them has put it, "Felix grappled us to himself with hoops of ink."

III

In the face of all this tutorial activity, which increased in volume as class after class of his students went out into the world, the little professor found less and less time to devote to the more traditional form of professorial writing, the preparation of scholarly books and articles. Legal authorities say that his only substantial contribution to the thought and literature of the law was his book on labor injunctions, written with a collaborator in 1929.

This book, which scolded the courts for the free and easy way they were using injunctions (or peremptory court orders) to break up labor union activities all over the country, has been cited by some as plain evidence of Frankfurter's radical leanings. But those who have read the book point out that it is not in any sense a pro-labor tract but rather a detailed, technical examination and criticism of what Frankfurter viewed as a clear-cut abuse of judicial powers. As in his championing of Sacco and Vanzetti, his compelling impulse was to protect the courts from the risk of popular contempt that lay in their overstepping the bounds of their proper authority.

Except for this book, Frankfurter's writing, and his teaching as well, centered mainly round that institution which he considered the greatest institution in the world—the Supreme Court of the United States. He taught its history with all the precision and loving care that a Sunday School teacher might lavish on the Bible. For some years he wrote for the *Harvard Law Review*, in collaboration, an annual article summarizing the decisions of the Court at its last term. He also wrote appreciations of the work of his two heroes on the Court, Justices Holmes and Brandeis—pieces filled to overflowing with quotations from their usually dissenting opinions. He made himself an unquestioned—if, some say, unquestioning—authority on the work of the Court from 1790 until yesterday. And it is no criticism of the man to add, as all who knew him well do, that his obvious though unspoken ambition was some day to take a seat on the Court himself.

At one point he turned down a judgeship on the Massachusetts Supreme Court, explaining in his letter to Governor Ely: "As against the opportunities for immediate achievement on the bench, the long-term effects of legal education make their claim." Privately he expressed sentiments a little less formal, such as: "It's an old-fogey court and I'd be lost in it." If by "lost" he meant plumped into a comparative obscurity, from which his chance of being picked for the United States Supreme Court would undoubtedly be smaller than from his prominent position on the Harvard law faculty, he did not elaborate. This was in the summer of 1932 and his friend, Franklin Roosevelt, was well on the way to the White House.

A few months later Roosevelt was in the White House and Frankfurter, who had of course kept in close touch with his colleague of Washington days, was a frequent visitor. As these visits attracted growing attention and as Frankfurter, almost always by request, supplied more and more smart young lawyers from his long roster of protégés to fill legal posts in the Administration, the story gained currency that he was Roosevelt's Rasputin, that it was he who was really directing the New Deal.

Actually, as those who were on the firing-line during the Hundred Days of 1933 state rather bitterly, nothing could have been farther from the truth. The bulk of the first New Deal, such as the N.R.A. and the A.A.A., gagged the professor and deeply offended his still-cherished devotion to a more easy-going brand of reform. His time in Washington was largely spent urging caution and more caution, trying in vain to put the brakes on the original Brain Trust, the Moley-Tugwell group of planners, and trying to get the President to accept a slightly streamlined version of his 1906-vintage trust-busting ideas.

Even later when Hugh Johnson, with flattering inaccuracy, was calling him "the most influential single individual in the United States," and others too were interpreting his public silence on political issues as additional evidence of his subtle power over the Administration, Frankfurter never became a militant New Dealer, much less the New Deal's master mind. His silence simply meant that he was warily giving nobody, pro-New Deal or anti-New Deal, an open target to shoot at.

In fact, although two or three of the less revolutionary New Deal laws, like the one setting up the S.E.C., were drafted by Frankfurter disciples under the occasional supervision of the master, his own closest connection to Federal legislation was to the Norris-LaGuardia Act, cutting down labor injunctions. But this statute, based in large part on his book, was enacted under Herbert Hoover. His most persistent and productive advice to the New Deal was to take it easy and not rush Supreme Court tests of new laws. The result—though he can scarcely be accused of intending it—was that the N.R.A., the first A.A.A., and others were eventually declared unconstitutional, with the Court, many are convinced, strongly influenced by the fact that the emergency was over and earlier popular enthusiasm for the measures had gone stale.

It was after these decisions, which bombed out almost the entire structure of Roosevelt's first Administration, that the President burst forth with his plan to "pack"—or, as some had it, "unpack"—the Supreme Court by adding six new Justices. And it was the Court-packing plan that presented Frankfurter with the most painful dilemma of his career.

Frankfurter, like the vast majority of the White House inner circle, knew nothing of the plan beforehand. He had not been consulted on it or told of it, perhaps because the President sensed that his distaste for explosive or drastic action would almost surely lead him to argue against it.

No sooner was the plan announced than the whole nation began lining up, pro or con, and doing it so vocally that feeling ran high. Frankfurter, as a professor of law, as a recognized authority

on the Supreme Court, and also as a close friend of the President—in short, as one whose views would be influential—was expected and urged to take a public stand on one side of the fence or the other.

But to support the plan would mean to join in condemning, belittling, and trying to weaken the one institution which, of all institutions, had always commanded his greatest and most outspoken respect. Whereas to oppose the plan openly would strengthen the hands of those whom Roosevelt was angrily excoriating as enemies, and so would undoubtedly jeopardize Frankfurter's relationship to the President, then and in the future.

Frankfurter solved his dilemma by saying absolutely nothing—and coming close to a nervous breakdown in the process. Eventually the plan was defeated. Eventually the vacancies which were to let Roosevelt man the Court with Justices of his own choosing—but in a slightly more conventional fashion—began to open up one by one.

The first choice went to Hugo Black, who had helped lead the losing fight in the Senate to put the Court-packing plan across. The second choice went to Stanley Reed, who had not only spoken up for the plan but had long been fighting for the New Deal in the front-line legal trenches as Solicitor-General of the United States—the post that Frankfurter had earlier turned down. The third choice, to the pique of several Supreme Court hopefuls who had gone out on a limb for the President, went to Roosevelt's old friend, Felix Frankfurter, who at least had refrained from opposing the plan in public.

Except for a few crack-pots and extremists, nobody raised real objection to the Frankfurter appointment. Those who mistrusted and disliked the man, who had swallowed the devil picture whole, felt that he could do less harm on the Supreme Court than they imagined he had been doing as silent string-puller for the New Deal. Liberal and labor circles were jubilant. But most of the members of the American Bar Association and many another thoughtful conservative were well enough satisfied too.

In the face of such support from both Left and Right, it was plain that Frankfurter's work on the Court could not long please the diverse groups that were pleased to see him put there. Somebody was destined to be disappointed.

IV

When Frankfurter took his seat on the Court, in January, 1939, the epoch-making break with the legal past—the break that gave the Constitution a new broad interpretation and put the Court's O.K. on all sorts of government goings-on from the Wagner Labor Act on down—had already been made. It had been made, however reluctantly, by five of the Nine Old Men, while the Court-packing plan was still in the air, almost two years before. What was left was largely a mopping-up operation, an extension of this new green-light philosophy to other laws and other situations as they came before the Court for review.

In this process, to which the whole Court except its two remaining die-hards, Justices McReynolds and Butler, was pretty well committed, Frankfurter for a time played a willing part. He helped overturn a few old and crusty rules of constitutional law, especially in the tax field, such as the one that used to let federal employees out of paying State income taxes. Although his new presence on the Court probably did not change a single important decision—since he had taken the place of Justice Cardozo, who presumably would have been voting the same way—he immediately made his presence felt.

On the bench, sitting in a special high chair so that he could see over it properly, he was alert, eager, full of questions, impatient to bring the usually solemn routine of Courtroom argument to life. On his very first day as a Justice he leaned over and, as though he were still quizzing one of his Harvard students on

the technic of getting a case up to the Supreme Court, asked one lawyer: "How did you get here?" (The lawyer, taken aback, replied: "I came in on the B. & O.")

From the beginning his written opinions were obviously the result of painstaking composition. Euphonious little essays, they laid down the law in beautifully rounded phrases of almost Victorian elegance. Brimming with quotations from British and American judges and legal scholars, and with quotable statements of legal principle from Frankfurter's own pen, they made up in their tone of authority what they sometimes lacked in the duller recital and analysis of mundane facts. And on the list of those whose words were constantly quoted by Frankfurter as decisive or compelling, Justices Holmes and Brandeis of course stood high.

Meanwhile the number of Roosevelt men on the Court grew to five with the appointment of Justices Douglas and Murphy, and it was generally assumed that the Court majority was now set in a harmoniously Leftward-looking pattern for years to come. Then gradually rumors began to seep through Washington that things were not going quite so smoothly in the secret sessions where the Court's decisions were made. At the center of the rumors was Mr. Justice Frankfurter.

Frankfurter, the rumors ran, with his dynamic outgoing personality, was subtly and perhaps even unconsciously trying to dominate the Court. He already had Justice Murphy under his wing—and it was pointed out that he had carried Murphy's vote with his in every case but one. But two or three of his New Deal brethren were not following his attempted leadership; they kept pushing ahead of him in their approach to new problems, whereas Frankfurter merely wanted to take the protests of Justices Holmes and Brandeis against decisions of the past, turn them into the law of the present, and then call it a day—and here it was pointed out that even when Frankfurter had helped inch constitutional law a little to the left, he had rarely gone beyond what his two heroes (and later, Justice Stone) had urged in dissent as many as twenty-odd years before.

Nevertheless, went the rumors, Frankfurter was in a perfect position to call the Court's decisions. With Hughes, Roberts, and McReynolds to right of him, Black and Douglas to left of him, Stone and Reed now here, now there, and Murphy right behind him, he could swing almost every case to either side he wished. He was making the most of this, and there was some resentment among the other Justices.

By and large, these rumors were at first discounted or laughed off. Then, in the late spring of 1940, the Court's most anti-liberal decision in years was announced. The author of the opinion was Felix Frankfurter.

Two school children in a small Pennsylvania town had refused to salute the flag because their religious training, as members of Jehovah's Witnesses, taught them that such a gesture was forbidden by the Bible. The local school board had thereupon expelled them from school. Against a charge of interference with freedom of religion, Frankfurter upheld the school board in a fervently patriotic opinion full of references to "national cohesion," "national security," "national unity," and to "the nation's hopes and dreams, its sufferings and sacrifices."

Justice Stone, in the course of a calm and curt dissent, remarked: "History teaches us that there have been few infringements of personal liberty by the state which have not been justified, as they are here, in the name of righteousness and the public good, and few which have not been directed, as they are now, at politically helpless minorities."

Clearly Frankfurter, an interventionist even then, was emotionally swayed by martial thoughts and by hatred of Hitler. And yet, in effect, he ordered the children to "Heil."

Throughout the nation liberals were surprised and shocked, and one of the

things that surprised them most was that Justice Stone stood magnificently alone in dissent. According to one guess, Justices Black, Douglas, and Reed, unable to switch the decision, had perhaps gone along with Frankfurter in a last desperate effort to keep the New Deal bloc on the Court intact. If so, their effort failed.

Last winter, on three "opinion days" in a row, the Court's most important decision was handed down with Black, Douglas, and Reed dissenting. The suspected break had come into the open. Still carrying Justice Murphy with him, Frankfurter had thrown his double weight to the conservatives.

In the first case Frankfurter wrote the Court's opinion, upholding a sweeping labor injunction that forbade all six thousand members of a Chicago union from picketing peacefully or otherwise airing their grievances. Despite his old book against labor injunctions, he argued that this one was technically proper, and was justified by the fact that a few union men, though against union orders, had gone on a window-breaking property-smashing rampage months before.

Justice Black, in a meticulously factual dissent, made wicked fun of Frankfurter's reasoning: "On the one hand it is said that 'dissociated acts of past violence' are not enough to forfeit the right of free speech. On the other hand a 'background of violence' appears to be sufficient. Nor are any more definite standards or guides to be found in such clauses as 'context of violence'; 'entanglement with violence'; 'coercive effect'; 'taint of force'; and 'coercive thrust'." To Black and Douglas, and to Reed who expressed his indignation in a separate dissenting opinion, the injunction amounted to a clear violation of freedom of speech.

In the second case Frankfurter again wrote the opinion for his new-found conservative bedfellows, in a ruling which clamped down on the activities of the Federal Trade Commission. Justice Douglas, in a pile-driver dissent, pointedly referred to Frankfurter's own arguments in an earlier opinion to contradict his arguments in this one.

In the third case, although Frankfurter this time did not write the Court's opinion, he joined in panning an order of the National Labor Relations Board. And when Douglas wound up his dissent with a reference to a note in the *Harvard Law Review*, as authority for the soundness of the dissenters' position, the shot was plainly aimed straight at Frankfurter.

Nor, for that matter, had Frankfurter's legal reasoning been immune from dissenting barbs when, shortly before these three decisions, he had still been restlessly poised in the New Deal camp. In one case, for instance, he had labelled a tax, taken out of corporation dividends before those dividends were paid out to stockholders, as an *income* tax, not on the stockholders but on the corporation (which would seem to have been paying money out and not taking it in). Justice Roberts in dissent spoke of his "perversion of the term," of "the affixing of an arbitrary label," and added: "This is simply to take the name of a well understood concept and assign that name as a label to something which in ordinary understanding never fell within such concept."

And in the famous Hutcheson case, in which labor unions were put practically out of reach of the anti-trust acts, Roberts devoted his dissenting tirade less against Frankfurter's result than against his reasoning ("a process of construction never, as I think, heretofore indulged by this court"); whereas Justice Stone paid Frankfurter the delicate insult of writing a "concurring opinion" because, though he liked the result, he could not quite stomach the way in which Frankfurter arrived at it.

Finally, late last spring, even faithful Justice Murphy turned on Frankfurter. He penned a stinging protest against a strange middle-of-the-road decision by his former preceptor. Frankfurter had sent a Labor Board order back to the Board with permission to carry it out *if* the Board "finds that to do so would

effectuate the policies of the Act." But Murphy pointed out that the Board, right in its original formal order, had commanded the company in question to: "Take the following affirmative action *which the Board finds will effectuate the policies of the Act.*"

Thus within the space of a single year Frankfurter was severely censured at least once by each of the six Justices — Stone, Black, Reed, Douglas, Roberts, Murphy—who will still be sitting on the Court with him as it readjourns this fall. Before the year was out, however, the censure was not coming from his brethren on the bench alone.

Liberal and labor circles in particular, wide-eyed as Frankfurter spoke time and again for the Court's conservatives, began grumbling about their recent idol. The more militant among the office-holding New Dealers, who had had their fingers crossed on Frankfurter for some time, began exchanging glances and gossip. Cruel jibes at the little Justice began to circulate in the capital.

A take-off on Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, written in gaudy parody of Frankfurter's judicial style, brought guffaws in many quarters. "What," asked an old friend of Frankfurter's, high in Administration circles—in a riddle which spread like wildfire—"What is the difference between Frankfurter and Sutherland?" (Sutherland is the bearded ex-Justice who was one of the conservative stalwarts among the Nine Old Men.) "They both wear whiskers," went the answer, "only Felix wears his on the inside of his head instead of on the outside."

In the face of these growing attacks, Frankfurter's ubiquitous boys rallied valiantly to his defense. One of them, a professor at a prominent law school, persuaded the school's law review not to print a sharp indictment of Frankfurter written by a faculty colleague. Another tried in vain to stifle an editorial criticism of the Justice as it was about to appear in a Washington newspaper. A couple more made an unsuccessful effort to have a weekly magazine tone down some highly unflattering references to Frankfurter's activities.

Everywhere Frankfurter's protégés ran into outspoken denunciation of their chief and did their best to counter it. But they were defensive; they too were puzzled and worried.

Yet Frankfurter, strangely misunderstood through the years by friends and enemies alike, deserves no such sudden censure and needs no apologies or explanations now. As one who has known him a long while recently said: "It's not Felix who is at fault; it's his critics—and his friends too—for having read him wrong. Felix hasn't changed his views one iota. Take a close look at his life and judge for yourself."

There are those in Washington who see him becoming a tragic figure. They point out that, with Hughes and McReynolds gone from the Court and with Jackson and Byrnes moving in, presumably on the left side of the line, Frankfurter will no longer be in the strategic middle. They say that, whereas he has in a sense run the Court for a term or two, throwing its decisions as he has thrown his vote, setting a probable world's record for minimum number of dissents—only six in the whole course of his two and a half years on the bench as against an average of almost twelve a year for each of the other Justices—his influence is clearly on the wane. They doubt that even his persuasive powers can often hold back a Court marching relentlessly away from him.

Nevertheless, as the Court moves past him, Felix Frankfurter, still standing steadfastly by the ideas and the philosophy that he has held and lived by for more than thirty years, may yet become, in a somewhat different way, as great a dissenter as were his two heroes, Justices Holmes and Brandeis, in days gone by.

THE GREAT DEFENSE MIGRATION

BY BLAIR BOLLES

ENGLAND'S war has changed New England's cities, and what it is doing to them is of moment to all other defense centers and indeed to the whole social structure of the country. The old standards are being shaken. Families live in shacks in Bath, where once a man was judged by the size of his house. The communities' individualism diminishes. Springfield, in Vermont, grows each day more like Waterbury, in Connecticut. Self-reliant independence is being undermined. Bridgeport beseeches Washington to assume Bridgeport's problems. Profoundly disturbed anyway by the heavings of the civilized world between 1920 and 1940, old points of view and old urban social, economic, and political arrangements are being washed away by a stream of migration which is depositing over the six States of the old Northeast a host of men strange to the Yankees. The Yankees watch the rising tide with the sort of alarm with which men along the Mississippi watch the floods in spring brimming over the top of the levee. Even if the flood recedes it seems impossible that the cities can return to the ways of the past.

Two hundred thousand of the nomads have arrived in New England from the distant regions west of the Hudson. In the stream are miners from the anthracite pits around Scranton, oystermen from the Chesapeake, farm hands from New York's dairy pastures, automobile workers from Detroit. They make for the coastal towns where the boats are built, and for the valley cities where the factories of defense industries whir and roar. New England needs them because without them booming New England cannot manufacture the two billion dollars' worth of goods required to satisfy New England's defense contracts. Their numbers increase each day. Connecticut alone was visited by 107,000 of them between the taking of the 1940 census and the first of July, 1941. Connecticut needs 50,000 more workers between July 1st and next New Year's. At the root of this migration is the problem of emergency-time labor supply.

The defense migrants are the 1940s' successors to the 1930s' okies, but there is a difference between the Dust Bowl wanderers who harvest lettuce in the Imperial Valley and the refugees from coal mines who splash, when their work day is done, in the waters off Seaview Park, Bridgeport. The okies were desperate; the miners travel with hope. The okies went west to escape sure economic death on bare farms. Nothing could be worse than what they left. For the miners, what they had was fair, but something might be better.

The two sets of migrants are alike, however, in arousing fear and distaste among the residents of the States—whether California or Connecticut—to which the migrants go. New England fears, justly, that the migrants will distend and misshape beyond prospect of future repair the coastal towns and valley cities which are their objectives. Portsmouth's 16,000 rooted inhabitants cannot swallow 10,000 newcomers without

becoming a new Portsmouth. Hartford cannot remain the same if 50,000 men, women, and children are added to its population within two years. Portland, Maine, wonders to-day where it is going to put 10,000 shipbuilders next winter. New England, considering whether prosperity might not be too expensive, fears that the boom enriching the manufacturers and the workers will break the cities financially unless they keep the migrants on the cities' geographic and social fringes; the cities cannot afford the big sums needed to provide the new housing, schooling, sewage, recreation facilities, hospitalization, water supply, and police and fire protection which the growth of population suggests. Shall Portsmouth be as good a home town for 26,000 as for 16,000? Or shall Portsmouth decline into a sort of Roaring Camp?

The fiscal dilemma has brought New England face to face with a crisis in decision. If the migrants, who now live in large numbers in trailer camps or commute by automobile as far as fifty miles to work, are invited in, the cities must all, like Bridgeport, appeal to Washington to pay for sewer pipe and water mains, and thus make firm the Federal power's hold on the conduct of municipal government. Portsmouth bankers, in their wish to hold the migrants at bay, went so far last winter as to give consideration to an outrage against the old Yankee habit of thrift: they discussed the advisability of discouraging the migrants from opening savings accounts.

Still for every city and for every migrant far more is at stake in this decision than a change in the urban mores. The health of the cities is menaced. Lack of proper housing and sewers and water and hospitals can foster the spread of communicable disease. Jasper McLevy, the mayor of Bridgeport, is concerned lest improper sewage facilities befoul the waters of Long Island Sound in the neighborhood of Seaview Park's beach. Furthermore, migrants and residents regard one another with suspicion; there is a cleavage and the atmosphere is not good. The children of the men and women who live in East Hartford's migrant trailer camp know already the sting of snobbish contempt. Their schoolmates call them "trailer trash."

The dilemma frets not the Yankees alone but the nation. Cities as far away from Hartford as Sitka and Honolulu are likewise being stretched by migrants on a Procrustes' bed. The House of Representatives has recognized the problem's national scope by setting up a Select Committee to Investigate National Defense Migration. Headed by Representative John H. Tolan of California, the committee has held hearings in Hartford and Trenton, Baltimore and San Diego and Washington.

Charles P. Taft, Federal Assistant Coordinator of Health, Welfare, and Related Defense Activities, estimated for Mr. Tolan's committee that 1,500,000 migrants are on the go in the United States, taking with them wherever they light the expensive problems which only the federal government has the money to cope with. Tombstone, Arizona, a Phoenix paper says, "is enjoying a new boom period"; Fort Huachuca is next door, and Assistant Coordinator Taft reports that the increase in civilian population around military centers is about half the added military strength. Alexandria, Louisiana, near Camps Livingstone, Beauregard, and Claiborne, has grown from 17,000 to 40,000 since the invasion of Poland. Waynesville, Missouri, which two years ago was a quiet town of 1,000 persons, has a population of 5,000 to-day because near-by Camp Leonard Wood, the training base for the Seventh Corps Area, is in the Mark Twain National Forest. Waynesville has no better sewage system now than it had in 1939.

Fairmont, West Virginia, and Farmingdale, Long Island, are bulging with migrants looking for industrial work. So are Macon, Georgia, and Louisville, Kentucky. Portland, Oregon, is con-

cerned. "Labor influx undesired," protests a headline in the *Oregonian*. Portland has $38,000,000 in defense contracts. Another west-coast city, Bremerton, grew from 10,000 to 15,000 in a year, and 2,000 workers commute to Bremerton by ferry daily. In Texas families flock to Dallas for defense jobs. In Alabama a population increase of 40,000 in a year has been predicted for Mobile. In Baltimore employment in January, 1941, was twelve per cent above employment in January, 1940. The whole increase in defense industrial areas, Mr. Taft estimates, is three times the increase in the number of industrial employees. Hot dog dispensers, hotel clerks, and insurance salesmen follow the industrial army. This ratio of three to one accounts for the wild upsurge in San Diego, California, which is fattening upon contracts awarded to the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation. San Diego in 1930 had 148,000 people; the census takers in March, 1940, found 203,000 people; to-day the population is estimated to be 251,000 and next year is expected to reach 300,000. Before the war the city planners thought San Diego would have a population of 300,000 *in 1960*.

II

The anxiety of the New England cities over the possibility of epidemic and social rebellion if they take the migrants in is heightened by the dread that the boom is but the prelude to collapse. The recollection of long years of dull depression is so much with us yet that both the manufacturers and the workers believe that the good times are impermanent. "I feel compelled to urge you to save some money while you have it coming in for the ebb-tide condition that is bound to come," William S. Newell, president of the Bath Iron Works, cautioned his employees last December. This expectation of an ebb tide pervades the thinking of New England, and of other sections as well, and dulls people to the immediate implications of the problem.

C. A. Sterling, president of the Federal Home Loan Bank in Topeka, Kansas, sounded a warning last autumn in Oklahoma City that "American home builders must guard against overpromotion lest subsequently they be left flat on their backs at the national defense emergency's end." If the prosperity is but momentary why should the cities make themselves subjects of Washington in order to resolve a transitory dilemma? Why should Waterbury want the 300 new housing units which Washington thinks Waterbury critically needs, if Waterbury thinks the occupants of the houses are going to leave them as soon as the demand ceases for brass from Waterbury's factories for American and British shell-casings? Even without the 300 housing units, Waterbury is worried because the city must extend its bonding limit in order to increase its supply of water, which the munitions industry requires in thousands of gallons. Waterbury must have the water, or brass that England waits for won't be made. Waterbury prefers not to increase its debt. The alternative is to ask for the money from Washington. Yet the horns of the dilemma turn in against each other; if the city bankrupts itself in order to keep aloof from Washington, Washington must be the one later to put the city on its feet financially.

The World War left Mr. Newell's Bath on its back, and Bath remembers it. Now 3,000 men are at work at the Bath Iron Works, which has contracts for 27 destroyers, 4 cargo vessels, and one yacht—enough business to keep the yard going until 1944. Eight years ago the Iron Works needed only a maintenance crew of ten men. While Bath pondered the ebb tide of the future, the swift change from doldrums to prosperity brought Bath a present housing crisis.

Thousands of commuters work in Bath, men who each night after work drive from ten to fifty miles to homes up the Kennebec River as far as Gardiner, down the coast as far as Portland, and away to Wiscasset and Brunswick and

Newcastle and Damariscotta. Bath workers are mostly Down Easters and not men from outside New England, because Mr. Newell is convinced that the best laborer in the world is a Maine Yankee. Furthermore, Maine men are willing to put up with more hardship than the Westerners you find in places farther south in New England. But Maine is a big State, and a Bangor man who works in Bath cannot very well make the long trip home each night. Migrants from the far parts of Maine and those few from outside New England want living quarters in the town. Between 1938 and early 1941 the population of Bath rose from 11,000 to 14,375, and in six months in 1940 rents advanced from $20 to $40 for apartments and houses of four or five rooms. Workers who could not afford $40 built shacks on the roads to Bath, although the Iron Works pays the highest wages in the State—80 cents to $1.06 an hour for skilled labor. The 119 dwelling units of an unoccupied housing project that was a remnant of the World War, when it was put up by the United States Shipping Board, were filled soon. Fifty families of employees at the Iron Works lived last winter in trailers, banked with snow for warmth against Maine's intense cold.

Now the situation is improving. Bath, for one, admits the inevitable. The merchants of Bath have been grumbling because the 2,000 commuter-workers at the Bath Iron Works, the Hyde Windlass Company, and the Torrey Roller Bushing Company spend the money they make in Bath not with the stores of Bath but in their home villages. So Bath, in co-operation with Washington, is inviting some of them in. In the past year one hundred new houses have been built through private financing in Bath and in the neighboring towns of Phillipsburg and Woolwich. On May 27th President Roosevelt approved the construction of a special defense-housing project of 200 dwellings, each to rent for $20 or $30 a month. At the same time he urged private builders in Bath to erect another 100 units by taking advantage of the new Title VI of the Federal Housing Act, which authorizes the Federal Housing Administration to insure ninety per cent of private building costs.

But by bringing more people within the town, the new housing makes more trouble for Bath. More families in Bath mean more children in Bath, and more children mean more pupils for the schools. Just as Waterbury cannot afford the improved water system indispensable to factory output and to health, Bath cannot afford the new schoolrooms vital to the perpetuation of our institutions. A democratic people must be an educated people. The high school enrollment has increased in Bath by 100 in three years, and when the school term ended in June, each teacher in Bath's eight schools was responsible for 42 children (by average). Bath must turn to Washington for school relief. "The legal bonding limit of the county [Sagadahoc] has been reached, and it doesn't appear that the additional valuation created by any additional housing will be sufficient to provide the capital outlay to meet this situation," John Parker, the Bath superintendent of schools, wrote to the United States Conference of Mayors in June.

The troubles of Bath have been watched with good result by Portland, Maine's metropolis. Portland's expansion is yet to come, but last winter the WPA undertook a housing survey there which is putting the city in a position to care in an orderly manner for the migrants who will be arriving soon. When the Sanders Engineering Company this winter completes its construction of new ways for the Bath-Todd Shipbuilding Corporation in South Portland, the Bath-Todd payroll, it is expected, will go up from 250 to 6,225, and at about the same time the South Portland Shipbuilding Corporation will add 2,500 employees. The city's officials think that at least 4,000 of the shipyard workers will have to come from beyond Maine, probably from

beyond New England, because Bath and Portland compete with Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Springfield and Windsor, Vermont, for workers in the northern New England labor market.

The two Vermont towns are centers for the machine-tool industry and for gas-mask manufacture. Since the first of the year they have suffered from a shortage of workers. They find it difficult to get journeymen machinists and tool makers, although the plants need to expand in order to deliver the goods. Both towns have wrestled with a housing shortage that comes from too many new inhabitants, new workers. But, perversely, the housing shortage intensifies the labor shortage. Another town, New Britain, Connecticut, discovered that a small inland community cannot lure workers as long as housing is inadequate. The workers prefer to take their chances in the greater centers like Hartford or Bridgeport or sea towns like Bath and Portsmouth.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a military center; Quincy, Massachusetts, a shipbuilding capital; and industrial Pawtucket, Rhode Island, all suffer at the same time from migration and from labor shortage. But no State in New England suffers as does Connecticut, and in Connecticut the chief sufferers are Hartford and Bridgeport. Twelve miles from Hartford the Army is building a base at Windsor Locks, which uses hundreds of construction workers and creates the same difficulties irksomely familiar to Waynesville and Alexandria. In East Hartford is the Pratt and Whitney division of United Aircraft, the largest maker of plane engines in the United States, whose payroll has increased in two years from 1,800 to 18,000. In West Hartford is the Pratt and Whitney branch of the Niles-Bement-Pond Company, machine tools. In Hartford is Colt's Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company. To fill the jobs created when Washington placed large orders for engines, machine tools, and guns in East Hartford, West Hartford, and Hartford, migrants from as far away as Montana headed for the capital of Connecticut. In July, 1940, Hartford's leading defense industries employed 32,190 workers. In January the increase brought the number to 38,000, and the expectations are that this figure will be 52,000 by next January.

For every newcomer who finds a job, at least three migrants get no work, but they hang about the town. A sampling of 311 migrants' abilities in Hartford made in the spring disclosed that only five per cent of them were skilled factory men. Twenty-two per cent were listed as potentially semi-skilled, 18 per cent previously had done service work of some sort, 10 per cent were clerks, 18 per cent had done semi-skilled work in manufacturing and non-manufacturing industries, 7 per cent had been salesmen, 7 per cent were skilled in non-manufacturing lines, 3 per cent were agricultural workers, and the remaining 10 per cent were wholly unskilled. That is a good cross-section of to-day's defense migrants.

There is disagreement within the Hartford area about the magnitude of Hartford's needs. The Children's Bureau of the Labor Department told the Tolan Committee last spring that overcrowding of schools in East Hartford had made it necessary there to use some portable buildings and that trade classes were being operated in shifts. But Percival S. Barnes, the East Hartford superintendent of schools, assured John J. Burke, president of the East Hartford Town Council, that the need for increase was slight. C. F. Palmer, the Coordinator for Defense Housing in Washington, won President Roosevelt's approval of a project for constructing 500 houses in Laurel Heights, but Mr. Burke said these exceeded the need. In contradiction, the Federal Credit Union at United Aircraft, reporting on its activities during the first six months of 1941, told the Tolan Committee: "Due to extreme lack of housing facilities in this vicinity, we are constantly receiving loan applications from our members to cover down

payments toward the purchase of new homes."

The migrants' pressure has brought housing difficulties even for the established residents of Hartford. Owners of rented living space find that the most profit lies in dividing their houses into single rooms, and this opportunistic economic system has made it impossible for William Pinault, father of nine, to keep his family together since the war boom began. Colt pays him from $40 to $49 a week. He keeps eight of his children at the municipal nursery because he cannot find a dwelling large enough to house his family. He and Mrs. Pinault live in a room rented for $7 a week. The nursery charges him $10 a week (at the end of June he was four weeks in arrears). In other cities, and in Hartford at other times, Mr. Pinault could find a dwelling to meet his large needs for less than $68 a month, the amount which his landlady and the nursery try to collect.

Hartford more than any other city in New England remains unconcerned about its migrants. Hartford has 2,058 hospital beds for a population of 200,000. For Greater Hartford's new inhabitants, at least 30,000, and more probably 50,000, public housing is building only 1,872 units. Yet Hartford is holding fast in a desperate effort to edge through the whole boom with the least possible local cost and the least possible expansion of facilities that will be needless after Colt, United, Pratt and Whitney Machine Tool, and other factories resume normal operations on a quiet scale and the migrants depart. But what will be "normal" when the war is over? For the present, Hartford encourages the commuter to continue commuting, and looks at the whole explosive problem calmly. In this changing time Hartford does not want to change.

There is nothing of Hartford about Bridgeport. Bridgeport and its neighboring satellites, Stratford and Fairfield, lament loudly over their problem and carry their woes to the Potomac. Herman Leveen of Stratford has stated the prevailing opinion in Greater Bridgeport: "I don't think the taxpayers of Stratford should pay one penny of the cost of taking care of these defense workers when it isn't their fault." Mayor McLevy told the Tolan Committee that the federal government is *obliged* to finance the expansion of facilities made necessary by the national defense program. Senator David Ignatius Walsh of Massachusetts disagreed. "Do you know of any reason," he asked Charles Taft one day, "why the federal government should be concerned about providing school accommodations or school facilities for people who come to town for commercial reasons?" Senator Walsh thought that migrants fell into the category of commercial travelers. For that point of view Bridgeport, whose population had increased by 25,000 by the middle of June, has no patience.

Instead of playing ostrich, Bridgeport, convinced that Washington will be the arbiter of Bridgeport's future no mattter what happens, has sought to make the best of the boom by turning the present problem into future value. When, for instance, it was decided to place two housing projects adjoining each other in Bridgeport and Stratford, officials saw an opportunity to get at last the money long wanted for a metropolitan sewer system that would serve both the big city and the smaller town. Five times in recent years the Fairfield town meeting had turned down the proposal for construction of a new incinerator because the citizens of Fairfield did not want to spend the money for it; but now John Ferguson, Fairfield's First Selectman, has announced that in the name of defense and the proper care of Fairfield's new inhabitants he intends to ask the federal government for $100,000 in incinerator money. As soon as Congress late in June passed the Lanham Act, providing $150,000,000 in federal funds for the development of municipal facilities made imperative by the national stream of migration, Bridgeport presented to Washington a request for more than two per

cent of the whole appropriation, $3,500,000.

III

It's a rare good wind that blows nobody any harm. To the cities which lack defense contracts these strange times bring problems different from Bath's and Bridgeport's. Workers move away from them to get the bigger money in defense cities, and their going throws the normal urban economics out of gear. Shoe-making Haverhill in Massachusetts is hard hit because it cannot find enough wooden-heel workers for its factories. Box-making Holyoke looks in vain for knifemen. Lawrence needs every sort of textile worker, while the Atlas Tack Company has been educating loom fitters, whom Lawrence wants, to be machine-shop workers for defense. The Quincy shipyard of the Lawley Company is turning household electricians into marine electricians, ornamental iron workers into second-class shipfitters, and wood-pattern makers into ship's carpenters.

The eagerness of labor to migrate to defense centers, and the desire of the defense centers for able workers, disrupts the whole of New England, from the Sound to Canada. The Brown Company paper mill in far-northern New Hampshire loses employees to better-paying Portsmouth. Textile workers in Connecticut, in Norwich, Willimantic, and Danielson are leaving their jobs for the metal trades in Waterbury, Bridgeport, and New Haven. Some migrants have moved on from jobs in Hartford to the Electric Boat Company in Groton because they objected to Hartford's third shift. The Pratt and Whitney Machine Tool Co. in Hartford keeps a labor scout in Springfield to lure workers from Massachusetts to Connecticut. The Manufacturers Association of Connecticut has an agreement forbidding labor-stealing, but last spring all the graduates of a course in machine-operation given by a firm in Waterbury were wooed to New Haven by another firm.

Farm laborers are going up to the city to get their fortunes while the getting is good. There was a scarcity of help for spring planting in Maine. Only the graduation of boys from high school in June provided Connecticut tobacco growers with the hands they needed to harvest their crop in July. Farmers who find construction jobs in defense areas like to stay on the road, and they make up a stream of migration that does not cease to flow. A Louisiana farm boy was found on the construction job at the Quonset Point, Rhode Island, naval air base. He entered the stream when he went to work at Camp Livingstone, Louisiana, and moved slowly eastward to Narrangansett Bay. Many Quonset builders have gone on to Newfoundland, where the Navy's base is under construction.

This great stream of migration to Newfoundland, Sitka, and points in between is not caused by the industrial boom alone. The sad fact is that defense industrialization has not eliminated unemployment. The 30 largest manufacturing companies of Bridgeport added 20,000 workers between June 1, 1940, and June 1, 1941, and yet only five persons in 100 who visit Bridgeport find a job. The rest are capable of performing no task that Bridgeport has to offer. There were riots by the jobless in Des Moines this year. The aircraft industries in Hartford and Baltimore hire migrants before they hire the local Negro unemployed, no matter how skilled the Negroes are. The priorities system, which forces many industries to curtail their normal operations and their normal payrolls, increases the number of unemployed. Many of the jobless in okie desperation enter the stream of migration.

The complexities of the problem are obvious and the problem is being mishandled. Hartford is unwilling to admit that a problem exists. Bridgeport and San Diego feel that they have suffered from Washington. Between Washington and Mayor McLevy there is

no love. The mayor considers Washington short-sighted. The plans for the first defense housing project approved for Bridgeport specified construction of attached dwellings. McLevy saw in this decision the birth of future slums. He went to Washington in order to urge the construction of detached houses. Federal officials told him that they were burdened with the need of taking care of housing requirements of construction workers to-day, no matter what the morrow might bring. The greatest concession McLevy could win was acquiescence in his plea that the houses be made of brick instead of ugly cinder block.

Last year, when the number of migrants coming into San Diego swelled, the Public Buildings Administration in Washington decided to build 3,000 homes for the new workers. For years the City Planning Commission had been trying to push the city's development into a logical pattern. But the Public Buildings Administration, asking no questions of official San Diego, ignored the Planning Commission entirely and chose a site known as Kearney Mesa for the houses' erection.

"Had city planners and other officials been consulted in the selection of the site," Lottie L. Crawford, president of the Planning Commission, told the Tolan Committee, "it would have been possible to place the development where all facilities were already in. A new water main must be run to this property, a complete sewer system must be installed, schools must be built, police and fire arrangements must be made, and garbage collection and all such facilities must be built for this property."

Having flouted the city's wishes once, Washington since then has done it twice more. Mrs. Crawford said in July:

"With the continual disregard of facilities offered and the city plan, the Public Buildings Administration selected an area near Old Town for dormitories. This makes an already problematical intersection, that of Rosecrans and Pacific, a five-way intersection which will take its increasing toll in lives as it has done in the past with a relatively small amount of traffic. Within the past month [June], disregarding a request of the City Council, Federal Works Agency has selected another site on Pacific Highway for 1,000 demountable homes. The City Council requested that these homes be put in the southeastern part of the city."

Washington is making trouble for San Diego and making future slums for Bridgeport, and Washington will have to determine the fate of the migrants who will live in those towns, when the ebb tide sets in. Migration is a national problem, beyond solution by local communities. The workers themselves expect Mr. Newell's ebb tide. They are not throwing away their money on silk shirts as the Hog Islanders did in 1918. They are thrifty. They send their money back to friends and families in cities they left. The money-order windows in the Hartford post office are crowded until they close each night.

One thing that can be done now while the tide is still high is to press for the abolition of settlement laws. These laws serve to keep the streams of migration flowing at all seasons. Their original purpose was to define and fix upon some locality the responsibility of providing care for the indigent, but through constant revision and the growth of protective clauses, the laws have come almost to do the reverse. Unless a man can prove that he is legally entitled to settlement in a State—or in a township in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Massachusetts, and Connecticut—he has no claim to public care. In Vermont settlement can be established after three years, in Connecticut after four, and in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island after five. If a worker loses his job in Vermont before he has been there three years the community feels no obligation to care for him until he can find a new job. It is easy under such circumstances to go on the road, moving, moving all one's life.

THE DEAR LITTLE DOVES

A STORY

BY ELEANOR GREEN

In the cool darkness of her room the little girls' mother lay dreaming, the wonderful quiet of the country slowly widening out as she wakened. Not a sound but the afternoon breeze in the old trees and, far away across the green fields, the bark of a dog. She was in no hurry to get up; it was very hot and in the summer stillness beyond the drawn curtains the heat was germinating trouble: the cattle in the pastures felt it and drew together, and the green-silver cornstalks wilted in the sun. There was sure to be a storm. Crosswise of the bed, her black hair spread fanwise over the cool pillow, she lay without moving, lay listening. Not a sound, not even the breeze now, not a breath of air. And no sound from the children; where could they be?

Rising, she crossed the room, the hem of her pale chiffon negligée catching on the rough pile of the dark-green carpet as she walked noiselessly over it, her satin slippers sinking deep as in moss. From the window that looked out over the lawn she saw the two little girls, in their blue-and-white gingham dresses, kneeling before a large packing box, their long hair touching the grass as they bent their heads to see into the wire-covered slit where one board had been removed. In the shade of the summer trees their bright eyes saw two other pairs of eyes, black, tiny, and unblinking, which seemed to scrutinize their wondering faces with quizzical interest. On both sides of the wire there was timidity if not alarm, for the sharp eyes within the box saw figures many times their own size while the little girls saw gleaming pinpoints and pointed beaks whose quick snapping could badly hurt a little girl's inquisitive finger. On the floor of the box sharp bird claws drily clicked, like their mother's long nails on the piano keys, and to this sound and the soft sobbing inbreath of the birds the little girls listened without even a whisper.

"Now what in the world?" their mother asked of herself as she brushed out her straight shining hair. Standing at the open window, she watched them while she twisted her hair into a soft knot and stuck the bone hairpins in with the quick twist of the wrist which the children so loved to see. They seemed so far away, so curious, kneeling under the trees, Tillie's stiff blonde braids swinging against Dora's softly curling dark hair.

She wished she could feel as Mark felt about them, but to her they were simply the children, very sweet children, to be sure, and, thank heaven, very pretty; but Mark was an idiot, talking about the pure perfection of their minds. Innocent, yes, though not for long; but mental perfection? Why, the babies hardly knew how to talk! No, that was the doting father, the almost sickening paternal pride. It was really a good thing that she wasn't like that; one in the family was enough. They were just two very sweet little girls who were still too young to be anything but innocent.

Sighing, she turned from the window to the looking glass. "You're getting old, Natalie," she said to her image, and massaged the little lines round her eyes once or twice; then, fastening a silver chain round her throat, she stepped back to survey herself, tall and willowy in her pale-yellow dress. As she walked from her room through the quiet house it was with the peculiar gait of a woman who, lacking better, is her own audience.

What she had expected to find in the wooden crate she didn't quite know—some child's makebelieve, at best: a bundle of grass with an empty nest, or perhaps a firefly under a tumbler; certainly not two gentle slate-gray pigeons comfortingly cooing to each other. She could not discover how they had come; the children knew only that when they wakened from their nap the birds were there, and Nellie had left them to keep watch while she went in search of something the birds could walk about in with more comfort. Ned could probably fix up something, she had said, he being so handy. She should know, she said to herself, feeling the vague sense of nausea which she always felt when thinking of what must pass for love among her servants, oblivious of the fact that, for all her milk-white skin, her dove-gray eyes, her handsome body, Ned, the hired man, had more than once expressed himself on the undesirability of her as a woman. "No heart," he would say. "Like going to bed with a puppet."

But Nellie was right: Ned had fixed up something, "in just a jiffy," and up from the shop the two of them came laughing, carrying the cumbersome thing between them. It was like an enormous wire mesh cake cover, or a bell in which the birds would be the gentle clackers. "No bottom," said Ned, "so they can be on the grass, else they'll get sores on their feet maybe. And you can move it around from spot to spot, so's they cin git clean grass when they need it." Now he really needn't have added that, Natalie thought. Especially before the children. But the children appeared either to take it as a sensible idea or to ignore it completely. Tillie, her hands clasped tight, stood by in speechless rapture, while Dora, still kneeling, pressed her cheek against the chicken wire and whispered "Coo . . . coo. . . ."

The birds, transferred into their larger cage, walked about on the matted grass, their sleek heads pushing in and out with each step, the metallic green-and-rosy ruff round their necks puffed out, their straight wing feathers hugging their beautiful curving bodies, and as they walked they trilled a soft staccato, half purr, half sob, and twisted their quaint heads until one eye looked straight up into heaven, from which darling sight they had so long been shut off.

Never had the little girls loved anything so much. Their mother could not help regretting the money she had spent on imported dolls and expensive, brightly decorated toys. Queer, their liking these really fairly stupid, dull gray birds —children were supposed to be attracted by brilliant colors. Well, further proof of the unpredictability of the small child. Perfection of their minds indeed! Mark was crazy, that was all. The trouble was he wasn't with them all day long as she so often was. Interesting of course, and sweet, but terribly unsatisfying in the long run; so unresponsive, so self-centered, so terribly reticent. Nevertheless she was a little jealous of Mark for thinking of sending this so acceptable gift.

Mark had not sent the birds, however. Dora, still adoring on her dimpled knees, saw something tied to one of the pigeons' wings, and Ned was summoned to untie it—a little parchment note, which he handed silently to Natalie. "What does it say?" the children asked together, their excitement reaching a new pitch, their eyes now almost fever bright. "What does it say? Tell us! Read it, Mother, what does it say? Oh tell us, tell us! Daddy sent them, didn't he, Mother? They're from Daddy, aren't they? Oh, goodie, Daddy sent them!" "Yes, Daddy sent them," said Natalie, crumpling the

note in her suddenly hot palm as she walked off toward the house, her face noticeably flushed. "Daddy my eye!" said Ned under his breath, and Nellie raising one eyebrow, nodded.

How utterly romantic! Natalie thought as she reread the note in her restful room. How foolish and how romantic! Of course she would have to make up something to tell Mark when he came up for the week-end, and that was too bad, and really awfully silly, awfully, because Hal meant practically nothing to her really; he was just a child, after all, he was a good ten years younger than she, just out of college. Hal and Mark had so much in common, at bottom, though Mark of course could never see it. Nor for that matter could Hal. But there was no use stirring up trouble; she'd say that her father had sent them. And besides, he might; that is, it was the sort of thing her father might do. Now her father and Hal—well, sometime she'd take Hal to call on him if ever she got the chance. Oh, but that wouldn't do, telling Mark her father had sent them! She'd already told the children their daddy had sent them, and they'd thank him first thing; they'd climb up into his lap and put their arms round his neck, Dora on the left, Tillie on the right, and they'd whisper how much they loved their little birds.

For a moment Natalie was just barely frightened, but then she laughed as the perfect solution offered itself: she would tell him that she had sent them but—and here was the real stroke of genius—she would say the children had been so sure their daddy had sent them and had seemed so to want the birds to come from him and nobody else that she didn't have the heart to disappoint them, and had said, yes, that Daddy *had* sent them. And then *Mark* could be jealous! What was more, he would think she'd been extremely generous to allow the children to think he'd done it, and, being sorry he hadn't, as well as grateful that they thought he had, he would do almost anything to please her. Something subtle, of course. No mention of gifts or anything of the sort, but he might, just this once, give up hearing the children's prayers to take her—oh, almost anywhere. Yes, it was the perfect solution, it was really a work of art.

Sitting alone at her satiny dining-room table, the lighted white candles in their tall silver sticks unflickering in the breathless air, Natalie watched the children as they ate their supper—as they had begged to be allowed to do—out under the trees. The birds, in the deep green shade, took the bits of peanut-butter sandwich so eagerly offered them, and strutted noiselessly about in the hushy grass. Subdued by the wonder of their little eyes, their little feet, their shining downy breasts, the children whispered together, fearful of frightening the birds with the sound of their own birdlike voices. They were altogether happy.

It was a sweet thing for Hal to have done, Natalie was thinking. Foolish, to be sure, and emotionally extravagant and absurd, but really very dear. And it had done her so much good, which she would never be able to make Mark understand. It had set her up, it had given back to her some of the secretive excitement and plain physical pride which she had felt when she was, say, ten years younger, and which was so important to any woman. Yes, it was a dear thing for Hal to have done, he was a dear boy, a foolish, quite absurd, hopelessly romantic, but thoroughly attractive young man.

How beautiful she was in that light, her dark head against the tall carved back of her chair, her bare arms outstretched along the table, the candlelight on the pale surface of the candlesticks and spoons, on the gleaming rosewood table, on the mystery of her shining woman's hair. The white skin, dark arched brows, half-closed heavy-lidded eyes—how beautiful she was, watching her cherubs playing in the evening shade. And as she tinkled the little silver bell how beautiful she felt!

From the earth's curving crest thunder

began to roll. The sky darkened with heavy clouds, the leaves hung limp on every tree. Nothing stirred. Only the children, fearless in their love, ran about in the yard picking white clover which they dropped through the wires on to the pigeon-patted grass, and as the wind came up they chased the whirling leaves, racing together when their mother called them into the house. There was no time to move the birds before the full splendor of the storm was upon them, and the little girls could only stand at the closed window, their arms about each other's waists, shuddering as the lightning flicked the sky wide open, and when the black rumbling balls of thunder rolled across the echoing floor of heaven they pressed their soft, fragrant bodies close together, so like the pigeons which each flash of light illumined in their ruffled, unblinking fright.

The wind rose to a gale and the house could be felt to give as the wind boomed down around it and banged the shutters on their hinges. When the rain began to fall it came like pellets of lead, beating the very trees back into the earth and flattening the pigeons against the grass. Thunder and lightning were inseparable, so close to the house was the storm's raging core, and Natalie was deafened at the same instant that her eyeballs seemed seared and shrivelled in her head. "I'm no good in a storm," she thought, walking up and down through the house. "I shouldn't let the children know, but it's no use, I'm scared stiff." And as her high heels came down with each quick step, Hal's eloquent face, in the silver locket, bobbed, blindly smiling, against her beautiful white bosom.

When the storm abated it was late dusk. The sand in the roadway was pounded hard, supporting little pools of water where the receding storm clouds were darkly mirrored, and at last the children were allowed out, to run barefoot through the wet grass, their ankles ringed round with bracelets of cool drops. Shouting in the electric air, they frightened the birds, which flew against the cage, one of them catching a wing in the fine wire mesh. The little girls, hushed with distress, tried to release it, but the frightened bird pecked at their fingers and beat its other wing so terribly that they could do nothing, so at last Tillie, in tears, tipped up the cage for Dora to climb under in order to free the bird from the inside. But as she raised it the other bird flew out and up on to a tree.

Standing in the doorway, Natalie saw the little girls in the summer gloam: a bizarre sight, with dear little Dora caught in the wire cage and Tillie with her arms raised, praying to the bird to come back. "How perfectly absurd children are," she said, her hand on her silver locket, and, leaning against the door frame, dared to laugh at her two small passionate daughters. From the irate sky an arrow of light shot through the trees, and Tillie's little supplicating heart was still. The solitary pigeon rose above the treetops and was lost against the shining armor of the western sky, and the spreading light, like ice, sharpened the edge of every mortal thing. The air was purified, as by the passage of a saintly person.

THE REVIEWING BUSINESS

BY CLIFTON FADIMAN

THE word "business" in the title of this article is used as a wedge to separate book-reviewing from literary criticism. Literary criticism is an art, like the writing of tragedies or the making of love, and, similarly, does not pay. Book-reviewing is a device for earning a living, one of the many weird results of Gutenberg's invention. Movable type made books too easy to publish. Some sort of sieve had to be interposed between printer and public. The reviewer is that sieve, a generally honest, usually uninspired, and mildly useful sieve.

To use an example conveniently near at hand, the writer of this article is a book-reviewer. To the best of his knowledge and belief he has never written a sentence of literary criticism in his life. Unless he becomes a vastly different person from what he now is, he never will. He and his colleagues are often called critics, a consequence of the amiable national trait that turns Kentuckians into colonels and the corner druggist into Doc.

True literary criticism is a subtle and venerable art. You can number the top-notchers on your fingers and toes: Aristotle, Horace, Coleridge, Lessing, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Goethe, Arnold, Shaw (one of the greatest), and a few others. In our own time and nation literary criticism is almost a lost art, partly because no one except a few other literary critics cares to read it.

What follows, then, is not a discussion of literary criticism but merely shop talk about my trade. A literary critic (just this once and then we're through with him) is a whole man exercising his wholeness through the accidental medium of books and authors. A reviewer is not a whole man; he is that partial man, an expert. Many of his human qualities are vestigial, others hypertrophied. All experts are monsters. I shall now briefly demonstrate the reviewer's monstrosity.

We must first of all remember that reading maketh not a full man. Any reviewer who has been in harness for twenty years or so will be eager to tell you that Bacon was just dreaming up sentences. I suppose I have read five or ten thousand books—it doesn't matter which—in the past couple of decades. Every so often I catch myself wondering whether I shouldn't be a sight wiser if I had read only fifteen, and they the right ones. You see, a reviewer does not read to instruct himself. If he remembered even a moderate quantum of what he read he would soon be unfit for his job. Forced to comment on book Z, he would at once recollect everything that books A to Y, previously reviewed, contained that might throw light on Z. This is not the mental attitude that makes for useful book-reviewing. As a matter of fact, what the reviewer should have above all things is a kind of mental virginity, a continual capacity to react freshly. I said that he was an expert. He is—he is an expert in surprisability. The poor fool is always looking forward to the next book.

This does not mean that the reviewer has the memory of a moron. He doubt-

less remembers something of what he has read, but not enough to handicap him. His mind is not so much well stocked as well indexed. If challenged, I think I could tell you the authors and titles of the three or four best books of the past ten years dealing with the ancient Maya civilization. I can even make a fair fist at grading the books in the order of their completeness, authority, and readability. But what I don't know about the Mayans in the way of real information would fill several volumes and, no doubt, has done so.

The reviewer, then, granting him any mind at all, has a fresh one. Frank Moore Colby, whom I greatly admire, held a different point of view. In 1921 he wrote a little piece entitled "Beans Again," from which I quote:

> If a man had for one day a purée of beans, and the next day *haricots verts*, and then in daily succession bean soup, bean salad, butter beans, lima, black, navy, Boston baked, and kidney beans, and then back to purée and all over again, he would not be in the relation of the general eater to food. Nor would he be in the relation of a general reader to books. But he would be in the relation of a reviewer toward novels. He would soon perceive that the relation was neither normal nor desirable, and he would take measures, violent if need be, to change it. He would not say on his navy-bean day that they were as brisk and stirring little beans of the sea as he could recall in his recent eating. He would say grimly, "Beans again," and he would take prompt steps to intermit this abominable procession of bean dishes.
>
> If change for any reason were impossible he would either conceive a personal hatred toward all beans that would make him unjust to any bean however meritorious, or he would acquire a mad indiscriminateness of acquiescence and any bean might please. And his judgment would be in either case an unsafe guide for general eaters.
>
> This, I believe, is what happens to almost all reviewers of fiction after a certain time, and it accounts satisfactorily for various phenomena that are often attributed to a baser cause. It is the custom at certain intervals to denounce reviewers for their motives. They are called venal and they are called cowardly by turns. They are blamed for having low standards or no standards at all. I think their defects are due chiefly to the nature of their calling; that they suffer from an occupational disease.

Now I can understand why Colby felt this way. He could afford to be superior; he was an encyclopedia editor, which is several cuts above a reviewer. But his beans-again notion, though plausible, is not cogent. The truth is that a competent reviewer's stomach does not summon up remembrance of beans past. Though there are exceptions (I shall mention some of my own weaknesses in a moment), he does not hail or damn novels out of a kind of hysteria of surfeit. If he makes a stupid judgment it is simply because his judgment is stupid. It may be stupid for a variety of reasons, no one of which may have anything to do with the fact that he reads half a dozen novels a week. In other words, a jaded reviewer sooner or later realizes that he is not a good reviewer, and tries to get another job. A good reviewer is a perennially fresh hack.

But, as I say, this doesn't work out one hundred per cent of the time. For example, I confess that I no longer look forward to next week's American historical novel with any bridegroom eagerness. I have read too many such. I am positive that they (not I, you see) have slipped into a groove, are standardized products, and therefore there is nothing helpful I can say about them. (Yet my fatuousness is such that I do not honestly believe I should muff another *Red Badge of Courage* if by some miracle one were published to-morrow.)

Never to be bored is merely an active form of imbecility. Do not trust the man who is "interested in everything." He is covering up some fearful abyss of spiritual vacancy. Ennui, felt on the proper occasions, is a sign of intelligence. All this is by way of saying that, of course, no reviewer is interested in every book he reads. He should have the ability to be bored, even if this ability is much feebler than his ability not to be bored. A competent reviewer knows his blind spots, tries to counteract them, and, if he can't, never drives himself into phony enthusiasm. Indiscriminate love

of books is a disease, like satyriasis, and stern measures should be applied to it.

I, to take that familiar example once more, do not react eagerly to books on the delights of gardening; to novels about very young men lengthily and discursively in love; to amateur anthropologists who hide a pogrom-mania under learned demonstrations of the superiority of Nordic man; to books by bright children Who Don't Know How Funny They're Being; to diplomatic reminiscences by splendid gaffers with long memories and brief understandings; to autobiographies by writers who feel that to have reached the age of thirty-five is an achievement of pivotal significance; to thorough jobs on Chester A. Arthur; to all tomes that aim to make me a better or a more successful man than I should be comfortable being; to young virile novelists who would rather be found dead than grammatical; to most anthologies of humor; to books about Buchmanism, astrology, Yogi, and internal baths; to the prospect of further "country" books, such as *Country Mortician*, *Country Dog-Catcher*, and *Country Old Ladies' Home Attendant*.

It is such books as these that make a successful appeal to my apathy. Every reviewer has his own list. He does his best to keep it a small one, for he knows that his responsibility is to his public, not himself. He knows that he cannot afford to any great extent the luxury of indulging his own prejudices. A reviewer is not in the self-expression business. If he were he would run the risk of becoming an artist. He is, by the nature of his trade, uncreative, or, if his creative impulses are too strong, he sooner or later finds himself a dud at his job and turns into a writer. But if he is a good reviewer and keeps in the groove fifteen or twenty years he has no more chance of becoming a writer than a pig has of flying. There is nothing tragic about this, and no reviewer who has any respect for his trade wastes any sentimentality over it. One decent hack, to my mind, is worth a stable of would-be Pegasuses.

II

Reviewers interest the public. I cannot fathom the reason, for we are among the mildest and most conventional of citizens, pure Gluyas Williams types. A life spent among ephemeral best-sellers and publishers' announcements is not apt to produce characters of unusual contour. But the fact remains that people are curious about us, and are likely to ask more questions of a reviewer than they would of a successful truss-manufacturer, though probably the trussman leads the more abundant life. To satisfy this curiosity I list herewith a few of the queries most commonly directed at my tribe, together with one man's answers.

Do you really read all those books? This question is generally put with an odd inflection, combining cynical disbelief with man-of-the-world willingness to overlook any slight dishonesty. But there is no need for this hard-boiled attitude. Reviewers read the books they review, exactly as an accountant examines his cost sheets, with the same routine conscientiousness. It's his job, that's all.

Back of this question, however, lies a peculiar condition, which baffles me and I think many others who are forced to read a great deal. The reason people think we bluff is that they themselves read so slowly they cannot believe we read as "fast" as we actually do. Now I do not believe dogmatically either in fast or slow reading. I believe tripe should be read practically with the speed of light and, let us say, Toynbee's *A Study of History* with tortoise deliberation. And most books are nearer to tripe than to Toynbee. But the trouble with most of us is that we suffer from chronic reverence. We make the unwarranted assumption that because a man is in print he has something to say, and, acting on this assumption, we read his every word with scrupulous care. This may be good manners but it's a confounded waste of time.

I am simply unable to understand, for example, those—and there must be mil-

lions of them—who spend hours over the daily paper. Why, if you add up those hours you will find that some people spend more time with the *Herald Tribune* than they do with their wives or husbands. I do not draw from this any conclusions about the state of either American journalism or American matrimony; I merely infer that such paper-maniacs simply do not know how to skip, to take in a paragraph at a time, to use the headlines, one of mankind's most blessed inventions. In a little book by Walter Pitkin called *The Art of Rapid Reading*, written by a master of the art of rapid writing, slow readers will find some excellent advice on this head.

No, reviewers do their job—but they know how to read quickly, in large units, to seize a point and be off to the next one while the author is still worrying the first one to death. Anybody can learn to do this; the reviewer simply is forced to learn it. I happen to be an exceptionally rapid reader, which is no more to my credit than would be the possession of exceptionally bushy eyebrows. Of the average novel (a description that covers virtually all novels) I can read one hundred pages an hour. Of the average historical novel I can read two hundred pages an hour, but that is because I am so familiar with the plot and characters. It took me two weeks, about five hours a day, to read Thomas Mann's *Joseph in Egypt*. I submit that in all three cases I did my reading with the proper speed and with conscientious attention to the value of what was being said.

How do you select books for review? Well, each reviewer has his own system. Here's mine. I try to juggle five factors, whose relative importance varies with each book. First, I ask myself whether the book is apt to interest *me*. This is only fair: I am apt to write better, more usefully about something that naturally engages my attention. I don't have to like the book necessarily. It may interest me because its author happens to represent a great many things I dislike, as is the case with Gertrude Stein, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Charles Morgan, and William Faulkner.

Second, does the book have news value? A book-reviewer is partly a purveyor of news. Any book by Ernest Hemingway would have to be reviewed whether it be a good one, like *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or a poor one, like *Green Hills of Africa*, for Hemingway is news. This does not make him a better or a worse writer of course. It has nothing to do with his literary value, but it has a great deal to do with whether or not the public expects information about his new book. Let me give you another example. A few years ago everybody was all worked up over the Edward-Simpson affair (remember?): I said then and I say now (nobody listened then and nobody's listening now) that the whole mess was of very little political importance and that the persons involved were not sufficiently interesting even for the thing to have much scandal value. I was in a chilly minority of one. But one week, with public interest at fever-heat, three or four books bearing on the case appeared. Not one of them would have been worth a line of comment had it not possessed at the moment an inflated news value. To my mind they weren't worth a line of comment anyway, but I should have been an incompetent reviewer had I not given them considerable space. A reviewer is a journalist.

The third factor is allied to the second: Is the book apt to be of interest to the reviewer's particular audience? At the present time I have a job with the *New Yorker*, a humorous and satirical family magazine. There is no such animal as a typical *New Yorker* reader, but we know that most of this magazine's readers do not enjoy Temple Bailey, and no doubt *vice versa*. Miss Bailey has her virtues (indeed she is *all* virtue), but they are not the virtues that happen to interest the people who read my small screeds. Hence Miss Bailey does not get a look-in in my column. I cannot notice that her sales suffer in consequence.

The fourth factor is the only one that

might not be apt to occur to a non-professional. A reviewer in selecting books takes into careful account the opinion of the *publisher* with respect to his own publications. If a publisher writes me that Hyacinthe Doakes' novel is terrific, that it is his fall leader, that he is going to lay ten thousand dollars' worth of advertising money on the line—why I make a note to read Hyacinthe's book with care. I may not like it, and in that case will say so. (I have not once, in almost twenty years in the trade, received a letter of protest from any publisher whose offering I had panned, except in a few cases when I had made misstatements of fact.) But the truth is that I am more apt to like it than I am to like some little yarn that this same publisher is so ashamed of he hides it away in the back of his catalogue. Publishers have their faults (a profound remark that I have often heard them apply to reviewers), but they do know a good deal about books and their judgment of the relative values of their productions is hearkened to by any sensible reviewer.

Finally, a book may not be of great personal interest, it may possess no news value, my audience may not care deeply about it, and the publisher will not be in a position to give it any special publicizing. Nevertheless, I shall review it in some detail. Why? Because I feel it to be important. That is to say, it is a book of literary or instructive value by a criterion (a cloudy one, I admit) that has nothing to do with the four factors already mentioned. A short time ago there appeared a long, scholarly, rather solemn work of literary criticism, *American Renaissance*, by F. O. Matthiessen. Factor 1 applied moderately; factors 2, 3, 4 hardly applied. But I gave it a column and a half. I did so because the book is clearly an important work of creative scholarship and in years to come is bound to take a considerable place in its restricted field. It is my duty (to whom I don't know; I suppose to Literature itself) to comment on such a book to the best of my ability. Every reviewer feels the same way and does the same thing.

How reliable are reviewers' estimates? There's no exact answer to that one. If his estimates weren't appreciably more reliable than those of your dinner-table companion he wouldn't hold his job long. But he is several light-years distant from infallibility. He works under pressure, he's human, he's been out too late the night before, his eyes bother him —for one reason or another the result may be a stupid verdict. I have rendered many. At the end of each year I give myself something life itself, less generous than I am, doesn't allow us: a second chance. I go over the books I've reviewed and correct my first estimates. I try to be honest, but it's not easy.

As to this question of reliability I would say that on the whole, we reviewers err in the direction of over-amiability, though not so noticeably as was the case fifteen years ago when the Great American Novel was being hailed about as regularly as a Fifth Avenue bus.

What has happened, roughly, is that the old type of book-reviewer, to whom the job was a game, has gradually been replaced by a new type, to whom the job is a job. In the days of Laurence Stallings and Heywood Broun you would on occasion get superb pieces of enthusiastic journalism, but more frequently sickening examples of hullabalunacy. To-day book-reviewing is staider, duller, but unquestionably juster and more serious. It has a professional touch; it is growing up.

Nevertheless, I should hazard that its standards of judgment are still too relaxed. Just what my tribe has to be mellow about I can't figure out, but we *are* mellow, and the result is a certain lack of acerbity. There's too much good-nature-faking among us, a continuous observance of Be-Kind-To-Dumb-Novelists Week. Literature does not grow only on praise. It needs the savage and tartarly note, even the astringence of insult.

In order to keep his sword sharp the

reviewer should see to it that he does not make too many close friends among writers. A decade or so ago during the heyday of the literary tea and the publisher's cocktail party, this was a difficult assignment. To-day, now that book publishers have finally put on long pants, the problem is easier. A reviewer may go from one end of the year to the other without flushing a single novelist, and I have known some reviewers, now quite grown men, who have never met a literary agent in the flesh. This alienation from what used to be known laughingly as the Literary Life is a good thing for us. It makes possible a cool inhumanity toward authors, which in turn results in more detached comment. The road to a reviewer's disintegration is marked by many milestones, each one a statue erected to commemorate a beautiful friendship. I am sure of this even though I would not go so far as to agree with the man who thought the proper relationship between reviewer and author should be that between a knife and a throat.

What, then, is a reviewer to do when unavoidably confronted with a book by a close friend? I have had to face this situation perhaps a dozen times in the course of my daily work, and it is not an easy one to handle if one wishes to be scrupulously honest. In my case the difficulty was never disastrous for it is my policy, when choosing friends who write, to choose of course only those who write well, thus making it a matter of inexorable duty for me to praise their work. So far this policy has worked pretty successfully. I do not know what would happen in the event that I should get to conceive a warm personal affection for, let us say, Miss Gertrude Stein. However, careful planning should enable me to head off this possibility.

The fact is that no reviewer is really objective when dealing with a friend's book, for if the book has anything to it at all he is really dealing with the friend himself. He does the best he can, trying not to crack his spine in an attempt to lean over backward, but I doubt the final accuracy of his judgment. For example, I have praised rather heatedly two books by close friends of mine: Mortimer Adler's *How to Read a Book* and Oscar Levant's *A Smattering of Ignorance*. I still do not know whether these books are as good as I made them out to be. On rereading my admittedly amiable pieces I detect no conscious dishonesty. Of course, as one of my most sympathetic readers, I may be giving myself the benefit of the doubt. There are some Alexanders among us who cut the Gordian knot, such as the famous literary commentator who is reported to have said with dulcet candor, "Any reviewer who won't praise a friend's book is a louse."

III

How influential are reviewers? This is a hard one to answer. All the publishers' questionnaires, scientifically designed to discover just why a given book is bought, throw but a dim light on the subject, though they provide any desired quantity of statistics. Reader A buys a book because his friend B has mentioned it; that is apparently the strongest single definable factor. But this means nothing until you know why B happened to mention it. You ask B. B replies, let us suppose, that he himself bought, read, and recommended the book as the result of reading an advertisement. Now you have to find out what in that particular advertisement caused the positive reaction to the book. Was it the publisher's statement of the book's merits? Was it a quotation from a reviewer? If the latter, B bought the book because the reviewer liked it—and therefore A indirectly did the same. The whole matter is very complex.

With a great best-seller, a large number of factors operate simultaneously or follow rapidly on one another, causing an irresistible, constantly mounting wave of popularity. If we take the case of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* we might list

these factors somewhat as follows, in the order of their conceivable importance:

(1) Author's reputation (but that didn't make a best-seller of his previous book).
(2) Timeliness and importance of the subject matter.
(3) Literary excellence.
(4) It was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, which automatically set in motion a wave of bookish conversation, for the club members form a mighty army of talkers.
(5) Almost unanimously favorable reviews.
(6) Erotic and "shocking" passages.
(7) Book-store recommendation (a factor very difficult to judge—perhaps it should be placed much higher in the list).
(8) Publisher's advertising and general promotion—in this case, I should say, a minor factor.

Talkability. I don't give this a number because any of the factors 1 to 8 might have contributed to the book's talkability, and no one can determine the relative importance of any of them.

Now this casual analysis (whose arrangement would probably be sharply questioned by my colleagues, the publisher, and Mr. Hemingway) would not apply identically to any other great best-seller. In some cases (8) might be very near the head of the list. *Anthony Adverse*, for example, benefited by one of the most skilful advertising campaigns in recent publishing history; *Jurgen* was made mainly by (6), or rather by a vice society's alert appreciation of (6); and so it goes. Mrs. Lindbergh's sublime example of the prophetic fallacy, *The Wave of the Future*, succeeded through a combination of (1) and (2) plus certain other less savory factors.

The reviewer alone cannot make a book popular. A superb novel such as Elizabeth Bowen's *The Death of the Heart* may be praised by every reviewer who knows his job, and still sell but a few thousand copies. Only factors (3) and (5) applied to this particular book; other factors would have been necessary to push it over into solid popularity.

Occasionally a book may be "made" or set in motion by one man's recommendation. William Lyon Phelps did a great deal for *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. Will Rogers' admiration for *The Good Earth* helped that book. A book of some years back called *Recovery*, by Sir Arthur Salter, owed its success almost entirely to Walter Lippmann. More recently Alexander Woollcott tickled the lachrymatory glands of all America to the considerable advantage of Mr. James Hilton. It is interesting to observe that none of these four commentators is or was a regular day-in-day-out book-reviewer. They're Gentlemen rather than Players. We professionals do not in the nature of things wield any such power. I have never heard of Lewis Gannett or Harry Hansen or Malcolm Cowley or Sterling North or Joseph Henry Jackson or Donald Adams or Clifton Fadiman "making" a book single-handed.

A minor trait in the American character makes us pay less attention to the literary judgments of professionals than to those of distinguished non-professionals. A striking instance, to go back almost a generation, is the instant popularity into which J. S. Fletcher, the English detective-story writer, sprang when Woodrow Wilson, then President, happened to praise his work, which was no better nor worse than that of fifty other thriller manufacturers. A parallel instance in England was Stanley Baldwin's endorsement, some years ago, of the novels of Mary Webb. They were at once gobbled up by the thousand, unfortunately a little too late to do the author any good; for she had died some time before in utter poverty.

If Franklin D. Roosevelt should happen to go all out for some novel to-morrow it would at once become a best-seller, irrespective of its real merits. But if he should issue a weekly verdict on new books, his opinion within a few months would cease to have any great influence.

Columnists, radio commentators, editorial writers, lecturers, even big business men will on occasion influence the sale of books more sharply than reviewers can. On the other hand, preachers whose literary influence a generation or so ago

was marked, have now sunk to a minor role as book recommenders.

One of the paradoxes of book selling, observable only during the past few years, is that a book may be helped by one or more of the so-called competitive media. A book's sale will be *increased* by its translation into a moving picture. Alice Duer Miller's *The White Cliffs* became a best seller largely because it was so successfully broadcast. And, to take a more striking example, the condensations of popular books to be found in the *Reader's Digest* frequently tend to accelerate the sale of these publications in their original form. There is no such thing as bad publicity for books.

One thing that does *not* sell them is the publisher's jacket blurb. This is generally written after much brow-furrowing and is almost completely ineffective. Sometimes blurbs help the reviewer, but not much; more often they aid the harried bookseller. Yet I have never seen a potential book-buyer influenced by them. My own practice is to be wary of them. Their extravagance is often so absurd that the reviewer loses his detachment and is unduly severe with the innocent book. "One of the outstanding biographers of our time," said the blurbist a year or two ago—about whom? About a journalist named Hector Bolitho who has devoted himself to the extremely dull task of composing official slop about the English royal family. "The greatest of living historians" is the blurb characterization of Philip Guedalla, a writer of considerable quality, but no more the greatest of living historians than I am. A tedious Scandinavian was tagged by his publishers as "One of the great writers of the day," which may have been literally true, the day being unspecified. This jacket racket alienates reviewers.

And I guess that's enough about us.



AVILA CAMACHO OF MEXICO

BY JOHN GUNTHER

MEET General Manuel Avila Camacho, the solidly built, uncommunicative soldier who has been President of Mexico since December, 1940. He is a key figure in the expanding orbit of hemisphere policy, and his character and attributes demand close study and understanding. General Avila Camacho does not remotely resemble his predecessor, the enigmatic and mystically inclined Cárdenas. Nor is he what the uninformed would call a very "typical" Mexican. His country is alive with every conceivable pattern of color, raw drama, and brilliant overtone, but Avila Camacho is about as colorful as a slab of halibut. He is steady, cautious, and efficient. The key to his character is sobriety.

I met a Mexican friend who welcomed his lack of color with considerable relief.

"We've had enough Napoleons and fake Napoleons in this country. What we need now is stability and a sense of responsibility and hard work."

Manuel Avila Camacho* was born on April 24, 1898, in Teziutlán, a town in the state of Puebla. Here the Avila and Camacho families had lived for generations. Teziutlán was one of the first points in Mexico settled by the Spaniards, and one of its churches, La Dolorosa, dates from the conquest. One of the Avila sisters lives in a Teziutlán house four centuries old and still habitable. The atmosphere where Avila Camacho grew up is very definitely conservative and very Spanish.

His forebears came from Spain at least two centuries ago. But in time the purity of the stock diminished, as was inevitable, and the family to-day is typically *mestizo*, though nearer Spanish than Indian. Avila Camacho's grandparents and parents were folk of education and substance, leaders of the community, members of the bourgeois class. His father was a landowner, not very rich, not very poor. His mother—who died recently—was a remarkably strong character. One legend is that she asked to be buried standing up.

Young Manuel went to the Teziutlán private school, then to the local Colegio Preparatorio. He studied engineering; his ambition was to be a civil engineer. But in 1911 came the upheaval of the great Mexican revolution. This date cuts across the history of Mexico like a painted steel curtain. It is the event from which everything in subsequent Mexican politics derives. Thirty years later the giant fact of this revolution still dominates almost every phase of Mexican political and economic life. But the events of 1911, the dictatorship of Porfirio Díaz came to an end; Mexico exploded into one of the most complex and sinuous revolutions in history, the fermentations of which persist to this day.

Every contemporary Mexican politician, if he is over forty, took part in the revolution or one of the subrevolutions within the revolution that came after

* Avila is his father's name, what we in North America would call his "last" name. Camacho, the mother's name, is put last as is the general habit in Latin America. Usually a Latin American personage is known best by his father's name, which is the one in the middle. But Avila Camacho prefers to use both names.

1911. Political life without a revolutionary record was out of the question. Nothing else mattered to any degree. All that counted was what side you took during the revolution and what you did. In dealing with any Mexican political personality the inevitable first point to mention, the first pivot to stake out, is his relation to the revolution. Manuel Avila Camacho was no exception to the general rule. He was only thirteen when the revolution broke out, but he joined it two years later, in 1913, at the ripe old age of fifteen.

Now—a point to make at once—his record was never blazingly distinguished. He rose rank by rank. He was a careful, plodding officer more interested in problems of organization than in *pistolero* bearing histrionics. He was not remotely of the type of Pancho Villa or Zapata. In fact, when he became politically prominent later he was nicknamed the "Unknown Soldier," since so few people knew his record. Yet his rise was rapid. He became a brigadier general in 1924, when he was twenty-six years old, the commander of a cavalry regiment in 1930, and the commander of the 29th military zone (the Isthmus of Tehuantepec) in 1932. By 1935 he was an executive officer of the War Department and soon he became Assistant Secretary of War. Promotion to the Secretaryship of War came in 1938, and he found himself a full-fledged cabinet minister. A year later he resigned to run for the presidency of the republic. He was elected President in July, 1940, and inaugurated in December. He is still only forty-three years old.

Few legends or anecdotes survive of Avila Camacho's early fighting days. But early in 1924, when he was chief of staff to General Cárdenas (who was then governor of the state of Michoacán and whom he succeeded as President of Mexico sixteen years later), he was forced to surrender to superior forces. His ammunition was exhausted; he had no choice. The opposing general offered amnesty to all officers who would promise to lay down their arms and never fight again. Avila refused. He was told that he would be executed forthwith. "I'm ready," he said stolidly. The opposing general hesitated, called him a blockhead, and then freed him because he admired his courage.

In 1938, when Avila Camacho was Minister of War, a revolt flared up in Tabasco. The government general asked for reinforcements, since the rebel forces, numbering 1,800 men, were pressing hard. Avila Camacho ordered an airplane. He flew to the camp of the rebel commander, not to his own subordinate. He walked up to the rebel general's headquarters and said, in effect, "What are you after? What do you want?" They talked half a day. The rebel merely wanted more land for his peasants. Avila picked him up in his plane, and flew with him to the headquarters of the government general who had asked for the reinforcements. Avila introduced them calmly—and the revolt was over.

II

The Avila Camacho election campaign and the election itself are among the most bizarre events in recent Latin-American history. But first a paragraph of background.

General Lázaro Cárdenas, who has been justly called the greatest Mexican since Juárez, was president from 1934 to 1940. (The Mexican constitution, like most of those in Latin America, strictly forbids any re-election of a president until an intervening term has passed. Cárdenas may again run for president in 1946, but he could not run in 1940.) This extraordinary Indian, with his almost supernatural powers of intuition and kinship with the common people, turned Mexico very powerfully to the Left during his six years in office. The Cárdenas government expropriated foreign oil; it allied itself with the great Mexican labor union, the C.T.M.; it pushed hard on land reform, and distributed more land to peasants than any

administration in Mexican history; it was, in short, a government seeking to fulfill peaceably the great social promises of the revolution. Cárdenas did not finish the job by any means. But he made a prodigious six-year effort.

The scramble to succeed Cárdenas began in 1938. I will neglect the minor candidates, who dropped out early. A major candidate, who came to represent the forces of the Right, was General Juan Andreu Almazán, a wealthy landowner and politician-officer. Almazán, an out and out conservative, was a kind of Hoover to Cárdenas' Roosevelt; if Cárdenas was the New Deal, he was the Liberty League. He typified everything that Cárdenas stood against. Round him clustered the surviving *haciendados* (estate owners), the Rightist bureaucracy, the oil barons, the high clergy, the predatory generals. But the Almazanistas had genuine support among the people also, exactly as have Republican leaders among the people of the United States. Many honest folk were tired of Cárdenas. They complained of the high cost of living and they were sick of his reforms. The Almazán movement, finally organized in the spring of 1940, became known as the P.R.U.M.—Party for the Unification of the Mexican Revolution. Note that even Almazán called himself a "revolutionary." Every Mexican politician must.

Meantime the campaign of Avila Camacho as government candidate was getting under way. Early in 1938, when he was Assistant Secretary of War, General Rodrigo M. Quevedo, one of the toughest officers in the Mexican army, sounded him out for the job. Avila refused on the ground that other officers were senior to him, and he suggested that the army back his immediate superior, General Andrés Figuero, the War Minister. Then Figuero died suddenly after a brain operation. Quevedo, eager to be president-maker and convinced that Avila Camacho was the soundest, stablest man in Mexico, again approached him. Again he cautiously refused. But a little later, having heard too often the voice of temptation, he succumbed. He approached various provincial governors and other key men, and announced his candidacy.

There are thirty-three different political parties in Mexico, all tolerated provided that they register with the government; but the only one that normally matters is the official government party, because this is the one that counts the votes. The official party, the P.R.M. (Partido Revolucionario Mexicana) adopted Avila Camacho as its candidate in December, 1939. This would automatically have insured his election had not the Almazán forces put up such a fight. Avila Camacho had the whole support of the government organization and party leaders. Also behind him were the C.T.M. (Confederación de Trabajadores Mexicana), the powerful labor union, the C.N.C. (Confederación Nacional Campesiños), the analogous peasants' organization, and—at the beginning—the communist party. Avila started out as definitely a Leftist candidate, with the backing and co-operation of the Cárdenas machine.

Then began a curious and tantalizing game of Mexican hide and seek. Avila Camacho was the Cárdenas candidate—so it was assumed. The two men had been associates for years, and had respected each other from the time Avila had been Cárdenas' aide in 1924. They had a curious *modus vivendi:* neither would ask the other any embarrassing questions. One story is that when Cárdenas's mother died, Avila Camacho condoled with him as follows: "I cannot give you sympathy, because sympathy is useless in such an irreparable loss. But I can give you my own mother, to be yours." From that time until Avila's mother died in 1939, Cárdenas accepted her as a kind of adopted mother, and called her "Mamita."

But during the campaign Cárdenas gave no assistance whatever to Avila Camacho. He denied that he had anything to do with his nomination; he

never officially supported him, and never conceded that he was "his" man. Cárdenas took the point of view that his sole duty was to ensure a fair and free election. He refused to assist Avila Camacho (who after all was pledged to continuation of his own work) with troops on election day; he retired absolutely from the struggle, saying only that democracy in Mexico must come to maturity, that the people must vote freely, and that the vote must be respected. This quixotic behavior by Cárdenas perplexed and finally enraged the Camacho supporters. The two men met only twice during the whole campaign. As late as June, 1940, a month before the elections, no one knew where Cárdenas stood. As one of the Camacho supporters said to me, "That Cárdenas is a very, very, *very* funny Indian."

Cárdenas apparently had curious relations with Almazán (another of his generals). Before the campaign, he asked Almazán, when he was commander at Monterrey, if he were going to be a candidate. Almazán said, "Give me a month to decide." Cárdenas said, "If you run, you're out as a general." Almazán asked if the President would make their conversation public. Cárdenas replied, "Everything I do is public." His motive was simple. He did not dislike Almazán but he did not want him to run as an *army* candidate. His idea was to make the campaign as free and democratic as possible, devoid of army influence. It was the first election in Mexican history in which the opposition was permitted to run freely.

Meantime the Avila Camacho forces carried out their plans with great skill. They relied basically on the support of the Left, but they maintained a discreet flirtation with the Right too. Avila sought to take the middle of the road, to get votes from both sides. As soon as it was safe to do so—that is as soon as he could dispense with the Left support—he shrewdly went farther Right, in order to buy off Almazán supporters who were threatening revolution. Thus he won Rightest sympathy. He declared that neither radical labor elements nor communists would have any share in his government, and he formally stated that he was a "believer," *i.e.* a good Catholic—something sensational for a Mexican *político* to do.

The election itself took place on July 7, 1940. It was a weird performance. By Mexican law the first five voters to arrive at each polling station are the judges who count the votes. This system was designed as a safeguard, to ensure that the government in power would not "fix" the balloting. But it never worked out that way; everyone would scramble to the polls to get there first and then steal the ballots or prevent anyone else from voting. On July 7th not only did this happen with resultant rioting and much bloodshed, but there were few police on hand to maintain order. This was because Cárdenas, an idealist of idealists, wanted to prove that he was not attempting to influence the voting in any way. So what happened was that Almazán gunmen grabbed the ballot boxes and stole them and the Camachistas countered with what means they had. Each side commandeered the "judges," stole votes wholesale, and retired to count them privately. As a result each side claimed victory. No neutral count ever occurred. The Almazanistas and Camachistas each added up the ballots in their possession, padded the figures nicely, and issued the "results."

Disinterested neutral observers are on the whole inclined to think that Avila Camacho won. But they concede that Almazán probably carried Mexico City and the larger towns, and they do not think that Avila got anything like the thumping victory he claimed—2,476,641 votes to 151,101. Probably he won only by a very narrow margin, if at all.

The Almazán leaders threatened revolution at once. Almazán himself left Mexico suddenly on a trip first to Havana and then to the United States. Possibly he hoped to get recognition from the Department of State. He did not get it.

But he formally claimed victory and stated flatly in various announcements that he would take over the presidency in December, if necessary, by force of arms. His followers appointed a "Provisional President," General Hector F. López, who lived more or less openly in Mexico City with that title, and they attempted to form a rump congress on Installation Day, September 11th; their deputies boycotted the official congress meeting and held a secret session of their own. So for a time Mexico had two Presidents (to say nothing of Almazán himself) and two "legislative" bodies, at least on paper. But the farce began to run down. Cárdenas watched affairs with patience and good humor, and Avila Camacho kept the support of the army, the labor unions, and the political machine. No one paid the slightest attention to "President" López—not even enough to arrest him. In Monterrey what might have been a serious revolt was quickly crushed, and petty disturbances took place. But the Almazanistas had lost their moment. Presently their agitation began to dwindle, and finally it ceased.

Almazán might have made a successful revolution at least twice: first, immediately after election day; second, on September 11th when Camacho was "installed." But he failed to move each time. One story is that he hesitated to take real action because he is a very wealthy man and his properties near Monterrey might have been confiscated. What really doomed him was his trip to the United States. No Mexican revolution can be directed from the boardwalk at Atlantic City; Mexicans like their leaders to *lead* them in person and if possible on horseback Again, no Mexican revolution has much chance of success unless the United States supports it or is at least benevolently neutral. The State Department accepted the official story that Avila Camacho was the winner and that was that. The last thing the United States wanted was counter-revolution or civil war in Mexico. When it was announced that Vice President Wallace would attend Avila Camacho's nomination, Almazán's last chance was gone.

So the "Unknown Soldier"—the stolid general who never talked unless he had something to say—became President of the Republic.

III

I met General Avila Camacho in October, 1940, when he was President-elect. The setting was several times duplicated in meetings with other Mexican *políticos*. With a friend I went at dusk to a white-walled house and waited outside a heavy tawny-oak door. First came careful scrutiny through a peephole. Then in the patio I met members of the General's retinue—some of the toughest-looking bodyguards I ever saw outside the movies. They seemed straight out of "Viva Villa." They smoked, smiled, chatted. With them was the President's personal physician and his handsome fifteen-year-old adopted son.

The sharp Mexican twilight deepened and it got chilly. I saw no telephone in the guardhouse. But a signal came to one of the bodyguards and, even though we were not announced, we walked across the lawn to the terrace where the General was waiting, alone. His room was open to the lawn. Most of the Mexicans I met received me thus, out of doors. Informality is complete. You wait with the guard until you are called, then you walk straight in. No secretaries, no telephones, no anterooms. And always (except round Cárdenas) the group of lounging, smiling, hard-eyed gunmen.

General Avila Camacho is a hefty, big-shouldered, big-jowled * man with the most impassive manner I ever met in a politician. He wore a suit of very bright brown tweeds and blue sports shoes. The story is that he has never given a quick answer to anything, and that no one has ever succeeded in hurrying him. He talked fairly freely to me in response to direct questions, but I cer-

* One of his nicknames is *El Buchudo*, the Double-Chinned.

tainly agree that he is not a chatterbox.

He told me that he hoped to make a quick unofficial visit to Washington before his inauguration. He has never been in the United States (incidentally he speaks no English), except for brief jaunts across the border in Texas and California, and he was anxious to meet our leading politicians, to exchange information with them and improve his knowledge of United States affairs. The trip never materialized, but later—in the spring of 1941—it was again said that he would come to Washington.

The General told me that he is a firm believer in hemisphere solidarity and Pan-American defense. He said, "It is my ambition to make relations between the United States and Mexico better than they have ever been before. Not merely to keep them good as they are at present. But to make them better."

He talked about Fifth Columnism briefly, saying that it was not important in Mexico; he emphasized his determination to rule in a completely democratic manner; he said that he had worked himself up through long years of dutiful service, and that he still thought of himself as an engineer, an administrator.

The President lives in a big white California-style stucco house at 145 Avenida Castillo de Chapultepec in a fashionable part of town. This has been his residence for many years; the property is his wife's. He works in the National Palace, about three miles away on Zocalo Square, and as he enters each morning he may—if he chooses—gain inspiration from the marvelous Diego Rivera frescoes illuminating the stairway. The President goes to work in a new black Packard sedan, which bears no special insignia; it merely carries the regulation yellow-and-orange license plate, Number F 98–00. He does not like pomp or display.

In addition to the town house, the President has a small ranch, called Soledad (his wife's name), near that delightful town Cuernavaca, and he often spends week-ends there, riding and resting. He maintains also the house in Teziutlán where he was born, but seldom visits it. When he took power there was some curiosity as to whether he would move into the traditional residence of the President, Chapultepec Castle. But Cárdenas had refused to make use of any such pretentious establishment with its bitter memories of Díaz—though other Presidents have used it for official entertainment—and so far Avila Camacho has likewise avoided it. One story is that the new President may take over a small villa called Los Piños, facing Chapultepec Park, which Cárdenas lived in.

General Avila Camacho, who has always been industrious, rises at 6:30 every day except Sunday. As a rule he rides half an hour for exercise, and then reads the papers thoroughly at breakfast. His secretaries appear, and at a little after nine he drives to his office. As a rule (like Vargas in Brazil) he sees his cabinet ministers in pairs, two each day. He works till two or later, and then has a substantial lunch. Unlike most Mexicans, he hates to sleep by day, and only seldom takes the traditional siesta. He returns to his office somewhere between four and five, and keeps at work until ten or later. Then he has a light supper, reads or walks a while, and goes to bed.

The President is normal and moderate in his habits and appetites. He must watch his waistline severely, and he eats carefully. He drinks nothing. He is fond of Cuban cigars, and likes to smoke those which President Batista of Cuba sends him. He is apt to chew gum when he is not smoking. He reads little except the local newspapers, though he receives the American magazine *Life* regularly. No one has ever seen him in a night club or cabaret. He doesn't dance or gamble. Sometimes he sees the new American movies, especially news reels, in private shows at his house; he seldom goes publicly to the theater. He is deeply fond of classical music; when he reads at home he has the phonograph or radio playing softly, and as a rule he listens to Bach or Beethoven as he falls asleep.

But the President's chief avocations are outdoor sports. He loves fishing and he thinks that everyone should eat more fish, especially as the fishing industry has been much neglected in Mexico. Above all, he passionately admires horses. He rides all the time. He has a stable of about fifty thoroughbreds, and his favorite game is polo. Many well-known polo players are his friends and have been his guests, Tommy Hitchcock, for instance. When he plays polo he wants badly to win; his rating is three-goal.

It has never been thought that Avila Camacho was a poor man—successful generals are seldom poor in Mexico—but when he became President he listed his total assets as only $7,410, and those of his wife at $13,700. He said he had no cash deposits. Much of his property is believed to be in his wife's name, like the house on Avenida Castillo.

His attitude toward religion is that of most Latin-American men of affairs. He maintains a respectful attitude toward the Church, but leaves practical devotion to the women of the family. He has no anti-clerical record, and during the campaign, as noted above, he made a sensation by announcing that he was a believer. He seldom goes to mass, and he favors religious freedom, religious tolerance. His attitude is not to interfere with the Church, provided it stays within the law. Shortly after his inauguration the Archbishop of Mexico, Luis Martínez, asked all Catholics to co-operate with him. He said, "I feel certain that freedom of conscience and religious peace, which made great progress in the Cárdenas administration, will not only continue in the new presidential period, but also will be consolidated and perfected. . . . I particularly draw attention to the fact that General Avila Camacho is the only President of Mexico in many years who has declared publicly and emphatically that he is a Catholic and who has recognized that the Mexican people have certain spiritual needs that can be satisfied only by religious freedom." *

* *New York Times*, Dec. 5, 1940.

Most people like Avila Camacho. He is easy to work with—though in the strain of taking over the presidency he surprised his secretaries by flashes of bad temper—and most of the people close to him, especially the younger officers, admire him greatly. They like his fairmindedness and conciliatory attitude and his skill as a negotiator. Ponderous as he seems to be, he has considerable capacity to arouse affection. He has good intuition and deep human sympathies; once a man is a friend he is a friend for life.

IV

Probably the greatest single influence on General Manuel Avila Camacho is his wife, whom he adores. Unlike many Mexican generals and politicians, he has a strong family sense. Señora Avila Camacho, whose maiden name was Soledad Orozco, came from a town in Jalisco called Sayula, where the General met her during a revolution many years ago. They have two adopted sons, blond boys of twelve and fifteen. Señora Camacho is a typical woman of the Mexican upper middle class: strongly Spanish in orientation, buxom, conservative, a devout Catholic, a good manager and housewife. Once, during the election campaign, her husband was stricken in Lower California with tonsillitis. She hates airplanes, but at once she flew to join him in near-by Sonora. She is proud of his accomplishments and ambitious for his career.

The most picturesque member of the Avila Camacho family is the elder brother, General Maximino Avila Camacho. This general, who was governor and undisputed boss of the state of Puebla for many years, is a gaudy and exuberant character—almost legendary in fact. He seems to belong to the epoch of Villa and Zapata rather than to these staid days. Maximino is everything that his brother is not—flamboyant, impulsive, immensely rich, a dictator with a great flair for the dramatic, a *caudillo* (chieftain) who made one of Mexico's

most important states a kind of bizarre private preserve, and lined it with personality and gold.

Another brother, thirty-four-year-old Captain Gabriel Avila Camacho, has recently been in trouble Following a rowdy café squabble at dawn on April 3, 1941, Gabriel shot and killed a man named Manuel Cacho, the son of a well-known jeweler and an acquaintance of the President's. No politics was involved. Gabriel claimed that the episode was an accident. He was arrested and the police offered to release him when they learned who he was; but his brother, Avila Camacho, insisted that he be held for investigation and that "strict justice be observed."

Important Right-wing influences on the President are two ex-Presidents of Mexico, Abelardo Rodríguez and Emilio Portes Gil. Neither is in the cabinet and it would be incorrect to say that they dominate the new administration or control the President behind the scenes; but they are among his closest friends and are of manifest weight in advising him. Both are wealthy; both were puppets of another former President, Plutarco Elías Calles; both are on the reactionary side. Both have men actually in the Avila Camacho cabinet: Rodríguez is represented by Francisco Xavier Gaxiola, the Minister of National Economy, and Portes Gil by the new Minister of Agriculture, Marte R. Gómez.

The American colony in Mexico City, comprised mostly of tough-fingered entrepreneurs and business men, were 96 per cent for Almazán during the campaign because they hated Cárdenas and what he stood for, much as their analogues in the United States hated Roosevelt. But when it became clear that Almazán was fading out they shifted rather uneasily to Camacho's side. They admire his substantial appearance and his caution, and they hope that his administration will proceed more and more to the Right. The American Ambassador to Mexico, the venerable Josephus Daniels, was—far from being on the Almazán side—intimately close to Cárdenas, as befitted an ambassador of the New Deal. Mr. Daniels did not know Avila Camacho well before he became President. Their relations are now cordial, and the President has several times been a guest at the American embassy.

The inner circle around Avila Camacho includes the following men: General Quevedo, who first suggested that he run for President; Miguel Alaman, who was his campaign manager and is now Minister of the Interior; his personal physician, Dr. Octavio Mondragon; General Gilberto Limon, the president of the Polo Association and a famous polo player; brother Maximino of course; the handsome American-educated José Navarro who is his personal press representative; and Major Waldo Romo Castro, his private secretary for eleven years.

In the secretariat the two most important men are Jesús Gonzáles Gallo, a bright-minded thirty-six-year-old lawyer, and Colonel Maximino Ochoa Moreno, the chief military aide, who controls the President's appointments and has a great deal to say about promotions in the army. Gallo, who speaks English, is a Jaliscan, a former senator, and a pleasant personality. Colonel Ochoa is a veteran of the campaigns against Pancho Villa, and an officer of the old school. He served as Mexican military attaché to Germany, and for a time he was called pro-German. He received a decoration from the German government when he lived in Berlin. Another secretary, Roberto Trauwitz Amezaga, is partly of German ancestry and studied in Germany. He is the President's customary interpreter in audiences with Americans since his English is perfect.

One influence on Avila Camacho may conceivably be that of William Randolph Hearst. The aging publisher, who has enormous Mexican properties, visited Mexico City with his entourage early in 1941, and was royally received by the new President. In sharp contrast to his former attitude, Hearst wrote column after column fulsomely praising Mexico

and its government. He fairly oozed over. When Hearst returned to the United States he referred to previous expropriations of some of his property and said (New York *Herald Tribune*, April 1, 1941), "They were pretty decent about that. They didn't take any more than was right. After all, it is their country." Far cry from the Hearst attitude during other Mexican administrations!

V

One should not assume that the new President has swung completely to the Right or broken completely with the Cárdenas tradition. The situation is more subtle and complex than that. Avila Camacho needs Left support, and he based his campaign on his promise "to consolidate the gains of the Cárdenas regime." What he has done so far is to mend fences, smile at both sides, keep them from conflict, and take a middle course. Because he follows a radically Leftist President, his program—at the moment of writing, at least—seems somewhat more Right than it really is. Essentially he is a Center man. Nevertheless, the Left is frightened. Some Leftists go so far as to think that he will be worse for them than Almazán.

Avila Camacho has kept on a good many Cárdenas men, which would seem to indicate some degree of continuity with his predecessor. For instance the competent Eduardo Suárez remains Minister of *Hacienda* (Treasury). Ignacio García Téllez, very close to Cárdenas, was retained but shifted from the portfolio of the Interior to the Labor Ministry. A Cárdenas man, General Heriberto Jara, the chief of the P.R.M., became Minister of Marine. Another, General Blas Corral, stays on as Minister of War, and General Jesús de la Garza was promoted from Undersecretary to Minister of Communications. Dr. Gustavo Baz, who under Cárdenas was Rector of the University, became Secretary of Public Assistance. Dr. Francisco Castillo Nájera, the ambassador to Washington—one of the highest jobs a Mexican can have—remains at his post.

But a good many changes did occur, and many Cárdenas men have less important jobs than before, even if they have been retained. Efraín Buenrostro was shifted from the Ministry of Economy to be manager of the National Petroleum Administration. Rámon Beteta retired from his vital watchpost as Undersecretary of Foreign Affairs to become Undersecretary in the Treasury. Dr. Xavier Icaza, one of Mexico's leading jurists, retired from the Supreme Court to assume a job in the Ministry of Education. And so on.

Normally in Mexico a new administration meant a complete shakeup and reshuffle. All the Ins went out, and all the Outs came in. Avila Camacho did not make any such drastic housecleaning. As has been well said, he is one of the very few Mexican Presidents who have striven deeply for national unity *after* an election. His moderation was particularly notable because Mexico was suffering acute pangs of economic as well as political discomfort. The war had cut off what oil exports remained. The railways were in collapse. In Yucatan people were starving. There was agrarian unrest almost everywhere.

Since his inauguration in December, 1940, Avila's chief "Rightest" manifestations have been these:

1. He ordered that henceforth peasants be given individual title to the land they worked on the *éjidos* (communal farms), which may result in a serious modification of the Cárdenas land reform system. He did not abolish the *éjidos*—no Mexican politician would dare do that—but he gave encouragement to the principle of private ownership.

2. He took the railways out of the hands of the Workers' Administration that had been managing them since 1938, hoping thus to remedy the prevailing inefficiency. The railways are now controlled by the government, though labor has three seats out of seven on the board.

3. He proposed new petroleum legis-

lation which allows private Mexican—but not foreign—capital to participate in the oil business under certain restrictions. Under Cárdenas petroleum had been nationalized.

4. He revised the labor code by forbidding illegal "lightning" strikes, though he promised that previous labor gains would be safeguarded. He told the workers that they were "in duty bound to show more discipline, adopt a more moderate policy, and co-operate in the national life." The Left applauded him, though with trepidation, when he upset the Right by appearing personally at the national convention of the C.T.M.

On the ticklish matter of education and the Church Avila Camacho moved very slowly. By terms of the 1917 constitution education is the exclusive function of the state; church schools are technically barred (though some exist covertly or under disguise), and the clergy hopes above all to have this ban lifted. It asserts that the government's textbooks are "communistic," and that the government schools are "ruining" the youth. Strong pressure was put on Avila to revise the Education Law, *i.e.*, to give the Church more power. So far he has resisted it. But the end of this story is not yet.

Some Avila measures which have met with more or less general approval are the following:

Restatement of the antigraft law, providing that every person accepting public office must declare his wealth on entering and leaving office.

Recommendation to amend the constitution so that presidential candidates must withdraw from the army or from public office six months before the election, instead of a year before as at present. The object is to avoid disruption of administration for the longer period.

A decree prohibiting army officers from belonging to the P.R.M., the government party.

A proposed constitutional amendment for permanent tenure of office by judges, who are now appointed for six-year terms, in order to wean the judiciary away from politics.

Proposals to lift government restrictions on credit in order to stimulate investment of private capital.

Various pronouncements affirming complete solidarity with the United States, the development of joint efforts in the realm of Pan-American solidarity, and co-operation in hemisphere defense.

When Avila Camacho began his term he was scarcely known to the common people. The stolid general had almost always been an administrator a man behind the scenes. His extravagant brother Maximino had been much more conspicuous. Since his inauguration the President has become remarkably popular, except on the extreme Left. People are saying, "After all he is the President. That makes him important. Give him a chance."

Not long ago he unexpectedly attended a Ballet Russe performance in the great marble Palace of Fine Arts—one of his rare appearances of this sort. He was spontaneously cheered with "Viva Mexico," "Viva Avila Camacho!" from gallery to orchestra pit. No such demonstration had been heard for years. The President was deeply touched.

What people hope most is that Avila Camacho will use his six years in hard constructive work, without too much experimentation, without fireworks. Mexico has had enough of flamboyance, *confusionismo*, and political hair-pulling. Friends of Camacho hope that he will give the country the most prosaic administration in its history. Poetry is out.

SEEING THE SOUTHWEST

BY EDWIN CORLE

In sun-drenched high desert country dotted with sagebrush, with a purple butte jutting forth on the horizon forty miles away like a two-dimensional cutout before light-blue sky in which a few lazy, white, billowing, cumulus clouds float, there are only the vast expanse of mesa, the sun's hot rays, the redolent air, and the soft cool whisper of a breeze.

That's at first glance.

Time and an awakening sense perception later reveal two Indians, a man and a woman, sitting before their circular hut of mud and wattles—a hogan. Their gaudy black-and-red blankets partially hooding their heads are no more gaudy than the colors splashed over the scene by the red earth, the blue sky, the purple butte, and the white clouds. In the squaw's lap is a letter. It has been there all day. Finally she opens it and reads it. The buck evinces no interest. She returns it to her lap. The couple sits. Toward sunset she says cheerfully, "It's from Junior at Harvard. He says he flunked Southwestern History again."

This story, entirely apocryphal, has been told and written and cartooned many times. Tourists like it, natives like it; only the Indians and Junior are impervious to it. If you visit the Southwest you are bound to run into it in some form or version sooner or later. And oddly enough, it is just. The anomalies, the ambiguities, the incongruities of the modern Southwest are in it. In a quintessential sense this foolish story is an index to the whole region.

And what exactly does it mean, this word Southwest? California? Only a small part. Texas? Only a smaller part. But it does mean all of New Mexico and Arizona and some portions of Nevada and Utah. For a quick estimation take all of New England, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—double it—and the area would still be enclosed by the American Southwest.

The facets of this land are multifarious. The American Southwest is one thing for a hitchhiker thumbing his way across Highway 66 in Arizona, and quite another thing for the passengers in a T.W.A. Sky Chief a few thousand feet above, as the shadow of the plane whisks over mesa country and hitchhiker simultaneously. It is one thing for a professional cowboy who has never been east of the Pecos River, and yet another for an Eastern tenderfoot all dressed up by Abercrombie and Fitch to look as if he had just stepped out of a Frederic Remington painting—even though cowboy and dude may be living on the same ranch. It is one thing for Henry Chee Dodge, venerable and nominal chief of the Navajos, who can recall the slaughter of his people in the Canyon del Muerto, their internment at Bosque Redondo in New Mexico (to-day such would be called a concentration camp), and the white warrior called The-Man-Who-Talked-One-Way by some and called Kit Carson by others—yes, one thing for Henry Chee Dodge, but quite another for his son Tom Dodge, a practicing attorney and graduate of Harvard University (Junior came home). It is one thing



for the dining-car waiters on the Santa Fe's Super Chief, but it was quite another for the first Negro who entered Arizona in 1539, one Esteban de Dorantes, who was so eager to be taken for a god that he wore feathers and gourds and rattles on his six-foot frame and put on such a bravura act that the very sensible Zuni Indians drove a couple of arrows straight through him. It is one thing for a solitary pick-canteen-and-burro prospector far out in the desert mountains of Harquahala or Harcuvar searching for the gold that can never make him happy; and quite another for the archeologist or ethnologist following in the prospector's very tracks, caring not for gold but rising into ecstasy if he discovers the tibia or ulna of one of the Ancient Ones, the Hohokam, who built the government-protected ruins of Casa Grande perhaps ten centuries ago. It is one thing for the engineers who built Boulder Dam, a thing of stupendous beauty and quietly controlled power; but it was quite another for the engineers who built the Mission San Xavier del Bac near Tucson only to see their Churrigueresque edifice sacked by the wild and warlike Apaches before it was completed and a labor of forty years had to be forgotten or begun again. They began again, and to-day San Xavier del Bac is one of the outstanding missions in all the West.

And so, in 1941, the American Southwest is a land of contrasts, not only in its natural colorings as in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of New Mexico or in the Painted Desert of Arizona, but a land of contrasts in its people and their habits and customs and behavior. A bronc buster, a schoolteacher, a Chinese laundryman, a blanket Indian, a contemporary painter, a Las Vegas gambler, a nationally known poet, a drunken Mexican, a lovely señorita, a sunburnt truck driver—Mormon, Catholic, Jew—red men, black men, white men—Southwesterners.

If this is the hors d'œuvre, how do we find the entire repast? In a land of color and action and science and romance, of long-dead races and ever new blendings, how may we best approximate verisimilitude? The answer lies in two things: good roads and an automobile. The train is too fast, and the plane is faster still. Let either of them take you to the Southwest; but once at the borders, borrow, hire, or buy a car and cruise about for yourself. Remember that much of the terrain is desert country and, while you may expect no more

trouble in the Rio Grande valley than you would expect between New York and Montauk, it is best to carry five gallons of water and a little food if you are the kind of traveler who likes to get off the main and secondary roads. Incomprehensible as it may seem, I have even heard strangers inquire as to the safety of entering the Indian country. Now there are many Indian reservations in the Southwest, of which the Navajo, the Papago, and the Hopi are the largest (the first two are about the size of Connecticut and the third that of Rhode Island); and while road conditions are not the best, traffic does go through, and should you have any trouble of any kind, bless the fact that the Indians are there. If you don't get excited and talk too abruptly or too fast, Mr. Indian will be quick to understand and invariably willing to help. The old bloodcurdling and savage redskin has evolved into a very decent sort of fellow. You will like him. You may even tell him so. But you'll never discover what he thinks of you. He's either too polite, too shy, or too sagacious.

II

A comprehensive tour of the Southwest, seeing all and missing nothing, has never been made by anybody. A lifetime would not afford time enough, for it is impossible to exhaust the great past and the evolving present of this country. But driving through in a kind of leisurely circle tour at your own pace and looking at the things which interest you are both pleasant and profitable, and you can get a good quick impression of the country in a week, and a decent appreciation of it in a month. In either event you are sure to return later, so it really matters little if your first exposure be short or long.

The eastern flank of the Southwest may arbitrarily be said to be the eastern boundary of New Mexico, but this is really not good sense. Texas and the Southwest simply merge somewhere in west Texas. If you are driving west across Texas you suddenly know when you are in the Southwest. It is a matter of elevation, topography, and to some extent flora and fauna. Running down the middle of the United States from the Dakotas to the Rio Grande is a line of demarcation, geographically undefined, but plain enough to anyone who knows the West. Suddenly—you're in it. Approaching New Mexico from the north, however, the boundary is definite. It is the famous Raton Pass. Trinidad, in Colorado, is definitely a Western town. But Raton (pronounced locally Ră-toon′), only a few miles south over the almost 8,000-foot grade, is definitely a Southwestern town.

Now that we have our feet on Southwestern earth, we'll make a great loop through the entire area, hitting the high spots, so to speak, in order that on a second trip we may concentrate on one or two phases of the first general impression.

It may be best to begin by leaving the main road at once. We shan't wade in; rather we'll plunge into Southwestern atmosphere by driving from Raton to Taos. There may be some people who have never heard of this tiny city named for Don Fernando de Taos, but they are few. More common are those who have heard of it but do not know how to pronounce it. Taos is an art colony (of a kind) and Taos rhymes with louse. Apart from coincidence in pronunciation and some incredibly bad art, there is nothing else especially parasitic about the community. In the minds of strangers to the Southwest, Taos and the adjacent country are associated with Tony Luhan, Mabel Dodge Luhan, and Frieda and D. H. Lawrence, and this is accurate enough. But a first glimpse of Taos will forever set in your memory this quiet, sun-bathed adobe town with a Spanish heritage so ingrained that a few modern names and gasoline pumps can never quite overcome the atmosphere of walled patios, shuttered windows, and the smell of tortillas.

All tourists are bound to see the Taos

Indian Pueblo three miles north of the town. The Taos Indians treat the outlander very courteously. He is shown a few commonplace bits of pueblo life, permitted to spend a little change on some souvenirs, and sent on his way. It's as efficiently done as a government tour of Boulder Dam. Nevertheless, if you've not seen a pueblo, I recommend you begin with this one.

One other outstanding citizen of Taos is, for some odd reason, rarely associated with the town. He was the famous and intrepid Kit Carson who lived here for many years, and for many years after his death his widow continued to reside in his house. You might like to see it; and you may.

It is a drive of only two hours, down the canyon of the Rio Grande for the most part, to one of the most remarkable cities in America, a community as old as Jamestown and as new as the latest number on the Hit Parade; a community steeped in legend, lore, and atmosphere, and in the permutations of the human psyche; a whirlpool of humanity made up of half a dozen socially exclusive eddies all rushing centripetally about the central core which is the town's plaza; a concentrate of the Southwest from its founding by Juan de Onate in 1605 to the contemporary scene in 1941—none other than the Royal City of the Holy Faith of Saint Francis of Assisi, but popularly known as Santa Fe.

Santa Fe should be experienced by everyone some time in his life. It is more than the capital of New Mexico (in fact that does not matter, and you may visit the town and never see the capitol building at all); it is the capital of the whole Southwest. To visit this region of America and not see Santa Fe would be like going to Europe before the present war and not seeing Paris. The Royal City, as it was once called in Spanish, has its Avenue du Bois in the form of El Camino del Monte Sol (all comparisons being relative to the fact that France resembles New Mexico in no way whatsoever), its Montmartre in the region round Burro Alley, its chestnut trees in the form of poplars, its Porte St. Denis vice in the "bad" houses on lower San Francisco Street, its Louvre in the old Palace of the Governors—and as for taxis, they are equally decrepit and driven with equal neurosis in both capitals.

On a Saturday night—or most any night for that matter—the Spanish custom of couples walking together around the plaza but segregated as to sexes, boys clockwise and girls counter-clockwise, giggling and prattling in Spanish high glee as they walk round and round, still persists in 1941.

As in most Spanish cities, the plaza is the heart of town. No matter what you want to see or where you want to go, you'll begin here. Among the usual but very worthwhile attractions adjacent to the city are the Indian pueblos of Tesuque, San Ildefonso, and the dying Nambe. Then there is El Rito de los Frijoles—the canyon of the bean people with its erstwhile residential caves and its partially restored and honeycombed communal house and its ceremonial kiva. For corollary reading on the bean people there is Bandelier's *The Delight Makers*.

Another attraction of Santa Fe not generally mentioned is its early morning light. It is really worth getting up before sunrise in this country to see the dawn burst and to watch the cool breeze and the sunlight dance among the leaves of the poplar trees. Witter Bynner, who is not only Santa Fe's poet, but America's poet, has sung of it once and for all. On second thought it is not likely that you will miss the dancing light in the poplar trees; you will either go to bed in time to get up for it, or you are the kind of person who belongs to Santa Fe's "Café Society" and you will naturally be up all night anyway.

One word of caution: do not look at Santa Fe hastily and criticize it in your bitter disappointment. All I have said of it is true, and more. It is up to you to tune yourself to it. If you can't you belong in Albuquerque. Once, while sitting alone in the plaza, two local citi-

zens of what might be called Santa Fe's proletariat spoke to me (I was obviously a stranger) with civic pride. Their descriptions were succinct and had bite. They were literally these: "No town like it. You can be hollerin' one minute and dead the next." And the second: "Well, it's a great little city. It may not always be great but it'll always be a city."

I am convinced both statements are utterly veracious.

Southward down the valley of the Rio Grande is Albuquerque (pronounce it Al'-bu-ker-key) and it would be pleasant to say, "Beyond the Alps lies Albuquerque" but in justice one cannot. It is a health resort (so is Santa Fe of course) and seat of the University of New Mexico, and of a government Indian school, and is a clean, attractive city founded well over two hundred years ago. Albuquerque has all but one asset—it lacks color. Nearby, however, is Isleta Indian Pueblo, and I believe you should go to this without benefit of any preconceived notion or comment. Remember it—Isleta—and ask all the questions you want, for the replies may shock you.

Southward flows the Rio Grande down through the heart of New Mexico and the Spanish towns of Socorro and Las Cruces. Easterly some hundred and fifty miles flows the Pecos River more or less paralleling the Rio Grande. There are good roads leading over to this valley and to the town of Roswell and the Carlsbad Caverns National Park. A swing through this section of New Mexico is worth the trip, and is practically a "must" if you are a stalactite or stalagmite fancier. If, however, you are limited in time, Carlsbad is slightly off the main line and can be saved for a return visit. In either event, both roads will take you into the Texas city of El Paso on the Rio Grande with Ciudad Juarez and what is called "Old Mexico" across the international bridge. Don't be fooled; the border towns are not "Old Mexico." They are for the most part scrawny and dirty, and while Juarez is a slight exception, and Nogales in Sonora is a definite exception, most border towns are hardly worth a look. Old Mexico begins far south of the border.

III

Most of the trip still lies to the west of El Paso, and back in New Mexico we cross the Continental Divide between Deming and Lordsburg and enter Arizona by way of Douglas and Bisbee. The latter is a copper town and lies sprawled in a long canyon—a town mostly main street and either all up hill or down. And not much farther on is Tombstone.

Tombstone, Arizona—a name with which to conjure—"the town too tough to die" is its thrasonical brag, and among its varied attractions of a West that once was wild there survives its newspaper, the justly famous Tombstone *Epitaph* which has never missed an issue since 1880 and is pleased to state that it has reported more brawls, fights, shootings, stabbings, murders, robberies, hangings, holdups, and plain "human cussedness" than any other paper "this side of hell." No doubt this is true.

Tombstone came about in 1877 because one Ed Schieffelin, a prospector, found horn silver in the hills of Cochise County, and in a matter of hours the rush was on. In spite of its name the town has a salubrious climate. Schieffelin had been told that he would never find silver but that he would find his grave. When the boom was on the district became known as Ed Schieffelin's tombstone and the name stuck. The history of Tombstone is an example of the development of many Western mining towns. The pace of life was fast and hysterical. Paupers became millionaires overnight. The very ground on which you trod might be worth a fortune—or it might not. Money was to be made, spent, squandered, flung to the winds, and then made all over again. This was the old West which still persists in the pages of pulp fiction written to-

day, more often than not, by young men in tortoiseshell glasses who have never been west of Brooklyn's Borough Hall. "Three shots rang out in the clear night air. Three corpses lay on the saloon floor while Mexican Pete with an evil eye and a cigarette between his grinning lips sneered 'Taka dat, gringoes' and young Sheriff Blake leaped for his mount . . ." and so forth. Yet that kind of thing was really life in Tombstone.

Of landmarks in 1941 there are many and changes have been few. Toughnut Street still remains, but Lucky Cuss Street has become Charleston Road, and Trigger Alley has disappeared.

To-day this little town of 800 people (in its heyday it supported 15,000) on U. S. Highway 80, the Broadway of America, sleeps in the Arizona sun and dreams of its past. Many motorists speed through without knowing where they are, but those who stop to take a look are rewarded.

There is the Crystal Palace Bar, opened in 1880 and still boasting to-day that "you can buy anything your heart desires in the form of liquor and you will be shown all the courtesy and hospitality that is true of the great West."

There is—or was—the Can-Can restaurant, run in its prime by a Chinese, Ah Lum. This was the joy of epicureans in the Southwest—only the finest sea foods, fresh vegetables, and meats were served, and if there was a delicacy between the gourmet's paradise of San Francico and Antoine's in New Orleans, the Can-Can had it. To-day, alas, the Can-Can houses the Tombstone Rifle and Pistol Club and the usual Saturday night dance whose participants drink such things as gin and Coca-Cola. Gone are the champagnes and blue points and caviar, and host Ah Lum who rests with his honorable ancestors.

Only a block away is an edifice famous in American theatrical history—the Bird Cage Theater. A book should be written on the history of the Bird Cage, but even in our brief glimpse we learn that it holds the record for keeping its doors open to the public. For three years, both day and night, and long before the era of Actor's Equity, the Bird Cage never closed. This is better understood when we learn that it was also a saloon as well as a theater—but, nevertheless, a record it is. Plays were produced, but in the swift tempo of life in Tombstone the big demand was for vaudeville, and the names of past stars who come most readily to Tombstone minds in 1941 are Eddie Foy and Lotta Crabtree.

If you pause for more than a few minutes in the town you are bound to be shown the O.K. Corral, scene of the famous Earp-Clanton street fight in 1881, which took place in thirty seconds accompanied by the roar of six shooters and shotguns and left three men dead and two wounded and which has been re-fought and re-argued these sixty years. The best way to recapture the spirit of this imbroglio is to ask for an account of it from any two of Tombstone's older citizens. The town was completely divided on the issue, and you will see at once that you have been merely the match which has relit the flame. This will give you the spirit of the fight, but if you want the facts—and for a mixture of cold-blooded murder, ruthless courage, hate, fear, and a dash of cowardice the story, as an analysis of infantilism, is worth hearing—ask editor Clayton A. Smith of the present-day *Epitaph*.

There remains the graveyard on the right as you drive west out of town. This too is worth a passing glance, and those who love to copy statements from cenotaphs and headstones will do well to carry a notebook and pencil. This is the famous "boothill" cemetery, so-called because most of its permanent residents died with their boots on.

Farther west is Ed Schieffelin's monument and then you have left Tombstone to its childhood nostalgia and you are well on the way to the attractive modern city of Tucson.

Tucson's modernity is of the spirit; historically it is almost two hundred and fifty years old. It was originally a walled city and resembled in every way a town of old Spain. It has changed allegiance a number of times and over it have flown the flags of Spain, Mexico, the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy, and the Stars and Stripes of the Union. During the Civil War Tucson was decidedly pro-South. A detachment of Confederate cavalry occupied the town and a skirmish between the Blue and the Gray took place at Picacho Pass not far to the west. That any part of the Civil War was fought in Arizona surprises many people.

It seems hardly necessary to tell anybody that Tucson is pronounced Toosahn′, but more interesting is the fact that this name is neither Spanish nor English but is derived from the Indian Stjukshon, meaning Place Where the Water Is Dark.

Tucson was the logical capital for Arizona territory, but because of its Confederate sympathy the town was punished by having this governmental institution withheld. Prescott won the honor, and later of course Phoenix. Tucson, however, was subsequently thrown a bone in the form of education and is to-day the site of the excellent University of Arizona. The town is blessed with a splendid climate and has always kept pace with the times. In 1941 it is not only one of the most attractive communities in the Southwest, but one of the most pleasant of the smaller cities in the United States. And it remains so without losing its distinction and color—Mexicans, miners, tourists, Papago Indians, Eastern millionaires, cowboys, co-eds, and dudes all may be seen within a single block, a curious blending of metropolitan overtone and deeply rooted Southwestern provincialism.

South from Tucson, on the Mexican border, is Nogales (No-gahl′-leez), Spanish for walnuts. The town is in no sense attractive to the eye, but across the line is Nogales, Sonora, where tourists may buy French perfumes less the American duty, sip tequila and make a face over it, and dine very well indeed in the famous Cavern Café, formerly a jail tunneled into rock which once incarcerated the great Geronimo, the Apache Indian warrior who ran the United States Army ragged trying to catch him. Geronimo, incidentally, was not long in this jail. You may enjoy quail or venison at the spot where he was chained with only bread and water.

Nogales, Arizona, has a bit of history that is significant. It was the rise of the curtain on a four-hundred-year-old pageant called The Winning of the West. Fray Marcos de Niza and the black Esteban came through here in 1539. They were the first European and the first African—the first white man and the first black man—to enter what has become the American Southwest. There is a monument to this exploit at the little-known settlement of Lochiel. A year later, 1540, Fray Marcos de Niza returned (Esteban had been killed by the Zunis) leading El Capitan Francisco Vasquez de Coronado. The bringing of Catholicism to the Indians was the religious motive, but even stronger was the Spanish desire for gold. Coronado was looking for the non-existent Seven Cities of Cibola, all of which were reputedly paved with gold and decorated with silver and studded with jewels. Instead, Fray Marcos and Coronado found only a scattering of Indian tribes, and the great cities of wealth turned out to be the mud and pottery of Zuni Pueblo.

With this expedition came the first horses and cattle into the Southwest. The horse and the cow, the hallmark of the West, were therefore brought by men who knew not what they were doing or what they were seeking, or that the full effect of the next four hundred years was to be due to their misdirected purpose. Like Columbus, they never fully understood what they had begun. So, pause for an instant in the narrow pass in the brown hills, in which is situated

Nogales, and recall to yourself, "Here, over four hundred years ago, before there was a white man from Maine to Florida, the Southwest had already begun to feel the impact of European civilization."

IV

Then go on. Casa Grande, Phoenix, Ajo, Wickenburg, Salome, Yuma, all lie before you, and each has a gem to offer and you cannot possibly, on such a quick survey trip, begin to call upon them all. Just about this time you resolve to return to the Southwest, and you mean it.

It is now a case of letting your taste or the toss of a coin dictate your route. If it's Indians you want you are very near the Papago reservation and some fine basket work, and this will lead you through to Ajo (Spanish for garlic), the copper town where benevolent capitalism under Phelps-Dodge has built something akin to a model community. Ajo with its great copper pit, its trains, pumps, refineries, and its capital-and-labor problem so balanced that the weight of a thread might upset it, represents the corporate Twentieth Century—about as great a contrast to the old Tombstone days as you are likely to find in any one of the forty-eight States. Ajo is worth a look; and your opinion of it will be determined by whether you stand far to the right or far to the left of an ideological center.

Then there is Casa Grande where an unknown race built a civilization on a communal basis at least seven centuries ago and probably more. Casa Grande is now a national monument and the government has protected the four-storey edifice made of *caliche* (an Arizona adobe) and is ready and willing to answer all your questions except those archeological riddles to which there are as yet no answers.

Phoenix is a Southwestern metropolis where you may live in any style your pocketbook permits, from squatters' camp to Jokake Inn which, with its bar beside the swimming pool, is more of a bit of Long Island brought to Arizona than anything indigenously Southwestern. But, if you are homesick, here is an Eastern outpost.

The desert country rolls on westward, and it is possible to cross the Colorado River at Yuma or Blythe and find that, even though you are in California, it is still the Southwest rather than the coastal plane and the orange belt. The great Colorado and Mojave Deserts of southeastern California are contiguous to Arizona and Nevada. In the former there are rich reclaimed desert lands due to irrigation and with them the mysterious by-product, the Salton Sea. Farther to the northwest, where the coast range halts the desert's advance, is Palm Springs catching the Hollywood overflow. Since we are not going into the heart of Southern California on this trip, it is best to swing north, possibly by way of the strange town of Twentynine Palms and on across the Mojave to Victorville. Here there are plenty of guest ranches, the most notable of which perhaps is Rancho Yucca Loma.

You will find this an ideal spot in which to catch your breath, to turn your back for the moment on sightseeing, and let the desert speak to you. Yucca Loma, then, or the Victorville area in general is the western spearhead of this junket unless you simply *must* go into Los Angeles. If you reach the peace and quiet of the at once stark and beautiful Mojave in the spring, there will be thousands of wild flowers quite astonishing to your expectations of what a desert can be. But the mysterious and weird Joshua trees are always present, and if you catch them silhouetted before a rising moon you may join the coterie of desert addicts who are willing to swear that they have seen the dance of the Joshuas.

In the vast open area of the desert you are inclined to look for drama in the vista—staggering expanses of space, and far on the horizon, but seemingly near because of the clear air, a jagged range of mountains, the Coxcombs, the Sheep

Holes, or the Chocolates. But stand on the "knoll" at Yucca Loma, drink in the desert, and then look down at your feet. Drama will be there too—a myriad of tiny desert plants, both delicate and hardy, fighting for their lives and winning. Of this Wordsworth might well have conceived his famous lines:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The Mojave River flows out of the San Bernardino Mountains and on into the desert until it goes underground and disappears forever in Soda Dry Lake. On across the desert to the northeast is Nevada, and just beyond the State line is Las Vegas, the Monte Carlo of the Southwest. Here the chief businesses are marriage, divorce, gambling, and liquor, and they are all open twenty-four hours a day. In fact, many of the gambling houses and the saloons in Las Vegas have no doors. Why should they? It is always warm, if not plain hot, and people are coming and going day and night. A door would only be a nuisance.

Not far away is a Southwestern "must"—the Boulder Dam. Here, in a setting that vies with scenes from Dante's "Inferno," engineering skill has created an object of both utility and art. It is a Twentieth-Century temple in the same sense as the mission San Xavier del Bac near Tucson is a temple to the Eighteenth Century. At Boulder City nearby, and at the dam itself, the government has arranged tours and explanations and taken care of all factual information. If you are interested in bathing in Lake Mead, which is backed up by the dam, it is quite possible, as is fishing and a boat trip on up the lake to the point where the raging Colorado is constantly flowing in, somewhat surprised at what has been done to it, and bringing along a silt deposit that in forty years is going to offer another major problem. Uncle Sam has tamed the Colorado, the bad boy river of the Southwest. The only question is whether the river knows it.

Northeast from Las Vegas on U. S. Highway 91 is Bunkerville, as odd as its name, and farther still we touch the corner of Arizona and move on into the rolling red hills of southern Utah.

This road has been in use for almost a hundred years and was known as the Mormon Trail connecting Salt Lake City with Southern California. During the gold rush a wagon train known as the Sand Walking Company pioneered the route. The Sand Walking Company was originally made up of more than one hundred wagons, but greed and avarice caused the various drivers to split up and set out for themselves across country never before seen by a white man. Some of them became lost in Death Valley on Christmas Day, 1849, and their saga is a long story of tenacity, selfishness, stupidity, courage, and death. One ironic fact stands out—there is no record of any single person from the Sand Walking Company ever finding any gold. But they did open up southern Nevada and their mistakes made the going all the easier for those who followed.

We are now in Utah's "Dixie," Mormon country, with all vestiges of the Spanish influence of New Mexico and Arizona replaced by bits of transplanted Middlewestern architecture of the 1850 to 1880 period. As the Virgin River twists upstream into the mountains, we find Zion National Park with its truly gorgeous scenery, and beyond, over the Mt. Carmel Highway, the more fantastic formations of Bryce Canyon National Park.

From Bryce Canyon the route swings south again and drops back into Arizona and the Kaibab Plateau and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. It is possible now to cross the Grand Canyon of the Colorado on a foot bridge or by airplane, but not by automobile. But a good road goes east from Jacob Lake (named for Jacob Hamblin, a brave scout, pioneer, missionary, and general Indian contact man for Brigham Young) to Marble Canyon and on south into the Navajo Indian reservation. A trip

through the heart of the Indian country, making contact with U. S. 66 at Holbrook in Arizona, or Gallup in New Mexico, is not easy for city drivers but is well worth any effort. For here, beyond the Painted Desert, is the land of the Navajo and the Hopi. This is truly primitive country, touched only superficially by the white man's world. Deep in the interior, however, there are lonely trading posts, and Indian traders as a rule are a good sort.

If you take this trip, do it in a leisurely fashion and don't race against time. You may want to stop for a day because of road or weather conditions, or for ethnological reasons, or simply because you find that for the first time in your life you will be able to see a Navajo Mountain Chant or Squaw Dance or Fire Dance performed in its purest state in which you, and perhaps a local guide, may be the only white people for fifty miles around. Here, among an alien race, considered by many as backward, unsanitary, and undeveloped, you will be exposed to a philosophy of animism and beauty comparable to nothing in the Caucasian world. For the first time you may be introduced, along with trachoma and lice, to a spiritual concept cutting far deeper into human values than dollar-mark materialism. Here you may find what the Navajo calls "the beautiful path." *Ahalani*—may you walk with beauty.

From the Indian country you may emerge with a Navajo blanket or two and a little silver and turquoise jewelry, pleasantly exhausted perhaps, but the richer for the experience of having been temporarily divorced from Twentieth-Century America as definitely as if you had been in Zululand or Kamchatka.

This route will also bring you somewhere near the Canyon de Chelly (pronounced Shay) National Monument, and it is one more item to be added to your list of government-protected sights. Then on past Window Rock, the Navajo capital, and Fort Defiance, and back to the highway at Gallup, New Mexico. Here again you run head-on into modern America, for Gallup is a railroad town and in 1934 and 1935 broke into Eastern newspapers with coal, communism, labor trouble, and violence. Once a year at Gallup, late in August, a three-day Indian festival is held in which as many as twenty different tribes participate. It is an Indian show, of, by, and for Indians, and if you have missed the jaunt through the reservation and want to see Indians at home as best you can, I recommend the festival.

Eastward from Gallup U. S. 66 goes to Albuquerque and encloses the great circle through the Southwest. One side trip should be mentioned and that occurs before Albuquerque is reached. It is a trip to Ácoma and the Enchanted Mesa. If you have read Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop* you will want to make it; and if you make it you will want to re-read the Cather novel.

Eastward across New Mexico continues highway 66, but for one last fling before we roll on into Texas, does the name Billy the Kid mean anything to you? He was a lad born of Irish parents in New York City in 1859. He was brought west at the age of two, killed his first man at the age of twelve, and ran the number of his victims up to twenty-one. But don't associate this young desperado with homicidal mania. On the contrary, the Kid had many friends, was a debonair fellow, adored by American and Spanish girls alike, never killed for personal gain, had a ready smile, a winning personality, and was a gay dancer. Nevertheless, if the whole truth is ever told, the story will be none too pleasant and none too savory. Bits and pieces have appeared in print but none are wholly accurate. With all the lies and legends that have grown up about Billy the Kid, he is in danger of becoming the Robin Hood of the Southwest. History doesn't mention him, but legendry can't leave him alone. One fact, however, is indisputable: at the age of twenty-one he was shot in the dark by Sheriff Pat Garrett in Pete Maxwell's

house in old Fort Sumner. And where are we now in New Mexico? Fort Sumner.

Yet, with all this coincidence, I should not recommend the drive down to the old graveyard some four miles south of the highway unless you are especially interested in checking the landmarks made famous by Billy the Kid. And in that case you will want to go to Lincoln and see the jail from which he shot his way out in a daring and spectacular break for freedom hours short of the time set for his hanging, and to Blazer's Saw Mill in the Guadaloupe Mountains to see the site of the famous battle of thirteen against one, or to White Oaks, or to the Seven Rivers country, or to what was the Englishman Tunstall's ranch, or you will want to hear the story of Billy's only sweetheart, Abrana Garcia.

Billy the Kid works magic only to those who know the significance back of the name. I happened to be in Fort Sumner a few years ago on the day that the G-men got Pretty Boy Floyd somewhere in Oklahoma, I believe. Two young chaps were drinking beer in a café, even as Billy himself might have done had he been present. From snatches of their conversation I could hear talk of "automatics—pineapples—tear gas—rods." So I broke in and said, "There used to be a boy in this town who was a pretty good shot—Billy the Kid."

They gave me empty looks and said, "Aw yeah—him. Old stuff." And then eagerly, with eyes shining, "Say, mister, did you hear they got Pretty Boy Floyd?"

It is the Southwest to-day. It is a country whose roots go down only as far as the consciousness of its individual inhabitants will allow; but it has every variety of inhabitant. It is a country of Indian earth, Spanish conquistador infiltration, and American overtones; it is a country more stunning and terrifying in natural grandeur than any other American region, and yet its superb vistas are counterpointed by the drama going on at your very feet. It is a country very old and very new, very wise and very naïve, from sophisticates to cowpokes. A dude on a guest ranch is likely to walk in with the thighbone of a Hohokam, the Ancient Ones of the pre-Indian culture. Scientists may have been searching for such a trophy for ten years; the dude may have been in Arizona only ten days; the thighbone may have been there a hundred and ten centuries. That's the Southwest.



MRS. HERRICK OF THE LABOR BOARD

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

OF ALL the New Deal regulatory agencies, the National Labor Relations Board has been the number one storm center. Around it have seethed the passionate antagonisms of labor and capital, the protracted strife between the CIO and the AF of L, investigations by Congressional committees, and recurrent attacks by the nation's press. Yet while the winds of controversy have continued to blow fiercely, an increasing number of employers in the New York area have come to accept collective bargaining as one of the facts of life.

The person chiefly responsible for this marked improvement in industrial relations is Mrs. Elinore M. Herrick, Regional Director of the Labor Board in eastern New York, the greater part of Connecticut, and northern New Jersey, a district which embraces one-fourth of the nation's industrial population. During her more than five years of service with the Board Mrs. Herrick had handled in her office, up to January, 1941, as many as 5,441 cases involving upward of a million workers. It is a point of pride with her that in the large majority of these cases collective-bargaining relations have been established without recourse to the Board's legal machinery. Her philosophy of industrial relations is that collective bargaining can never be permanently established by process of law: it will enter into our mores only when capital and labor have learned to understand each other's language and point of view and to base their contractual relations on such an understanding. "The best way to make the NLRA a success," she says, "is to administer it with common sense. After all both the workers and the men who hire them are only human beings."

While an employer here and there has remained recalcitrant, the type who has contemned the Labor Board and all its personnel ("What, go near that woman and let her tell me how to run my business?") when threatened with serious labor trouble often comes to Mrs. Herrick's office to scoff but stays to pray for guidance. After the initial plunge the employer finds it less distasteful than he had expected to sit down with labor leaders in the friendly atmosphere of the Regional Director's office. He breathes more freely when it dawns on him that Mrs. Herrick is scrupulously just in trying to determine who is to blame for a labor dispute, that she is warmly human, and concerned first and last with arriving at a reasonable basis for collective bargaining for the benefit of all concerned, including the public.

On more than one occasion she has by her swift action saved a company from a serious business loss. In the spring of 1937 some 1,400 workers had taken possession of a New Jersey blast furnace. The ore being smelted was worth $750,000, and if it had been allowed to harden, production could not have been resumed for many weeks. Called on the telephone at midnight, Mrs. Herrick persuaded the workers to evacuate the plant, arranged an election to determine the collective-bargaining agent, and had the

workers back at their jobs—all within twenty-six consecutive hours. At another time when the United States Shipping Company's lines were tied up by the seamen's jurisdictional strife she arranged for a quick election and earned the lasting gratitude of Mr. John Franklin, now president of the company.

Mrs. Herrick has done an excellent public relations job for the Board and herself by speaking from many platforms. Usually after she has addressed a business group she will get a telephone call from an employer who confesses that he has been having a little trouble with his workers. "Tell me," he says, "what the devil must I do to comply with your blooming Act?"

One of Mrs. Herrick's staunchest friends in the employing group is an industrialist who holds an influential position. From time to time he calls Mrs. Herrick suggesting that she meet a fellow employer who needs "a little educating." Mrs. Herrick tells him to bring his friend to dinner at her apartment. The three talk comfortably over the coffee cups, and before long Mrs. Herrick's guest is asking her for advice. In the course of time his changed attitude is reflected in his concern's changed labor policy. After sitting down for the first time with labor leaders, the industrialist who needed "a little educating" finds to his amazement that all union representatives do not wear horns, and he begins to exude good will.

A lawyer who has represented more than a few corporate clients in Mrs. Herrick's region testifies, "Mrs. Herrick's administration has been a demonstration that a fair, competent, and useful job can be done under the Wagner Act. Among government administrators I know of no one who has been more independent and courageous. I say this even though Mrs. Herrick has not hesitated to give me hell when she thought one of my clients was not playing the game fairly."

Typical of employer opinion of Mrs. Herrick is this comment from President Harry L. Derby of the American Cyanamid and Chemical Corporation. "I have met," he told me, "a large number of Labor Board officials in different parts of the country, and I should like to pay tribute to Mrs. Herrick's judicial attitude, her great ability, and her unusual understanding of all the problems involved in employer-labor relationships. While I have not always completely agreed with the position she has taken in cases concerning the companies with which I am connected, I have always been sure of her impartiality and fairness."

Responsible union leaders, on their side, agree that Mrs. Herrick has labored devotedly to extend collective bargaining—which is the purpose of the Wagner Act; that she has performed a signal service in educating employers; and that she has tried to be fair, whether or not her decisions have been in their favor. They add, and quite correctly, that strong union organization has been as essential a factor in the changed industrial atmosphere in the New York area as Mrs. Herrick's good offices.

It is true that two unions which have been under Communist domination, the American Newspaper Guild and the Utility Workers' Union, have denounced Mrs. Herrick as "company-minded" and petitioned the National Board for her removal while the National Maritime Union has asked that her record be investigated. These partisan attacks, as we shall presently see, have been so ill-founded as to cast no reflection on Mrs. Herrick's conduct.

In a sense Mrs. Herrick has made law, for she has freely interpreted the Wagner Act as a mandate on regional directors to settle disputes by mediation whenever possible. She believes that the legal remedies provided by the Act—hearings held by a trial examiner and a decision handed down by the Board which is enforceable by the courts—should be invoked only when mediation has failed.

Provision for mediation would have been written into the Act had not Secretary of Labor Perkins, as the Congressional hearings revealed, strenuously ob-

jected, fearing that she would lose her Conciliation Service. As things have worked out, the Labor Department's conciliators have co-operated closely with Mrs. Herrick.

Year after year her annual report has served as documentary proof that in most instances neither the violence inherent in strikes nor legal duress is required to bring ownership and labor to a working understanding. Her report for 1940 shows that only 10 per cent of the cases filed required formal legal action, as compared with 21 per cent in 1936, the first full year of the Board's operation. Of the remaining charges, 45 per cent were settled by voluntary agreement between the parties, and 45 per cent were either dismissed by Mrs. Herrick as invalid or withdrawn.

Commenting on Mrs. Herrick's annual report the anti-New Deal New York *Herald Tribune* declared that "her helpful attitude and lack of bias have brought to her region a greater degree of tranquillity than can be cited in the recent history of any comparable industrial area."

II

Mrs. Herrick's lack of bias must be attributed to her inborn common sense and mental breadth and also to the fact that she has lived and worked on both sides of the railroad tracks. It is doubtless true that none of us can think in the clear, free from the influence of our own economic background and present situation; yet Elinore Herrick comes as close to taking a classless attitude as any American in public life of whom I know. The daughter of an old family of Springfield, Massachusetts, her father a Unitarian minister, Elinore Morehouse chose to study at Barnard, where she neglected her studies because she found Charles Beard's classes at Columbia too great a counter-attraction. Married at twenty-one, she was faced with the necessity five years later of supporting herself and her two small boys. She got a job in a shoe-blacking plant in Buffalo, and three months later in a du Pont rayon plant where she earned top wages as a fast piece-worker. Within a year she had been made a supervisor in charge of training all the new employees in the spooling, reeling, and winding departments.

When a new branch was opened by the du Ponts in Tennessee she was sent to take charge of the textile division. There was still prejudice in those parts against a woman executive and the tempo of work was slower than in the North. Obliged to match the Buffalo production figures, she invented a number of labor-saving devices which are still in use. During these years she learned so much about machinery that to-day she can often tell from the talk at a conference just what an employer's operating problems are or what has caused the bottleneck. Once, as a department head, she helped break a strike, believing then that the benefits in the way of company houses provided by the du Ponts made union organization unnecessary. Now she regrets her part in that strike, and yet her experience with the du Ponts makes it possible for her to treat an employer who has fostered a company union as something less than a criminal.

After six years of the strain of factory work Mrs. Herrick decided that she wanted to learn something about economic theory as well as practice. She went to Antioch College, where William M. Leiserson, now a member of the National Labor Relations Board, was then a professor. To support her family she ran a boarding-house with her mother's help and found time also to be one of President Arthur E. Morgan's assistants and to preside over the guest house.

After she had finished at Antioch Mrs. Herrick came to New York City and took a job in 1929 as executive secretary of the New York State Consumers' League, which was trying to improve working conditions and sanitation in factories by investigation and the publishing of "white lists" of products made under proper standards. When the NRA was started she was asked by Grover Whalen, New York City director, to train a staff of

factory inspectors. In one plant where she had gone to check on a payroll she found a strike in progress and she succeeded in settling it. This led to her appointment as chairman of a city mediation board for the NRA. Soon after, Senator Wagner had her made executive vice-chairman of the old NRA Labor Board in New York and in this office she settled several thousand disputes.

When the National Labor Relations Act was passed she became regional director, and she has held the office ever since. About this time she came to know Sidney Hillman, President of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, a labor leader famous for his ability and his readiness to negotiate peacefully with management. Mrs. Herrick herself soon became an outstanding New Dealer, working with zest and devotion to improve the lot of labor. When the American Labor Party was formed in 1936, primarily to further the re-election of President Roosevelt, she was its campaign director, and she resigned as vice-chairman in 1940 only to comply with the Hatch Act.

In the first phase of the Wagner Act, when the Liberty League was advising business men to nullify the law, so many employers were getting court injunctions against the Act that Mrs. Herrick was inclined, she confesses, to look on employers generally as an enemy class. But after the Act was upheld on April 12, 1937, by the United States Supreme Court, employers were more inclined to listen to reason, and Mrs. Herrick's attitude toward them changed.

III

Mrs. Herrick acts swiftly when she hears there is trouble in a defense industry involving some phase of the Wagner Act. From her long experience she knows that little progress can be made until the opposing parties air their differences, face to face, in a friendly atmosphere. She prefers that they come unprotected, if they will, by argumentative and technical-minded lawyers. In case an employer turns down her invitation and says he must wait until his lawyer "returns to town," she sternly asks him over the telephone if he wants to make himself responsible for a stoppage in a defense industry.

Sometimes the employer, flanked by his lawyer, will in a dudgeon refuse to sit in the same room with the union representatives. Mrs. Herrick then has to meet with the two groups in relays, shuttling them in and out of her office as a doctor does, but not without registering her disapproval. "I am surprised that you are so thin-skinned, Mr. S.," she will mock; or she will object, "This is all very undignified and you are taking a lot of my time." Feeling a little sheepish, the employer sooner or later breaks down and agrees to meet the union leaders.

If the union claims that a certain worker has been fired for union activity, Mrs. Herrick urges the employer to let her call in the man to tell his story. "It will do you no harm to listen to his grievance," she pleads, "and it may clear the air." But if the man's own story, plus other evidence, convinces her that he has been dismissed for incompetence rather than for union activity she will frankly tell the union that in her opinion they have not the ghost of a case. She has always refused to recommend to the Board that formal hearings be held on charges which she believes to be completely without substance. If a union persists in its charge it must appeal over her head to Washington.

Last winter there was a bad situation at the Brewster Aeronautical Long Island and Newark plants, where the aircraft division of the CIO United Automobile Workers has a contract. The AF of L had thrown a picket line round the plants, claiming jurisdiction over the truckers who carry supplies from one division to another. Truckers bringing supplies from the outside would not cross the picket line and production was slowing up for lack of materials. Mrs. Herrick called representatives of the two

union groups to her office, together with the management, and told the AF of L that she felt sure the Board would rule, if hearings were to be held, that the inter-plant truckers came under the jurisdiction of the CIO union. After almost eight hours of talk, the AF of L agreed to remove their picket line and to let the Labor Board decide the case. The Board ruled as Mrs. Herrick had predicted.

Mrs. Herrick, like a good doctor, believes in preventive medicine. Last spring an Army inspector ordered one of the large airplane companies to discharge two men: the first because he had been found guilty five years ago of burning his automobile to collect the insurance; and the second because, in a semi-supervisory job, he had been passing defective airplane parts. Since both men were active in the union, the company lawyer consulted Mrs. Herrick before any action was taken. She counseled the company "not to rock the boat" while the request for an election was pending. She felt sure the Army would agree to the delay since the man who had been passing the bad parts was ill in the hospital. "If the Army insists on the two men's immediate removal tell them to go fly a kite," Mrs. Herrick advised the lawyer in her characteristically colloquial style, "and tell the Colonel to call me." Later a conference was held in Mrs. Herrick's office and the union agreed not to make trouble if the man who appeared to have lived down his criminal record were dismissed without prejudice to his ability to get another job, and if the other man were found by an investigator from Mrs. Herrick's office actually to have been passing defective parts as the Army claimed. Almost always, Mrs. Herrick says, a workable solution can be found if either her office or some other official agency is consulted before the trouble breaks out.

A case where this was not done in time was that of a small but important company which makes communication devices for airplanes. The United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers' Union of the CIO wished to be recognized as bargaining agent in one of two adjacent plants, having very little strength in the second plant. The company claimed that the two departments were so interlocked that they represented one industrial unit, and they had accordingly declined to do business with the union on the ground that it did not represent a majority. Instead of appealing to the Regional Office of the Labor Board, the U.E.R.W. had called a strike and had pulled out about half the men in the one plant. The Federal Labor Conciliator had got nowhere, and six weeks after the strike had started the OPM asked Mrs. Herrick to take a hand in the situation. She held three conferences in her office in three days, and at the last one tried starving all parties from four to eight P.M. when she relented and sent out for coffee. She told the union she thought the workers in the two plants properly constituted one bargaining unit and that they were "all wet." To the employer she suggested that he take back the strikers and put through the wage raise that he had already planned. Then, if the union wished, an election could be held in both plants. The starvation conference broke up with no agreement, but two days later the men were back at work, both sides having decided to act on Mrs. Herrick's compromise proposal. Meanwhile the Regional Director had made such a good impression on the lawyer for the company that he had invited her to speak at his church!

While Mrs. Herrick is a very skilful mediator, it must be admitted she has a weapon in reserve which the able but legally powerless Labor Department's mediators lack. If she is convinced that an employer is violating the law by his refusal to bargain with a majority group or by his intimidation of workers she can warn him that the Board will order hearings and that its decision, enforceable by the courts, will leave him no choice.

Sometimes, but not often, Mrs. Herrick is defeated by the pure cussedness of

human nature. Last summer the management of Air Associates, a company which makes parts for airplanes, and the aircraft division of the U.A.W. had a dispute over the categories of workers to be included in the bargaining unit. After long conferences in Mrs. Herrick's office they arrived at a modus operandi for a consent election. The election had hardly been held when the company, whose president has been an inveterate enemy of the Wagner Act, fired the eleven members of the union committee and twelve other active unionists. The union promptly called out several hundred workers and kept them out until the National Defense Mediation Board prevailed on the company to reinstate the discharged employees and to begin negotiations for a contract.

Mrs. Herrick emphasizes to both sides that strikes are to-day, more than ever before, against the public interest; yet she will not allow an employer to take unfair advantage of the national emergency. She had a balky employer in her office the day after the President had sent troops into the North American Aviation plant and had ruled that workers refusing either to mediate or arbitrate a dispute in a defense industry would not be exempted from the draft. Turning to the union representatives, the employer said slyly, "You are all under thirty, aren't you?" "If you pull anything like that," Mrs. Herrick cut in, "I will go before the Draft Board and tell them that you tried to put over an illegal contract." The employer retorted, "If there's a strike we'll get the Army in." "The hell you will," replied Mrs. Herrick (she is one of the few women I know who can swear without sacrificing her dignity). "Before the Army moves in it must be shown that the workers have done something illegal. I can show that it is your company and not they who are obstructing the defense program." The irate employer threatened to report her to President Roosevelt for "promoting a strike," but her cool reply was that she could get to the President more easily than he could. Afterward she said to me, "If I yielded to threats from either employers or unions—and I have had plenty of them—I should be a jellyfish by this time."

IV

While Mrs. Herrick carries a big stick and flourishes it when necessary, she has no "side." The door to her private office is generally open, her staff come in and out to discuss pending business in the midst of conferences, and you get the impression that open covenants are being openly arrived at. Mrs. Herrick takes practically all her telephone calls and works longer hours than any of her staff. She believes it her duty as a public servant to be on call to give advice at any time to unions and employers.

Movie-script writers could get first-rate copy from Mrs. Herrick's conferences, but the dialogue might seem implausibly informal. Mrs. Herrick's talk is richly colloquial and almost always relieved by humor; most of the time she is so completely easy and natural that a stuffed shirt is soon deflated. She may tell an employer to his face, if he says that his plant is one big happy family, that he's "as innocent as a babe in the wood." Or she may say bluntly that his excuse impresses her as "pure baloney," and that if he has a strike he needn't come and "cry on her shoulder." If a union leader expects the law to be stretched in his union's favor she tells him to "cut out the funny business" and adds that "there is no use in bellyaching." Yet she tolerates no lack of respect for the Labor Board's authority and she can speak with the air of authority of a Supreme Court judge.

When both parties to a dispute have failed to "come clean with all the facts" she reprimands them, "Wasn't it important to tell the truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" If the employer comes back with some such remark as "God wasn't helping me that day" everyone gets a laugh. Always at the psychological moment some phrase of

hers will relieve the strain. Mediators, I suspect, count their successes in direct ratio to the number of laughs they can get out of two groups that are likely to be at swords' points when they first come together.

When the newspapers announced on May 4th that the Bethlehem Company's shipyard in Hoboken, N. J., had signed a contract with the CIO Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers of America, it was big news in view of the company's traditional opposition to organized labor. It was still bigger news when Bethlehem agreed to negotiate a uniform contract for its nine Atlantic coast shipyards, to be effective wherever the union won a majority in a consent election; and when it also agreed to elections in six steel plants in New York and Pennsylvania, where the CIO Steel Workers' Union had been demanding recognition for several years.

The company's change of policy was undoubtedly precipitated by the national emergency and by the Supreme Court's decision in the Heinz case, holding that a collective bargaining agreement must be sealed by a written contract. Yet I was informed by Philip VanGelder, secretary-treasurer of the shipbuilding workers' union, that Mrs. Herrick "was very helpful indeed." For a full year, he admits, the union was impatient of delays and thought her office should have expedited its request for hearings on the charge that the company had refused to bargain in good faith. Last January, when the hearings were about to begin, Bethlehem suddenly agreed to confer on a contract. "I can see now," Mr. VanGelder said, "that Mrs. Herrick's patient efforts have been fruitful; if we had held the hearings and the company had contested the Board's decision in the courts, we might have spent two years in litigation." The company, for its part, addressed on May 4th a commendatory letter to Mrs. Herrick which they released to the press. "That these negotiations," they said, "have been carried on in a spirit of co-operation and without disruption of operations is due in no small degree to the constructive and fair-minded attitude you have displayed throughout the entire proceedings."

V

On the same day that the signing of the Bethlehem Hoboken contract broke in the news, another important story appeared. The Consolidated Edison Company had agreed through Mrs. Herrick's intervention to turn over $300,000 for distribution among 151 Consolidated workers who had been laid off for alleged union activity between 1935 and 1937; and also to reinstate 60 men. The compromise settlement had been accepted by the CIO Utility Workers' Union, which had originally demanded $1,250,000 in back pay for its members. Since the men had been fired in a slump period when Consolidated Edison had laid off some 3,000 men, the company would not admit that any of the 151 CIO members had been discriminated against. After a thorough investigation Mrs. Herrick concluded that some of the individual claims were more valid than others and she considered the substantial settlement which she finally got from the company more to the men's advantage than a long court fight.

The settlement is of special interest since the leaders of the benefiting union just a year before had petitioned the National Board for Mrs. Herrick's removal from office on charges involving the same company. The Consolidated Edison story is a long one, revolving round the company's alleged anti-union activities in former years; the Supreme Court's upholding in 1937 of an AF of L contract; and the continued militancy of the CIO Utility Workers' Union. To get the record clear, in the spring of 1940 Mrs. Herrick persuaded the company to consent to an election throughout the entire Edison system. (In a consent election the company agrees to bargain with the winning union, and hearings before a

trial examiner and a decision by the Board are dispensed with.)

Just before the election the AF of L dropped out in favor of an unaffiliated group, so that the final contest was between this group, the Brotherhood of Consolidated Edison Employees, and the CIO Utility Workers' Union. It was the largest election held under Board auspices up to that time, with 31,500 employees in the metropolitan area enentitled to vote. Mrs. Herrick made elaborate preparations to ensure its legality; an identification-card system was worked out to prevent repeaters from voting; 246 polling booths were set up off company property, and watchers were present representing both unions. Mrs. Herrick had arranged with the company to allow the employees time off during the work-day on a stagger system so that they could all get to the polls and make up the time on another day. This move was opposed by the CIO union, which apparently feared a completely representative balloting. Before the ballot boxes were opened the Utility Workers' Union, foreseeing defeat, charged that it had been corruptly conducted and that the company, by co-operating, had shown an improper interest in results. Mrs. Herrick immediately impounded the ballots and had them checked against the identification cards at a cost of $2,000. An error of only .5 per cent was found. The final count showed that 16,124 employees had voted for the Brotherhood, 9,720 for the Utility Workers, and 2,930 for neither union.

The charges leveled against Mrs. Herrick's conduct of the election, carefully checked by the writer, do not stand up. All of the arrangements had been approved in advance by the Board in Washington, which at that time had a majority chronically inclined to favor the militant wing of the CIO. Under the circumstances the Board felt obliged to disallow the Utility Workers' Union's petition to have the election invalidated and Mrs. Herrick removed.

Increasingly in her administration of the Wagner Act Mrs. Herrick has made use of the Board's election machinery. More often than not she persuades the company concerned to consent to the election. "Experience with the Board's election machinery," she said in her 1940 report, "shows that a fair election goes farther toward securing satisfactory collective bargaining relationships than does any other single factor. . . . While it is important that the workers be given freedom of choice, it is equally important that an employer be satisfied in his own mind that a majority of his employees have freely chosen the bargaining agency."

"Labor leaders," Mrs. Herrick philosophizes, "are all for me when they win a case and down on me when they lose." One of her bitterest enemies, outside of the Communist-minded left wing CIO crowd, is Joseph Ryan of the AF of L Longshoremen's Union. He bears her a grudge for the work she did in 1937 and 1938 to eliminate the corrupt AF of L International Seamen's Union from the maritime situation on the east coast. This is one of the most dramatic chapters in Mrs. Herrick's history and also throws light on her ups and downs with the CIO. The elections which she held on all the large steamship lines at a time when shipping was tied up were front-page copy. Warfare was raging on the waterfront between the AF of L and the rebel group. Mrs. Herrick went aboard ships to ensure that elections were properly held and was not intimidated by anonymous threats to her life. Largely through her efforts, the National Maritime Union, with Joseph Curran as president, was established. It is to-day a strong union, with 50,000 members. Yet the leadership, which slavishly follows the Communist party line, now complains of Mrs. Herrick's handling of certain of their cases.

We all know that Communists and their followers are not restrained by what they call "bourgeois" principles of fairness and honesty. Another case in point is the petition which the American Newspaper Guild filed in May of this year with

the National Labor Relations Board for Mrs. Herrick's removal from office. Back in 1936 Mrs. Herrick valiantly supported the Guild in its fight with the Associated Press, because it had a good case—as the U. S. Supreme Court decided in its first decision upholding the Wagner Act. But since, in several recent cases, including one involving the *New York Times*, she has refused to support Guild charges which she considered unsubstantial, this union too is out "to get her scalp."

Communist ideology, it goes without saying, is directly opposed to Mrs. Herrick's philosophy of industrial relations. A gradualist, she believes that social progress can be achieved through education of the employers, appropriate legislation, and impartial administration of basic laws. The Communist position is that class warfare is not only inevitable but desirable as a means to a revolutionary end. Now that the line-up has changed in Europe, the left-wing CIO leaders have revised their tactics so that this country's production program may be expedited to help Soviet Russia, directly or indirectly, in its war with Germany; but their latest somersault for love of Moscow will not fool Mrs. Herrick or anybody else who knows their tactics.

It should not be inferred that Mrs. Herrick is out of favor with all the CIO leaders. John L. Lewis and Philip Murray have never joined in the attacks on her and Sidney Hillman relies on her as a trouble-shooter for the government. In New York, Gustav Strebel, right-wing president of the State CIO Council, speaks of her in the highest terms. Such key unions in this area as the United Automobile Workers' Union, including its aircraft division, and the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers, refused to join in either the Utility Workers' or the Newspaper Guild's petition for Mrs. Herrick's dismissal.

VI

While Mrs. Herrick has done a great deal to bring industrial peace to her area, she is not in a position to avert strikes which sometimes follow a breakdown in contract negotiations. Several years ago her office conducted an election among the employees of the Federal Shipbuilding and Drydock Company, a subsidiary of U. S. Steel, and the CIO Industrial Union of Marine and Shipbuilding Workers was certified. Relations between the management and the union had been excellent and Mrs. Herrick was surprised to read in the papers of August 7th that the union had called out sixteen thousand workers because the company would not agree to a clause in the contract providing for a modified union shop. As I write, the National Defense Mediation Board has been unable to settle this strike. Pronouncements by the National Association of Manufacturers and the U. S. Chamber of Commerce suggest that the manufacturing group, led by U. S. Steel, are making a last-ditch fight for the open-shop principle.

It goes without saying that Mrs. Herrick has not been able to make every power-hungry labor leader listen to reason, any more than she has been able to convert every single employer to the Wagner Act. On August 7th an election was held at the Curtiss-Wright airplane plants in Caldwell and Clifton, N. J., and the independent union won 2 to 1. The AF of L International Machinists Union had wanted the election confined to the Caldwell plant, but the Board had ruled that the two plants were an integrated whole. Despite their defeat, the AF of L demanded collective-bargaining rights and went on strike. A week later they returned to work on the insistence of Sidney Hillman of the OPM. Mrs. Herrick denounced their action as a strike against the Board's decision on the proper bargaining unit. This is the type of unforgivable strike, she feels, which shows the need of a greater sense of responsibility on the part of some labor leaders in defense industries.

In the Consolidated Edison election

held in the spring of 1940, the AF of L withdrew from the ballot and the independent Brotherhood was named the bargaining agency. Yet in July of this year Harry Van Arsdale's powerful Local 3 of the AF of L's Electrical Workers' Union called a general strike of all its members because the Consolidated Edison had used its own workers to install machinery in one of its New York City plants. Censured by both press and government officials, Local 3 sent its workers back to the Navy Yard and other defense industries and several weeks later called off the strike. In this instance the Consolidated Edison had done nothing wrong and Mrs. Herrick's office was not consulted.

The only serious criticism I have heard of Mrs. Herrick in non-Communist labor circles is that she sometimes recognizes as legitimate a group that is alleged to be a company union. But labor leaders are likely to call every independent union a company union. It was pointed out to me, for instance, that the unaffiliated union at the Sperry Gyroscope Company was company-dominated and should never have been given a clean bill of health by Mrs. Herrick's office. A few days later this same unaffiliated union took a strike vote, and while the strike was averted at the last minute, the group's militancy proved its independence.

Unaffiliated unions, Mrs. Herrick finds, are on the increase for better or worse. The reason, she believes, is that many workers do not want to be caught in a squeeze play between the AF of L and the CIO. As a friend of organized labor, she has consistently deplored the schism in its ranks and has warned of its ill effects. Since both affiliated and unaffiliated unions are legal under the Act, she plays no favorites and applies, to the best of her own and her staff's ability, the necessary tests to determine whether a union is free from company domination. On one occasion I heard her tell a personnel manager there was no doubt in her mind that the union in question, even if it had a new name, was a carry-over from the old company union, since the officers had not been changed and since they were being paid to spend their full time recruiting members. She advised this corporation to disestablish the suspect union before the Board had to take action.

Despite Mrs. Herrick's vigorous support of the Wagner Act, she has at times had serious differences with the Board in Washington, as the evidence unearthed by the Smith House Investigating Committee revealed. For one thing, she held from the beginning of the AF of L–CIO fight that the Board should allow employers caught in the middle to petition for an election. In her own region she always came to the aid of harassed employers by getting one contending union or the other to request an election. Largely owing to her insistence, the Board changed its administrative ruling a little more than a year ago, so that today an employer who is under fire from both sides may petition for an election. Mrs. Herrick also initiated the practice, formerly frowned on by one faction of the Board, of informally notifying an employer when a charge had been filed against him. She argued that he had a right to know of what specific charges he was accused. She argued too that an employer should be promptly notified when a charge had been dismissed or withdrawn. "Why," she demanded of the Board, "should we keep the sword of Damocles hanging over his head?"

After the Act was upheld in 1937 and up until the retirement of Chairman Madden in September, 1940, Mrs. Herrick was frequently at swords' points with the Board majority of two, but generally in agreement with William M. Leiserson who was appointed in 1939. Edwin S. Smith, who may have retired before this article appears, is a ranking Communist fellow-traveler, while ex-Chairman Madden appears to have innocently followed the lead of Mr. Smith and the Board's former secretary, Nathan Witt.

So long as the Smith-Witt clique was in power Mrs. Herrick's recommenda-

tions were often overruled and she was obliged to be constantly on guard against bias and prejudice on the part of certain staff members both in Washington and in her own office. She would neither resign nor submit, and her enemies did not dare try to oust a Regional Director who stood so high at the White House and with the press. The determined position she took, together with widespread newspaper criticism of the old Board, must have had more than a little to do with the President's decision in December, 1940, to change the balance of power on the Board by naming Harry A. Millis, a highly respected labor conciliator, to the chairmanship. Now that former secretary Witt is out and there have been other changes in personnel and methods, Mrs. Herrick is well satisfied with the Board's administration.

To critics who call for radical revision of the Act, she answers that administrative reform, and not amendment, was needed. She sees some merit in the proposal made by the Attorney General's Committee on Administrative Law, that trial examiners should be investigated and approved by a body independent of the agency, such as the proposed Office of Federal Administrative Procedure. Still she does not believe it would be wise to divorce completely the trial examiners from the Board's authority or to take the entire power of selection from the Board. An administrative agency, she believes, must assume full responsibility for enforcement of the law concerned, and must rely upon examiners who not only know the particular law backward and forward but who understand all the intricate problems of the operation of businesses which come under the law. She shares the doubts of the Attorney General's Committee that a general pool of trial examiners will improve the administration of laws like the Wagner Act and the Securities Exchange Act, but emphasizes that the greater importance given to the role of the trial examiners will attract men whose ability and fairness cannot be challenged. She thinks it a good thing that the much criticized Review Section of the Labor Board, formerly staffed by brash young radicals, has been pared down in size and authority. Now, instead of relying on decisions reached by the Review Section, the Board studies the trial examiners' report in each instance, notes the exceptions taken by the various parties, and refers back to the record on specific points. This practice, with oral argument before the Board, provides a solid foundation for the Board's final decisions.

In the present emergency she is opposed to legislation which would make arbitration of labor disputes "compulsory" and strikes a criminal offense. "It is more important to-day than ever before," she says, "that we retain and protect all the rights of free people including the right to strike. But we should encourage the inclusion of arbitration clauses in collective bargaining contracts with provision for enforcement of awards by the state courts. Once the bargaining right has been established, a union can afford to arbitrate."

Mrs. Herrick recognizes that the pendulum swings from side to side and that a democracy's method of handling abuses of power in the last analysis must be by legal process. At the same time she places great reliance on that other weapon of a democracy, an informed public opinion, and believes that this approach better serves the public interest in the long run. She concedes, however, that just as abuses by employers led to the Wagner Labor Relations Act, so might abuses by unscrupulous labor leaders come to require regulatory legislation.

When Chairman Madden's place was left vacant, many people familiar with Mrs. Herrick's record felt that she should be appointed to the Board. The President could not, in this writer's opinion, have made a more brilliant choice. But Mrs. Herrick herself, without tasting any sour grapes, prefers her job of Regional Director. She would rather deal with people any day than with documents.

EDUCATION FOR FREEDOM

BY ROBERT MAYNARD HUTCHINS

The free community aims at the happiness of its members. Its laws and its education have this aim. They are directed to showing the citizen how to lead a good life, the life which helps him toward happiness and the state toward stability and improvement.

The rulers of a slave state or a bad state do not want their subjects to be happy in any human sense. They do not want them to lead a good life. That would require them to have good moral habits—you cannot be just to a Jew in Germany—and good intellectual habits —you may study only "Aryan science" in Germany. A slave state does not want free minds. It wants instruments of war and instruments of production.

In America we think we have the rudiments, at least, of a free community and a good state. We look to education to give us free minds which will join in our struggle toward a better life for all the people. We need human instruments of production; we may even need human instruments of war. But aside from the fact that human dignity forbids us to look upon any human being solely as an instrument, we have another need that is far more urgent—we need men and women capable of freedom.

The task of fashioning human instruments of production is easy and is getting easier all the time. If there are jobs to be found they call for little or no preparation. Compare the technical knowledge required in skilled trades to-day with that demanded five hundred years ago. The weaver, the ironworker, and the glassmaker had to command technics of a complexity that would startle the modern machine operator. We are rapidly becoming a nation of button-pushers. Earning a living in industry is no longer a matter of training; it is a matter of getting a job when the demand for jobs outruns the supply. Going through the simplest mechanical motions forty hours a week will take care of the business of earning a living.

But the business of citizenship in a free community is growing more complicated every day. The disappearance of the frontier, the advance of industrialization, the growth of great cities have presented the American citizen with problems the like of which he never knew before. The whirlwind of labor-saving devices which has descended upon us has created more difficulties than it has removed. What shall we do with our gadgets? What shall we do with our free time? What shall we do with ourselves? As R. H. Tawney has put it, "If the Kingdom of Heaven is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace, neither is civilization the multiplication of motor cars and cinemas or of any other of the innumerable devices by which men accumulate means of ever increasing intricacy to the attainment of ends which are not worth attaining."

The war has made us think about other questions, whether we like to think about them or not. What is a state? What is it for? What is a good state? How can we get one? These questions lead to further questions. How do you tell

right from wrong and good from bad? What is the aim of life? How does man differ from the other animals? Does God exist? Is the soul immortal?

These questions have always been there. But up to the time of the great depression we never bothered very much about them. They were the preserve of the professional philosophers. We understood, if we thought about it at all, that American philosophy held that whatever succeeded was O.K. We were doing very well up to 1929. We were living in a New Era. The environment was wonderful, and all education had to do was to adjust the young to it. Anybody who thought the environment was not wonderful needed a psychiatrist. It was in this period that colleges and universities appointed psychiatrists to look after "maladjusted" students.

For ten years now the environment has looked terrible and shows every sign of looking worse. We don't want to get adjusted to this environment. We want to get rid of it. We see that we can't get rid of it by simply going on as we are, making more gadgets, more money, more cinemas and motor cars. Some of us seem to think the way to get rid of it is to get rid of Hitler. But the environment produced Hitler. It was there before he came to power. It (or a worse one) will be there after his fall. How can we get a better one?

We can see now that our faith that science would sooner or later answer all our questions has been misplaced. Everything that goes by the name of science does not deserve the reverence we pay it. Take, for example, the striking conclusions of the paper read at the last meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by Henry I. Baldwin of the New Hampshire Forestry and Recreation Department. According to *Science*, Dr. Baldwin found that early in the winter trees prevent snow from reaching the ground. He also discovered that snow in the forest lasts from one to three weeks longer than it does in the open.

Our most disturbing questions, moreover, are questions about ends. Science is about means. We cannot rely on science to tell us how to get a better society unless we know what is good. If we know where we want to go, science will help us get there. If our problem is where to go, science cannot help us. When we don't know where we ought to go we shall find, as we are finding to-day, that science makes our wild lunges in all directions more dangerous to ourselves and to our neighbors than they would be if we were ignorant of it. The technology with which science has equipped Hitler gives him a capacity for mass destruction which is unexampled in history.

II

In order to try to figure out what society ought to be like we have to set up standards and goals, and these choices are based on our view of what is good for man. It is perhaps unfortunate that we cannot settle these issues by a laboratory experiment. Even if there were an experiment from which we could learn that a certain program did not accomplish what was hoped from it, we should still not know whether its sponsors ought to have had these hopes. Questions of value are the important questions, and on these science sheds no light. We cannot evade questions of value by saying that they do not exist, or that only unsatisfactory answers can be obtained, or that those who insist upon them are remote from reality. The true inmates of the ivory tower are those who wish to shut their eyes to the basic issues and fasten our attention on the shifting contemporary scene.

The inmates of the ivory tower should understand now that the basic issues are urgent, immediate, and practical. They bear directly on the war and America's role in it. War aims, peace aims, morale—these interrelated essentials of war have their source in the conviction that we are right and the enemy wrong. When a country is invaded that is

enough. The people rise to defend themselves. But if we are to carry on a long war thousands of miles from home we must be sustained by our faith in the justice of our cause.

How can that be if we think justice is "subjective," "abstract," "rationalizing," or merely a name for what you can get away with? How can we prate, as we do *ad nauseam*, about the American Way of Life if the best we can say for it is that it is something we are used to? How can we claim that Hitler is wrong if we think there is no difference between right and wrong? How can our people be expected to endure to the end when they have been brought up to believe that material comfort or "success" is the aim of life? To-day at last it must be clear that the most practical thing we can do is to seek the answers to the basic philosophical questions.

Think of offering in this crisis the creed propounded by S. R. Livingstone, director of personnel of the Thompson Products Company: "I think most of us will agree generally with this broad statement—that the purpose of education is primarily and basically to equip young people with knowledge and skill by means of which they can most effectively contribute to the production of food, clothing, shelter, and the luxuries which go to make up our standard of living. While knowledge of such fields as the arts, languages, philosophy, history, and others is of importance to society, still I believe these fields are secondary, at least at this time, to the production of the material necessities and luxuries, as society is now demonstrating that it cannot be happy without an abundance of the material things."

One might rather say that society has always demonstrated that a mere abundance of "the material things" cannot make it happy. Mr. Livingstone's education was defective because it did not enlighten him on the basic philosophical questions.

But it would be a mistake to assume that an educational system in which these questions were faced would automatically give us the good society we are seeking. We cannot turn this problem over to the educational system and forget about it in the hope that when the rising generation has reached maturity the new day will dawn. The relation between the aims of society and the aims of its education is circular, sometimes viciously so.

John Dewey said, "In the degree in which our colleges are not liberal, it is because the spirit of the American communal scene is dense, given to both cocksureness and conformity, prone to sudden and short-time excitements, shifty, in love with immediate and showy success, addicted to a savage-like alternation between adoration of fetishes and whipping them."

Mr. Dooley said the same thing even better. "D'ye think," asked Mr. Hennessey, "the colledges has much to do with the progress of the world?" "D'ye think," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis the mill that makes the water run?"

Education cannot make a people free against its will. It cannot improve a society which is bent on deterioration. This is what Aristotle meant by saying that politics is the architectonic science.

All experience confirms the view of these sages. A notoriously bigoted Governor of Georgia has just disgraced the State by forcing the expulsion of first-rate professors on the charge that they were less bigoted than he. The electorate of Georgia cannot plead surprise; they knew what Governor Talmadge was like and elected him in spite of, or perhaps because of, his reputation. We must conclude that he is the kind of governor Georgia wants. The kind of governor Georgia wants will prevent Georgia from getting the kind of education Georgia ought to have.

Popular education can rise no higher than the people will let it rise. University presidents have become so poignantly aware of this fact that most of them devote the greater part of their time, not to education, but to explaining to their

constituencies why they ought to want it.

This is the justification for endowed universities in the United States. They are one step removed from direct political control. Even they, as the experience of Harvard and Chicago has shown, must conform to the prejudices of the community. They must be careful of the sacred cows. But the country has so far been willing to support them on the theory that all intelligence may not reside in the government of the moment and that from independent centers of thought may come some guidance for the future.

These independent centers influence schools, colleges, and State universities. They gradually, perhaps imperceptibly, affect the thought of the people. And when the people feel, as I think they do now, that something is wrong somewhere, it may be possible to persuade them that one reason is that they have demanded the wrong kind of education. It may even be possible to promote the diffusion of another kind.

Two national traits, our disbelief in anything "abstract" or "theoretical" and our naïve faith in education have combined to make the burdens of the school too great to bear. The first means that any principle of selection, any choice between good and bad, or between important and unimportant, is a waste of time. The second means that anything that ought to be done in the community ought to be done by the educational system. The result of these two characteristics is that it is now impossible to make head or tail of American education. Instead of helping us to find a way through the chaos of the modern world it mirrors its confusion.

It is clear that the mass of things more or less worth knowing is now so great that some distinction must be made between more and less. Everything that might conceivably be worth knowing cannot be dumped on the child. After all, the time at the disposal of the educational system is limited. Every selection of material must be made in terms of some judgment about how the material selected will contribute to what we are trying to do. As John Dewey put it, "It is a ground for legitimate criticism, however, when the ongoing movement of Progressive Education fails to recognize that the problem of selection and organization of subject matter for study and learning is fundamental."

Even the most truly aimless educators, those who have attempted to let the interest of the child determine the selection and order of material, have never put in practice the theory of aimlessness proclaimed by some Progressive leaders. It is impossible to be absolutely aimless. The abdication of the educator merely throws upon the child the burden of discovering the aims of education. One would think that if educators had any responsibility it was that of knowing the purpose of their work.

Interest as an element of pedagogy is a splendid thing, and its revival in the schools is a major contribution of Progressive Education. Interest as the aim of education leads to aimlessness. The proposition that what is taught should be taught as interestingly as possible does not mean that what is interesting is what should be taught. The function of the educator is to figure out what should be taught and then teach it in as stimulating a fashion as he can. The factor that should determine what is taught is not interest but a decision about how to produce individual happiness, good citizenship, and the improvement of society.

Some studies which will shed some light on these matters are hard. For this, if for no other reason, students are unlikely to rush into them. If interest is a defensible standard of selection, all the silly courses that have been introduced to catch the interest of students are justifiable. Dozens of institutions now offer work in Charm and Personal Grooming. Several stress the moral and intellectual value of photography, and the University of California at Berkeley has courses for credit in elementary and intermediate ice skating. Why not? These subjects provide many pleasant "contacts" and help

the young to adjust to their physical and social environment. On the same principle we can justify the inordinate excesses of extra-curriculum activities and what is known as "college life." These excesses are such that the University of Denver has found it necessary to hold once a year a Week of Student Thought.

Interest has, in fact, turned out to be a self-defeating principle. It has resulted in universal boredom. Both teachers and students know that the curriculum is incoherent and pointless. Some courses and some teachers may strike a spark and be remembered gratefully ever after. But the course of study as a whole remains flat, stale, and unprofitable. It is not a whole, and only by courtesy can it be called a course of study.

I have just seen the record of a nineteen-year-old sophomore at Harvard. He is, to my knowledge, destitute of science, history, philosophy, and the fine arts. In the second semester of 1940–41 he "took" two courses in English, one in French, one in Slavic, and one in Semitics. This was his integrated, coherent, interesting course of study. He could be expected to get four C's and a D, and he did.

Without standards, education has broken into hundreds of minute, meaningless, unrelated fragments. We have not the courage to try to put it together again, because we might drive students into another institution which was still out to catch their interest. But even if we had the courage to face the financial loss, we might not be willing to attack the prevailing national doctrine that everything is a matter of opinion and that an attempt to work out a rational program is authoritarian.

Upon this disordered and disintegrating educational system the American people cast any burdens that bother them. No cry is so popular as Let the School Do It. The school must now accept the full responsibility for the transformation of the whole infant into the whole man. From teeth to table manners, the school must scurry around, cleaning, polishing, correcting; improving posture, clothing, and deportment; turning the scrubby child into the well-tubbed, if empty-headed, young American.

There is only a certain number of hours in the school day. Many more hours are spent at home. Some hours were formerly passed under the supervision of the church. But, you say, the family and the church are losing their grip. If we want done the things they used to do they must be done in school; school is compulsory. I venture to suggest that if we wish to restore the family and the church to their pristine vigor we shall not do it by depriving them of their functions. One reason why they have developed some tendency to anæmia may be that we think the school can do what they have done. The school can't. The school's attempt to perform the duties of the family and the church simply means that it will fail in its own proper task and in theirs too. The way to promote the health of our various social institutions and agencies is to define their responsibilities and hold them to them.

But now the educational system is responsible for everything. More than three hundred colleges and universities offer courses in marriage. The *New York Times* reports that some of them cover the subject completely from courtship to divorce. The public schools of Denver have met the challenge of the modern world by such typical courses as these: Orientation to the New School, Boy and Girl Relationships, How to Drive a Car, How to Buy Critically, What It Means to Live in a Democracy, Making Friends, Knowing Oneself, Vocations, and Preparation for Marriage. It is perhaps no wonder that when Professor Davis of the University of Colorado asked more than a thousand teachers in that State to tell him their major teaching problems, they replied that "the school is spending too much time in trying to educate the 'whole' child, mentally, physically, socially, and emotionally. . . .

The 'newer' education is cheapening the general quality of the education process." The teachers of Colorado may feel better about conditions there when they learn that the Board of Education at Traverse City, Michigan, has announced a course in tourist information, which endeavors "to instruct hotel managers, tourist camp operators, gasoline station attendants . . . as to location of good lakes, golf courses, picnic spots, boat liveries."

Since social problems seem insoluble to adults they have naturally turned to the schools to solve them. Professor Kandel of Teachers College, Columbia, lists the following subjects from one of the recently revised courses of study: Improving Home Conditions, Providing Social Security, Improving Industrial Relations, Balancing Production and Consumption of Farm Products, Preventing Wind Erosion, Providing Adequate Medical Care, Housing and Town Planning, and half a dozen more of the same kind. Mr. Kandel concludes by wondering whether, when the children now in school have grown up and are called upon to solve the problems of their communities, they will do any more than remember that they "had" these subjects, because they were exposed to them before they were ready to make them "function."

Education has been turned upside down. Understanding the environment requires experience with the environment. Those studies which do not demand such experience should come first. As Aristotle said, "While young men become geometricians and mathematicians and wise in matters like these, it is thought that a young man of practical wisdom cannot be found. The cause is that such wisdom is concerned not only with universals, but with particulars, which become familiar from experience, but a young man has no experience; for it is length of time that gives experience; indeed one might ask this question, too, why a boy may become a mathematician, but not a philosopher. . . . Is it because the objects of mathematics exist by abstraction, while the first principles of these other subjects come from experience, and because *young men have no conviction about the latter but merely use the proper language*, while the essence of mathematical objects is plain enough to them?"

Those studies which do not demand experience are the necessary tools for understanding those which do. Reading, writing, and figuring are instruments which make intelligible the heterogeneous, undigested, apparently unrelated impressions presented to us by the environment.

Since education is upside down, the acquisition of these instruments is postponed, slighted, and never completed. It is common knowledge that our professional students and candidates for the Ph.D. are illiterate. One thing you learn very quickly in teaching students at the loftiest levels of education is that they cannot read; and President Conant of Harvard in his report for 1938–39 said, "From all sides, academic and non-academic, we hear complaints of the inability of the average Harvard undergraduate to write either correctly or fluently." Frederick E. Crane, when Chief Judge of the highest court of New York, plaintively remarked to the alumni of the Columbia Law School, "I do wish that the Law School had an effectual way of doing that which the previous college experience has failed to do for so many students—teach them to speak the English language clearly." And he added, "I should say that not one lawyer out of fifty in my court can state clearly the facts of his case and his legal position concerning them."

So the growing mind is deprived of those instruments which enable its members to understand it and is presented instead with a kaleidoscope through which the environment remains meaningless because both experience and the instruments to appraise experience are lacking. In another of Mr. Kandel's papers he has written, "In a period when the trend of educational theory is to discard content in favor of activities and problems, when education must be con-

temporaneous, modernistic, streamlined, and even futuristic, it is not surprising that education is assuming some of the characteristics of the moving picture, which recreate rather than resolve William James's great, big, buzzing Confusion."

III

A good example of all the popular fallacies about education is the theory and practice of vocational education. Here society casts on the school the burden of making the population self-supporting, and industry presents it with the task of training its hands. Because we do not see what the proper task of the educational system is, and even deny that it has any, we find nothing incongruous in placing these demands upon it.

These demands have become more and more insistent as the age for going into industry has been forced upward by laws, economic conditions, and technological change. The years formerly devoted to apprenticeship or to learning a trade or gaining experience in it are now spent in school. Thomas Jefferson thought that three years in the grades should be compulsory for every child. Even this was sensational, for in that day the youth of the country could get jobs as soon as they could walk. Adam Smith, writing in 1776, said that marriage to a widow with four children was the best investment an American could make.

I am opposed to child labor. I am in favor of giving everybody as much education as he can stand. But I should prefer to have the length of education determined by the needs and capacities of the young rather than by the fluctuations of economic conditions and the vagaries of social reform. The great reduction in the enrolments of the State universities of the Middle West this summer is not the result of conscription. The effects of that have so far been negligible. Students have left college because they can get jobs in the defense program. We are justified in supposing that they have been in college because they could not get jobs. But education should be the alternative to employment only if the educational system has something to offer which is worth doing and which the individual can and should do. If the system has nothing worth doing to offer, if the individual cannot or should not do what it offers, both he and the country would be better off if he were in the CCC. There he might at least lay the foundations of a healthy life and perform some useful work in the conservation of our natural resources. Our notion that the young must go to school until they can go to work, which makes the school a time-killer or waiting room, is simply an aspect of our general view that if anything needs to be done we will let the school do it.

Since the years our forefathers devoted to learning a trade are now spent in school, we naturally look to the school to teach our children a trade. We do not want them to be less "successful" than their ancestors. The situation in Nebraska is typical. The greatest shift in the enrolments in the high schools of that State has occurred in the "practical" arts. In 1904 only 13.4 per cent of the pupils in these schools were studying the practical arts. In 1941 almost all the pupils—96.05 per cent, to be exact—were studying them.

If it could be shown that young people could learn industrial pursuits only in school, or if they could learn them better there than anywhere else, we might be able to defend the elaborate program of vocational training upon which we have embarked. The reverse, however, is true. The school is the worst of all possible places in which to prepare the young for industry. The more rapid the advance of technology the worse place the school becomes. It cannot change its buildings, its curriculum, and its teachers to meet the alterations in manufacturing that take place every day. Its methods, facilities, and staff are always obsolescent. They may have the effect of actually maladjusting the pupil to his economic environment. The motions

he has gone through to train him to go through motions in a factory may be just the wrong motions in that factory now.

John Dewey has made this point by saying, "Very often the courses which are called practical are not really practical except in their label. Some of these courses try to teach things which can only be learned in the actual business or calling itself, while they do not take sufficient account of the rapid changes that are going on, since the teachers are out of contact with industry and teach the way things were done five or ten years ago rather than the way they are done now in the actual callings of life. And they are still less in contact with the way things are going to be done five years from now. In consequence, even the so-called practical courses in the long run are often not very practical."

If a boy wants to go to work for Henry Ford he will be better prepared if he has had no vocational training at all. Mr. Ford will not then have to untrain him. Mr. Ford can teach him more in a month about working for Ford than a vocational school can in a year. As the late L. A. Downs, President of the Illinois Central, put it, "The only practical vocational training for any specific business, except where special professional talent is required, is experience."

Years of vocational training may be swept away by a single invention. A university in California has introduced courses in what is called cosmetology, saying that what is called the profession of beautician is the fastest growing in that State. Think of the fate of California's beauticians if self-beautification for ladies becomes as simple a matter as it is for men. Or think of what will happen in that great State when the university has trained so many beauticians that they are all starving to death. Or reflect on the fate of one of these university-trained beauticians who for one reason or another has to return to the remote paternal acres and there languish with nobody to beautify but the domestic animals. Unless she has also taken the course in cosmetology in the agricultural college she will be quite unfitted for any useful occupation.

The Secretary of the Association of Medical Colleges has stated the case accurately. "The moving belt of industry has been adopted by education. The result is the same in both instances. The nut will fit only one kind of bolt. It cannot be used for any other purpose than to fit that certain bolt. It is a purely industrial robot. Those who come through the 'pre'-courses and vocational courses, the product of the educational moving belt, are often educational robots—fit for just one thing and a poor fit at that."

But suppose that none of these objections was valid. Suppose the schools could supply the skill needed to earn a living. Where and how would their benighted graduates learn to use the living they had earned? The mechanical motions they had gone through would not help them after five o'clock. They might have money in their pockets, but nothing in their heads. Having a regular job and getting paid for it may seem like an adequate ideal in early adolescence. When you have achieved it you understand that it is merely a necessary condition of life, not life itself. The problem of the purpose and meaning of life remains, and if your education has not helped you solve it it has been no education at all. It has not been the kind of education that can help you toward happiness. It has not been the kind that can make you capable of freedom.

In a dictatorship, or in any state in which the citizen is a cog in a machine which somebody else is running, vocational training is the perfect education. It does not disturb the mind or give young people ideas. It may get them ready to go through certain motions in armament plants. Since they are never to have the duties of citizenship, educating them for citizenship would be a waste of time. It is significant that as France has turned toward Fascism its educational system has turned toward

vocational training. The educational pronouncements of Marshal Pétain, with their references to the dangers of intellectualism and the beauties of manual labor, have a fine, familiar ring. They sound like the educational pronouncements of the Nazi leaders.

They sound a little like Mr. James Marshall's recent article in *Harper's*, entitled "Plato, Buddha, and President Hutchins." Mr. Marshall intimates that vocational education is not very good education, but asserts that it is the only education that can be given the "dull" members of the community. I know little more about Buddha than Mr. Marshall does. But I do know something about Plato and President Hutchins. Mr. Marshall is right in thinking that his views are offensive to President Hutchins. He is wrong in supposing that he differs with Plato.

In the whole of Plato's most elaborate educational discussion, the *Republic*, there is little to suggest that anybody outside the aristocracy is to receive any education at all. I am confident that if Plato had been asked what education he would give the mass of the people, he would have replied, with Mr. Marshall, vocational training. And in a way he would have been right; for the mass of the people in the Republic were not citizens in any real sense. The guardians and the philosopher kings were the only ones who could aspire to that title. A curriculum designed for men and women whose sole political function was the support of their rulers could hardly be a model for popular education in a country where every adult is a ruler.

Mr. Marshall's position is not far removed from that taken by the legislature of Mississippi as reported in the *Birmingham News* of February 9, 1940. "Mississippi's lawmakers . . . decided not to teach Negro children civic principles like voting since, they explained, the Negro will never be able to use the information. This was done at the request of leading educators throughout the state who asked that two sets of civics books be provided. . . . A social outlook was expressed by Senator H. L. Davis, of Oxford, a planter and one of the Legislature's oldest members: 'Under the Constitution the Negro is a citizen, and of course we know and accept that. But he can never expect to be given the same educational and social privileges with the white man and he doesn't expect them. The best education we can give him is to use his hands, because that's how he must earn his living. It always has been and it always will be.'"

President Hutchins is a democrat. Plato was not. Mr. Marshall is not. Mr. Marshall proposes to give the "bright" citizens one education and the "dull" citizens another. Presumably the education for the bright is a better education than that for the dull. This is undemocratic in two ways: It places the dull at the mercy of the bright. It prevents the creation of that true community which is the essence of democracy.

The aims of education in a democracy must be the same for all the people. Education must aim at making them all capable of freedom, for they are all to be free. Whatever education will achieve this aim must be given to every person in proportion to his capacity to receive it. If, for example, we were to decide that the way to make a person capable of freedom was to try to teach him how to earn a living, then we should try to teach everybody how to earn a living. Everybody has to live. Why should the privilege of learning how to support life be denied the bright and become the exclusive franchise of the dull? What if the dull were all to get rich because of their training and exploit the untrained bright through their dull use of economic power? If any education is necessary for the citizen it must be necessary for all the citizens. Only in this way can we hope to prevent the exploitation of one group by another. Only in this way can we develop a true community.

Learning how to sustain life is very important. Since the school cannot give this learning well, since it can, if it

will, do some even more important things better, since the pupil can learn how to sustain life better outside the school than he can in it, it follows that vocational training can be most effectively carried on outside the school.

The best type of vocational training is that given on the job. But any type which does not interfere with education for freedom must be acceptable to those who believe that such education is the primary function of the American school. Part-time work, summer work, night schools, continuation schools, apprenticeship schemes, the co-operative plan at Antioch and in engineering at Cincinnati—all these may help the student learn to earn a living without getting in the way of education. Careful organization of the curriculum might permit the ordinary school to give education for freedom and some vocational experience too. But the heart of any educational program for free men must be education for membership in a free community.

A community depends on communication. The citizens must be able to understand one another. This means more than that they must be able to effect a ready translation of the dialects of the country. They must have a common culture. They must have the intellectual training needed to comprehend it and to communicate with those who share it. What happens when this is lacking is set forth by Mr. Walter Lippmann in describing contemporary education: "There is no common faith, no common body of principle, no common moral and intellectual discipline. Yet the graduates of these modern schools are expected to form a civilized community. They are expected to govern themselves. They are expected to have a social conscience. They are expected to arrive by discussion at common purposes. When one realizes that they have no common culture is it astounding that they have no common purpose? That they worship false gods? That only in war do they unite? That in the fierce struggle for existence they are tearing western society apart?"

The cultural heritage of America is the civilization of Western Europe. The means of understanding it is the liberal arts, the arts of reading, writing, speaking, and calculating. Education for freedom consists in transmitting to the rising generation the civilization they have inherited, together with the technics by which it may be understood. No man or woman is equipped to be a ruler in America without this education.

This education, if we can work it out and if we can discover the methods appropriate to it, answers the fundamental questions. It gives us a community; for those who have had this education will be able to communicate with one another. It gives us freedom, because it gives the trained intelligence free play. It gives us adjustment to the environment, because the sights and sounds of the environment take on meaning in and through the tradition in which we live. It gives us adjustment to the environment of 1951, because the liberally educated man is prepared for any world that comes. It gives us the answer to the question what shall we do with ourselves, for it shows us the aim of life and the path to happiness.

Hearken to the moving appeal of the Cornell Alumni Fund: "The longer we live the more we need mooring to something that is as lasting as the years, something that gives us a sense of place in the world, of stability of purpose and significance in life. We face all through the years the threat of the sense of futility —the feeling that life doesn't mean anything; that it is all motion, that there is no progress toward something better. If you have a chance to tie up to something lasting, something effectively representing the effort of mankind to ennoble human experience, you had better get a firm hold on it without delay. You will need something of that sort before you are through with life. . . . So I say to any Cornellian, if you really want to get the most out of life, get next to Cornell and stay there."

I am in entire accord with these sentiments. I think every Cornellian should get next to Cornell and stay there. But I think too that Cornell, and all other universities, schools, and colleges, should offer something more to combat the feeling that life doesn't mean anything than the chance to contribute to the Alumni Fund. The natural thing for them to offer is an education.

As a liberal education helps us to establish a free community, so it helps us to preserve it. As Thomas F. Woodlock has lately said in the *Wall Street Journal*, "Democracy rests ultimately upon 'public opinion' as its base. Public opinion follows upon free speech, free interchange of *ideas*, of *judgments*, of *opinions;* it is generated by these things. Men interchange these things by *words*. . . . Sound logic it was that put grammar, logic, and rhetoric as preliminary to geometry, arithmetic, music, and astronomy in the scheme of the seven liberal arts in an age which was notable for the clearness of its thinking and the exactitude of its expression. Both these things are absolutely necessary to the functioning of democracy as the best form of government. If we are going to 'educate for democracy,' we had better find the right way to teach them."

Mr. Woodlock might have added that the ability to read and write is the best defense against anti-democratic propaganda. The reiteration of slogans—now advocated by many American educators under the name of "indoctrination for democracy"—is not much better than the reiteration of lies as practiced by the Nazis. When a person equipped with the liberal arts has critically studied the tradition of the Western world and faced the basic theoretical questions, he is proof against the seductions of the New Order. The reason why we may justly fear foreign propaganda to-day is that we are uneducated.

In addition to all the merits I have listed, liberal education has another: it is the best vocational training. This must be so unless a trained mind is of no advantage in earning a living. Vocational training of the usual sort trains hands. Apart from the educational deficiencies of such a program, we have seen that it has deficiencies as a training program resulting from the rapid changes in industry. Hands are trained to do something that is not wanted when it is time for them to go to work. But the trained mind is by definition a mind that is able to operate well in all spheres and under all conditions.

I do not advocate liberal education because it is the best vocational training. I say only that if you are interested in educating people to earn a living you will find that a liberal education represents the maximum contribution which the school can make to the achievement of your purpose. A liberal education, at least, has never handicapped anybody in earning a living. Vocational training has.

I must admit that liberal education may interfere with getting rich. Two basic theoretical questions are what is good and what is the order of goods. One who has faced these questions intelligently will hardly conclude that he should devote his life to the unremitting pursuit of the Almighty Dollar. I cannot regard a diminution of American selfishness and greed as unfortunate. The solution of many of our most distressing problems may lie just here. Aristotle may have been right again when he said, "For it is not the possessions but the desires of mankind which require to be equalized, and this is impossible, unless a sufficient education is provided by the state."

IV

But, you may say, suppose we grant all you have said about liberal education. What difference does it make if half the youth of America cannot profit by it? We have admitted everybody to citizenship. We must have, you say, the same education for everybody. Yet you have shown yourself that candidates for the Ph.D. cannot read and write to-day.

How can an education which even Ph.D.'s do not now possess ever be given to the whole population?

The objection is a good one. Unless I can show that liberal education can be acquired by the mass of the people I must stand convicted as a fabricator of pipe dreams.

Let me first make a few remarks about young people. I think any candid teacher will agree that the most hopeful element in any academic community is the students. They have ability. When they enter an educational institution they show signs of being eager to learn. If I were asked which had the greater effect in slowing down their educational progress, their own dullness or that of the curriculum, I should unhesitatingly blame the curriculum. The first step in communicating an education to the young is to work out an educational program that makes sense.

We have a fatal habit of underrating the capacity of our juniors. For fifty years university presidents, and especially Mr. Lowell of Harvard, have been deploring the constant extension of the period of education and the constant postponement of entrance into active life. The anachronisms in our educational organization, such as an eight-year elementary school, and the multiplication of the educational units through which the pupil must pass, with duplication and overlapping at every stage, bring him to each of these stages two or three years too late. Students at fifteen or sixteen are just as capable of dealing with college work as those of eighteen or nineteen. Students at twenty are fully as capable of attacking law or medicine as those of twenty-two.

We cannot believe that the human race has deteriorated since the Middle Ages. In that dark and backward time young men went to universities at fourteen. They read books and studied subjects that are far too hard for university professors to-day. They did it because it was expected of them. The university was not a nursery school, or a club, or a body-building institute. It was a place for the training of the mind. At fourteen you were presumably ready to train your mind. Our assumption is that young persons of eighteen have very little mind, that they don't want to train what they have, and that it doesn't make very much difference whether it is trained or not. Our object is to keep them out of harm's way for four years, to let them learn how to get along with people, and then obtain contributions from them to the Alumni Fund for the rest of their lives. Since our students have lived up to our expectations, we have succeeded in postponing maturity to a date undreamed of in the Middle Ages, or even in Europe to-day. The American college senior is two or three years less grown up than his French or British contemporary. In ability to use his mother tongue and the other instruments of intellectual operation he does not at all compare with them.

Young Americans are not inherently immature. Industry has successfully made demands on them—such as eight hours' work a day—which no university would think of exacting. Mere boys have gone to work and risen at an early age to positions of great responsibility. Young Americans can and will do what is expected of them. Ten years ago the University of Chicago decided to treat freshmen like adults. It worked out what looked to it like a coherent program for the freshman and sophomore years. It printed syllabi of its courses. It printed and circulated its examinations. It then announced that the student did not have to attend classes; he did not have to accumulate credits; if he passed the examinations he would graduate from the work of the sophomore year; he could prepare himself for the examinations in any way he chose and present himself for them when in his opinion he was ready to take them.

It was freely predicted that Chicago freshmen would be found lying in the gutter while those of other colleges were attending classes, if only because they

were compelled to. Actually when freshmen were treated like adults they behaved like adults, or rather in the way adults ought to behave. They got the idea that the University was an educational institution, that education was important, and that whether or not they got an education depended on themselves. The University would not stand in their way. Ten years of the Chicago Plan convinces me that if students are given a chance they will display qualities of energy, independence, and maturity which we never suspected. An educational program based on the assumption that they are dull will make them so.

There are of course wide differences among individuals. It is often said that these differences are so great that no single course of study can be given to all individuals. Some Progressive leaders have gone so far as to say there should be no such thing as a curriculum. If there is no curriculum there can be no community. Without a common education we get only a group of people wrestling with one another in the same geographical region.

Specialization may begin when education for citizenship is completed. We do not want technicians who are without a conception of the objects and traditions of the community. We want men and women who are citizens first and technicians afterward. With a coherent educational program and a rational educational organization we shall have no difficulty in giving every citizen an education for freedom plus technical or professional training in less time than it takes to go through college and do graduate or professional work to-day.

The problem of producing specialists is, therefore, one of order and organization. The problem of dealing with real differences in ability is largely one of method. Some pupils, for example, have a hard time learning to read. Should we say that they do not have to learn to read, or that they should read poor books because good ones are too hard for them? Should we limit Shakespeare to those who like to read him or who can read him readily, and have the others read James Whitcomb Riley, or nothing at all?

If Shakespeare is important in understanding the tradition in which we live—and I think he is—then every citizen should read some of his works. We shall have to find the way to teach them to those who have trouble with them. We must remember that educational technology has made great advances in recent years. American educators, like Americans generally, have been preoccupied with means, and it would have been remarkable if their efforts had been wholly without success. Such studies as those of Gray and Buswell have shown us how to teach pupils to read with an ease and rapidity unheard of in an earlier generation. If you know what you want to do, educational engineering will help you do it far more effectively than you could have done it forty years ago. We should not despair of communicating a liberal education to all the young merely because we have failed with many of them in the past. Forty years ago there was no such thing as educational engineering.

Educational engineering will not solve the educational problem. It cannot tell us what we should aim at, and hence cannot answer our fundamental question: What should education be? We shall be grossly misled, and sadly disappointed, if we rely on technics to educate. But when we know what education we want to give we may get some help in giving it from the educational technicians.

The ideal education for freedom, then, is a liberal education, an education in the liberal arts and the cultural heritage of the Western world. Since it is the ideal, we must aim at it for every citizen. If, with the best teachers and the best methods, we find that we cannot give the overwhelming majority of our people a liberal education then we must admit, not that education is a failure, but that democracy is. For unless the citizen can master the liberal arts and the fundamental principles of a free society he cannot function

as a member of a free community. He cannot help to keep the community a community or help to keep it free.

The precise method of transmitting a liberal education is of course immaterial. Different methods may be successful with different students. I have myself a prejudice in favor of books and of the best books there are. They form in the early stages the natural field for learning the liberal arts. As education proceeds, they constitute the mine from which the cultural heritage of the race is dug. They can be read in such an order as to show the development of thought and civilization. But I do not greatly care in what order the books are read, or even how many. In the hands of a great teacher the Bible and Shakespeare can give a boy a liberal education, even a liberal education in natural science. But we are talking about all teachers, including many who would not be able to derive much instruction in astronomy from the story of Joshua's interference with the solar system. We have to have enough books to bring out in the hands of a teacher who is not a Socrates the basic principles in history, philosophy, politics, mathematics, the fine arts, and science.

Our citizens will have to study science. Science is the distinguishing characteristic of the modern world. But since we are educating our students to be citizens, rather than scientists, we should direct their attention primarily to the principles of science. We want them to know what science can and cannot do. We want them to know what it is and what it is not. We want them particularly to understand that it is not a substitute for philosophy or theology. A knowledge of the limitations of science is just as important as a knowledge of its possibilities.

Our citizens will have to study social science. But not only will the present order of learning be reversed so that the study of society comes at the end, rather than at the beginning, of education, but also the content of the subject will be drastically altered. The facts and data of social science will be used to illustrate the principles on which society is founded. The great questions about society: what is it, why is it, and what of it? are philosophical rather than scientific. Hence the social studies must be taught in the setting of moral and political philosophy. Professor Frank Knight concludes his impressive discussion of social science by saying, "But the social problem is not one of fact—except as values are also facts—nor is it one of means and end. It is a problem of values. And the content of social science must correspond with the problem of action in character and scope."

Our citizens will have to learn at least one foreign language. The reason is not so that they can sell things to the Brazilians, or study German medical books, or appreciate those beauties of Homer which are lost in translation. Nor is it because they will gain satisfaction in recognizing the Latin root of the word satisfaction. It is not even because grubbing for roots is good discipline. It is because they cannot understand their own language unless they have studied another. The native of any country is immersed in his own language and never sees it as a linguistic structure. He cannot learn what he ought to know about language from talking about his own.

But you keep telling me it can't be done. I say it can. All the evidence suggests it can. Experience with raw Marylanders at St. John's, raw Middle Westerners at Chicago, and raw New Yorkers at Columbia shows it can. The teachers who have tried it at Annapolis, Chicago, and New York have not been geniuses. The students have been average. Their complaint is not that the work is too hard, but that there is not more of it.

The only comprehensive scheme of this variety has been in operation at St. John's College for four years. This is the only college where the entire time of all the students is given to a coherent plan of liberal education. There, where students must learn not one foreign language, but four; where the amount of

mathematics seems to me excessive; where all the difficulties of recalling a very old college to its ancient task have been experienced, a young faculty has shown that this kind of curriculum is interesting and important to ordinary young Americans, and that they can and will master it. So much is this the case that I should like to see the St. John's program tried with students two years younger. I am confident that juniors in high school could enter upon it with pleasure and profit. They would then be ready to specialize, to embark upon professional study, or to engage in the duties of earning a living and being a citizen at the end of the present sophomore year in college, or at the age of twenty instead of at twenty-two.

If we cannot give a liberal education to every citizen in proportion to his capacity to receive it we might as well give up our hopes of achieving a democratic community. We cannot insist on free men and at the same time say that we cannot educate our population for freedom. We cannot insist on a community and at the same time say that it is impossible to lay the basis of communication among our people.

Individual happiness, good citizenship, and the improvement of society all depend on our success in helping the people to achieve a liberal education. They do not depend on our success in training them to earn a living or in adjusting them to their environment. What the world needs, what this country must have, is free minds. This does not mean minds loaded with archaic information or equipped with obsolescent technics. It means minds committed to the good by good moral and intellectual habits. It means minds informed by principles derived from human experience through the ages, minds that will operate well no matter what waves of change beat upon them.

If we are to admit everybody to citizenship we must try to give everybody this education. In so far as men are men they must have this education. Since in our society all men are politically equal, since all men are ruler and ruled, they must all be educated to be ruler and ruled. If we cannot give them all this education we may as well drop the pretense of democracy. We may as well admit that, though it was a good idea, it would not work.

THE FARM BLOC AND THE WAR

BY WESLEY McCUNE

"They need food. From America they will get food." So spoke President Roosevelt in keynoting the pledge of this nation to become the larder, as well as the arsenal of democracy. His statement was no doubt completely sincere and well-intended, but the exigencies of actually developing the larder of the democracies were to reveal some insincerities and bad intentions. Particularly was the President to run afoul of the farm bloc which has been so well nurtured by eight years of his vigorous program of farm benefits.

Most recently through the food stamp plan, Americans have been made acutely conscious of the annual surplus of farm commodities. They have come to know that a surplus exists in spite of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration's rigid restrictions on the production of crops, which have been induced by cash payments for non-production. Americans have assumed that Britain could and would be fed by the mere opening of the doors to its collective granaries; but behind those doors are some considerably embarrassing New Deal contradictions. One of the most embarrassing is the fact that Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard finds himself boasting of the price of farm products, while Leon Henderson, the President's price tzar, is supposed to be holding industrial prices down. Stranger still, Mr. Henderson makes no outcry as food prices climb.

We have become accustomed to reading about the Administration's agricultural policy in riddles. The catchwords of numerous programs are familiar: "plow under every third row," "soil conservation," "AAA," "corn-hog program," "parity," "surplus removal," "the ever-normal granary," and "food stamp plan." Another term, "the farm bloc," had its origin long before the New Deal, but it never reached the height of its importance until Henry A. Wallace, as Secretary of Agriculture, laid out the farm programs which bear the confusing array of slogans just recited. The farm bloc has arched its back and declared that Britain will get food from America—but will have to pay prices high enough to "guarantee" a comfortable profit.

That declaration does not merely govern food for the British, however. Every housewife in America will be affected; the technic of getting a profitable price from the British will add one or two billion dollars to the American food bill.

The farm bloc moved into action on April 3rd, when Secretary Wickard announced that his Surplus Marketing Administration would buy huge stocks of pork, butter, and eggs frequently enough to maintain prices of those commodities at levels calculated to bring "reasonable returns" to the farmer and thus insure an "adequate supply" for British needs. This move was announced by the Secretary as the best way to induce farmers to raise enough of the products to feed both countries. Let us look at the picture as it existed on the eve of Secretary Wickard's announcement. For this, a description of the farm bloc is first necessary.

The farm bloc consists of members of

both houses of Congress who come from agricultural States, of numerous persons in the Department of Agriculture, the Defense Offices, and other departments of the Administration, of the officers of the big farm organizations and the lobbyists of the packers and the food trades. Thus in the Senate there is Cotton Ed Smith of South Carolina, chairman of the Senate Agriculture and Forestry Committee, who has looked after the interests of the Southern farmers for years. His good right arm is upheld by Senator John Bankhead of Alabama, whose program for subsidizing cotton farmers will, it is estimated, be equivalent to a twelve per cent tax on cotton clothing and household goods. Senator Alva Adams of Colorado speaks for beef, and Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming (as Chairman of the Temporary National Economic Committee he studied ways of breaking down existing monopoly) speaks for wool. In the House are the farm State Congressmen who represent the same interests. For many years these men and their predecessors have argued, thundered, and wept at election time, demanding that the farmer get as much protection as the manufacturer, that farm prices must be raised if the farmers are expected to buy barbed wire, clothing, and washing machines.

Then there are the organized farm groups. The most powerful of these is the American Farm Bureau Federation with nearly 500,000 farm family members, followed by the National Farmers Union and the National Grange. The Federation's headquarters are in Chicago but its President, Edward O'Neal, is a frequent visitor in Washington. He bitterly assails the Department of Agriculture, he demands that the food stamp plan for distributing surplus commodities be paid for out of relief funds rather than out of agricultural appropriations; but observers note that relations between Mr. O'Neal and the Department of Agriculture are very close just the same. The Farm Bureau's Chief Economist is Albert Meyers who, oddly enough, was until recently employed by the Department of Agriculture in the division which administers the food stamp plan which Mr. O'Neal dislikes so much. Another Farm Bureau man in Washington is Kenneth Galbraith, who took a year's leave of absence from Princeton to set up an economic-research section for Mr. O'Neal in Chicago. Shortly afterward he was lent to the Defense Commission and was recently appointed Director of the Price Division of Leon Henderson's Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply. The week of Dr. Galbraith's appointment, Mr. Henderson wrote Representative Clarence Cannon of the House Agriculture Committee that farm prices must be jacked up.

Other farm laborers now in the government are Clifford Gregory, associate publisher of *Wallace's Farmer*, and a Federal Reserve official. *Wallace's Farmer* gets its name from the Vice President's ancestors and to-day it reflects the opinions of Henry Wallace and of the Administration. Mr. Gregory was retained on a per diem basis by the National Defense Advisory Commission as a consultant to what used to be the Agricultural Division headed by Chester Davis. This Division, which is now within the Department of Agriculture, enlisted also the services of Jerry Thorne of Wilson Brothers Packing Company, similarly brought to Washington as a per diem adviser.

In addition to these personalities there is a constant stream of trade-association men pleading in Washington offices daily for special favors for meat, dairy products, poultry, fruit, vegetables, dried fruit, and other agricultural products. Not since the NRA days have these lobbyists been as diligent as they are now. One and all, lobbyists, agricultural defense officials, farm organization men, and farm Congressmen, they make up the farm bloc. It is the farm bloc's business to fight for higher farm prices and they are busy every day.

It should be remembered that from the very start the intent of the New Deal

has been to raise farm prices. Much of the Western support of the New Deal came about for that very reason. The thesis dates back to the ancient days of the cartoon of the cow who was cropping grass in the Corn Belt and being milked in Wall Street, but the recent history of the argument begins in 1920. Immediately after the World War farm prices collapsed; they never got back again. The wave of bank failures in the Corn Belt antedated the crash of '29 by nine years. The situation ended up in farm strikes and penny auctions in the last days of Hoover. The old farm-belt argument was: The price of manufactured goods never stops rising, farm prices are bogged down. If the farmer can't get a fair price for his crops he can't buy goods.

The New Deal hearkened to the argument and undertook to fix things. It offered the farmer a subsidy if he would cut production of wheat, corn, cotton, tobacco, hogs, and various other farm products. And it was done. "The little pigs" were killed and the cotton was plowed under and farm prices were hoisted. Of course the farm bloc always wanted more, and it was a nice point to determine where New Deal economic justice might end—the farmer and the industrialist must stand on level ground—and where the farm bloc's demands reached the point where the word was "grab." Now if industry, or some of it, stood a chance to get big profits out of war contracts, who was to deny the farmer a chance to get in on the gravy? As Mr. Gregory remarked: "With billions being spent for defense, farm appropriations don't look so large."

Mr. Donald Nelson, Director of Purchasing for the Office of Production Management, knows some details of the wool bloc in action. Mr. Nelson earned his reputation as a shrewd dealer from his record as buyer for Sears, Roebuck and Company. This enviable reputation could have been attained only by virtue of the fact that he had sharp regard for price and quality. His inning with the wool growers happened in this way: The wool lobbyists waited on him in his OPM office at the very time when Congress was debating the advisability of excluding foreign wool from all defense purchases. According to the *Congressional Record*, F. R. Marshall, Secretary-treasurer of the National Wool Growers Association; C. J. Fawcett, General Manager of the National Wool Marketing Corporation; and J. B. Wilson, Secretary of the Wyoming Wool Growers Association, were frank to say that wool growers were not getting the benefit they should get from the government program. Mr. Nelson apparently did not tell them that the defense program was launched in the face of a grave national emergency and not for the special benefit of the wool growers or any other particular group. Instead, he was led to offer them concessions by which future bids for wool are to be let at a time and in a manner favorable to the growers.

The *Congressional Record* of April 1st reveals, naturally enough, that the lobbyists "were in full accord and seemed to be tremendously pleased" with their concessions. At least this was Mr. Nelson's version of the accord, as written at the time to Senator O'Mahoney. This impression was confirmed by a public statement from Mr. Nelson's office which explained that the move had been taken in order to "enable the wool growers to benefit more directly from the defense program." With the possible Congressional exclusion of all foreign-grown wool on the one hand and all the cheap wool necessary for the national defense on the other, Mr. Nelson chose a course somewhere between the two, but predominantly favorable to the former alternative. Another special-interest group within the farm bloc had been appeased in order to permit the defense program to move ahead.

II

What are the realities of the present situation? In spite of the growing familiarity of the term "surplus commodities," there is rapidly developing an

actual shortage of those food products most important in our aid to Britain; namely, pork and dairy products. It is true that the pinch is not acute at this moment; but when the growing purchasing power of the American consumer, together with the concentration of British demand for foods of high-vitamin content, is taken into account, the shortage is in sight.

The particular surplus commodities which the Department of Agriculture has given Milo Perkins the job of diverting from the competitive market, by distributing them either physically or through the food stamp plan, are in general not the foods most needed by Britain. Surplus wheat, cotton, corn, and vegetables not only cannot be transported at this time because of the bulk, but Britain actually does not need them from us until many other, more critical needs are satisfied. She has asked for vitamin-concentrated foodstuffs. The correctness of this analysis is admitted by Mr. Perkins.

One of the most vital commodities for Britain is pork. Not only were hogs at one time subject to rigid restriction by the New Deal, but the corn on which they are fed has been carefully watched by the farm bloc and the Department of Agriculture. Now that Britain can use great quantities of compact pork products a dismal conflict is revealed. The Administration finds itself caught in the toils of its own policies. The Frankenstein monster of crop restriction which it created has turned on it—and on Britain, and on you and me. Here are the facts concerning supplies of pork.

The hog population of the United States in January, 1940, was 60 million but this January it was down to 53 million. In ordinary years the slaughter of 53 million hogs would be adequate, but these are not ordinary times.

But in spite of the increased demand pork supplies are still decreasing. So far this year, hog slaughter each month has been 10 to 15 per cent less than the corresponding month of 1940; and the normal seasonal increase of marketings this summer may be less than usual. The total slaughter this year will be 5 or 6 million head less than last. Nor will that be the low point. According to the Department of Agriculture itself, "It is certain that the number of hogs marketed in the first quarter of the 1941–42 marketing year will be smaller than in 1940." Pork supplies are decreasing just when we need larger supplies for Britain and just when American consumers are able to buy more.

It was this shortage which forced Secretary Wickard to take some action. Promptly he called together his advisers and asked them to suggest ways to increase the production of pork. In the end the suggestions boiled down to two alternatives. First, raise the price of hogs and thus encourage farmers to produce more. Second, reduce the cost of corn and thus make it profitable for farmers to produce more hogs. Of these two alternatives, the second was by far the more reasonable in terms of economic logic, but the first was stronger in terms of the political expediency which dictated its choice.

There was much to be said in favor of a policy of cheaper corn. For several years the government has been lending money to corn farmers at a rate somewhere above the prevailing market price of corn. In this way the farmer has been able to hold his corn in cribs, rather than sell it on the market immediately after harvesting it, when everyone else has corn for sale. Thus the corn market has been stabilized and farmers have been able to hold their corn until prices meet their favor, without falling short of cash to meet everyday living needs. If the market price fails to reach the price at which the government has advanced money on the crop, farmers merely turn their corn cribs over to the government in payment for their loans. Each year recently the government has had on its hands huge stocks of corn acquired in this way. The plan calls for sale of these stocks at times when the market will

not be greatly glutted by their release.

Up to that point the effect of the corn-loan program on hog production is not apparent, but it is in this aspect that the program to-day has its most acute reverberations, because of the fact that the price of hogs is directly related to the price of corn. In the lexicon of the agricultural economist the theory of the hog-corn ratio almost has the strength of scripture. This theory first attracted wide attention about twenty years ago when it was publicized by Henry Wallace, then editor of *Wallace's Farmer*. According to the theory, it normally requires 11.6 bushels of corn to equal in value 100 pounds of hog. When the ratio is higher than 11.6, corn is too expensive to be fed to hogs. Currently, the ratio has been as low as nine and hog production has been unprofitable. This is the chief explanation for the shortage of hogs already described. With hogs at the artificially-supported price of $9.00 per hundredweight—the figure at which Secretary Wickard is aiming and has passed—the ratio will be favorable for more production, however.

It is true that hog prices were low in 1939 and 1940, but it is equally true that corn prices were high. The reason for high corn prices is that the farm bloc wrote into the Agriculture Adjustment Act amendment of 1938 a mandatory, strait-jacket provision for the determination of corn prices. Corn prices are, in effect, determined by the amount per bushel which the government will lend to farmers on the security of their corn crops. The practical effect of the Act was to set a price so high for corn that farmers preferred to turn it over to the government in payment of these loans, instead of using it themselves for feeding hogs. All the farmer had to do was deliver his corn to the nearest storage center (which in many cases was on his own farm) and there collect the loan value, 55 or 61 cents, from the government. He could then avoid the risk and trouble of raising hogs. Quite naturally, the shortage developed.

The net result of this policy was not only too few hogs; there was also too much corn. Year after year the accumulation of corn in storage has grown. In 1938 the loan stocks were only a few million bushels. But in 1940 stocks had risen to around 475 million bushels, and it has been estimated by Department of Agriculture officials that by this fall loan stocks would have reached about 600 million bushels if the new price program hadn't interfered. At this time about 180 million bushels of this corn is owned outright by the government, as a result of its having been turned over in payment of loans.

III

Up to this point, however, everything had worked out in conformity with another brain child of the Administration—Henry Wallace's "ever-normal granary," a system for building up stocks of corn and other grains for emergencies such as drought. Now, an emergency in the form of becoming "the larder of democracy" had presented itself, the corn cribs of the land were full to bursting, and the process of turning this corn into hogs and pork products awaited only the signal from Washington to release granaries to hog producers. Why, then, didn't the government release its corn for the feeding of hogs? Why did Secretary Wickard choose instead to support the price of hogs?

Several months ago it was clear that circumstances called for the release of corn, but the Secretary hesitated. Proceeding cautiously between the dictates of sound economic policy and farm bloc pressure, he was forced to be content with a trial-balloon pronouncement pointing out the desirability of greater hog production. What were the reactions to his trial balloon? On the one hand, there was the statesmanlike response of the *Nebraska Farmer*, well-known farm journal: "If the government wants to stimulate the greatest use of corn and clear its decks of burdensome storage supplies, it might better lower the loan

levels to a point consistent with profitable use." On the other hand, the farm bloc was alarmed by the idea of cheap corn, and some lobbyists expressed the fear that farmers might "go crazy and shove pig production up 10 to 15 per cent." The release of corn seemed to be politically unfeasible at the moment.

In the meantime pork prices climbed steadily. By February, 1941, retail pork was 24 per cent higher than in the same month of the previous year. On July 15th the United States average for pork chops was 36.9 cents per pound. Each month the price was somewhat higher than the month before. A pork shortage was developing, but nothing was being done.

Suddenly a new element was injected into the picture. Britain's demand for pork products and other food became a reality. The battle of the Atlantic became intensified; British rations of pork and dairy products were whittled down repeatedly, and cries for help grew ever louder. Congress passed the seven-billion-dollar lease-lend bill, with specific provision for large-scale export of foodstuffs. The farm bloc snatched its opportunity; more hogs were coming—at $9.00 per hundredweight.

The crystallization of the British demand for food made it imperative to deal with the hog problem in a hurry. The need for speed, plus demands of the farm bloc, gave weight to the proposal to stimulate production by means of high hog prices. Thus the price-raising policy was adopted.

This alternative was very attractive to all concerned. The farm bloc had secured good prices for the hog farmers it represents. The Department of Agriculture was able to point with satisfaction to the success of the ever-normal granary policy. For the moment it was possible to ignore such unpleasant considerations as the possible reaction of consumers to higher daily food prices and to the dangers of inflation inherent in the boost in the cost of living which higher food prices make inevitable.

A look at President Roosevelt's defense machinery would lead to the assumption that either Leon Henderson, OPACS Administrator, or Harriet Elliott, consumer representative in the same agency, would lash out at increased prices on food; but here is what happened. At the end of Secretary Wickard's statement to the press at the time of releasing details of the price floor, was an almost completely unnoticed endorsement by New Dealers Henderson and Elliott. "This program," the two former Defense Commissioners declared, "contemplates moderate price increases for certain commodities over the two-year period which will cover the costs of additional production required during the coming year. At the same time, it should forestall more extreme price advances later on by insuring consumers of adequate supplies."

Speaking in a farm simile, Mr. Henderson apparently was satisfied to stabilize the price of hogs somewhere near the level of the weathercock on the barn, rather than somewhere down in the pigsty. What became of his previous policy of stabilizing lumber, steel, and scrap-metal prices at a level at or below the market price? When he was asked a question to that effect at his first press conference after appointment to the new job, Mr. Henderson stated that he didn't "know as much as he should" about the principle of parity, but said that he could be expected to follow the "Administration line" on those agricultural matters. It is known privately that he understands more about it than he cared to let on. During his days on the Securities and Exchange Commission, for example, he was tutored in parity by Edward C. Eicher, Ex-Congressman from Iowa, present SEC Chairman, and traditional high-parity man.

As for Miss Elliott, one may wonder if she was willing to go along with Secretary Wickard's policy somewhat as the chicken coop goes along with the Mississippi at high flood, since she had previously declared that "consumer re-

sistance to high meat prices is well-founded."

What American consumers should know is that the new program intended to raise the price of pork chops from 25 cents to 35 or 40 cents a pound. Consumers should also know that, although Britain will not require more than one or two billion pounds of pork, seven or eight billion will be sold to the American consumer at the new high price. Anyway, the government may be able to liquidate the surplus corn stocks without showing a loss.

IV

The concept of parity prices has long been accepted as the ultimate goal of farm policy, and the farm bloc has never given up trying for the goal, although it has not been reached except in two or three cases. Briefly stated, the parity idea is this: Farmers should receive a price for their crops which will enable them to purchase food, clothing, farm equipment, and other necessities in the same amounts that they could purchase in years gone by when farm prices were more equitably related to industrial prices. The basis for the calculation of parity is the period 1909 to 1914, so that farm prices should now be equivalent to those of that period. Suppose, for example, that in 1909–14 a farmer could sell 100 bushels of wheat for $100 and that with this $100 he could purchase a plow and a cream separator. Suppose that to-day, however, these implements cost $200. Then, it is argued, the parity price for 100 bushels of wheat is $200.

It is recognized by economists, including a number of agricultural economists who support the parity program, that the idea of parity is far from perfect; however, it has the advantage of being relatively simple as a basis for comparison. The difficulty is that the farm bloc in Congress has absorbed the idea in its simple form, without recognizing its qualifications. The word itself makes a marvelous political slogan and Congressional shibboleth. On the floor of Congress it is almost treasonable to question parity as a goal; the only question is how much of parity shall be granted. Hence the insistence on parity.

The move toward full farm parity and even more in the current session of Congress is booming right along. Early in the year the Farm Bureau Federation announced its intention of securing loans at 75 per cent of parity—a figure higher than that now prevailing. In the middle of May both houses passed a measure fixing the level of government loans at 85 per cent of parity on five basic commodities: cotton, wheat, corn, tobacco, and rice. The two latter commodities happen to be at that level already. Although it was generally estimated at the time of debate on the measure that an 85 per cent level would boost the cost of living 10 per cent, Mr. O'Neal insisted that only a 5 per cent boost would result. President Roosevelt signed the measure, however, with the statement that farm leaders in Congress had promised that prices should not exceed parity.

In recommending an appropriation of one and one-third billion dollars to accomplish parity and other benefits, the Senate Agriculture Committee asked for $450,000,000—nearly a half billion dollars—more than the President's own Budget Bureau! Even Secretary Wickard would not go along with this record figure, and Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau lashed out against the idea of asking for so much money in times of high national defense costs. The difference between Budget requests and Senate Agriculture Committee recommendations is an amount equal to 6 per cent of annual normal corporation taxes, Secretary Morgenthau told a press conference. To ease the pain, farm leaders in Congress let it be known when they passed the 85 per cent parity loan bill that they might drop their demands for the additional $450,000,000. As a matter of fact, the figure was finally reduced to $212,000,000.

To accomplish its purposes, the Farm

Bureau Federation sniped even farther at the popular food stamp plan, asking Congress to divert a large part of its funds to farm benefit payments. It should be said, in fairness to Secretary Wickard and other Administration officials, that it is quite possible that even their favors to the farm bloc were granted at a time when debate on the bill was being conducted in the Senate for the purpose of heading off greater raids which threatened even then. At present writing it looks as though their efforts had been almost fruitless. Although the $450,000,000 figure was finally beaten down to $212,000,000, specialized groups within the farm bloc had smelled warm blood and were out to get similar, special favors for their commodities. The scramble was on!

On the 1st of August the Administration introduced in Congress its price-control bill. Debate will be going on still when this appears in print; but, so far, the farm bloc's only change in position has been to insist that the definition of parity should be revised upward—in spite of the fact that the Administration's draft of the bill contained a prohibition against a price ceiling on agricultural commodities *below* 110 per cent of parity! Chairman Steagall of the Banking and Currency Committee, who introduced the bill in the House, apparently is not willing to let it go at that. "We aren't through with the matter yet," he told reporters. "We may extend still further the limitations to protect farmers." In the immortal words of Senator Lee O'Daniel of Texas: "Pass the biscuits, Pappy!"

If 110 per cent parity is widely attained, there will be sharp increases in many familiar family table items. Here are some examples to be added to those already cited among pork products: potatoes, selling at 76 cents a bushel, would be raised to $1.01; apples, selling at 95 cents a bushel, would be raised to $1.41; and sweet potatoes, selling at $1.01 a bushel, would be raised to $1.29. These are prices at the farm, not at wholesale or retail levels; the increase at the corner grocery will be proportionately more.

Cotton clothing is the same story. The Cotton Textile Institute estimates that the attainment of parity for raw cotton would be the equivalent of a tax of six cents a pound on cotton consumers —an extremely sharp increase when it is considered that raw cotton is now selling at about 14 cents per pound.

For whatever it is worth, the experience of the first World War runs to the contrary in one important respect. Herbert Hoover, the authority in charge of food prices, before the Pittsburgh Press Club in 1918, took occasion to announce firmly his policy toward seekers of special favors in the feeding of nations during an emergency. "I do not believe that any person in the United States has a right to make one cent more profit out of any employment than he would have made under prewar conditions. I do not care whether this refers to the farmer, to the laborer, to the manufacturer, to the middleman, or to the retailer. To me every cent taken beyond this standard is money abstracted from the blood and sacrifices of the American people."

Frequently the supporters of higher farm prices put their special pleas on the basis that labor, capital, and other groups have succeeded in raising the levels of their returns. Surely consumers have no less a stake in the hectic scramble than other groups. The facing of these facts should result in a unified policy not only on the part of the government, but on the part of all persons who seek to better their conditions during the defense efforts. In elaborating his program for price maintenance, Secretary Wickard said on April 20th: "In this period of emergency, farmers want to conduct themselves in such a way that they will keep the good will of the American people. In turn, they will want the people to insist on fair treatment for farmers." No one has taken exception to that laudatory declaration, but in the implementation of its premise, Mr. Wickard has yet to pass many hurdles.

OUR RADIO AMATEURS

BY CARL DREHER AND ZEH BOUCK

When Marconi visited the Century of Progress exposition at Chicago in 1933 he spent a good deal of time at the amateur radio exhibit, admiring the equipment and genially passing out autographs to goggle-eyed fans. The father of radio explained to the manager of the RCA pavilion, who was frantically trying to draft him for the commercial show, "You know, I've always considered myself an amateur."

Had Marconi been an American he would probably have called himself a "ham." Commercial operators of the early wireless days applied the epithet contemptuously to the non-commercial fraternity, and it stuck. But any sense of disparagement which it might once have conveyed disappeared with the First World War. When we entered that conflict there were about 6,000 hams in the country, and 3,500 of them were soon serving as radio operators or signal officers in the armed services. To-day the federal government has licensed 60,000 amateurs, among whom you will find some of the fastest and smoothest radio operators in the world. Their status is not unhonored, especially in the eyes of those charged with the responsibility for national defense. In these times of air power, panzer thrusts, and highly motorized battalions, with radio the only possible means of contact among units, the potential value of a big reservoir of civilian radio-communications talent can hardly be overestimated.

Of course in normal times the public knows little about that aspect of amateur activity and cares less. And, partly because the amateurs are clannish, the public knows a lot about them that just isn't so. To the average citizen the ham is still a small boy given to tinkering with radio in such a manner as to break into a Town Hall program with "CQ, CQ, calling CQ," or superimpose a staccato of clicks and buzzes on the pianissimo passages of Beethoven's Fifth. The picture is inaccurate: the average age of the contemporary ham is about thirty, and ninety-five per cent of the interference he is blamed for comes from other sources. But it is true that he tinkers and experiments. So does General Motors. The hams have always been tinkerers or you wouldn't have a broadcast receiver in your home. Even the commercial radio people will tell you that the hams have contributed substantially to the technic which makes the wheels go round. And, while lending a hand in the creation of the farflung communication and entertainment facilities of the modern world, they have simultaneously built up a telegraph and telephone network all their own, which tides over many an emergency until the regular machinery is functioning again. That again is something which the average comfortable citizen does not think of every day—but he thinks of it when flood, quake, fire, hurricane, or snow strikes swift and hard.

But to consider the ham only as a technician would be to neglect the social and political significance of his collective

personality. He has given us an example of twentieth-century pioneering which would be hard to match in any other field, and a striking demonstration of the compatibility of individual enterprise with group purpose. And he has done this principally in America, because here he was free to do it. In contrast, ham radio has never thrived in countries where freedom is regarded, in Signor Mussolini's elegant phrase, as a putrefying corpse. Even before the present World War the totalitarian states had largely regulated their amateurs from the international ether. Amateur radio thus serves as a kind of international barometer of civil liberties. It is only in the Western Hemisphere, and particularly in the United States, that the ham is afforded facilities in the way of power and wave-length assignments adequate for serious experimentation and the pursuit of amateur happiness.

Consequently over eighty per cent of the world's hams are Americans, united in the closest approach to a perfect democracy that exists. They are found in every walk of life, from college professors to orchestra leaders (Andy Senella and Raymond Page are hams), to garage mechanics, aviators (the late Frank Hawks was a radio amateur), WPA workers and millionaires, to radio engineers and professional radio and wire operators on a perennial busman's holiday. Amos 'n' Andy, farmers, baseball players, motion-picture stars (Judy Garland for one), Presidents' sons (Herbert Hoover, Jr.), bell hops, and even authors are among the rank and file of amateurdom. Radio is the only thing they have in common; their interest in radio is the bond that unites them over the breadth of continents and—less and less as the war spreads—across the seas.

Many of them have been on the air for years and never meet in the flesh. When they come face to face the results are sometimes interesting. A group of Florida amateurs were visiting Orlando, and it occurred to them to drop in on a friend they had "worked" many times in the Florida State net. Night had fallen by the time they found his residence, and the house was uninvitingly dark. Reconnaissance to the rear disclosed no light. Without much expectation of finding anyone at home, they rang the doorbell. Footsteps caught them just as they were turning away and the door swung open. Their friend welcomed them.

"Come on in, fellows. Just a second and I'll switch on some lights."

He led the way up a flight of stairs, turning on lights as he went, and then down a long hall to a blacked-out "shack." (The radio room is the shack, whether it be a corner in the parlor, bedroom, kitchen, attic, cellar—or actually a separate building.) The pungent odor of melted rosin hung in the darkness, and, as the host once more switched on lights, a ribbon of smoke curled up from a hot soldering iron.

"I was just working on the rig," the ham explained.

Then they all remembered—W4DWI is blind.

There is no physical handicap, other than total deafness, that precludes ham operation. Hundreds of amateurs are shut-ins, many of them bedridden, where the movement of a hand across the counterpane spans distances unlimited.

II

Distances were not so unlimited in the pioneer days of the wireless art, just after the turn of the century, when Number One Ham Marconi sent the letter S across the Atlantic, and inspired imitators among the boy-electricians of the time. George Clark—pioneer ham, RCA engineer and publicity specialist for three decades—records what happened:

> —Basing my puny amateur story
> Upon my hero's greater glory,
> It seemed 'twas almost I who won
> The Atlantic's conquest just begun.

—with a footnote, "G. Marconi worked 1800 miles; G. Clark, 200 feet."

Two hundred feet was pretty good. Any reception was an event in those days. All that was known about Marconi's detecting device—the "coherer"—was that it contained metal filings in a glass tube. The amateur filed down a nickel and a dime to make such a gadget, with the net result that he was out fifteen cents. Even after the crystal detector was invented it took years before the simple details of its construction got round, mostly by word of mouth, and the amateurs made it their own. Those who could not obtain a sensitive piece of silicon or carborundum rummaged in the coal bin and after interminable trials occasionally discovered a piece of anthracite that would pick up the longed-for dots and dashes. But transmitters were few and far between; when the crystal happened to be in its precarious state of adjustment, nobody was sending, and when somebody was sending the chances were the detector was out of kilter. "I heard a station last night," was a claim that might or might not be believed.

It was not until the close of the century's first decade that the hams, using spark coils for transmitting and improved crystal detectors for receiving, were "getting out" over distances of several miles. And it was then that they had their first brush with people who didn't like them—the first of a long series. Ex-ham Jack Binns had just transmitted his immortal CQD (the SOS of that day), saving several hundred lives on the S.S. *Republic*. Wireless (or radio—they're both the same) was beginning to be appreciated in the shipping business and in naval communication. The great problem was interference. Tuning, if any, was broad, and the operators were getting in one another's way. The ether was a frontier, anarchic and violent. Many a pair of commercial operators kept appointments on New York's West Street docks to settle with their fists arguments that had started with a "jamming" incident during a voyage. But the hams were the greatest pest of all. Radio law did not exist. If you wanted to put up a station and transmit you asked leave of no one. You planted yourself on any wave length, usually with only the vaguest idea of what it was, and not giving a hoot anyway. Call letters were self-assigned—generally the initials of the station owner. If you jammed someone he swore at you—there were no regulations regarding the "transmission of obscene language"—and you returned the compliment. There existed no official distinction between ham and commercial stations. There was E. N. Pickerell (ex-ham, later Chief Operator on the S.S. *Leviathan*, still later in charge of aviation radio for RCA) who operated WA, pioneer commercial station at the Waldorf Astoria. Every time Pickerell would open up, W. E. D. Stokes, Jr., who owned an equally powerful ham station at the Hotel Ansonia a mile away, "sat on the key"—with the approval of his millionaire father, who owned the latter hotel. A ham might heed the request of a commercial operator to lay off, or he might—and frequently did—tell the commercial station to go to hell.

The resulting resentment gradually converged on Washington, D. C. When President Taft signed the Alexander Bill, on August 17, 1912, the frontier days of radio were over. This bill provided for the licensing of all stations and operators, limited the ham to 1,000 watts of power, and relegated him to the 200-meter wave length, then considered worthless for communication purposes. It was expected that in the course of a few years he would quietly expire. (Since then he has circled the globe on less than one watt of power and on still shorter, more "worthless," wave lengths!)

But the ham survived in spite of the lawmakers. Among other things, what kept him alive was his natural tendency to organize—the coalescence which results naturally from a common interest. As the number of hams increased they began to form a kind of scientific fraternity from which the social and mone-

tary criteria of the outside world were tacitly barred. In New York City, the boys of the Bronx, using homemade condensers coated with tinfoil still redolent of Liederkranz cheese, compared notes over the air with the affluent amateurs of the West Side—five miles distant, geographically, but a social light-year removed. The social gulf did not exist so far as ham radio was concerned, but superior financial underwriting did enable the West Side hams to erect bigger and better stations and thus speed up technical progress. In 1909 they formed the Junior Wireless Club, Ltd.—later the Radio Club of America—and held meetings at the Hotel Ansonia, with the aforementioned W. E. D. Stokes, Jr., as president.

One member of the club was a lad named Armstrong, with a penchant for pole-sitting. Atop a 150-foot antenna mast at his Yonkers home, young Armstrong would sway precariously in the breeze watching a neighborhood fire—until his parents shooed him down. Armstrong was only nineteen years of age when, with both feet on the ground, he discovered that he could do remarkable things with the audion (your radio tube of to-day) invented by pioneer ham Lee DeForest in 1906. In the course of the next decade the DeForest and Armstrong circuits revolutionized the entire radio art, especially communication on the short wave lengths to which the amateurs were confined.

It was a decade and a half later that Armstrong again went in for pole-sitting. The "pole" this time was one of the hundred-foot towers of WJZ on the roof of the old Aeolian Hall, on West 42nd Street, New York City. He was Major Armstrong by then. To make the pole act more interesting, he did it in the dark of night and stood on his head on top of the strap-iron ball that crowned the tower. For this feat he was permanently barred from the premises by ex-ham, ex-commercial operator David Sarnoff, President of RCA.

Armstrong's originality was not confined to aerobatics, however. Later he invented Frequency Modulation, which gives every sign of revolutionizing radio broadcasting as we now know it, and he made a profitable dicker with RCA subsidiaries. To-day Armstrong—now Professor Armstrong—climbs the towers of his FM transmitter at Alpine, N. J. There is nothing phony about those pictures you see of him silhouetted against the sky—and no one can shoo him down.

About the time that the Radio Club of America was founded the ham was combining, first into neighborhood groups or local clubs, then on a nation-wide scale. In 1915 the American Radio Relay League came into being under the organizational guidance of ham Hiram Percy Maxim, inventor of the Maxim silencer and pioneer in amateur radio and the development of the automobile. The idea of relaying messages over distances which could not be spanned by a single station proved to be the integrative force the amateurs needed. Distance has always had its lure, and it provided the incentive for the amateur to improve his equipment and his operating ability. In January, 1917, the first transcontinental relay was accomplished.

That same year the United States entered the First World War, and the U. S. Naval District Communications Superintendents sent out peremptory orders to all amateurs to close their stations, sending and receiving; to lower antennas to the ground, and to disconnect the apparatus. Two hundred meters was silent.

But it came back strong as soon as the ban was lifted. The termination of the War brought a new era in radio. It marked the beginning of the end for the old spark transmitter, particularly prized by the amateur for its pyrotechnics, the ozone it generated, the lights it dimmed for blocks around, and the by-product of sound which drove the neighbors crazy and raised the belligerence of landlords to the boiling point. But long before the government forbade these

high-voltage fireworks the hams recognized the superior efficiency of tube transmitters and voluntarily forsook their daily Fourth-of-July celebration for the tube circuits invented by DeForest and Armstrong, which made long-distance transmission possible and radio telephony practicable.

Tubes were hard to get in the early twenties. They were as unobtainable, legally, as a bottle of Scotch. But no one who really wanted a drink went without one, and prohibition actually helped the amateurs obtain their tubes.

One of the authors of this article owned the second tube transmitter in New York City. The ham is proud of his equipment—regardless of how "haywire" it may be—and hospitable by tradition and instinct. So when a stranger knocked at the door of the shack one day he was made welcome, and the blue glow of the Western Electric tubes was pridefully displayed. The stranger's interest in the tubes was gratifying indeed until he flashed a gold badge identifying himself as a member of the secret service—the FBI of those days. He was checking inventory for the Navy on the complaint that a flock of tubes disappeared every time the fleet anchored in the Hudson River.

This was before the days of Alcatraz, but Atlanta was in existence, and the ham's story was that he had bought the tubes from someone—he couldn't recall the name—who said he represented the Western Electric Company. The ham stuck to his story—and the federal man departed with the tubes. A hurried call was made to a neighboring ham before the fleet sailed for winter maneuvers off Guantanamo. "Get hold of the operator on board the *Shawmut*. Tell him 2PI needs a couple of VT-2's and three VT-1's. Same price—two quarts of gin for the lot."

The amateurs were the first broadcast audience. Experimental radio telephony was nothing new. Professor (ex-ham) Fessenden had broadcast a Christmas Eve program back in 1906 with "Silent Night, Holy Night" and "Adeste Fidelis." DeForest in 1912 had broadcast the Metropolitan Opera. But these were pioneer efforts before there was even a potential audience, and they made history rather than entertainment. Shortly after the War, DeForest put on regular shows, phonograph records, and variety with well-known vaudeville stars, from his stations at Highbridge and Ossining, N. Y. And then there was Frank Conrad, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Westinghouse Company, and an amateur operator in his spare hours. He began sending out phonograph music from his ham station in Pittsburgh in 1919.

By this time there were several thousand amateurs who listened, and when not occupied with the serious business of communicating in code they shared the entertainment with relatives and friends. An almost fatal error!

The layman discovered that there was something on the air besides dots and dashes. The idea of hearing voice and music—regardless of quality—without benefit of wires had a distinct novelty appeal. People began to ask if they could obtain receiving sets of their own, and the hams obligingly built a few. A Pittsburgh department store laid in a stock of simple receivers which anybody could operate, and the public made a rush for them. It caught on like Mah Jongg—but never petered out. Conrad's 8XK was moved to the Westinghouse plant, where it became KDKA. The company began manufacturing radios on a production basis, and the broadcasting boom roared over the nation.

Thereupon the hams, who had let the camel into the tent, were practically evicted! Most of the radios offered in those days were of inferior design—inferior even to the earlier ham models from which they were copied. They were incapable of separating one station from another, and actually transmitted whistles and bloops which were blamed on amateur interference, along with every other kind of noise from X-ray

machines to sparking elevator motors and atmospheric static.

The hams had had few dealings with humanity in the mass, and what they knew about coils and condensers was of no assistance in their public relations. Reacting from their first baffled astonishment, they began hitting back. A first-class row was in the making—reminiscent of the commercial-ham fracas of two decades back—with the lunatic fringe on both sides sounding off loudly and more loudly. One irate broadcast listener proclaimed, "If that is the station that is broadcasting code, my suggestion would be that instead of hiring a lawyer, the matter be placed in the hands of a vigilance committee for action!" At about the same time a prominent ham wrote, "I believe I speak for every amateur in America when I say I hope the amateur may see the day when he can tramp on the grave of the nighthawk broadcaster, and kick his tombstone into perdition beyond recall."

III

The quarrel was ended without serious casualties, but even to-day the ham is blamed by the radio listener, whom he warmed at his breast, for most of the latter's woes—those natural concomitants of radio reception, fading and atmospheric static, plus the noise-making by-products of modern civilization: neon lights, diathermy machines, automobile-ignition systems, traffic lights, any kind of a light flasher, thermostats (for goldfish bowls or oil heating), incinerators, smoke precipitators, electric shavers, fluorescent lights, ultra-violet ray machines, and even trouble within the radio itself. Actually, the amateur is strictly required by law to operate his equipment in such a manner that it will interfere with no other service—and he does. If you are bothered with strange radio noises call in a radio serviceman—don't bother the local radio inspector or your senator in Washington.

One reason for the ham's unsavory reputation is partially legend—a hangover from the wild and woolly days of wireless, and another is that most broadcast listeners are introduced to him through the back door of amateur radio, the "160-meter fone band," close to the State police and high-fidelity broadcast channels. Here the opinion one receives of the ham is truly sad. He appears to be a moron broadcasting his idiotic jargon on a spectrum of the ether that might be used for better purposes.

This, however, does not present a fair picture of ham radio. The least experienced and lowliest amateurs gravitate to this band because of government restrictions and natural limitations. Only amateurs possessing the highest of the three grades of government licenses are permitted to operate fone on the more desirable ham bands, and many of those lacking the IQ to pass the relatively rigid examination for the Class A ticket continue to display their limitations on 160 meters.

But the jargon of the ham is no index to his mentality, ability, or justification for existence. This jargon is a relic of pre-radio telephone days, when only code transmission was possible and every word had to be spelled out, not only by letters, but by the dots and dashes composing the letters. Abbreviations were essential. Many were borrowed from Morse land-line practice and a comprehensive list of international "Q-signals" developed. In telephone transmission they have only a ritualistic value—the abracadabra of the initiate—and the fone hams cling to them for precisely this reason. Instead of "go ahead" they say "K." Signing-off is done with "SK"—the radio code equivalent of Morse "30," the venerable adieu of the press wires. A "QSO" is a contact—a complete interchange of communications with another station. "Hi" indicates laughter, the four dots (h) followed by a space and two dots (i) having a mildly risible lilt in code. QRM and QRN are respectively interference and static. The expression "73" is another dating back to the old

Morse days: it means "best regards." For more warmth, "88" is used to send "love and kisses." "OM" and "OB" do duty respectively as "old man" and "old boy." The original feminine counterpart "OW" ("old woman") was quickly shelved as soon as a few girl operators appeared on the scene, giving place to the more chivalrous "YL"—"young lady"—applied without regard to age. When she marries—even an Indian child marriage—a "YL" becomes an "XYL"—"ex-young lady." "DX" means distance. The most prevalent abbreviation of all is "CQ." This is the mating call of the ham, both telephone and telegraph—a general call signifying to all within range that the operator is lonely, that he desires contact with another station—any station. It is not, as so many broadcast listeners have assumed, the call-letters of the most popular ham station on the air.

The amateurs operate a free public message service which, while it does not compete seriously with commercial communication facilities, does carry a considerable volume of traffic. Amateur messages are usually delivered by mail or telephone, with the statement that a reply filed with the delivering station will be transmitted free of charge. The delivery of 200 to 300 messages a month by a single station is by no means unusual. The cost of mailing and telephoning messages is a part of the ham's not inconsiderable overhead. He welcomes this expense and bother because he enjoys what he is doing and takes pride in handling traffic with increasing speed and accuracy. And then, his wave lengths are precious to him, his hold on them precarious—and he is not unmindful of the value of the public's good will.

Most amateur traffic is of a trivial nature—birthday and Christmas greetings where the recipient is not worth even a one-and-a-half-cent stamp, routine good wishes, and declarations by the sender that he or she will write soon. Occasionally the content announces sickness, birth, death, departures, and safe arrivals. Some messages are urgent requests for funds, the sender evidently being too broke to write. Train and hotel accommodations are often reserved by ham radio. In the preparation of this article, with the co-authors separated by the width of the continent, messages filed in New York State reached Hollywood in a few hours, and replies were forwarded with the same expedition.

Thousands of messages originate at fairs, and practically every exposition provides facilities for notifying the people at home that you are having a swell time, weather is fine, and wish you were here. Some 23,000 such messages were transmitted from the New York World's Fair station W2USA. The ham station at the Florida State Fair gets rid of 4,000 in two weeks. Messages between government outposts such as the Philippines, the Panama Canal, Puerto Rico, Guam, Hawaii, and the States are, as a rule, of more consequence. The elapsed time is usually better than air mail, and Army officers, enlisted men, and their families often avail themselves of ham radio facilities. Massachusetts hams recently engaged a bootleg station in lengthy conversations so that Federal monitoring stations had plenty of time to ply their direction finders and apprehend the operator. Army-amateur stations in most of the training camps substitute for delinquent post cards between draftees and home.

An amateur in Tampa, Florida, not so long ago was asked by a station north of the Mason and Dixon Line if he could deliver a message to a passenger aboard the Silver Meteor before the train was shuttled to its ultimate destination, St. Petersburg. The ham said he'd try to get away from work the following afternoon when the streamliner pulled in, and ZOT (go ahead and transmit) the message. The text—JUST TO RELIEVE YOUR MIND NELLIE IS FEELING MUCH BETTER LOVE—seemed reasonably urgent, so the ham knocked off at three o'clock (losing a half day's pay) and was

on the platform when the Meteor snaked its way round Ybor City. He tipped a porter to page the addressee, who shortly appeared—one of these elderly perennials who occupy the green benches of St. Petersburg four months of the year. Beaming with smiles, he asked the ham what he owed him, and when the amateur said "Nothing," he tried to press a ten-cent tip into his palm. This too the ham refused; amateurs are not permitted to accept compensation, direct or indirect, for their services. The old gentleman made up for it with his thanks. "I couldn't sleep last night," he said, "worrying about Nellie. My daughter fed her potatoes, which everyone should know is indigestible for dogs."

Any ham will take a message from you, and if it is handled through the well-integrated and disciplined network of the Army Amateur Radio System, or the reasonably dependable facilities of the American Radio Relay League, it will probably get through. However, the reliability of the amateur system is not always on a par with the instance of the potato-eating Nellie. There is the case of a message sent from Hawaii to a relative in Texas, announcing the birth of a baby boy. A return radiogram was dispatched immediately:

NOW YOU HAVE WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED STOP I AM DELIGHTED

The reply to this message came by clipper in the form of a wrathful demand for explanation. It developed that one of the receiving operators, unable to cope with static, inteference, or quality of transmission, had written DISGUSTED instead of DELIGHTED. And then there was the ham who balled up the name CATHERINE (who was "feeling fine") with the result that it was copied as CATHETER.

IV

All of this is a lot of fun for the participants, but the reader has a right to ask for a critical audit of what the amateur receives from society and what of fundamental value he gives in return. What he receives can be summed up in a very few words. He is granted a little more than five per cent of the wave lengths useful for general communications purposes, as compared with the fifteen to twenty per cent occupied by the broadcasting stations. He is permitted to transmit with a power which, although small, is adequate for his purposes. To secure these privileges he must pass rigid government tests in code, radio theory, international agreements, and radio law. To insure compliance with the regulations, his signals are checked by twenty-six offices and seven monitoring stations of the Federal Communications Commission.

The other side of the balance sheet will require considerably more space. We have already outlined the ham's services in the development of the radio art. But he does much more than this. Sometimes he saves lives.

Out on the lonely island of San Nicholas, seventy miles west of Los Angeles harbor light, a baby was dying. On the island, inhabited by only a few sheep ranchers, no expert medical aid was available, and the child's parents sat throughout a night of agony, pinning their hopes on a miracle. Late the previous afternoon the one San Nicholas ham station, W6JLF, had sent through an urgent CQ to Los Angeles, through a station at Redondo Beach. The receiving amateur notified the Redondo Beach Police, who in turn passed on the emergency message to the Coast Guard. A Los Angeles radio police cruiser sirened its way to the home of Dr. William E. Brown, picked him up with his medical kit, and screeched harborward. Coast Guard Patrol No. 259 cast off its ropes as Dr. Brown leaped aboard, and in the dawn the boat hove to in the lee of San Nicholas. Two hours later the doctor pronounced the child out of danger.

The heroic role of individual amateurs in disasters is old stuff to most of the public and more or less taken for granted. But few people know of the magnitude

of the group effort and the elaborate organization behind it. In the New England-Long Island hurricane of 1938 the Army Amateur Radio System alone handled more than 8,000 messages dealing with emergency relief.

"Acts of God" first lay low the relatively vulnerable telegraph and telephone wires and poles, disrupting wire communications. There remains only radio—mostly ham radio. For although police radio, forestry stations, and special emergency stations exist, it is impossible to place these in predetermined strategic positions, whereas the amateur is ubiquitous. Wherever the wind howls it is certain to be whistling through some ham antenna. About 2,600 amateurs are organized by the American Radio Relay League into an emergency corps, which in times of disaster works in prearranged co-operation with the Red Cross, National Guard units, and municipal and State police. All members of the Army Amateur Radio System, the NCR (Naval Communication Reserve) and the National Guard (whose radio equipment, incidentally, is manned by hams) automatically become available as emergency stations. About forty per cent of these are capable of operation from power plants independent of the light lines, and many of them have apparatus, including power supply, which can be moved to the most advantageous location in an afflicted zone. Special tests are made several times a year—preparedness drills which are essentially sham battles with hurricane and flood.

Ever since Donald B. MacMillan took Donald H. Mix, 1TS, on his Arctic expedition aboard the *Bowdoin* in 1923, explorations and similar ventures have depended wholly or partially on amateur radio to keep in touch with civilization—both in the employment of amateur operators as part of the expeditionary personnel and in dependence upon amateur stations as points of contact. The dirigible *Shenandoah* on a country-wide cruise worked with hams in thirty-nine States, and her ultimate breakup in midair has been attributed to the abandoning of such contacts, which might have warned her of the storm in which she met her doom. Together with the *Bowdoin*, the schooner *Morrissey* of the American Museum Greenland Expedition, commanded by Bob Bartlett, bruised her bows against the Arctic ice for a decade and, through the hams, was never out of touch with home. Amateur radio has been with Byrd on every one of his expeditions, with Wilkins and the *Southern Cross* on her flight from California to Australia, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the filming of "Trader Horn" in Africa, "Eskimo" in Alaska, and other pictures. Ham radio co-operated with Wilkins and Ellsworth aboard the submarine *Nautilus*, accompanied the Wyatt Antarctic expedition, the Bol-Inca expedition, and was with one of the present writers on the first land-plane circumnavigatory flight of South America and on the first flight from the United States to Bermuda.

The government in recognition of the hams' potential utility makes every effort to train them through the Army Amateur Radio System and the Naval Communications Reserve, and these efforts are now being accelerated for emergency purposes. The Chief Signal Officer of the Army is directly responsible to the President of the United States for the administration of the AARS. He is assisted by a "Liaison Officer AARS" and a "Chief Radio Aide," the latter usually being a prominent civilian radio amateur. The Army Signal Officer in each Corps Area carries out the plan of coordination between the Signal Corps and the ham members in that area. While many of the AARS operators are officers in the Signal Corps Reserve, in the AARS itself no military service of any kind is required or expected. The main idea is to make an expert of the ham in code work and army procedure. The NCR is more closely affiliated with the Navy than the AARS is with our land forces; it is, in effect, a service or-

ganization; but the purpose is the same —to improve the operating ability of its members, and to familiarize them with the procedure of traffic handling, which, incidentally, is entirely different in the two services.

These very real achievements of the hams in national defense have unfortunately been obscured of late by the agitation over real or fancied Fifth Column activities. Privately owned radio stations obviously offer possibilities for assistance in espionage—a fact that has long been recognized by the dictator governments and by the writers of international spy yarns. No amateur transmitters are permitted to-day in any of the belligerent nations, and the American ham has felt the pressure of war ever since Poland was invaded. At that time he was warned by the Federal Communications Commission and the ARRL to watch his step, express no partiality over the air, and deport himself generally so that our neutrality would in no way be jeopardized. Sharper restrictions were imposed last year when the United States discarded its winter coat of neutrality for the spring apparel of non-belligerent aid to the Allies. The ham was forbidden to communicate with any foreign country, even in the Western Hemisphere, and to converse in any language other than English. More recently the use of portable and mobile equipment has been restricted, and all operators, commercial and amateur, are fingerprinted and must definitely establish their citizenship.

These precautions, however, should not be allowed to cast suspicion on the hams as a group. There is not the slightest ground for suspecting bona fide American amateurs of Fifth Column activity. It is much more likely that treasonable communications would be carried on through unlicensed and illegal stations, and that the American ham will be of material service in detecting and locating them. It is worth noting that long before General Mola coined the Fifth Column phrase, operators' licenses were issued only to American citizens, and no one, not even a citizen, could secure a station license for a transmitter located on premises under alien control.

Should the United States definitely enter this war, our government might follow the example of the other belligerents and stop all amateur operation. But this is by no means a foregone conclusion. Numerous army amateur stations might be allowed to continue operation, as well as universities, National Guard amateur transmitters, and certain other stations. This would promote the further training of non-enlisted operators. Then again, while wars are man-made and man-timed, floods and hurricanes come and go as they please, war or no war.

The ham already has shined up the dimming tradition of the first World War. The War Department recently announced, "The matter of utilizing amateur radio stations for national defense purposes is under study by the Defense Communications Board at the present time." On the first of August, 1941, there were close to 10,000 hams in the U. S. armed services. The Selective Service questionnaire filled out by every draftee asks him only two questions in reference to special qualifications—one of these: Is radio your hobby? Army amateur draftees, by order of the Chief Signal Officer, are automatically inducted into the Signal Corps. Hams in general are sifted to fill radio needs in other branches of the services. A Captain of the 119th Field Artillery, at Fort Leonard Wood, says, "From my own standpoint, I should be only too glad to have my radio section filled with amateurs." An ensign, instructor at the Navy's largest radio training school, wishes that the entire student body were made up of hams. There exists to-day a definite shortage of maritime radio operators—owing to enlistment and draft and by the commissioning of all available ships. To meet this emergency, the U. S. Maritime Commission has set up a

radio training school on Gallup's Island, just off Boston. A number of hams with commercial licenses are instructors, and one-third of the student body are amateurs.

No—the ham is not just a kid tinkering with electricity or Peck's Bad Boy trying to spoil radio reception for neighboring broadcast listeners. While most amateurs are initiated into the art in the early teens, some are over eighty years of age, and the majority are mature men and women. Their development follows a fairly uniform pattern. The youth, at first completely absorbed, gives up radio when the opposite sex begins to compete seriously with the fascination of microphone and key. This alienation normally lasts until the first baby is born, at which time recrudescence sets in and he is a ham all over again. About five per cent of United States amateurs are women, and some of them —usually housewives and mothers— are among the most expert operators. Women operators are commonly married to hams, occasionally as post-nuptial converts to radio operating; more often the marriage itself is the result of an etheric romance.

While the amateur's services to society are more important than what happens to him as an individual, it would be shortsighted to ignore the personal cultural value of amateur radio. It is the most educational of all scientific hobbies. Even the simplest ham station cannot be operated without some knowledge of electricity, electronics, and the laws of electromagnetic radiation. The amateur must know these things before he can obtain a license to operate, and he studies them during the long months required to attain even the minimum code speed. The serious amateur goes far beyond the elementary stage. He is well-grounded in physics—light, heat, acoustics; in mechanics, chemistry, and mathematics. He knows far more about meteorology, the stratosphere, and sunspots than the average citizen; and his knowledge is lasting because it is self-taught and constantly employed. With his feet on scientific ground, the ham makes a better doctor, a better lawyer, a better teacher. . . .

Still more. Amateur radio gives to ordinary men, leading the circumscribed lives of ninety out of a hundred people, a release from humdrum existence and routine compulsions; it makes them freer men.

In peace or war we may hope that the success story of the American ham is not ended, that amateur radio will live on, along with those other libertarian institutions and traditions which likewise are being put to the test.

PHYSICAL FITNESS AND THE DRAFT

BY NATHAN SINAI

If Mr. Gallup were to waste his time and his postage stamps polling the nation on the question: Are we deteriorating physically? the response would show an overwhelming "Yes." The belief is prevalent that civilization is a softening process and that each preceding generation was more virile, the virility increasing as one goes back twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred years. If the poll should go farther and, in a most unorthodox fashion, should ask people why they think as they do, the characteristic answer would be: "Look at the rejections in the present draft and compare them with the draft of 1917–18."

Not a bad idea that. The findings of the present draft, however, as they make headlines and bad news, should be not only looked at but dissected. And if comparisons are in order, there is no reason for our stopping at the results of 1917–18. The Civil War also had its period when the northern States, after spending well over half a billion dollars trying to attract young men with bounties, adopted a law of compulsory military service. This was the first draft and, since it took place about four generations ago, it is worth examining.

The physical examinations of 1863–64 were made when the hardy pioneer stock was laying the cornerstones of industry and commerce, attacking the forests and carving farms out of the wilderness. Those were the days when the human fiber was tough—but someone should have told the examining surgeons so. The records show that out of more than three hundred thousand examinations that were analyzed, including those of volunteers and draftees, over thirty-seven per cent of the men were rejected for military service. And how they needed men!

At the time, just as now, there was a good deal of discussion about the softening influences of civilization; those who talked and wrote were probably thinking about the Revolutionary Period when men were really men and the two-musket-family was the rule. Immediately after the Civil War the Provost Marshal General sent a questionnaire to the examining surgeons in each congressional district asking for opinions about the underlying causes of the diseases and defects that had been noted. Other information, such as the most satisfactory age limits for a future draft, was also sought.

Connecticut produced an opinion about females "who engage their time in sedentary occupations or who pass their time in delicate indoor idleness or so-called gentility." The surgeon asked, "What but a diseased *physique* can females of either class give to their offspring?" From New Hampshire and many other States came vigorous indictments against tobacco as a deteriorating factor. New Hampshire also gave "the pernicious habit of swallowing food without thorough mastication" as a cause of dental defects. Maryland deplored the fact that "we awake in the morning weak and unrefreshed from sleep and at once put on steam of tea, coffee, or more active

stimulants to set the human machine in running condition. The consequence is premature old age and death." In Kentucky one or two counties were reported to be manufacturing, for home consumption, a too popular beverage called "Bourbon" whiskey. In another district the psychological outlook of the people toward the war was summarized in the pithy sentence, "Those who were loyal were intensely so and those who were disloyal passed through every gradation from straight-out resistance to 'Lincoln tyranny' down to the 'no-more-men-and-no-more-money' souls who had not the principle to fight *for* the Government nor the courage to fight against it." It was suggested that the lower limit of age for the draft should be placed at eighteen rather than twenty years on the ground that "a young man at that age has as much interest in the Government as one older; in fact, he has the promise of more days in which to enjoy the liberties and privileges that are being assailed."

Two large volumes present the results of the Civil War draft with many detailed statistical tables, graphs, and strikingly colored maps—maps showing the geography of hernia, tuberculosis, heart disease, rheumatism. A glance at the maps informed the congressman of that day whether the district he represented was distinctly rheumatic, hernious, or otherwise afflicted. At times those responsible for the analysis deplored the fact that the statistics ran counter to accepted opinion—a nasty habit that statistics exhibit even to-day. It is with a note of apology that the lawyers of 1863–64 are described as "more subject to chronic rheumatism, diseases of the nervous system, disorders of the intellect and obesity than the men of any other profession." Of the few editors in the draft three out of four were rejected —editors, unlike the lawyers, suffered little from disorders of the intellect, but they contributed much more than their share of digestive diseases, tuberculosis, and hernia.

There appeared to be something unfair about the unexpected healthiness of tobacconists and liquor dealers. The analysts remarked, "While it is generally supposed that the use of tobacco and spirituous liquors is detrimental to the healthy action of the digestive and nervous systems, the charts on the diseases of those systems show that men dealing in the commodities named were more healthy than the dealers in other merchandise; in fact, were healthier than the average for all occupations." Not satisfied to leave it at that, lest they be accused of supporting sin, the analysts closed the subject with this blast: "A dealer in tobacco or spirituous liquor is not necessarily a smoker or a tippler but, to be able to judge the quality of his wares, one must at least be a taster and the probabilities are that very few indeed of the venders of these articles confine themselves to mere tasting." This, though excellent advice to taste not lest ye tipple, still explained nothing!

With all the high lights and the low lights and whatever may have been the scientific or unscientific opinions about causes, the fact stands out that thirty-seven per cent of the men then were rejected! The public reaction to the appalling statistics was about the same as that of to-day.

II

Beginning with the records of the Civil War, it should be possible to take the subsequent draft figures for 1917–18 and 1940–41 and construct a chart of physical deterioration or improvement. If the percentages of rejections for general military duty increase with each draft it is evidence of a progressive deterioration; if the percentages decrease it means improvement. All very simple—and here are the figures:

Civil War	37 per cent
World War	31 per cent
1940–1941	38 per cent

The percentage for 1940–41 is based on a statement made by the Deputy Director

of the Selective Service System, reported before a national nutritional conference in May.

According to the percentages, the nation's young men showed an appreciable improvement between 1864 and 1918. After that they began to deteriorate and to-day the situation appears to be worse than that of the World War period; in fact, in a span of one generation they have apparently sunk to the physical level of the pioneers of 1863–64. What does it all mean, if anything?

It is a grammar-grade rule of arithmetic that apples and artichokes cannot be added and a total reached in terms of apples. And a rigid rule in medical statistics prohibits direct comparisons of the health or the physical defects of persons in different age groups. Age is the most important single factor in the study of diseases and defects; in each five-year period of life distinct differences are to be noted. Therefore any statistician who compared the above percentages of rejections and reached a conclusion would convict himself of being something other than a statistician. The reason? In the Civil War the draft ages were from twenty to forty-five; in the World War, from twenty-one to thirty; and to-day, from twenty-one to thirty-five. The first draft covered twenty-five years of life, the second, ten years, and the third, fifteen years. Apples, artichokes, and avocados!

If anyone tried to compare the percentages of rejections found among men twenty years old with those of men forty years old his conclusions would properly be tossed into the waste basket. When the comparisons are between ten-year and fifteen-year spans, instead of being thrown away too, they form the basis of many speeches and are preserved in print. Fundamentally the errors are the same and, as supporting evidence, the Civil War records offer some of the best printed proof now obtainable from any of the drafts. One major cause of rejections in 1863–64 was for dental defects and the number of rejections per thousand men in different age periods tells the story:

Age 20 to 25	8 rejections
Age 25 to 30	20 rejections
Age 30 to 35	39 rejections

With the succeeding age periods the rejections showed a steep rise and for each thousand above forty years of age, eighty-seven men, or about nine per cent of all those examined, were eliminated for this one cause. What a difference it would have made in the total rejections for dental causes if the Civil War draft had stopped at age thirty! Or if the World War draft had included men up to age thirty-five.

What has been shown for dental defects was true also in another important cause of rejections—hernia. The same progressive increase with age was reported; in the youngest group thirty-five per thousand were rejected; in the oldest, ninety-four.

It is because the Civil War report gives details concerning age that a rough adjustment may be made in a comparison of the rejections at that time with those of 1917–18. That is, where we pick out the Civil War rejections for ages twenty to thirty they compare as follows with those of 1917–18 for the ages twenty-one to thirty:

Civil War	28 per cent rejected
World War	31 per cent rejected

Where we do the same with the Civil War records for the twenty to thirty-five year ages, we find that they compare with the present draft as follows:

Civil War	31 per cent rejected
1940–1941	38 per cent rejected

Thus, comparing draft ages that are closely parallel, the rejections during the World War were three per cent and those of to-day are seven per cent greater than for the Civil War. But before jumping to the conclusion that this means a progressive deterioration there are a few more facts that need to be considered.

To complete the picture the logical next step would be a comparison of present rejections with those of the World

War. Unfortunately no such comparison is possible, and it will not be possible unless or until the records of the 1940–41 draftees above thirty years of age are excluded. In none of the current reports is there any evidence that they have been excluded and, as a poor substitute, it has been assumed that the two groups are roughly comparable because the majority of the men now being deferred are from the older ages. One incidental fact is of interest: If the present draft law is changed to call those between the ages of eighteen or twenty-one and twenty-five or twenty-eight any possible basis of age-comparisons with World War records will be eliminated. There were no youths younger than twenty-one called in 1917–18 and (a gross error in the analysis of World War records) no divisions were made to show defects for the ages twenty-one to twenty-five. The entire series of records was lumped for all draftees without giving consideration to age, and now there is no way to go back and pick up the information.

III

Enough about age; a different tack brings one into statistical seas that are rougher. Why be so fussy about ages that are exactly alike if the specifications that determine acceptance or rejection differ for each draft?

Rules to govern the examinations and the findings were laid down in each period, rules that differed as between drafts, and rules that were changed during the course of a particular draft. In the matter of height the Civil War first required a minimum of sixty-three inches, which was later decreased to sixty inches; the World War called for sixty-one inches and then changed to fifty-eight inches; to-day the minimum is sixty inches. The reductions in minimum height were not adopted because someone thought that smaller men made better soldiers; the rules were changed to reduce the number of rejections for a cause that has little to do with health.

In the Civil War a man was either accepted or rejected; there was no middle zone. In the World War an intermediate classification was added, that of acceptance for "limited service." The current regulations provide either for rejection, for acceptance in limited service, or for general military duty. But compared with 1917–18 there is a world of difference in the definitions and interpretations. In the World War if a man had a certain degree of subnormal vision in both eyes and if, with glasses, an acceptable correction could be obtained in one eye he was classified as fit for general military duty. Now the correction must be possible for *both* eyes before he is judged fit for the same duty. Hernia offers another example. To-day all cases of this defect are excluded from general military service and they are classified either for limited service or are rejected. In the World War thirty-two per cent of the cases were placed in the group accepted for general military duty and therefore would not make up a part of the percentage of the men that were partially or wholly rejected.

Even more significant are the rules regarding venereal diseases. In the World War *eighty-six per cent* of all cases of syphilis and gonorrhea were accepted for general military service; to-day the regulations, modified as of October 4, 1940, specify that syphilis, gonorrhea or chancroid "will be regarded as causes for rejection . . . until there has been recovery without disqualifying sequelae." The same standards require the medical examiners to reject "all those who by reason of physical defects are considered unfit for early participation in training activities." It is not at all unlikely that if the present emergency continues and the need for more men increases, many of the rules will be relaxed, as was the case in the World War when six physical-examination standards were issued. And as standards are lowered the percentages of outright and of partial rejections decrease.

At present the most prevalent defect

as a cause of rejection is the one involving the teeth. Since the World War the center of public attention has shifted the full distance from the feet to the mouth and it appears that in one generation the nation, dentally speaking, has gone to pieces. But has it?

While a fully equipped mouth possesses thirty-two teeth, there is much debate about the minimum number and the types of teeth that are necessary. The debate is not new; in the Civil War the question was left rather open, with the examining surgeon the main judge of whether a draftee could masticate his food. At best the interpretation would be highly variable and dependent on the personal element. One surgeon, who probably had few teeth himself, stated that he could see little reason for demanding that a man have molar teeth since the soldier experienced only a few days when soft bread would not be served and he would need to depend on hard biscuit. The one specific dental rule in the Civil War had nothing to do with mastication; it called for the draftee to have enough incisor teeth to "tear the cartridge." The breech-loading rifle and the metal shell had not been introduced; the paper cartridges had to be torn with the teeth, and a soldier needed uppers and lowers that could be brought together for that purpose.

In the World War the first standard specified a minimum of eight *molar* teeth, two up and two down on each side. After about a half-million men had been examined the standard was changed—in addition to eight *masticating* teeth (redefined as either molars or bicuspids), six incisor, or biting, teeth were required. Here, then, is an example of a standard that was raised instead of lowered. There is no way to determine how many men who were accepted under the first standard would have been rejected under the second one. Later the standard was again revised to reduce the number of "opposed" masticating teeth from eight to six. Local boards were not permitted to reject applicants on account of teeth—cases were to be referred to the medical advisory board. As the need for men increased and the standards were lowered, the tendency of both local and advisory boards was to lean heavily in the direction of declaring borderline cases fit for service. If there was a question about molars being properly opposed or a doubt about pyorrhea the draftee would be declared fit. Relative to the standards issued in January, 1918, the War Department stated that "the idea held before the physical examiner was that of securing the greatest number of men for the Army."

To-day the standards call for about the same dental requirements as those at the end of the World War, but local boards may reject for this defect and, in doubtful cases, reference is made to an advisory board upon which there is a dentist. The procedure is the reverse of that in the World War—the tendency now is to reject when there is a ground that is at all reasonable. Until more details are known and, remembering the records of the Civil War, until the effect of including the thirty-one to thirty-five year group is clearly shown, a conclusion concerning the relative dental deterioration must be withheld.

In a news release from Chicago in July it was stated that mental defects were running ahead of dental faults as the chief cause of rejections. But the story carried some other illuminating statements that show the tendency to reject when in doubt. Dental defects stood first on the list until "selective-service experts urged psychiatrists to reject all men who might possibly become a burden to the Government." Up to that time the rejections for mental causes numbered about one and one-half per cent; following the recommendation the percentage increased to over four per cent. Here again is an example of the role of judgment, rather than precise measurement, as the prime factor in determining results. And judgment may be influenced in numberless ways.

On the subject of flat feet those who

have memories of the anecdotes, humorous and otherwise, that originated in 1917–18 may wonder what has become of this so-prevalent defect. In spite of its occurrence in twelve per cent of those examined for the World War, an important fact seems to have been forgotten—as a cause of rejection it involved only about one per cent of the draftees. And to-day from the reports that are available it still seems to involve about one per cent of the draftees.

It might be said, however, that an adjustment may be made for age and, regardless of whether draftees are accepted or rejected, their defects may be compared. That is, even though the rules are tightened or relaxed it still may be shown whether more or fewer men have specific impairments. Ultimately and only after a careful analysis this might be done for certain conditions, but for others there is an important limiting element.

The methods of science have improved and, considering only the period from 1918 to 1940, certain technics of diagnosis now utilized in examining men are much more accurate. As a means of detecting pulmonary tuberculosis the use of the stethoscope may be very impressive to the patient who breathes deeply as the instrument is moved from one area of the chest to another. Yet the stethoscope is an extremely rough instrument of diagnosis when compared with the accuracy of the X-ray and laboratory procedures. To-day, guided by the costly experience of tuberculosis cases that were inducted, then discharged, and pensioned during and following the World War, the draft officials have directed the examining physicians to be careful in their examinations and to utilize "radiographic and laboratory studies" whenever indicated. Because of the more accurate technic no true comparison of the tuberculosis findings in 1917–18 can be made with those of the present.

Even more to the point is the situation regarding syphilis. In the World War syphilis was diagnosed by inspection and physical examination. According to the War Department report " . . . it must be recognized that the method of diagnosis was not fully adequate for the detection of this disease. It seems probable that only the more obvious cases were recorded." As against this inadequate method of diagnosis, the draftees to-day are receiving blood tests, and whenever tests prove to be positive are rejected for general military service.

Whether the present draft results will ever be comparable in sum total with those of the World War is questionable for the reasons stated. Nor can they be used as criteria of physical deterioration, because who is to say what value should be given to improved lungs or less syphilis as against more defective eyes or more faulty teeth? When the statement is made by a draft official that "while we may be no worse than twenty-four years ago we seem certainly to be no better," it contributes nothing except perhaps a new record for the mental broad-jump.

IV

There is a positive side to the draft statistics; it has nothing to do with comparisons; it has much to do with the health of the nation. Regardless of the more rigid examination standards and the improved methods of diagnosis the penetrating fact, sharp as a needle, is that about two-fifths of what should be the healthiest group of the population are being rejected. Although the various sources of information are not in exact agreement, a rough picture of the defects found and the number of men involved among the first million examined follows:

Dental Defects	70,000 men
Eye Defects	35,000 "
Heart and Blood System Defects	35,000 "
Nervous and Mental Conditions	23,000 "
Ear, Nose, and Throat Defects	19,000 "
Lung Defects	15,000 "
Hernia	15,000 "
Foot Defects	11,000 "

In a recent special statement issued by

the Surgeon General of the United States Public Health Service 63,000 cases of venereal diseases were reported—48,000 syphilis and 15,000 gonorrhea. These are some of the details; to say that many of the disabilities do not disqualify for the pursuits of civil life is only an attempt to escape harsh facts. Individuals may learn to get along with their defects but the compromise is never a recommended or welcome experience.

The attention of those who are interested in the physical and mental state of the nation is now centered upon two problems: first, what may be done to rehabilitate as many as possible of the men who have been or may be rejected and, second, what may be done to prevent defects in future generations. The problem of rehabilitation is huge; it embraces not only the first million men drafted but also many other millions who have not been called. Looking at the detailed list of defects, the conclusion is warranted that about a third to a half of them are wholly correctable and others are partially correctable. These defects include the dental conditions, venereal diseases, varicose veins, hernia, certain diseases of the ear, nose, and throat, tuberculosis, and others. But rehabilitation cannot make any great progress if the burden of corrective treatment is placed upon individuals or upon local communities. The nature of the problem and its size make it a matter of national responsibility, national action, and national expenditure. Once the nation spent six hundred million dollars on bounties for military service; it can afford "health-bounties" as an investment that will yield immediate returns and will pay dividends when the emergency ends.

The examinations have uncovered facts that must influence the public-health strategy of the future. Much was suspected, but no one knew the status of dental health among adults. Each year over one hundred thousand mental cases are admitted to institutions; there is no mystery about where they come from—look at the item in the above list of defects titled "nervous and mental conditions." Is the country to go on endlessly building more and bigger institutions to house people whose condition should have been corrected long before they reached the institution-stage of their illness? Even with the better method of detection, tuberculosis shows an abrupt decrease between 1918 and 1940, but that is all the more reason for intensifying the efforts to wipe it out. The cases of tuberculosis and syphilis that are being discovered came from cases that must be discovered because discovering them is the first step toward preventing future cases. And behind so many of the rejections lies the cruel and costly failure to prevent diseases or to correct defects among the young.

On all this and more a strong light has been thrown; it is a tragedy that it took a war crisis to bring the facts into sharp relief, but it will be a greater tragedy if they are not used to their full value. And they will not be used fully unless existing programs of public health are expanded, unless there is a far greater emphasis upon nutrition, mental health, and industrial health, and unless the utilization of medical care is based more on the needs of people rather than on their economic status or on the part of the country in which they live.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

ONE summer, along about 1904, my father rented a camp on a lake in Maine and took us all there for the month of August. We all got ringworm from some kittens and had to rub Pond's Extract on our arms and legs night and morning, and my father rolled over in a canoe with all his clothes on; but outside of that the vacation was a success and from then on none of us ever thought there was any place in the world like that lake in Maine. We returned summer after summer—always on August 1st for one month. I have since become a salt-water man, but sometimes in summer there are days when the restlessness of the tides and the fearful cold of the sea water and the incessant wind which blows across the afternoon and into the evening make me wish for the placidity of a lake in the woods. A few weeks ago this feeling got so strong I bought myself a couple of bass hooks and a spinner and returned to the lake where we used to go, for a week's fishing and to revisit old haunts.

I took along my son, who had never had any fresh water up his nose and who had seen lily pads only from train windows. On the journey over to the lake I began to wonder what it would be like. I wondered how time would have marred this unique, this holy spot—the coves and streams, the hills that the sun set behind, the camps and the paths behind the camps. I was sure that the tarred road would have found it out and I wondered in what other ways it would be desolated. It is strange how much you can remember about places like that once you allow your mind to return into the grooves which lead back. You remember one thing, and that suddenly reminds you of another thing. I guess I remembered clearest of all the early mornings, when the lake was cool and motionless, remembered how the bedroom smelled of the lumber it was made of and of the wet woods whose scent entered through the screen. The partitions in the camp were thin and did not extend clear to the top of the rooms, and as I was always the first up I would dress softly so as not to wake the others, and sneak out into the sweet outdoors and start out in the canoe, keeping close along the shore in the long shadows of the pines. I remembered being very careful never to rub my paddle against the thwart for fear of disturbing the stillness of the cathedral.

The lake had never been what you would call a wild lake. There were cottages sprinkled around the shores, and it was in farming country although the shores of the lake were quite heavily wooded. Some of the cottages were owned by nearby farmers, and you would live at the shore and eat your meals at the farmhouse. That's what our family did. But although it wasn't wild, it was a fairly large and undisturbed lake and there were places in it which, to a child at least, seemed infinitely remote and primeval.

I was right about the tar: it led to within half a mile of the shore. But when I got back there, with my boy, and we settled into a camp near a farmhouse and into the kind of summertime I had known, I could tell that it was going to be pretty much the same as it had been before—I knew it, lying in bed the first morning, smelling the bedroom, and hearing the boy sneak quietly out and go off along the shore in a boat. I began to sustain the illusion that he was I, and therefore, by simple transposition, that I was my father. This sensation persisted,

kept cropping up all the time we were there. It was not an entirely new feeling, but in this setting it grew much stronger. I seemed to be living a dual existence. I would be in the middle of some simple act, I would be picking up a bait box or laying down a table fork, or I would be saying something, and suddenly it would be not I but my father who was saying the words or making the gesture. It gave me a creepy sensation.

We went fishing the first morning. I felt the same damp moss covering the worms in the bait can, and saw the dragonfly alight on the tip of my rod as it hovered a few inches from the surface of the water. It was the arrival of this fly that convinced me beyond any doubt that everything was as it always had been, that the years were a mirage and there had been no years. The small waves were the same, chucking the rowboat under the chin as we fished at anchor, and the boat was the same boat, the same color green and the ribs broken in the same places, and under the floorboards the same fresh-water leavings and débris—the dead helgramite, the wisps of moss, the rusty discarded fishhook, the dried blood from yesterday's catch. We stared silently at the tips of our rods, at the dragonflies that came and went. I lowered the tip of mine into the water, tentatively, pensively dislodging the fly, which darted two feet away, poised, darted two feet back, and came to rest again a little farther up the rod. There had been no years between the ducking of this dragonfly and the other one—the one that was part of memory. I looked at the boy, who was silently watching his fly, and it was my hands that held his rod, my eyes watching. I felt dizzy and didn't know which rod I was at the end of.

We caught two bass, hauling them in briskly as though they were mackerel, pulling them over the side of the boat in a businesslike manner without any landing net, and stunning them with a blow on the back of the head. When we got back for a swim before lunch, the lake was exactly where we had left it, the same number of inches from the dock, and there was only the merest suggestion of a breeze. This seemed an utterly enchanted sea, this lake you could leave to its own devices for a few hours and come back to, and find that it had not stirred, this constant and trustworthy body of water. In the shallows, the dark, water-soaked sticks and twigs, smooth and old, were undulating in clusters on the bottom against the clean ribbed sand, and the track of the mussel was plain. A school of minnows swam by, each minnow with its small individual shadow, doubling the attendance, so clear and sharp in the sunlight. Some of the other campers were in swimming, along the shore, one of them with a cake of soap, and the water felt thin and clear and unsubstantial. Over the years there had been this person with the cake of soap, this cultist, and here he was. There had been no years.

Up to the farmhouse to dinner through the teeming, dusty field, the road under our sneakers was only a two-track road. The middle track was missing, the one with the marks of the hooves and the splotches of dried, flaky manure. There had always been three tracks to choose from in choosing which track to walk in; now the choice was narrowed down to two. For a moment I missed terribly the middle alternative. But the way led past the tennis court, and something about the way it lay there in the sun reassured me; the tape had loosened along the backline, the alleys were green with plantains and other weeds, and the net (installed in June and removed in September) sagged in the dry noon, and the whole place steamed with midday heat and hunger and emptiness. There was a choice of pie for dessert, and one was blueberry and one was apple, and the waitresses were the same country girls, there having been no passage of time, only the illusion of it as in a dropped curtain—the waitresses were still fifteen; their hair had been washed, that was the only difference—they had been to the

movies and seen the pretty girls with the clean hair.

Summertime, oh summertime, pattern of life indelible, the fadeproof lake, the woods unshatterable, the pasture with the sweetfern and the juniper forever and ever, summer without end; this was the background, and the life along the shore was the design, the cottagers with their innocent and tranquil design, their tiny docks with the flagpole and the American flag floating against the white clouds in the blue sky, the little paths over the roots of the trees leading from camp to camp and the paths leading back to the outhouses and the can of lime for sprinkling, and at the souvenir counters at the store the miniature birch-bark canoes and the post cards that showed things looking a little better than they looked. This was the American family at play, escaping the city heat, wondering whether the newcomers in the camp at the head of the cove were "common" or "nice," wondering whether the people who drove up for Sunday dinner at the farmhouse were turned away because they were Jews or because there wasn't enough chicken.

It seemed to me, as I kept remembering all this, that those times and those summers had been infinitely precious and worth saving. There had been jollity and peace and goodness. The arriving (at the beginning of August) had been so big a business in itself, at the railway station the farm wagon drawn up, the first smell of the pine-laden air, the first glimpse of the smiling farmer, and the great importance of the trunks and your father's enormous authority in such matters, and the feel of the wagon under you for the long ten-mile haul, and at the top of the last long hill catching the first view of the lake after eleven months of not seeing this cherished body of water. The shouts and cries of the other campers when they saw you, and the trunks to be unpacked, to give up their rich burden. (Arriving was less exciting nowadays, when you sneaked up in your car and parked it under a tree near the camp and took out the bags and in five minutes it was all over, no fuss, no loud wonderful fuss about trunks.)

Peace and goodness and jollity. The only thing that was wrong now, really, was the sound of the place, an unfamiliar nervous sound of the outboard motors. This was the note that jarred, the one thing that would sometimes break the illusion and set the years moving. In those other summertimes all motors were inboard; and when they were at a little distance, the noise they made was a sedative, an ingredient of summer sleep. They were one-cylinder and two-cylinder engines, and some were make-and-break and some were jump-spark, but they all made a sleepy sound across the lake. The one-lungers throbbed and fluttered, and the twin-cylinder ones purred and purred, and that was a quiet sound too. But now the campers all had outboards. In the daytime, in the hot mornings, these motors made a petulant, irritable sound; at night, in the still evening when the afterglow lit the water, they whined about one's ears like mosquitoes. My boy loved our rented outboard, and his great desire was to achieve singlehanded mastery over it, and authority, and he soon learned the trick of choking it a little (but not too much), and the adjustment of the needle valve. Watching him I would remember the things you could do with the old one-cylinder engine with the heavy flywheel, how you could have it eating out of your hand if you got really close to it spiritually. Motor boats in those days didn't have clutches, and you would make a landing by shutting off the motor at the proper time and coasting in with a dead rudder. But there was a way of reversing them, if you learned the trick, by cutting the switch and putting it on again exactly on the final dying revolution of the flywheel, so that it would kick back against compression and begin reversing. Approaching a dock in a strong following breeze, it was difficult to slow up sufficiently by the ordinary coasting method, and if a boy felt he had complete mastery

over his motor, he was tempted to keep it running beyond its time and then reverse it a few feet from the dock. It took a cool nerve, because if you threw the switch a twentieth of a second too soon you would catch the flywheel when it still had speed enough to go up past center, and the boat would leap ahead, charging bull-fashion at the dock.

We had a good week at the camp. The bass were biting well and the sun shone endlessly, day after day. We would be tired at night and lie down in the accumulated heat of the little bedrooms after the long hot day and the breeze would stir almost imperceptibly outside and the smell of the swamp drift in through the rusty screens. Sleep would come easily and in the morning the red squirrel would be on the roof, tapping out his gay routine. I kept remembering everything, lying in bed in the mornings—the small steamboat that had a long rounded stern like the lip of a Ubangi, and how quietly she ran on the moonlight sails, when the older boys played their mandolins and the girls sang and we ate doughnuts dipped in sugar, and how sweet the music was on the water in the shining night, and what it had felt like to think about girls then. After breakfast we would go up to the store and the things were in the same place—the minnows in a bottle, the plugs and spinners disarranged and pawed over by the youngsters from the boys' camp, the fig newtons and the Beeman's gum. Outside, the road was tarred and cars stood in front of the store. Inside, all was just as it had always been, except there was more Coca Cola and not so much Moxie and root beer and birch beer and sarsaparilla. We would walk out with a bottle of pop apiece and sometimes the pop would backfire up our noses and hurt. We explored the streams, quietly, where the turtles slid off the sunny logs and dug their way into the soft bottom; and we lay on the town wharf and fed worms to the tame bass. Everywhere we went I had trouble making out which was I, the one walking at my side, the one walking in my pants.

One afternoon while we were there at that lake a thunderstorm came up. It was like the revival of an old melodrama that I had seen long ago with childish awe. The second-act climax of the drama of the electrical disturbance over a lake in America had not changed in any important respect. This was the big scene, still the big scene. The whole thing was so familiar, the first feeling of oppression and heat and a general air around camp of not wanting to go very far away. In midafternoon (it was all the same) a curious darkening of the sky, and a lull in everything that had made life tick; and then the way the boats suddenly swung the other way at their moorings with the coming of a breeze out of the new quarter, and the premonitory rumble. Then the kettle drum, then the snare, then the bass drum and cymbals, then crackling light against the dark, and the gods grinning and licking their chops in the hills. Afterward the calm, the rain steadily rustling in the calm lake, the return of light and hope and spirits, and the campers running out in joy and relief to go swimming in the rain, their bright cries perpetuating the deathless joke about how they were getting simply drenched, and the children screaming with delight at the new sensation of bathing in the rain, and the joke about getting drenched linking the generations in a strong indestructible chain. And the comedian who waded in carrying an umbrella.

When the others went swimming my son said he was going in too. He pulled his dripping trunks from the line where they had hung all through the shower, and wrung them out. Languidly, and with no thought of going in, I watched him, his hard little body, skinny and bare, saw him wince slightly as he pulled up around his vitals the small, soggy, icy garment. As he buckled the swollen belt suddenly my groin felt the chill of death.

PORTICO WITH IMAGES

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

ENTRIES for the Easy Chair's (first) annual award for Best Book of the Year in American history are now closed, and the prize is awarded to Dixon Wecter's *The Hero in America*. Though Mr. Wecter is a professor of literature, and though he writes so brilliantly that he must be denied the highest rank as a historian, the Easy Chair summons the Pulitzer Prize committee in history to relax its esprit de corps and take account of his book. And you had better read it. You will enjoy it, you will learn a lot, and you will find it a bulwark for the beliefs that mean most to you.

Mr. Wecter sets out to examine the images which the Americans have accepted as emblematic of their finest achievements, their highest aspirations, and the standards by which they have wished the nation to abide. He assumes that the hero-making principle is a normal and even admirable human faculty and concludes that the American heroes have been, on the whole, entitled to the admiration accorded them. It is amusing to think what would have happened to him if his book had come out fifteen—or, for that matter, five—years ago. The formulators of literary opinion, whom the Easy Chair was discussing last month, would have gutted him in all the reviews. It was then known that what literary people called the popular mind was low, that the men it thought great were tawdry and venal, and that there wasn't anything in our past which a literary person could consider heroic except what the Americans either ignored or despised. We are still too near that blithe contempt for the literary to have set up a general shout about Mr. Wecter's book—it breaks too sharply with habits of thought which still twitch their fingers and too many of them get corrected in it, though usually not by name. The book is further evidence, however, that a fashion of resplendent bilge has spent its force.

Cannot Mr. Wecter now be induced to write an epitaph on that era, citing chapters and verses? The Easy Chair would enjoy having him discuss, say, the various physical and psychological ailments which the era found to have had such distressing effects on our past. An essay on impotence, alcoholism, or impeded love affairs as the biographer unearthed them in American history would be rewarding. Or an essay on those happy misreadings of the text that produced the most astonishing discoveries, as when one literary gent thought that George Washington was being invited to a debauch with mulatto girls when instead he was being asked to a cockfight. Such innocence was a common instrument of history when you and I were young. In that happy time you did not need bother to find out what happened to George Washington or anyone else. If the desirable facts about Washington weren't in your friend's book about Franklin, you had only to r'ar back and be intuitive about them. If anything ought to have happened for the purposes of your book,

simply go ahead. Then when Mr. Wecter has cleaned up this minor and diverting nonsense, he can do a sterner job surveying what professional historians of the period achieved with such ideas as, shall we say, "the economic interpretation." Continental currency as the begetter of dishonor among the founding fathers or Texas land scrip as a leverage on the war with Mexico. . . . But maybe not. It is known that the profession will not abide correction from without. Especially when it is well written.

In the portions of Mr. Wecter's book that touch the Easy Chair's jurisdiction only a couple of tiny details need amendment, but permission is asked to dissent from one full-length portrait. Clement Moore's hero was not Santa Claus but St. Nicholas, and there is no need to proofread the epithet, "cat-rabbits," which Theodore Roosevelt applied to those despised Dagoes. Stet: Mr. Roosevelt had been reading the *Just-So Stories*, possibly to his children. The portrait which the Easy Chair finds unsatisfactory is that of Ulysses S. Grant. Mr. Wecter seems to misread the vigor of Grant's image in American veneration, and to underestimate the qualities of Grant which were the basis of it. The lapse cannot be attributed to the "b. Houston. . . . A.B. Baylor" of *Who's Who*, for historians at large have been slow to retouch the established picture of Grant as sluggish in mind to the point of stupidity and in all ways inferior to his great antagonist. Mr. Wecter's study of Lee is first rate, but in his Grant he avoids recognizing the qualities that defeated Lee. The final collapse of the Confederacy was in great part a phenomenon of economics and social deterioration—but also the Confederacy suffered military defeat, and it was Grant who both conceived and administered that defeat. In whatever respects his military intelligence was inferior to Lee's, it was superior in two respects which finally provided the margin of victory.

Grant came closer than Lee to understanding the tactics necessitated by machine-age fire power. He was convinced by the first half-hour of Palo Alto in 1846 and, though he sometimes forgot, as at Cold Harbor (or was that a known risk taken unsuccessfully?), he usually remembered that rifles and cannon were more durable than human flesh. Whereas Lee fatally acted in the conviction that the courage of the Army of Northern Virginia was in itself invincible. Grant imparted his understanding to Sherman, together with a theory of military action cut off from military bases, for both of which Uncle Billy, who never occupied the White House, has had credit ever since. Much more important, however, is the fact that Grant came early and clearly to understand what Lee never understood: that the war was a national action and must be waged on a national scale. Long before Vicksburg he conceived the strategy that eventually defeated the Confederacy—that of splitting it down the middle and destroying the advantage of interior lines by co-ordinating attacks on all the separate parts at once. Sabotaged by the timidity of his superiors, he applied that strategy as well as he could by himself before he was given supreme command; once he took command, the rest of the war was merely his completion of it. If any high command in 1914 had known what Grant had mastered in 1865, in both these respects, the first World War would have been shorter. Nor will it do to dismiss, as Mr. Wecter tends to, Grant's habit of offensive action as a mere compulsion, like Samuel Johnson's need to touch posts. Are the present commanders of the German armies victims of compulsion?

All of this has primary importance in the image of Grant that stands in our portico of heroes. He was the man who won the war, he was *père victoire*. "Imagine what it was like when Grant, their first commander, stepped into view while they were still going mad over the flag. . . . Well, you should have heard the thousand voices lift that chorus and seen

the tears stream down." Mark Twain speaking. Grant and the gray dawn after a terrible night, Grant and the battle flags, Grant and the extremity of effort, Grant and the knowledge that comrades or sons or brothers had not died uselessly, Grant and the vindication of sacrifice, Grant and victory, Grant and "let us have peace." He was linked almost as deeply as Lincoln with the most powerful emotions the nation had ever felt, and they never lost their force. Millions who felt them were able to vote Democratic and curse President Grant as an old fool when he was impressed by rich men and let dishonest friends make use of him—he remained *père victoire* nevertheless. It was in 1879 that Mark Twain witnessed the demonstration quoted above, and there was never a time when the name Grant would not start drums in the pulse, hymns in the memory, and tears in eyes that looked back to desperation and the victory that put an end to it. No, you cannot fob off the Gilded Age on Grant.

This demurrer, however, is out of scale and makes no serious complaint about a book whose knowledge and wisdom would be remarkable at any time and which is particularly important at this time. All of Mr. Wecter's portraits are good, some of them extremely good, and he looks best in the most difficult ones—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, F. D. R. He sets out a vast amount of out-of-the-way information and many of his incidental judgments are fascinating. But more important than his portraits are his inquiries into the selective process by which the American people have carved the images of their heroes—how, for instance, the backing of certain financiers and the first brain trust have disappeared from Jackson—and into the fluctuation of images—how, for instance, Jefferson has fallen and risen in the esteem of his heirs.

Many of his observations and findings should be useful from now on. He points out that the nation which is widely called a matriarchy has no female heroes of any size. The intellectuals will get no comfort from that, though they may from his complementary remark that no scholars or literary men have ever made the grade either. (Their images are not often heroic in any culture.) And what does the American hero turn out to be? Granted that canonization is a simplifying process, granted that the individuals whom Mr. Wecter studies cannot be generalized, he turns out—to the confusion of literature—to be exactly what an intelligent knowledge of the Americans would presuppose. He is honest, honorable, and courageous, he believes in human decency, he is capable of self-sacrifice, and he knows how to seize the hour. He has anger, he can find the energetic word, he stands a little to the left of the middle way. His religious ideas do not matter much, and the image will recast them toward orthodoxy anyway. Preferably he will not be a sexual adventurer, but the image will also amend unchastity in the service of admiration. He has fortitude, the ability to wait his time against the odds: Washington's long delaying action, Franklin in England, Lincoln between his term in the House and the debates with Douglas, Grant's obscure poverty, Lee and the setting star. He must be able to act promptly on the hour; he must even be able to act against his own theories and buy Louisiana in the realization that the common good demands it. He "must translate the dream into the act. The supreme leader is he who can hitch the great bandwagon to the star of American idealism." And he must be able to grow as the need requires—a prosperous business man becomes our first ambassador, a planter becomes a leader of revolution, a country lawyer saves the nation.

The American hero is on the people's side. He gives their hope a deed—because his belief in them goes deeper than his consciousness or his breathing. He is the image democracy shapes of itself from within. In the men they have canonized the American people define

themselves. And they look pretty good.

There remain many smaller images to be examined. Someone should take up, for instance, the numerous altars where fires no longer burn—men who were heroes for a while but went down before a second thought, who, like Fremont, were seen to be counterfeit, or like Ben Butler, were obliterated when the nation grew ashamed of hysteria. What about merely momentary idols—fortune's darlings to-day, to-morrow as forgotten as Elisha Kane? Sometimes a subsequent stupidity, like Custer's, has broken the image, sometimes it was only an absurdity like Hobson's crusade for prohibition, sometimes a vanity like Calhoun's or a monstrous egoism like John Randolph's has proved destructive. And what is to be said about the spurious reputations that rest on newsprint and the diligence of publicity agents? It would be virtuous of someone to study the public mind through a century and a half, bringing reality to bear on the images which publicity has made for it.

For there are two forces in the national iconoduly, both outside Mr. Wecter's purpose, which will repay study. One is realistic, the other fantastic or even phantasmal. We have had plenty of heroes but all our demigods are fictional. At least four heroes—Washington, Jackson, Lincoln, and Lee—have approached apotheosis but the process has stopped short. It is only in poems that they walk at midnight revisiting the glimpses of the moon; in the thinking of ordinary men they are warm but common clay. During the lifetime of our heroes the very people who most fiercely believed in them maintained a lively awareness of their warts, shortcomings, and proneness to mistakes, kept a skeptical watch on their motives, and provided them with more profanity, mistresses, and qualities of guile than they actually had. This cynicism relaxes somewhat when they die but enough remains. General Beauregard is understood to have spoken highly of General Lee; what Washington said to Old Put in the rowboat is known to everyone; and any President is more trustworthy in that he speaks the language of the boys in the back room, or if he doesn't we will see to it that he is alleged to. It is an irreverence that has the greatest possible usefulness. It is a function of freedom.

It joins hands with something else. Why has the nation persistently liked images of small, mean outlaws?—Jesse James, the Daltons, Billy the Kid, and on up to the abysmal psychopaths of a few years ago? Why is a larger image so solidly established, the man who is agin the government? It is not only the image of men like Daniel Shays who were clearly right; it is frequently only an anonymous and half-loony image of the village atheist. To be agin the government has frequently been in itself enough to command respect, even when the populace disagrees and especially if the government takes action. The type would not be so durable unless it stood for something important. It leads on to another image, less humble but still anonymous, the man in buckskin. This is not Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett, Meriwether Lewis, Kit Carson, or anyone else with a name. It is only the man who went upriver, over the hill, through the forest, across the prairie, and on into the wilderness. He is, and always has been, nine-tenths phantasy—but it is a bedrock phantasy, for through him the Americans have made their ultimate assertion of personal freedom. So long as Hollywood can still stir us by exhibiting him traveling into the sunset or stretched by the eternal campfire that burns in the American memory, we are safe. On one side the derisive anecdote about Mr. Roosevelt or Senator Wheeler running from barber shop to pool hall and on to the post office, and on the other the hush in any theater when Gary Cooper rides again define the limits of our permission. They display a number of things about us, some far from imposing, but they show that we will not be too greatly impressed and that we insist on being free.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages

VOLUME 183 NOVEMBER 1941

Harpers Magazine

DEFENSE BEGINS TO HURT

WAR PRODUCTION, PRIORITIES, AND THE LITTLE MAN

BY FRANK C. HANIGHEN

TO-DAY marks a dividing line in the controversy about defense. Hitherto the debate has raged—and literally so—as to whether we have been producing sufficient arms to defend America and to save Britain. But new conditions have arisen to alter this conflict of words. Business now talks of shutdowns of factories. Labor worries about a new wave of unemployment. Signs multiply that the economic system is in for heavy weather. Accordingly, a new question, which will doubtless be argued even more acrimoniously, has come to the fore. Has the defense program produced a real depression, or is it merely going through an unpleasant phase as a prelude to prosperity?

The present crisis appears most incongruously against the rosiest backdrop painted since the roaring twenties. When the defense program started in the spring of 1940 economists predicted great things for business and labor. Optimists talked of "defense prosperity," skeptics about "raking iron leaves." But few had any doubts about the immediate results. When these results took shape in a sharp business pickup the utterances of experts carried a note of jubilation. Those were the days when Rex Tugwell, commenting on the rising curve of prosperity, said, "It's a great war if we don't get into it." And the voice of J. M. Keynes came across the Atlantic to tell us that we could have plenty of guns and butter, at least for a long while.

After a year of the defense effort these prophets stood justified. More goods were produced, more persons employed, and a bigger national income drawn than ever before in the country's history. National income, which had been $40 billion in 1932, rose to $69 billion in 1939 and then climbed steeply, passing the peak of 1929 ($83 billion) to an estimated $90 billion for this year. Estimates of employment for 1940 topped those for 1929 by 2 million. Labor organizations believe that the unemployed

Copyright, 1941, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

have dropped to between 5½ and 6½ million. The National Association of Manufacturers claims that we have only a few more unemployed people than we had in 1929. Meanwhile government appropriations soar, with another lease-lend appropriation of some billions on the cards.

But there is one striking aspect—the most important of all—of this defense prosperity. The masses have shared more widely and equitably in the prosperity of 1940–41 than they did in 1929. Department of Commerce figures show that "total compensation paid to employees" rose from 64.3 per cent of the national income in 1929 to 68.8 per cent in 1940. Meanwhile owners took in interest, dividends, rents, and royalties only 14.8 per cent in 1940, as compared with 18.6 per cent in 1929. Now it is likely that owners will profit more from business this year than last, but so will employees. As for the farmers, the Department of Agriculture forecasts a 10-billion-dollar income for farmers this year and says that this would make it the highest for any year since 1929. Obviously this is the little man's boom.

But to-day a shadow falls athwart this happy picture. *Business Week* describes a new and ominous stage in the progress of defense:

> Business is now entering the third and next-to-final stage of a war economy. First came the general expansion phase in which all armament and related industries expanded rapidly; then came the tooling-up phase as more capacity was needed. To-day we are in the restrictive stage; supplies for war production are required in ever enlarging quantities, and the consumer goods and other non-defense lines are hit. And after a few months of readjustment the nation will enter the last stage—settling down for the long, hard grind of turning out airplanes, guns, and ammunition in a steady stream. But the next several months are bound to be disruptive and painful to business men, workers, and the consuming public alike.

Others perceive the same shadow. The A. F. of L. estimates that about 1 million may be thrown out of work in the next few months. Leon Henderson raises this figure to 2 million. Unofficial estimates in the OPM make it nearer 3 million. An article in the *Washington Post*, conservative daily and supporter of the President's foreign policy, cites the opinion of a private industrial economist that between 5,000 and 6,000 factories will shut down. This article, written by the paper's defense expert, Alfred Friendly, quoted OPM officials as believing that the "swiftly mounting impact of priorities will assume perfectly appalling proportions before many weeks." The article further says that "one official, who declined to be quoted by name, expressed grave fear that the 'terrible social impact' of factories shutting down, particularly in 'one-industry towns,' may have serious repercussions on the national morale and that the irony of a depression resulting from and in the midst of a defense-stimulated production boom may shift interest from the 'Battle of the Atlantic' to the 'Battle of the Stomach.'" Leo M. Cherne, secretary of the Research Institute of America, Inc., whose article on M-Day and business appeared in the July, 1940, number of *Harper's*, said on September 2nd that the Government had prepared a list of more than forty industries that face drastic retrenchment or complete shutdown as a result of "raw material starvation" under the defense program. He added that this "raw material starvation will make priorities unemployment almost as dramatic before the end of this year as the breadlines of 1933." These forecasts may prove too black a picture. But the *Wall Street Journal*, more cautious in its pessimism, concedes that "except for special types of combat equipment, our industrial production has now reached a plateau on which it must remain relatively constant for some time."

Obviously, whether we are at the edge of a plateau or of a crevasse, our vaunted arms prosperity has reached a difficult stage. The prosperity, apparently, has interfered with the arms. "During the first year of defense production," says the *New York Times*, "American consumers bought 40 per cent more automo-

biles, 35 per cent more refrigerators, 20 per cent more vacuum cleaners, 20 per cent more radios, 50 per cent more electric stoves, and 50 per cent more furniture than the year before." The truth is that the plants which produce this mass of items of the American-way-of-life, the things the little man claims as his share of this prosperity, have been gorging themselves on the materials which plants producing planes and tanks badly need. These weapons have consequently shown a very sluggish production curve.

But since we are committed to all-out defense, the Administration must give priority (that innocent-sounding but deadly word) to planes and tanks, must divert these materials from what have become no longer necessities in this grim age of war to the factories which have been trying to step up the output of arms. Now this initiates a radical change, and involves a very painful contractive process, in our whole economy. The fat corpus of our 1941 defense economy must writhe on a veritable Procrustean bed. Because this process affects above all the little man, without whose support the defense program must crumble, we must explain the reasons why we have to cut, cramp, and stuff our economy into a newer frame, why we can't have both Vultees and vacuum cleaners. Let us examine the forces which have brought about this extraordinary situation.

II

Over the defense program loom three powerful personalities: President Roosevelt, William S. Knudsen, and Leon Henderson. The President gives political shape to the defense administration and acts as a conductor to the public. Knudsen and Henderson, whatever their exact rank in the shifting hierarchy may be, stand as symbols of conflicting tendencies. Perhaps as symbols only. For personally, it is said, the two do not depart as widely in their ideas as is popularly supposed. Nothing is simple in the defense program, and we may find business men taking the side of New Dealers and vice versa. But roughly speaking, the groups which these two individuals head have clashed in ideas and execution. The results of this clash, one of the primary causes of the present restrictive phase, are reflected in the ever-changing muddle of the defense program.

Leon Henderson is administrator of prices and civilian supply. Although a tried and true New Dealer, he adjusted himself agreeably to many business elements in the early days of the defense program. Henderson enjoys much prestige as an economic prophet. Early in 1937 he predicted the recession of that year and fought the deflationary measures which brought it about. Since the defense program started he has belonged to the school of thought upholding expanded production facilities, which the conservative business men in the defense administration resisted. He has been the most persistent prophet of the present situation. He favors "going fast"—cracking down with drastic priorities and controls of prices and business.

Knudsen's group represents in varying degrees the "go slow" tendency. Wherever Knudsen's own loyalties really lie, he does undoubtedly sympathize with the business man and views with much more concern the disruptive forces of the "go fast" school on business. A production expert himself, Knudsen has appeared somewhat unhappy and misplaced in his roles of administering and supplying industry, rather than in his *métier*, which is translating materials from blueprint to product. Not all of his business colleagues in the program possess real management talents. Too often being merely experts in the finance of the *ancien régime*, they flounder in the new atmosphere of defense and the New Deal. The New Dealers refer to them as "vested stupidity." They retort with "crackpots."

The above analysis serves best as a *vade mecum* through the maze of alphabetical agencies which have multiplied under

the banner of defense. The struggle between these elements, the impasses resulting from the struggle, and the soothing political intervention of the top personality, the President, underlie the confusing piling of Pelion on Ossa that typifies the organizational history of the defense administration. At first rose the NDAC (National Defense Advisory Council), with the *tendance* Knudsen in the saddle. As the conflicts took shape and the defense program remained amorphous, the President pulled out of his sleeve the OPM (Office of Production Management) under Knudsen, or rather with New Dealer Hillman bracketed with Knudsen and acting as a check. The NDAC then fell away (save for the Transportation Division which remains at this writing like a vermiform appendix) and many of its elements appeared with consolation prizes in the OEM (Office of Emergency Management), separate from the OPM and directly responsible to the President. Among OEM's children, OPACS (Office of Prices and Civilian Supply) grew up first under the irrepressible Henderson, who within a few months loomed as a rival of Knudsen. From the collision between OPACS and OPM ("go fast" *vs.* "go slow") in the past few months appeared, in a magnificent piece of Rooseveltian magic, the SPAB, the Supply Priorities and Allocation Board. All the usual figures and more were present, but it seemed to represent a victory for *tendance* Henderson. For the key position, director of priorities, in this new setup fell to Donald M. Nelson who, while a business man, inclines to the "go fast" school. It was wonderful legerdemain. But the picture of fifteen months of this legerdemain goes far toward explaining why the defense program has been knocking in all cylinders.

Let us examine the end results of this friction before taking up the specific causes. The following case reports from the files of the Department of Labor unroll a vivid panorama of the drama of defense. The Department queried a large list of manufacturers whether they were working three shifts and if not, why not. Some of the more typical answers run as follows:

Factory A: "Unable to get aluminum ingot."

Factory B: "Shortage of skilled tool workers. As a subcontractor on National Defense we find it difficult to get priority certificates for machine tools that we need badly to increase efficiency of our entire tool room. No aluminum available for production of utensils for domestic use."

Factory C: "Unable to get sufficient steel and zinc."

Factory D: "Nickel-plating department operating about 25 per cent due to lack of nickel."

Factory E: "We are unable to absorb green help more rapidly—there is a shortage of tool makers, boring mill and screw machine operators. Shortage of screw machines, boring mills, cage presses—unable to get sufficient steel, aluminum, nickel, small cutting tools, chromium."

Factory F: "So far this year to July 15, no interruptions of any kind to general plant capacity operations. However, a serious scrap iron shortage is at hand which, from only present indications, will cause an approximate 14 per cent reduction in steel production."

Factory G (brass factory): "Unable to get sufficient copper and zinc. Time and half and double time wages for Sunday work. Men are dissatisfied to work Sunday even though only one or two Sundays out of four or eight."

Factory H: "Women cannot work between 11 p.m. and 6 a.m. Cannot employ persons until they reach their 18th birthday."

Factory I: "Three shifts of eight hours each would reduce earnings per person, breeding serious discontent."

Factory J: "Lack of orders and material; shortage of tool grinders, will train our own. Shortage of one cutoff machine, 1 merchey thread mill, 1 head mill, 1 monarch lathe—shells completed as fast as material arrives."

Factory K (machine tool factory): "Shortage of expert machine tool operators, who can do a variety of work. We are continually training men to do various skilled jobs operating machine tools. Some of these men after three to nine months' training leave to go to other defense projects such as airplane engine manufacturing, etc.—lack of anti-friction bearings holding up production. The difficulty is getting men to work at night even with higher rates, etc."

Factory L: "Shortage of experienced machinists in district is aggravated by Government departments stealing our men."

Zinc Mine: "Ventilation limits the operation of underground work in two shifts. Several hours are required for powder smoke to clear

up between shifts, therefore underground work is limited to two shifts."

Thus through this mosaic of complaints runs the pattern of shortage—shortage of men, tools, and materials. But why in this, the most productive country in the world, have these shortages arisen?

First of all, the shortage of skilled labor seems the most anomalous in a country cursed for years with large unemployment rolls. But this very fact explains it. A decade in which our economy has thrown millions out of work, failed to rehire any appreciable number, and lacked the foresight to train young people who come of age every year has inevitably curtailed growth in the supply of skilled labor. There are other factors. A considerable number of skilled workers who happen to be working part-time will not move to new localities where they are needed full-time because they have investments in homes, and other family and personal reasons for remaining in their localities. Next, many workers do not feel the urgency of the situation enough to work overtime, even when they are offered good pay. Also, social and labor laws, particularly in regard to overtime and to women and minors, reduce the potential labor force for the emergency. Nor does the future promise a rapid increase in skilled labor. WPA Director Corrington Gill in a report released in August, 1941, says:

> There have been no significant additions to the supply of skilled metal workers, machinists and tool-and-die makers. Shortages in these occupations, together with shortages of managerial skills, have contributed greatly to delays in production. Training activities have increased considerably but the reported number of enrollees and graduates falls considerably short of estimated needs. Many of the thousands of skilled workers who will be sought during the next few months will not be available unless there are radical new developments in training, upgrading, and simplification of production processes.

Here, in this labor situation, lies a human factor as difficult to surmount as that of materials.

Why hasn't defense received these materials? For one thing, priority regulations have been violated on a large scale. Manufacturers have employed various practices to circumvent priority commands from the defense general staff. One method is for the companies to designate arbitrarily certain defense goods as "bad order," saying that they do not meet Army specifications. These "bad order" goods then go to old customers who are making non-defense products. This is a common stratagem to keep customers. Sometimes manufacturers simply place non-defense customers ahead of defense customers for the same reason. Still another method is not unusual. A steel firm received a batch of early defense orders; then a batch of non-defense orders from valued customers; then a second batch of defense orders. They proceeded to fill the orders chronologically: the first defense orders; next the non-defense orders; and last of all, the second defense orders. If the OPM really tried to police priorities they made a very ineffectual job of it.

They have failed too to prevent plants from overstocking materials. In this they share blame with the War and Navy departments. There are many stories in Washington about the military purchasing more than they need for present consumption. The Army, it is said, at one time submitted to the OPM a cartridge-making schedule which was geared to full-time fighting by a four-million-man Army. The Navy, it seems, wanted at one time to corner all the market for Manila hemp. An aircraft company is said to possess 18 months' supply of aluminum extrusions but to be short of aluminum for wing tips. Shipyards are said to have several months' supply of steel plates. Military forces put vital materials and scarce materials to unnecessary uses—such as brass hinge pins in doors and aluminum hat-stretchers. Finally, the consumption of raw materials for defense continues to exceed all estimates and to appear abnormally large in proportion to the final output. "It's

like a desert river," said one official; "the stream goes underground and you lose sight of it for a while. When it appears somewhere farther along its course, a part of it has disappeared."

Sometimes it has been a matter of failing to stock at all. The silk muddle is a case in point. The Army and Navy have long foreseen the present shortage of silk. The Army and Navy have a very vital interest here because they use silk in parachutes and bags for powder charges (only silk will burn out completely when cannon are fired). Officers have long urged that we build up a stock pile of silk. When the defense program started, the armed services were to co-operate with the Treasury, the RFC, and the defense commission to acquire enough silk for two years. But when the Japanese crisis arose and imports of silk stopped it was discovered that nothing had been accomplished. It seems that these agencies had passed back and forth among one another requests for the stock pile, but no agency had assumed responsibility and acted. This sort of bureaucratic red tape has been the cause of other shortages, such as tungsten, copper, chromium, etc.

The neglect of small business in the defense program has constituted one of the most serious failures to utilize productive capacity. A good deal of this has been owing to Army and Navy practices. The officers in the War and Navy departments have a stubborn inclination to grant orders only to large firms. They find these firms better equipped and centralized for the production processes. Splitting orders into many small units, in their view, does not work well. Big firms too which receive these orders prefer to use their own plants rather than to subcontract widely. But OPM also shares the responsibility for this state of things. Its Defense Subcontract Department, designed early this year to take care of small business in the defense program, has until recently been largely a dormant organization. Even in the Army's blue book of manufacturers, which neglects many small firms, and in which are listed some 10,000 firms, 20 per cent at this writing do not hold any defense contracts, and early this year 70 per cent had not received one defense order. Meanwhile 68 companies had taken two-thirds of the $14.2 billions of defense contracts let up to March 14, 1941. Yet OPM has estimated that there are actually 200,000 prime contractors available for defense work. The auto industry failed to use more than 50 per cent of its maximum potential capacity—Nash, for instance, using only 17 per cent in the past auto year. Officials have said that 50 per cent of the machine tools in the country are either idle or working less than 8 hours a day. This is perhaps the most inexcusable fault of the defense administration.

Faults like these, however, are remediable by better administration; but when the defense administration tackles a problem like the shortage of steel—so frequently appearing in the complaints of the manufacturers quoted above—they strike an obstacle deeply rooted in the economic system. Here they face a lack of production which cannot be filled overnight by OPM ukases. Here one girder in the economic structure, to be lengthened and widened, requires additional support from other and newer girders. In this case the interlocking of the economic system increases vastly the problems of the defense administration.

For instance, to increase steel production raises a whole chain of problems. To build new and to expand existing steel plants require more steel ("seed corn" as it is termed in OPM), thus lowering the net increased output of steel. Next the supply of scrap iron offers many difficulties. Normally the proportions of scrap and pig iron which go into the making of steel are about 50–50. But the supply of scrap is running short. One of the reasons is the fact that fewer steel railroad cars are being junked; to carry the increased business due to defense, the railroads are repairing and keeping cars in use which

normally they would junk. If auto production and the production of other durable goods are curtailed it means that the public, like the railroads, will not discard its old purchases, but repair and preserve them, thus further reducing the supply of scrap. Why not, then, relieve the situation by increasing pig production? But this course also encounters obstacles. Increase of pig production means more ore brought from Minnesota via the Great Lakes. This in turn means more ore boats. OPM now proposes that the overloaded shipbuilding industry construct twenty-five more ore boats. And so on.

The struggle for aluminum and brass uncovers similar mazes. Aluminum production requires not only the long-time building of raw aluminum plants, but also the construction of hydro-electric plants and the obtaining of water power, as necessary components. These cannot be built in a day. As for brass, one of the principal metals used in shells and cartridges, it is an alloy of copper and zinc. But copper and zinc, as we have seen in the factory complaints above, are running short. The Army's brass needs have so mounted that defense officials doubt that any expansion program can fill them, not to mention the needs of the Navy, the British, the Chinese, etc. Figures show that the brass needs of a three-million-man army will amount to 202 million pounds a month, not including Navy and foreign demands. All immediate expansion in sight at present will raise output from 94 million to only 188 million pounds by early 1943. Few civilian plants are getting any brass now and they will be entirely cut off before the end of the year. Auto, plumbing, and construction industries will be the principal sufferers. It's like surgery. Bones, blood vessels, nerves—you can't touch one without affecting the others.

Here lies the biggest obstacle in the path of defense—lack of plant capacity. True, bad management, buck-passing, greedy hoarding of materials have all interfered with the process. But the fact that there are simply not enough hearths, fabricating plants, and machine tools to go round for both defense and civilian industry points to the real, the inexorable center of the defense problem.

This central obstacle has put both conflicting elements on the spot. Their precious guns-and-butter economy must be slashed here, pared there, in order to provide the necessary materials and labor for the guns. Price and Supply Administrator Henderson made a guess that the national income would reach $95 billion during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1942, and said that "If we do not find means of increasing capacities, that would mean taking $6 billion to $7 billion out of the current rate of civilian consumption." Since it takes time, as we have seen in the case of brass and other materials, to obtain this increased capacity, the only alternative is to curtail civilian consumption. But most civilian-goods industries, for instance, food and clothing industries, cannot be converted to supply arms. Therefore the knife must fall on the consumers' durable goods industries—on automobiles, refrigerators, washing-machines, etc.

Indeed, it is the automobile business that offers the most obvious target, by reason of its enormous size and its appetite for the kind of raw materials used in arms production. As early as last spring the conflict over this big but by no means easy mark arose in the defense administration. The industry agreed to a cut of 20 per cent on the present year's output, which however would only bring it down to the level of last year, another banner year. By the end of the summer the Henderson crowd pushed harder for a larger cut. The "go slow" elements resisted. Finally the two forces compromised on a cut of 26.6 per cent in the four fall months, with an overall cut of 50 per cent for the year. This reduction, it was explained, would save sizable amounts of the following vital materials: carbon steel, alloy steel, gray iron, malleable iron, secondary aluminum, nickel,

zinc, chromium, copper, lead, and tin.

Other durable consumers' goods industries feel the sharp edge. Factories making washing-machines, refrigerators, aluminum wares, boilers, and radiators, etc., have been ordered to cut production in varying percentages. The areas affected widen and fan out through the nation: in Meadville, Pa., metal zippers; in Jamestown, N. Y., metal furniture; in Evansville and Terre Haute, Ind., electric appliances and vacuum cleaners; in Greenfield, Ind., juke boxes; in Newton, Ia., washing machines; in Webster City and Kellogg, Ia., laundry equipment; in Illinois and Michigan, stove and furniture, etc., etc.

There remain other methods than outright cuts and shutdowns. The drastic raising of income taxes will divert potential purchasing power from goods into the Treasury. The excise taxes, notably the one on automobiles, will do the same. The proposal to tax advertising, on the theory that the less advertising the less the consumption of goods, had this objective behind it. Finally the drive for public buying of defense bonds is aimed at storing away purchasing power and may be merely a prelude to forced savings.

But the President's appeal to curb installment buying in order to decrease consumption may eventually prove the most important of all. The first steps taken are moderate—slight increases in bank rates on installment loans, in initial payments, etc. But these may well be followed by really drastic increases. There would then result heavy curtailments of purchases of automobiles, radios, phonographs, washing machines, refrigerators—a sizable proportion of our retail trade.

The planners of this new phase in defense have done their work well. Consumers' durable goods factories will curtail, convert, or shut down. The flow of materials and labor will thereby be canalized into factories making guns, tanks, planes, etc. The graph of production of these arms will mount so fast that even Senator Byrd will be reduced to silence. Rolling from the assembly lines, they will put real iron into the Administration's far-flung foreign policy. Hitler will be stopped, maybe destroyed. The defense of America will be achieved. All factors fit neatly into this triumphant blueprint All—save the little man.

III

From behind a desk of the "managerial revolution" these curbs seem simple, logical, inevitable. They become less simple, however, when they encounter the human element. The little man has until now gained employment and money to buy the things he wants from the defense program. If priorities bring widespread unemployment, the fact that he was only recently re-employed will offer him little solace. Nor if he's lucky enough to have a job in defense industries will he like the obstacles put in his way of buying things on time. It is a commonplace on Capitol Hill that legislators reflect very sensitively such complaints. If the little man rebels against the restrictions imposed upon him, Congressional revolt against the Administration may flare. Here are some of the grievances which may nourish such a revolt.

Already the phrase "priority okies" has been coined. Bus loads of silk workers are reported to have left eastern Pennsylvania for Detroit and other centers of defense industries. These workers have lost their jobs through shutdowns in the silk industry. They don't know, but they hope, that jobs will be waiting for them at the end of their journey. Those tethered by investments in homes and other ties in their localities must draw on their unemployment benefits. When these are exhausted they must go on WPA or relief. If the workers live in one-industry towns, whose factories cannot be adapted easily and readily to defense, their plight can become even more critical. Priority "ghost towns" may result. After a

meeting of union officials in Washington to consider these problems one official was reported to have said, "There wasn't a single man there who didn't know that the membership in his local and others isn't going to sink to almost nothing in a few months."

The little man of the middle class also is experiencing the pinch. Reports come into OPM from small business men all over the country of shutdowns or impending shutdowns. For instance, a small manufacturer (employing 60 men) who makes grain bins, water tanks, and hog feeders has shut down because of lack of material—galvanized sheet metal (galvanized materials are almost impossible to obtain because of lack of zinc). The machine tools in his plant are rough gauge, wide tolerance, and cannot be used on the fine precision work necessary in arms manufacture. This plant faces permanent shutdown. Another, a toy manufacturer, whose plant is the principal support of a small town in the Middle West, writes desperately that he and the town face extinction for lack of materials. A small maker of fountain pens (employing 6 workers) in the East cannot go on because of lack of plastics. Reason: plastics require formaldehyde, one component of which is lacking because it is used in explosives. The repercussions on small shopkeepers, small wholesale houses, and salesmen who handle the products of these small industries can be well imagined. Already the *Wall Street Journal* is noting widespread layoffs of sales staffs. "These elements aren't mute. 'The next three months,' an official observed, 'are going to be pure misery!'"

The curtailment of installment buying raises other problems. Larger down-payments and shorter time allowed for payment constitute a substitute for a rise in prices so far as the buyer is concerned, and results in the same commotion among consumers. Already reports are current that buyers are pressing retailers to offset the higher initial payments by more general allowances on trade-ins. One may also ask whether this move does not strike at a very fundamental American folkway. The little man, especially since the last war, has learned to live in an installment world. Can this be reversed without trouble? The attempt to get him to save by investing in defense bonds has not been a notable success. How would he react to the next step—forced savings?

Now the Administration has by no means overlooked the shallows ahead. Accordingly, it has made various plans to cushion the shock of the changeover. Hillman's labor division of the OPM has pointed to its alertness in facing what they call a typical changeover situation in North Tonawanda, N. Y. There the Chevrolet plant shut down in August for a period of six months to retool for defense. The shutdown threw 3,600 out of work. On August 12th, Hillman's division reported that within twenty-four hours they started discussions with management and union representatives, 800 workers were rehired, 500 more were promised immediate re-employment, and 225 were enrolled in re-training courses for defense jobs. Eventually, they claim, plants in this area can give jobs to all the rest.

But the most important counter-drive of the defense administration is to prevent or shorten such shutdowns by giving defense orders to industries threatened with curtailments or shutdowns. Hence the revival of the almost dormant Defense Subcontract Service. The Service announced a new program in August. This program provides for more negotiated contracts instead of contracts by competitive bidding and it also lowers the legal hurdles for the small business man. Under these new orders, defense contracts may be negotiated at prices up to 15 per cent above estimates if the work is to be done in an area where non-defense plants are being forced to close. This replaces the competitive bidding system which frequently worked to the disadvantage of the small factory. In the same areas bonds posted by manufacturers may be eliminated "when

necessary." Defense products may be inspected at plants to facilitate prompt payment and prime contractors will be reimbursed by the Government for additional costs incurred by "farming out" large orders to subcontractors. The plan also provides that a statement be attached to each contract amounting to more than $50,000 requiring contractors to subcontract a portion of the work if possible. This system, it is recalled, has been carried to such an extent in Germany that farmers have been provided with machinery for turning out parts to go into tanks and planes.

This "bits and pieces" program has several possibilities. Helping small firms in problems of management and technics (some of them do not even know how to read blueprints) will be a duty of "key" subcontractors. These "key" subcontractors will be asked to take twenty or thirty small concerns in charge and try to develop them into good contractors. Another method is to have small, inexperienced firms do the rough work, while one firm at the top does the precision finishing. Still another method will be a subcontracting of civilian goods by large companies engaged in both defense and consumers' goods manufacture.

Such attempts to cushion the changeover admittedly present difficulties. In highly competitive industries like ours firms don't pull together. Large firms, with an eye to the day when peace comes, do not care to "develop" small competitors. Small firms are less able to do the fine precision work necessary in arms making. Much inefficiency and spoiled orders may result.

Labor problems will also arise. Automobile workers who received one dollar an hour will demand and perhaps strike to get as much when they change over to the aircraft industry where wages are lower. Not all workers are "mobile," and a shutdown in one area does not mean that all the workers will move to another area where they are needed. One labor official has estimated that only about 25 per cent of workers are mobile. "Scamping," another labor practice, is already causing difficulties. One factory "scamps" on another by stealing its workers through the offer of higher wages. As we have seen earlier in this article, Factory L complained of scamping on the part of aircraft and Government factories. Also, gaps will yawn between civilian shutdowns and opening of defense factories. For instance, Detroit in the next few months faces unemployment for 150,000 workers as a result of the 26.6 per cent cut in automobile production. The new Ford plane plant can absorb 75,000. But this plant won't open until spring. Such jerks in labor turnover may prove numerous.

IV

Many clouds, in short, gather on the horizon. Various factors—material shortages, production shortages, technical difficulties, labor troubles, the eternal human equation—make prospects for alleviating successfully the pains of the changeover very uncertain. But the Administration cannot shirk the issue which confronts it. Between the Scylla of foreign and the Charybdis of domestic policy, it must chart some course. At present only three courses seem possible.

(1) The most convenient as well as the surest way to ease the discomfort of the present phase of defense is to relax priorities. But this would seriously impair the defense output. Since our foreign policy rests largely on this output for Britain, Russia, and China, as well as for our own services, such a retreat would affect profoundly the *raison d'être* of the whole defense program. Meanwhile the Moloch of civilian consumption would continue to devour more of the capacity for the production of arms.

(2) The middle way. Priorities Director Donald M. Nelson at the outset of his task expressed the belief that it would be important, from the standpoint of civilian morale, to keep civilian supplies and factories going, at least part of them.

SPAB might, for instance, allot to civilian industries sufficient supplies to keep their wheels turning and give the remainder to defense production. Also SPAB might discover and appropriate sufficient materials hoarded by Army, Navy, and civilians to soften the effects of priorities on civilian industries. While considerable dislocation would still go on, such a policy would provide a less painful transition before total defense economy takes over. On the other hand, it would also slacken the rate of increase of arms production. But if the foreign situation relaxes this might have no serious results on foreign policy.

(3) The sternest course, given our foreign policy, would be to damn the torpedoes of morale and dislocation, and order full steam ahead toward a full war economy. This means cutting our economy ruthlessly to fit the needs of war. This, in turn, means regimentation far beyond anything we have known under the New Deal. Business is already getting a foretaste of this when the OPM one day decrees that plants must accept all defense orders, on another alters the the buyer-seller relationship by forcing the plants to apportion customers. Labor faces agreements, like that in force in the ship-building industry, to prevent "scamping," thus modifying the free labor market; and eventually a prohibition on the right to strike. Finally the consumer is confronted with a price inflation, thus lowering his real income; and as its corollary, price control which involves the most widespread regimentation and control of the consumer's way of life seen in this country since the days of World War I.

But will these courses bring depression or prosperity? Obviously, the first, the "easiest way," would prolong the defense honeymoon of the past year. The "middle way," on the other hand, would cause it to taper off, would protract some of the agonies of the changeover, soothe others, and in general produce a mixed period of business commotion, neither depression nor prosperity. The radical way, undoubtedly, would cause a feverish, fits-and-starts depression, the length of which depends on the success of the changeover. But at the end of the transition period, whether accomplished by the moderate or the radical way, will appear a stage impossible to describe with such terms as "depression" and "prosperity."

In that final stage of all-out war economy, as the New Dealers picture it, there will probably be jobs for all employables—a job situation resembling that of 1929; less certainly higher real wages, because of the danger of price inflation; surely fewer of the good things, like automobiles, which prosperity brought in the past few years; and many bruises and pains lingering from the revolutionary shift in the machinery of our economy. Prosperity, if you wish to call it so, in terms of business activity and employment; hardly prosperity, however, in terms of consumers' goods and satisfactions. But when peace comes, it is explained, increased productive capacity and better organization of industry will provide a firmer basis for post-war reconstruction and prosperity in the old sense of the word.

Which of these three momentous courses will the Administration choose? On the high councils of government—the Presidential circle, the SPAB and the OPM, there falls a shadow. It is the shadow of the little man. The high councils can decree. But the little man can either sabotage these decrees or make them a success. The little man now seems vowed to the destruction of Nazi tyranny. If he feels this mission profoundly enough to endure its necessary sacrifices then success will follow. But if he fails to put this objective ahead of prosperity as he has recently known it, the defense program seems destined to suffer. In short, the course of the defense program pivots on the little man.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

I THUMB MY WAY TO TOBRUK

BY PETER MUIR

THE tall Australian Major was courteous but he was firm.

"Your identity papers, please."

I fumbled in the breast pocket of my dust-coated tunic and produced the safe-conduct letter Headquarters had written for me in Cairo, now many miles away.

The Major gave me a sharp, quick look, opened the letter and read with care. For a moment I watched his blue eyes travel back and forth as they followed the typewritten lines down the page, across the top of which was printed in bold letters—ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE. The letter said that Captain Muir of the American Field Service had come to Egypt with a group of American ambulance drivers, that the equipment promised them from England had not yet arrived, and that meanwhile Captain Muir wished to visit the Libyan front to study the conditions under which the ambulances might have to be used.

The Major was a fine-looking soldier, tall and hard and determined. His jaw was square and set, his face was tanned by months of exposure to wind, sun, and sand in the western desert. On each broad shoulder he wore an embroidered crown to signify that he held the rank of major, and his uniform was the khaki battle-dress of the ordinary Tommy.

Telephones rang incessantly in the several rooms that gave into the one where we stood. The rooms were furnished only with wooden benches and bare wooden tables, on which were heaped documents and military maps in orderly disorder. Muted voices and guarded language that meant nothing to the uninitiated went out over the wires to the different sectors of the front as officers and men gave and received instructions. The names of places were never mentioned. Each one must have had a special designation which I did not know, so that English was as useless in helping me understand what was going on as a language from some strange planet would have been.

Windows were closed tightly and covered with heavy paper to keep in the light. Tobruk was not a "healthy" place, as soldiers put it, and night raiders from the enemy lines were constantly flying overhead, making a complete blackout necessary. The atmosphere was heavy and smoke-filled, and while there was a certain tenseness the men about me worked on calmly and efficiently. Ringing telephones, quiet voices, rattling maps and papers, the strong odor of stale smoke.

Outside the sounds were different. Through closed windows I could hear the humming motors of German observation planes, flying high above the little port, the sharp crack of the "ack-ack" (anti-aircraft) guns, and an occasional burst of machine-gun fire from the ground crews. Only once a terrific thud and a trembling earth told us that a stick of bombs had been dropped nearby. Soldiers looked up, exchanged knowing glances, and returned to their jobs. The Australian Major continued to study my letter as though he had heard nothing.

From time to time the crack of single

rifle shots rang through the night as a nervous sentry fired on a shadow, and this led me to believe that the Germans could not be far away. I had no way of knowing even their approximate position. Three days before, when I left Alexandria, the news was that they had taken Benghazi and that their motorized columns were coming east in what looked like a drive on the Suez Canal. But I had gone a long way in three days. Perhaps the enemy had too. No news had been available in the desert, and since my arrival in Tobruk I had not dared ask questions until my identity was established beyond a doubt. Inquisitive people are not popular up there.

The Major finished reading, folded the letter, placed it in the envelope, and returned it to me. When he spoke he looked me squarely in the eyes and frowned slightly. "We cannot be too careful," he said. "I hope you will understand and pardon my being suspicious, not only of you but of every man or officer who is not personally known to me. That is my business." I assured him that I understood better than most, having gone through the Battle of France slightly less than a year ago. There, heaven knows, a man had the opportunity of observing the German fifth column at its best—or worst. His face relaxed at this and he smiled, but immediately turned serious again and continued to speak, watching my reactions closely. "Since you are familiar with fifth-column methods," he said, then lowered his voice and carefully spaced his words for effect, "—you—must—know—that—the—paper—you carry there—could be easily—*falsified*."

This must have made me start slightly.

"Have you a British military card?" the Australian asked, seeing my embarrassment and trying to be helpful.

I explained that I had applied and been promised one, but that it had not come through before my departure from Cairo. Then I remembered my American passport. It was not one of the old red-covered ones, filled with convincing-looking visas from many parts of the world, but a green one of recent vintage, issued only a few weeks before at the Legation. By some turn of luck the Major knew that all American passports had recently been called in on account of counterfeiting and replaced by the ugly little green books. My identity was accepted, he smiled broadly, shook my hand and introduced himself.

"Sorry, old man," he said. "Come and have a glass of beer."

On our way down a long corridor toward the officers' mess he talked affably, telling me that the Germans had dropped parachutists during the afternoon sand storm. "I think we got them all," he said. "But one never knows with Jerry. He's a clever fellow. Some of the 'chutists died fighting and some surrendered. Useful information they gave us too."

Now I understood the general tension, why I had had so much trouble passing the outer guard, and why sentries were potting away nervously at shadows and stray cats that passed in the darkness. A loose Boche or two, dressed in any sort of uniform, might be wandering about ready to do his job. They are experts at sabotage and often carry surprising quantities of high explosives.

"Here we are," my host said, pushing open a door and ushering me into a brightly lighted room with whitewashed walls. "Make yourself at home."

Several officers sat round the large table drinking beer, smoking and talking quietly. They got up, shook hands cordially when I was introduced, and soon began asking questions about Cairo. They gave the impression that this city on the Nile where I had so recently been was another world, a dream world where one was clean, saw civilians, talked to women, even danced and heard music. Here in the desert they were starved for that other world, and yet their conversation was light, their questions put in a bantering tone, their laughter easy.

The senior officer in the room, a full colonel, sat across the table from me.

He was a sharp-nosed fellow, florid, bald, with a hearty laugh, which fairly shook his belly when I told him that I was off in the morning on my way across the desert road to Derna.

"Derna, ha, ha, ha!" I could not see why this should amuse him, until he finally controlled his laughter enough to tell me that the Germans had beaten me there by thirty-six hours. "You'll have to wait a bit—that is, unless you want to pay Jerry a visit." To pay Jerry a visit was the last thing in the world I did want. I had been caught north of the Loire River in France on June 17, 1940, had passed the night behind the barbed wire of a prison camp, and had escaped the following day; so I had had a taste of a visit to Jerry, knew just what it meant, and sincerely preferred a bomb on top of my head to another capture. The Colonel laughed again when I told him this. "You didn't miss by far to-day. There's a motorized column to the south and well to the east of us. He'll be cutting in toward the sea any minute now, and Tobruk will be isolated except by air and water. You'll never get out by road."

This was bad news, and now I understood why Tommies had been busily destroying the road leading in from the direction of Bardia when I came over it. A column to the south and east!

"I'm an old soldier, and I have seen many battles," continued the officer, "but desert warfare seems the craziest of all to my way of thinking. Perhaps it is the best, however, because civilians and property come less into the picture. It is a soldier's game—and a tough one." He stopped to light his pipe, then went on. "It is more like sea than land fighting, and I have Wavell to thank for this theory. As in a naval engagement, you try to choose the battleground most advantageous to you, the spot where you can most effectively destroy the enemy's men and machines, regardless of whether your ships, or forces, are a few hundred miles to the north, south, east, or west. The loss of a thousand square miles of sand is no more important to us than the loss of a thousand square miles of the Atlantic if we are able to choose the spot where the fight shall take place and inflict heavier losses on the enemy than he inflicts on us."

"Is that why we have let go, almost without a struggle, so much of our conquered territory?" asked a young lieutenant.

"Precisely. We've given up enough sand to dry out the Atlantic, but sand isn't what we need at the moment. Give it to Jerry. He's 'bought' the desert. Now let's see what he can do with it. My opinion is that the desert will beat him. We'll see."

Conversation lagged for a moment, and I asked the Australian Major whether I might have some of the cheese and bread which I saw at the other end of the table. I had had little food on my trip up and was rather weak and ravenously hungry. He not only gave me cheese and bread but also bully beef and more beer. The world looked brighter after I did away with this, and when the Colonel and Major began questioning me about my trip from Cairo to Tobruk I was able to sit back, smoke, and talk easily.

II

For over a week I had been sticking close to Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, awaiting telephone calls from G.H.Q. And several had come. One to say that a seat had been held for me on a plane to Tobruk for Tuesday morning, six o'clock sharp ". . . and don't be late!" The second call came through Monday night (they work early and late at G.H.Q.). It was the voice of my invaluable and excellent friend Mac, a Canadian captain. "You've been put off until the Thursday plane, Pete," he said, and there was as much disappointment in his voice as I felt myself. "Brass-hats, you know. They get precedence."

Wednesday evening I was congratulating myself that everything was fixed for the morning plane and celebrating this with a cool and cheering gin and

bitters, when the fat little Sudanese page boy called me to the telephone. It was Mac, all right, and his voice was more dejected than ever. "Same old story, Pete. Colonel This and Brigadier That . . . you know. . . . 'Who's this Captain Muir? . . . Oh, dreadfully sorry, but we must get up to Tobruk immediately . . . regret it no end . . . most imperative.' " I asked Mac what the chances were of ever getting up, and he said to give him a little time and he would work it somehow.

On Sunday he did. "A convoy of lorries is leaving at dawn to-morrow from Camp A," he told me. "Here's a letter for the officer in charge if you want to risk it. Of course you *might* catch the Tuesday plane, which will be a much easier trip, and . . ."

"Give me that letter," I said. "I'm taking no more chances on being thrown off planes at the last minute, and I know that brass-hats don't ride on trucks."

About six-foot-four of luck was with me in the form of Andy Ransom, one of the best drivers I took out to the Middle East. He was lunching with Mac and me, and could drive me down to Camp A in an ambulance I had borrowed from the British Red Cross. One lunches late in Cairo and it was now about two-thirty. If we hurried we might make Camp A, which is near Alexandria, before nightfall. I was most anxious to do this because it is a large camp and the difficulty of finding a unit in the dark is great; so I threw a few things into my rucksack, including the single blanket I had used in France, and filled my canteen with fresh water; and without finishing lunch we started.

Andy drove the big ambulance as though it had been a light racing car. He handled it beautifully and we tore through town, across the lovely Nile, where a fleet of feluccas was passing, past Mena House and the Pyramids and on to the hot desert. For some miles there were tents where soldiers bivouacked, and then nothing but an overwhelming sense of space.

Mirages sprung up to right and left, only to disappear suddenly as we neared them at sixty miles an hour. Small flocks of sheep and camels tended by Bedouins grazed on meager prickly shrubs in the blazing sun. I knew that camels could go for long stretches without water, but how the sheep lived was a problem that baffled me. We passed convoy after convoy of heavily loaded trucks, mostly of American make, going in our direction. All the material was new and looked excellent. From some of the trucks the dark, intelligent faces of Indians peered, and others were filled with English troops. The soldiers shouted at us good naturedly as we hurried on, holding their thumbs up with characteristic optimism.

Darkness had fallen when we reached the first tents of Camp A and turned in across the hard sand. In the moonlight, which we were lucky to have, it was very white and looked like snow; and as the evening chill succeeded the heat of day the illusion of a winter sport scene was almost complete.

At length we found the officer in command of the convoy we were looking for. He was still up and about, busily attending to final details. He was very cordial, agreed to take me, gave the hour of departure and excused himself, saying that there were still many things to do before daylight if he hoped to get off in time.

Andy wanted to spend the night in the desert, and indeed it was beautiful there with the stars and moon so near—but I was hungry, and knew that the next days held little for me in the way of bodily comfort, so I insisted that we go into Alexandria, have a late but hot dinner, a bath, and a short sleep. This was a happy decision and one for which I was thankful during the following days when washing and hot meals did not exist.

Next morning before sunrise when we arrived at Camp A preparations for the departure were under way. Motors were warming up and soldiers moved about smartly, loading baggage and seeing that everything was in perfect

order. As the light became brighter the sand changed back into sand, our snow field disappeared, and the day promised to be hot and clear.

Forty-one big three-ton trucks, a staff car, and five motor cycles made up the convoy. At first we were to run at hundred-yard intervals, and when we came to the zone where there was danger of bombing this was to be doubled, making the distance roughly five miles from head to tail.

I rode in the staff car with the commanding officer, who drove, and his chauffeur-batman, who sat in the rear seat. Ransom came to a snappy salute as we started out and turned left on the main road, heading due west in the direction of the Libyan Desert. I watched him standing there tall and alone, and felt sorry that he was not with me, for his advice was usually good and his company always excellent.

We did not go through Alexandria but took a short cut off to the left. The road was not bad between high dunes on one side and date groves on the other. Beyond the date groves spread the vast Mediterranean, as unbelievably blue in Egypt as I had known it on the French and Italian Rivieras. The convoy moved without interruption along the undulating road like a great serpent, of which we appeared to be the head. At intervals a motor cycle would come alongside, and without stopping the rider would make his report to Captain Smith. Car number thirty-three had dropped out with engine trouble and the repair truck was with it. Then the rider would swing about and roar back to the crippled car, only to return a short time later to inform the Captain that repairs had been effected.

Smith was of the push-on-as-far-as-you-can school. I could not blame him for this, but I was very hungry by one o'clock when we finally pulled up, after six hours running without a stop. We were still in the safety zone, so that it was not difficult for the kitchen truck to move up and down the line distributing lunch, which consisted of a piece of bread and a small triangle of Swiss cheese. Something had gone wrong with the stove and the usual tea had been abandoned. This was not a luxurious luncheon, and I could have done with a great deal more; but the example set by the soldiers about me was so excellent that I quickly forgot myself. There was not a complaint from these fellows who had been handling heavy trucks since dawn; they ate their slim ration quietly and without comment, smoked and joked.

That night, after a long day's run, we camped on a plateau above Matruh, the first town along this line where we had come upon any recent destruction. During the Italian advance Mussolini's "gallant" aviators had visited it quite often. Needless to say, it had been practically undefended at that time.

Houses were badly knocked about, streets were torn up, and from that point on the civilian population had been completely evacuated. During this whole trip we passed only one woman and two men who were not in uniform.

There were also signs of the British advance to be seen in Matruh: much captured Italian material that had been salvaged and brought back from the successful advance into Libya. To my surprise I noticed W O P painted in large letters on all the Italian trucks, guns and tanks. "When did the English adopt our slang expression for the Eye-tyes?" I asked Smith. He wanted to know what I meant, and then explained, laughing, "W O P may spell Wop in any language, but to us it simply means War Office Property."

From Matruh on the roads could hardly be called roads at all. Those that were left had been so cut up by tanks and shellfire that it was usually preferable to head straight across the desert, following as nearly as possible along the shore of the Mediterranean. There was no sand storm that day, but the dust raised by our convoy was just as bad.

In the first car we were lucky, except when our own dust swirled around with the wind and enveloped us in thick clouds that cut off our vision. I was particularly sorry for the motor-cycle riders, who came up to make their reports so covered that they were completely unrecognizable. The poor Australian infantrymen who were accompanying us from Matruh must have been taking an awful beating in the open-backed trucks.

Despite all this every car and man arrived in perfect condition at Sidi Barrani during the early part of the afternoon. We would have liked to push on but orders awaited us to stop there. Later Smith told me that the convoy was being taken up slowly and carefully, so as to avoid the possibility of a flank movement and capture by the German motorized column which was known to be somewhere south of us and moving east.

III

Sidi Barrani had really been banged about. This was as far as the Italians had come in their unsuccessful drive on the Suez Canal. Then the English had taken it back in a fierce attack that had leveled every house in the place, and left Italian material destroyed and scattered in every direction. The enemy's losses must have been staggering. As far as the eye could see, Italian tanks, trucks, guns, automobiles, and airplanes were spread out across the desert, burned, destroyed, overturned. From tracks in the sand you could see where drivers had desperately attempted to escape with their vehicles only to be pursued and annihilated by the British attacking forces.

Our trucks were spread out some distance apart, in case of an air raid, in a large hollow between a rise of ground and the devastated village. I walked off alone and stood trying to visualize the attack, which I knew had been made in a violent sand storm. Hundreds of tanks and light armored cars, followed by infantry, had swept over the rise of land and down on the Eye-tyes (as the English call the Italians) before they realized what was happening. There must have been wild scenes; sand storms are dreadful enough, but when every cloud of dust disgorges a tank with spitting machine-guns, or charging infantry with bayonets fixed, it must be terrifying.

It was at Sidi Barrani that the Italians began to run, and those who did not give themselves up continued running with but few stops until the British decided to halt the chase. By that time they had covered several hundred miles, and were well into Cirenaica. Nor did they dare come back until they could do so under the comforting protection of their German Master's wing. Up here I found that no one really disliked the Eye-tye. As a soldier he was considered a joke, and the general opinion was that as long as he stuck to music and the waiter's trade he was quite a decent fellow. That Il Duce had tried to make a soldier of him was regarded as rather pathetic. I don't believe the British actually got angry at the Italians, even when they were fighting them. The Germans, however, were quite another dish of tea. They were hated for every reason known to man.

My train of thought was broken by the pleasant voice of Captain Smith who, accompanied by his lieutenant, had come up behind me. "How about a drink?" I accepted with pleasure but did not see where we were to get one until he pointed to a low building on the crest of the hill that had been spared by some miracle. He informed me that this was a canteen.

The canteen was a spacious, one-storied affair, and the English had probably passed it in the sand storm without seeing it. A few pock-marks in the walls showed that shells had burst nearby. Otherwise he fighting had left it untouched. On the walls were the usual Italian inscriptions, badly done in black paint. VIVA IL DUCE—VIVA IL RE—VIVA anything they could think of from Victory to the name of some unknown town, painted there by a home-

sick Dago. One inscription read: "From the Alps to the Pyramids," and another was a famous saying from one of Mussolini's more bombastic harangues: "Better to live a day like a lion than a hundred years like a lamb." Perhaps he was referring to the British lion and the Italian lamb. At all events, the thousands of Italian prisoners that I had seen appeared vastly to prefer the lamb idea.

The Australians were there before us, drinking beer from tins. As officers, we were ushered into the bedroom of the manager and offered whisky. The canteen manager rustled also, from heaven knows where, ham, eggs, and potatoes, and made for us what was perhaps one of the finest meals I have ever tasted. There seemed to be only one grave shortage here, and that was fresh water; I was told that so much water was needed for motorized warfare that it was difficult to keep enough on hand for drinking and cooking. Washing of course was out of the question. My canteen was already half empty and I could not get it filled.

Australian soldiers are generally regarded as splendid fighters, but most unruly when not actually engaged in battle. However this mood must be reserved for leave in the cities, because here in the desert they were as well behaved as any group of men I have ever seen. They pitched their tents, slept in the open or under the shelter of wrecked cars, and by nine-thirty were quiet, with the exception of one fellow who had found some abandoned Italian hand-grenades and was trying them out some distance away from camp. Soon he also tired of the game and all was silent.

Captain Smith learned that I had nearly frozen the night before and had kindly found three extra blankets somewhere in the convoy. The single blanket that had kept me warm in France was entirely inadequate out here in Egypt. On leaving Cairo I had thought that I could curl up in the warm sand and sleep happily; but the sand grows cold, very cold, and I had cursed the fool who wrote—"Till the sands of the desert grow cold." He had certainly never been out here at night.

The road from Sidi Barrani to Sollum was practically nonexistent, and we drove most of the way straight across the desert, using the shores of the Mediterranean as our guide. The dust was terrific but, having made a very early start, we arrived about noon. Here Smith received instructions that he would have to wait for orders. He might receive them during the day or he might be held over for several days. I could not afford to risk the time that might elapse until the convoy continued and, slinging my rucksack on my back, I bade my companions good-by and started up the road to the west on foot, determined to thumb my way on somehow or other.

Most of the traffic going up consisted of armored cars, which were useless to me as there is absolutely no extra space when the crew is on board, and they were fully manned. It was very hot and I was dirty but neither downhearted nor discouraged. Someone would pick me up sooner or later I was sure, and I trudged on singing, "Roll Out the Barrel."

Sollum was pretty well battered up, but not as badly as Sidi Barrani. After you pass through the village you come to the foot of a long, winding road that goes up in harsh zigzags to the plateau where Bardia is situated. At the beginning of this pass there was a military control station where all individual cars or convoy commanders must stop and show their movement papers. This seemed a good place to wait and do my thumbing.

After about an hour my patience was rewarded. An English major of the Third X Battalion motorized cavalry stopped at the barrier. He was driving the repair car and was on his way back to join his outfit which had been pretty badly shot up. At first he hesitated, his small truck being already overloaded, but when he heard that I was an American and had come all the way from New York on the job I was doing

he agreed to take me as far as Tobruk.

Up the winding pass we drove and across the high plateau. Bardia was in plain view off to the right, but the road did not go through it. The plateau was a shambles of the Italian war machine. Everywhere there were tanks, trucks, armored cars, and light field cannon lined up by the hundreds hub to hub—all destroyed beyond repair. The Italians must have been taken completely by surprise here and had no time to withdraw.

At dusk we stopped to make a cup of tea before entering Tobruk. The Major's batman, who was riding in the back, dug a hole in the sand and soon had a fire going, and the Englishman explained that they did this every evening before dark so that the enemy could not spot the fire. He also explained that each separate unit carried complete sustenance for five days, so that the crew could live that long even if lost in the desert. Compasses were also a necessary part of the equipment for such eventualities.

The tea was good, and after two cups each we continued on our way in the semi-darkness between sunset and the rising of the moon. Several times along the road sentries stopped us at bayonet point. The officer showed his papers and we were allowed to proceed, but warned to go slowly as the road was being torn up and mined against the possibility of a flank attack by the Germans. The sentries joked with us and seemed in high good humor at the thought of meeting Jerry at last.

A soldier on duty outside headquarters led us into a lighted room, where I was separated from my tank-corps companion and turned over to the Australian Major for questioning. At least I had got as far as Tobruk—two days before the Germans cut it off completely by land.

IV

The Australian Major showed me to a large room which was to be mine for the night. Against the right wall as you entered a stretcher had been prepared for me to sleep on. There was no other furniture and the room was completely bare. A single light hung down from the middle of the ceiling, but nothing happened when I turned the switch; it was broken. The officer sent a batman for a candle.

Opposite the door there was a long window, tightly closed and covered with black paper to keep in the light. As it could not be opened it also kept out the air. Evidently the room had not been inhabited since the British took the town, because in one corner there was still a pile of hastily swept-up refuse, old Italian newspapers and dirt. From the pile the ugly face of Mussolini peered at me, more hideous than ever in the dancing half-light. A gleam of light from the hallway came in through the glass transom, and because of this I could not open the window even if I blew out my candle.

But I did not want to blow out the candle. Nor did I want to sleep. I was afraid. Not afraid of being bombed, perhaps wounded, or even killed, but of being taken prisoner a second time. I had escaped once, but the second time . . . Try as I would to change my thoughts, I could not keep the idea of capture out of my head. Suppose the British evacuated Tobruk silently, this very night, and forgot to warn me, alone in this room?

I partly undressed, placing trousers, tunic, and shoes beside the stretcher in such a way that I could get into them immediately, and lay down. Outside the sounds had changed. There was less droning of motors, less ack-ack fire, and the rattle of machine-guns had disappeared some time before. Rifles of nervous sentries cracked, but at longer intervals. Now and again horns blew. A telephone rang in an office down the hall at intervals of about every three minutes and a tired voice answered. I could not understand the conversations, but at least the voice was English and as

long as I could hear it I knew that the town had not been deserted.

For a long time, possessed by the thought that I might be left behind in Tobruk, I tried to keep awake, first by talking to myself, then by pinching myself, or making plans for the future. Nothing helped, and I realized that I was losing consciousness in spite of my efforts. The absence of the ringing telephone brought me out of the first doze. The luminous dial on my watch showed midnight. I knew that wars and military telephones do not stop at midnight. I started to get out of bed and make inquiries, but I was too sleepy. I turned over and went to sleep.

When I woke up I could see a tiny point of light across the room, and the sirens were wailing. In an instant I was wide awake and hurrying into my clothes. The pin point of light came in through the window. It must be daylight. Already I could hear the first ack-ack guns and the hum of motors. My immediate idea was that the enemy was attacking the town, but on listening closely I could detect no other fire save that of anti-aircraft batteries. This was reassuring, and I did not bother to throw my belongings into the rucksack. I would not have to run farther than the shelter.

This was my first raid since France and my heart beat with excitement. Carefully, with trembling hands, I lighted a cigarette before sauntering out into the corridor with as much nonchalance as I could comfortably muster while still keeping up my pace. The sound of exploding shells was growing nearer, as was the roar of motors, and machine-guns rattled.

The shelter to which I was assigned was in the courtyard. I did not go down, having a phobia against being buried alive, but an officer standing near me in the door said that it was very deep and well built. The Italians had dug it, and they had done a good job. Over the entrance was carved in huge block letters the name BENITO MUSSOLINI, and this amused the British no end. Above the entrance to another one across the court was inscribed VITTORIO EMANUELE III.

High above, in the still dim light of dawn, several planes were visible. They were probably over for observation, not bombing, and when three Hurricanes appeared on the horizon they quickly made off to the west.

The sirens blew again. This time it was the even note of the "all clear" not the eerie yowl of the *Alerte*. I went back to my room, threw open the window, hung my steel mirror to the window knob and spread my shaving kit on the sill.

My canteen was empty. With something of a shock I realized that since leaving Camp A I had been drinking, washing, and shaving from this quart bottle without a single refill—and I had shaved every morning. Of course I hadn't been able to rinse the brush or clean the razor, and my washing had been accomplished by pouring a few drops of water on a towel corner and using that to remove the soap. Then a few more drops on another corner for the mouth and eyes. It is amazing how much better this is than nothing at all and how much happier one feels after these meager ablutions. The old hand-pump in French villages, which we used to scorn and swear at, now seemed like an undreamed-of luxury. Quantities of fresh water was what I longed for, and when I went downstairs again, this time with my empty canteen, I found that I was not alone in this. There was an exceedingly limited supply of water in Tobruk, and it was slightly salty. The cook was a kindly fellow and measured two cups for me as carefully as though he had been pouring Napoleon brandy. He emptied these into my canteen after assuring himself that no one was looking and told me not to mention it outside. Otherwise, he said, there would be a hundred men at his door begging.

With my precious ration I hurried

back to the room and prepared to shave. But luck was not with me this morning. Just as I had worked up the most beautiful lather the sirens went off again. Two planes came into my line of vision, flying so low that I could clearly distinguish their black crosses painted on each wing. They were moving fast, and I stopped shaving to watch and pray that the ack-ack fire would bring down one or both of them. The puffs of white smoke from the shells seemed to be getting nearer and nearer to the leading plane. The plane nosed over and began its dive at the little port where several ships, one a hospital ship, were anchored. I could see the bombs as the first stick was released, and although the harbor was out of sight behind the houses, the crash that followed shook our building and rattled every window. The second plane nosed over for the dive and seemed to run head on into a puff of smoke. It was a direct hit from an anti-aircraft gun, and the plane tumbled into the sea, carrying its crew and leaving a black streamer behind it.

Feeling slightly cleaner and with a great sense of elation at having seen the bomber come down, I set out to look for my Australian Major. He had promised transportation to take me farther into the desert toward Derna, where I should find the headquarters of Brigadier Walker, head of the medical corps for this sector. Brigadier is a new rank created since the beginning of the war, and is one between a full colonel and a major general. It used to be brigadier general, but this made so many generals running round that the authorities cut it in half.

V

The Major was at breakfast and asked me to join him, which I gladly did, having smelled the odor of fresh-cooked bacon. The tea was steaming hot, but had a distinct salty taste from the water which, however, quenched thirst satisfactorily. Beside bacon there was fresh bread, butter, and jam. Practically all supplies came in by sea, and there seemed to be enough of everything. I was told that a good reserve of food and ammunition had been stored in case of siege, and that with control of the sea the garrison could hold out for a long time if not indefinitely.

A Ford station wagon was put at my disposal to go up into the desert. I must say it gave me an odd feeling to be traveling about Tobruk in a conveyance that was so closely associated in my mind with the peaceful hills and dales of Westchester and Connecticut!

The driver knew his desert, and about seven miles west of Tobruk turned off the road and took me straight to a large tent, camouflaged a yellowish color to blend in with the sand. It was a barren spot, and during dust storms must have been terrible. The Brigadier sat at a wooden table in front of his tent, conversing earnestly with a medical corps Captain. Both of them looked up when I approached and saluted, then rose to greet me.

I showed my letter from G.H.Q., Cairo, to Walker and explained the mission that had brought me here. The object of my visit was to inspect ambulances and discuss methods for handling wounded in the desert. We had a long talk, comparing notes on the care of the wounded and on ambulance equipment. Then the Captain and I went off on foot for a tour of inspection of some ambulances that were scattered in a nearby field, and as we walked along he told me something of the work he and his men had been doing. Indeed they had been laboring under the greatest difficulties, due entirely to lack of cars. The sooner we could get help up the better. I shook my head in distress and informed him that I feared it would be some time before we were ready to function on a scale that would be helpful, perhaps many months. "Well," he said, "I suppose we shall just have to carry on the best we can, but do hurry."

We inspected several ambulances and discussed their shortcomings; and since

we were wandering about the outer fortifications of Tobruk, we stopped several times to chat with the town's most advanced defenders. Accents and uniform markings differed widely, but the men had one thing in common—high morale. Here an ack-ack battery was manned by Cockneys, whose jocular remarks could hardly be understood by a nearby Bren-gun crew of stalwarts from distant Australia; there Yorkshiremen stood by a tank and tried to use the King's English, not forgetting their articles, when speaking to an officer of high rank. Each and every one, whether officer or soldier, Cockney, Yorkshireman, or Colonial, had the look in his eye of calm determination, and I felt that they would meet death without flinching unless ordered to retreat.

Dirt was another thing these courageous, smiling soldiers had in common. They were, without exception, filthy. Out here the water supply was used almost entirely for interior consumption, it was so scarce, and I learned that it was *against* military regulations to shave more than once a week. It was hard to believe that these men belonged to the army of His Britannic Majesty, the smartest army in the world under normal circumstances. Their clothes had not been washed in weeks, perhaps months, and neither had their bodies. Dust and sand from the storms had collected in their ears, and was caked in their beards and eyebrows. Their faces were dark brown from exposure to sun and wind, plus dirt, making their teeth look whiter than usual when they smiled or laughed, which was often. Downhearted? Not these men. Defeated? Never. They would give an account of themselves when the time came.

A wave of sadness came over me as we walked back towards the tent of Brigadier Walker. Undoubtedly the Germans would attack Tobruk, and there would be fierce fighting. Many of these filthy, courageous, smiling fellows would be killed, others wounded. It was of the latter that I thought particularly. I must waste no time in Tobruk now, but hurry back to Cairo and get on with the job.

When the Brigadier and I were about half way between the desert camp and town, the ack-acks, accompanied by the rat-tat-tat-tat of machine guns, began such a heavy barrage that the chauffeur pulled off the road and we got out to see what was going on above. Eight German bombers were flying fast and surprisingly low in the direction of the port. They were not near us, and as there was no danger, we stood there above the town and watched the show. Tracer bullets scorched across the sky and white puffs burst about the planes, but they continued straight toward their objective. The din of the firing was deafening, particularly from a battery not ten yards away. For a moment I watched the crew loading, aiming, firing. An officer was directing, but I could not hear his commands above the general roar. The officer and men seemed to be a mechanical part of their gun, so perfect and calm were their movements, so in rhythm with their weapon. It was beautiful to watch.

The eight raiders were skirting along the edge of the sea and were coming closer and closer to the harbor. Another minute and they would be over it. At this moment Walker grabbed my arm, pointing with his free hand. "Look, old man. Look," he said. I turned—and let out a yell of sheer joy. Half a squadron of Hurricanes were coming in the opposite direction, their motors full out and whining angrily. They were still some distance away, but the Germans also saw them, and instead of diving to drop their bombs, let them go from the level at which they were flying. It was too high for accuracy, and we watched them explode in the outer port, throwing up great spouts of water and ruffling the calm surface, but harming neither man nor property.

The Germans banked sharply and turned in the direction of their lines, the Hurricanes coming on until the leader

was in firing distance of a lagging raider. One blast from the Britisher's guns and his enemy burst into flames. Two of the crew were able to bail out and floated down into the sea. What happened to them I do not know, and frankly I do not care. By this time the other planes were out of sight, and I only hope that the pursuing Hurricanes got them all.

After this bit of excitement we continued on our way into town. Brigadier Walker took me to the Royal Air Force headquarters, and introduced me to a kindly, gray-haired flight commander. There was a bomber going toward Alexandria within the hour. It was carrying men and materials to a field situated about two hundred miles from Cairo, and there would be room for me. The Commander 'phoned the field and told them that I was coming. Then he turned to me and said I'd better hurry and get off before the Germans came back. "This time Jerry may bring protection, and the plane you're riding in wouldn't have much chance against a Messerschmitt."

I took his advice, and after thanking him and saying good-by to Walker, hurried to collect my kit. On the way I ran into my friend, the Australian Major. He had a mission to perform near the air field and would take me there himself. I was glad of this. After all he had been very kind to me once he had done his duty.

Fighter-pilots lounged about the field in their flying togs, ready to take off at a moment's notice. They stood in groups or sat on the ground, smoking and talking, laughing and joking. They were mostly blue-eyed boys in their early twenties, and only their dust-coated beards showed that they had reached manhood. I was introduced to the pilot of the plane which was to take me away, and to a very young Australian with an unusually dirty red beard who was going with us. He told me that his Hurricane had been shot down the previous day but not before he had accounted for two Me. 109s. He had bailed out and escaped the German patrols by hiding in a *wadi* until night fell, when he had been able to make his way back to the English lines.

Both motors of our bomber were warming up, and the rear machine-gunner was at his place in the tail, when we were ordered to board. The Major and I shook hands warmly. He had to shout to make himself heard above the motors' roar, and evidently he was thinking of the story I had told him last night about my capture in France. "Jerry didn't get you this time," he yelled laughing, and then we were off heading east.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY: COOMBE CHURCH, 1940

BY A. L. ROWSE

HERE we are on this afternoon of mid-November:
The quiet country church is well
Filled, but to-day there is no bell;
On one side the khaki ranks of the Home Guard,
On the other the bandsmen in their uniform,
And behind, the good country people warm in their Sunday best.
The squire is in his pew, the legion's banner laid to rest
Upon the altar where the candles burn
In the thin light of winter afternoon.

All is as it was before. A dream, a haze, a mist
Descends upon me and obscures my eyes
With the dear dead dust of centuries:
All is passing as it passed before
In days of the Edwards, Henrys, and Elizabeth:
The country folk come yet once more to commemorate their dead,
Singing, Onward Christian Soldiers, Onward as to war.
All is as it has been, as it was before:
So many wars, so many times
The bells ring out their chimes
For peace proclaimed, upon the village green under the elms and limes
That remember the faithful few
Who in every age do not return, their forfeit pay.

There are no bells to-day:
The sound of a plane passing overhead
Wakes me from my dream of the dead,
To find the parson ascending the pulpit,
His saw assuring us
Our cause is just;
We fight because we must,
We shall not sheathe the sword
We have drawn before the Lord.
He remembers before God the names,
The innocent country names
Of Bakers, Coopers, Smiths:
I see them early or late at plow



REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY: COOMBE CHURCH, 1940

Against the clean, bare world of winter,
Or coming hot and sweating down the summer lane
From harvest, stopping at the brook
Among the water cresses for a drink.
Now they are where there is no thirst, I think,
Nor any weariness, nor getting up from sleep,
Nor lying down at night beside their dear companion.
All that was fought for, all that they died for,
Gave up the dewy morning and the scented night,
The harvest moon, the stars coming out over the familiar hill,
All has to be fought for again—
The parson assures us their sacrifice was not in vain—
The price to be paid once more, in the lives of their sons,
While they sleep, those other ones,
Far away from Coombe, far from their home,
From the village green, and cricket in summer
And winter games among the trees,
In France, in Palestine, under the seas.

Fight the good fight, we sing:
The young airgunner with proud pursed lips
Carries the cross slowly down the aisle—
Fight the good fight with all thy might;
Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right:
Behind him crowds the slow crocodile
Of bright-faced choir boys, newly washed and spruce—
Run the straight race, through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes and seek His Face.
So pass the singing men and at the end
An old and gray-haired clergyman
Weary with years, who has seen three wars,
Yet still keeps lively eye upon his flock,
His Oxford M.A. hood a little awry upon his back.
The people reverently stand as the procession goes slowly by
Singing, Faint not nor fear, His Arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear.
The last light of the wintry sun lights up the cross,
The white head of the clergyman,
Laying a loving finger upon them every one
As they pass slowly down the church
Out of my dream, and day is done.

GERMAN GEOPOLITICS

A WORKSHOP FOR ARMY RULE

BY H. W. WEIGERT

IN THESE days, when we are facing the most decisive struggle world history has ever seen, it becomes more and more apparent that the question whether domination of the oceans or of the continents will prevail is the crucial question of the century. The events in Russia and in the Far East have finally opened the eyes of the public to an understanding of the tremendous goal of Hitler's armies: to develop a gigantic world pincers movement with the aim of outflanking the oceans, and, by the control of the continental spaces and their ports, to strangle sea power.

In exploring the theoretical sources of this tremendous action American journalists and authors have belatedly discovered the existence of the German Institute for Geopolitics and its founder and head, seventy-two-year-old Dr. Karl Haushofer, general of the first World War, professor of geography at the University of Munich, and president of the German Academy. As usual, when writers discover the existence of a pertinent theory and rush to explain it, the American reading public has been treated to a brief but intensive course in geopolitics, in which facts, opinions, and speculations have been thoroughly brewed and often garbled.

Typical is a recent article in *Current History* by Frederic Sondern, Jr., which was condensed by the *Reader's Digest* under the arresting title, "1,000 Scientists Behind Hitler." Mr. Sondern, who stands in great awe of Haushofer's guiding genius, claims that the planning and timing of Hitler's campaigns are "the work of one man."

"Major General Professor Dr. Karl Haushofer and his Geopolitical Institute in Munich with its 1,000 scientists, technicians and spies are almost unknown to the public, even in the Reich," writes Mr. Sondern. "But their ideas, their charts, maps, statistics, information, and plans have dictated Hitler's moves from the very beginning. . . . Haushofer's Institute is no mere instrument which Hitler uses. It is the other way round. Dr. Haushofer and his men dominate Hitler's thinking."

According to Sondern, Haushofer virtually dictated parts of *Mein Kampf;* it is Haushofer who now tells the German General Staff whom to attack and when, as well as the exact strategical and psychological results of their action; he not only maintains an exhaustive strategic file of the world, with complete information about every country in the atlas, but also a sort of super-Gestapo which corrupts and influences to the German way of thinking important politicians and manufacturers in countries which Germany plans to control in its drive for world domination.

It is beyond doubt that Haushofer exercised a strong influence on Hitler's political thinking and it may well be that Rudolf Hess, who shared Hitler's cell in Landsberg prison, can be classified

as an outspoken disciple of Haushofer. Their hopes for German expansion both in Europe and in colonial possessions found a strong and convincing expression in the emphasis the geopoliticians laid on the idea of "Lebensraum" (living space). To think in terms of continents, to accept "scientific" doctrines which had abandoned the strict determinism of political geography and were leading into the nebulous realm of dynamic metaphysics—all this appealed strongly to the dreamer Adolf Hitler and to his inner circle.

Therefore an understanding of Haushofer's ideas is necessary if we want to understand Hitler's foreign policy. And it may be that an analysis of German geopolitics will help us to understand the reasons for Hitler's sudden violation of the German-Russian pact of 1939. Was it the last and logical act in the Russian drama, prepared and approved by Haushofer and his followers, or did it mean a decisive break between Hitler and Haushofer and their ideologies, a rupture which might lead to consequences of incalculable importance for the destiny of the world?

If we attempt an analysis of these questions and of the real significance of German geopolitics it is essential to approach the subject uninfluenced by the recent fashion of making Haushofer the mystery man behind the curtain, his Institute a nest of international spies, and geopolitics, a superman science on Nazi soil. I propose to digest some of the most important publications on geopolitics, especially Haushofer's dignified monthly magazine, *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik*, to try to describe the real meaning and the *Weltanschauung* of German geopolitics, and also to apply it to the war strategy of the German General Staff.

II

Although discovered by the American public only in the recent months of this war, the theory of geopolitics itself is several decades old. Moreover, it is by no means the exclusive property of the Germans, two of its outstanding exponents, Rudolf Kjellen and Sir Halford Mackinder, being respectively Swedish and English.

The accepted founder of the school was the German Friedrich Ratzel, professor of geography at the University of Munich, who originated the idea of the importance of a space-conception. "Every people," he maintained, "has to be educated up from smaller to larger space conceptions; and the process has to be repeated again and again to prevent the people from sinking back into the old small-space conceptions. The decay of every state is the result of a declining space-conception." A pioneer oceanographer, Ratzel thoroughly understood the importance of sea power, and he warned the German people that to fulfill their destiny they must either ally themselves with the British sea power or win it for themselves.

Ratzel's fundamental principles, which were essentially in the sphere of geography, were adopted and expanded by Kjellen, who saw the basic rivalry between England and Germany as founded on England's insistence on the mastery of the seas. Kjellen's application of geographical principles to world politics profoundly inspired Haushofer.

By far the most important of Haushofer's predecessors was Sir Halford Mackinder, who made the age-old geographical division of land and sea into an issue of paramount political importance. His book, *Democratic Ideals and Reality*, which he wrote in 1919 as a warning to the statesmen of the peace conference, qualifies as prophecy; for in it he warned the representatives of the Allies that the danger to the peace of Europe lay in German domination of Russia and the East.

Laying what proved to be the foundations of Haushofer's theory, Mackinder united the three continents of Europe, Asia, and Africa into a single unit which he called the "World-Island," round which the other continents are mere satellites. The key to the whole world-

island is the "Heartland," a district extending roughly from the Volga to the Yangtze and from the Himalayas to the Arctic Ocean. This territory, invulnerable to sea power from the surrounding oceans he saw as commanding the whole of the "World-Island." "When our statesmen are in conversation with the defeated enemy," he warned, "some airy cherub should whisper to them from time to time this saying, 'Who rules East Europe commands the Heartland; who rules the Heartland commands the World-Island; who rules the World-Island commands the World.'" The system of small "buffer" states which was set up between Germany and Russia by the conference shows that Mackinder's warning did not go entirely unheeded. Mackinder recognized that Germany, by virtue of its strategic location in the neck of the European peninsula, held the trump card in the struggle for the domination of the Heartland, just as the similar strategical locations of the Macedonians and the Romans enabled them to conquer and rule huge empires. Eastward the course of empire takes its way!

The peacemakers of Versailles failed to make a German-Russian combination impossible. The German-Russian treaty of 1939, which was made possible by Chamberlain's inability to see the handwriting on the wall, seemed to be the last step in the fulfillment of the old dream of close co-operation between Germany and Russia, a dream which Haushofer inherited from Bismarck. As these lines are written the question is still unanswered whether Hitler's attack on Russia has given the German Empire even more than complete co-operation with the Russian colossus, leading to economic domination, could give, or whether by forgetting his teacher's instructions Hitler has prepared his own doom.

III

Haushofer's books and his editorials in the *Zeitschrift für Geopolitik* (hereafter referred to as the ZfG) are the bible of modern German geopolitics. In addition, all other publications in the ZfG, especially the editorials by Haushofer's half-Jewish son and spiritual heir, Albrecht Haushofer, are written in the spirit of the master and under his personal supervision. One is entitled, therefore, to concentrate the study of the geopolitical school's war aims in a survey of the ZfG. There are many satellites of course, but most of them—such as Professor Ewald Banse, whose book, *Raum und Volk im Weltkriege*, has, because of the ruthless total war methods which he too bluntly advocated, even caused embarrassment to the Nazis—are unimportant if not irresponsible.

On the other hand, we should not forget that Haushofer succeeded in building up an enormous following of young historians, economists, and students who have made geopolitics their life work. The number of their publications is legion. Their findings supply the German war machine with invaluable material, such as the American General Staff certainly does not possess. If we strip Sondern's words of their glamour and mystery he is right in speaking of the "1,000 scientists behind Hitler."

Every issue of the amazingly comprehensive ZfG is replete with factual articles and maps concerning all countries and regions of the world. In every issue are also a long article by Albrecht Haushofer on the geopolitical status and significance of the Atlantic region, and an editorial by Karl Haushofer which discusses the tremendous amount of political literature, published in all parts of the world, concerning the "Indo-Pacific sphere," an area which includes about half of the world's population. Here Haushofer emphasizes especially the problems of Russia, Japan, China, and India. Since 1937 the ZfG has laid special emphasis on the geopolitical importance of the radio, regular special issues being dedicated to discussions of this significant factor in world politics.

From the first evidences of Nazi power

it has been an unproclaimed objective of the geopoliticians' journal to quiet the suspicion of the National Socialists that the science of geopolitics might differ from the ideology of Nazism and might even be inimical to it; from time to time it has been necessary to demonstrate that the "theory of space" is not contradictory to the crude ideology of blood and soil and the racial doctrines of National Socialism, but on the contrary is based upon them. Whoever is able to read between the lines, however, understands that what Haushofer and his disciples are doing here is but machiavellian strategy by which they plan to accomplish one aim—to make the excited race theorists in power serve their own purposes. For instance, in an editorial, Haushofer advised his German readers: "Do not be narrowminded, but think in large terms of great spaces, in continents and oceans, and thereby direct your course with that of your Führer!" Haushofer was trying to educate not only the German people but also the tyrant of Germany himself, and to direct Hitler's thinking from dreams toward realities and the possibilities of continents, without letting his pupil feel that he was being guided.

This education meant primarily the understanding of geopolitics as a science in itself, reaching far beyond the limits of political geography. To appreciate how geopolitics has thus become a vital factor in Nazi ideology and in German official foreign policy it is necessary to understand that geopolitics, in fact, is far different from mere political geography. As defined in the ZfG, "Political geography concerns the description of 'state-space', *i.e.*, its location and extent. Geopolitics concerns the investigation of life-circumstances within a state and between states in their 'relationships of space.'" Or, in other words, "The difference between geopolitics and political geography lies in the fact that, while political geography is only the investigation of conditions, geopolitics asks an outspoken *dynamic question*."

It is important to note the dynamic character of geopolitics, a factor leading it naturally into speculation and the prediction of the future. In fact a study of the ZfG reveals a close correlation between the long-range thinking of its writers and the later developments of world power politics. As early as November, 1934, the magazine was claiming: "Austria is located in an extremely dangerous position from a military standpoint; its boundaries are defenseless to the attack of its neighbors, and it threatens, partly through its own fault, to become the battlefield of the next world war. The military weakness of the Austrian space is the reason for this danger, which can be averted only if a great power again takes over the protection of this Austrian territory." On April 12, 1938, Hitler completed this "protection."

And in 1935, when Charles de Gaulle, then a mere colonel in the French army, was practically unknown outside his own country, the ZfG said, unconsciously, these fateful words: "France will defend its position in the Mediterranean as jealously as its position in middle Europe as long as it thinks like Charles de Gaulle!" As long as it thinks like Charles de Gaulle!

Moreover, long before Munich, the magazine was dedicating whole issues to the problem of Czechoslovakia, and warning the Germans of their vulnerability to the "might" of Czechoslovakia. "A Czech national state," said Albrecht Haushofer in May, 1938, "within the boundaries of the Czechoslovakia of to-day, was thinkable only at a time when a German power did not exist." On March 15, 1939, this power invaded Czechoslovakia.

Italy's future is the subject of a rather farsighted prediction. It has been claimed that Haushofer predicted a great Italian empire and advised a German-Italian alliance—an interpretation which, if true, would seem to be further evidence of correlation between geopolitical theory and German foreign policy. However, the student of the official

magazine of the Munich school who bases his studies on these publications cannot trace such predictions or even an enthusiastic emphasis on a strong German-Italian co-operation. On the contrary, we find remarks like this, made in 1935: "Sometimes the fear is expressed that Italy may have forgotten the extenuating circumstances of its existence as a great power. The restricted space and external vulnerability of Italy, the complete absence of important raw materials, and its dependence upon the good will of powerful neighbors for transportation, are such simple and evident facts that Italy can hardly forget that it possesses for itself alone little freedom of action."

However it is natural that sometimes the prophets were caught sleeping. The following quotation from the ZfG (October, 1938) sounds like bitter irony: "As the most important gift to the future, one might consider that small piece of paper that Neville Chamberlain held in his hand when he alighted from the plane in London. The German-English proclamation of peace, signed on the basis of personal confidence [sic!] between Hitler and Chamberlain, contains more than the text indicates—especially when one recalls that the Führer in his Berlin speech said distinctly that the Sudeten-German areas were the last territorial demands in Europe."

It scarcely needs to be mentioned that the strategy of war is one of the most important branches of the science of geopolitics. War, claimed Kjellen, is in a way an experimental workshop for geopolitics, and general staffs should be scientific academies. Haushofer himself published in 1932 a book called *Wehrgeopolitik*, which might best be described as "war-geopolitics." This book deals with the influence on warfare of geology, the earth's flora, colonial politics, the co-operation between land and sea forces, mountains, coastlines, and valleys, railroads, villages, and cities; all this is aimed to show the soldier how warfare is vitally influenced by the earth's surface.

IV

It goes without saying that the attitude of Haushofer toward Russia is of paramount importance to us in a time when the vital question is still unanswered whether Hitler's attack on Russia means the logical fulfillment of a supermachiavellian plan or whether it means the sudden and abrupt break of a long-planned policy to build up a German-Russian friendship to prepare the ground for the peaceful penetration and economic domination of the Russian colossus.

To the student of German geopolitics there can be no doubt about which policy Haushofer was advocating.

Haushofer has always seen in Sir Halford Mackinder one of the few great teachers to whom he is indebted, and since he led his division back from the war into a humiliated Vaterland, he recalled Mackinder's teachings, quoting again and again Ovid's "*Fas est ab hoste doceri.*" (It is one's duty to learn from the enemy.) This is what the German Haushofer learned especially from his English contemporary and teacher, Mackinder —that Germany and Russia lost the war because they fought on opposite sides. Thus he arrived at a conclusion which, if he were to indoctrinate Hitler and his lieutenants with understanding of it, would become of gigantic import. "It is of vital necessity that Russia and Germany unite their powers." Or, as Haushofer puts it another time, "Germans and Russians finally recognized that both of them had been the victims, and, by fighting each other to the death, had only pulled the chestnuts out of the fire for the sake of the imperialistic aims of the western neighboring powers, whereby they had burned their flesh and crippled their souls."

The next step taken by Haushofer was to advocate an alliance between Germany, Russia, and Japan, and the creation of a great transcontinental bloc consisting of these powers, which alone would be in a position to counterbalance the two great Anglo-Saxon powers.

Not for a moment did the geopoliticians forget the immensity of Russia, and the decisive importance it possesses in forming the new order. To them Russia has never lost its "Asiatic face." They were aware of the fact that a pact with this non-European Asiatic power was not a matter of sentiment but merely of cold, impersonal power politics. They knew that Stalin was able to wait, that he was the one being courted, that he had the final decision if, when, and under what terms he would participate in the European war.

When the final signatures to the German-Russian pact were affixed in August, 1939, Haushofer and his school were able to express, almost jubilantly, such sentiments on German-Russian co-operation. It must have been an enormous task to free the Führer from the influence of the Rosenberg group, and at least once Haushofer himself lifted the veil somewhat on this effort: "It needed the worst attacks from London before the conviction of the Führer of the indispensability of the British Empire for the world-culture and the Nordic race-idea was pushed back far enough so that the inevitability of the co-operation of the Axis powers, the Russian Empire and East Asia as the saviors . . . stood distinctly before the German soul."

Previously Haushofer's men had been almost silent on the anti-Comintern pact of 1936, trying to avoid praising this creation of Alfred Rosenberg. But after Hitler and Stalin had become bedfellows and the anti-Comintern pact had consequently lost its meaning, Haushofer indicated freely what he had really felt about this policy. "The audacious construction of the anti-Comintern pact was perhaps the borderline which such an insight [*i.e.* that Russia and Germany had lost the war because they had fought each other] had to cross in order to teach the most vital great powers of the old world that they should not again endanger, by ideological differences, the geopolitical foundations of their adjustable space-existence."

Did this man, to whom collaboration between Germany and Asiatic Russia meant almost a fulfillment of his highest dreams, approve Hitler's ruthless violation of this policy in his war against Stalin? We cannot be sure. This chapter of the inside story of the most vital decision this war has seen has still to be written. We may assume, however, without overstepping the bounds of speculation too far, that the war on Russia must have meant a tremendous shock, not only to Haushofer the geographer, but also to Haushofer the soldier. His school never forgot the geopolitical truths of greatest importance: that "the one who attacks a country of broad spaces has to win a victory, a victory which does not consist of driving the enemy farther and farther back until one has occupied the piece of land which he desires." If one merely drives the enemy back, an article entitled "Space as a Weapon" points out, one gives the enemy time and opportunity to reorganize himself in the vast unoccupied parts of his country and to mobilize all the resources of these vast spaces for the continuation of a long war. Therefore, "the war against such an imperium can be won only by the swiftest possible destruction of the enemy's armies."

This was written in regard to the Sino-Japanese war, with the conclusion that "space allows China to survive, and, therefore, it would be best [for the Japanese] to make peace." But these same principles were applied to Russia. In an article published in 1934 it is pointed out that the reason for Napoleon's defeat and for the failure of General von Falkenhayn's operations in 1915 will be found in their allowing the Russians to make use of the extent of space by continuing retreat, with the result that the aggressors had to put more and more space between them and the sources of their power, while the defenders moved closer to theirs. The conclusion drawn by this article is that in a war against Russia the aim from the beginning must be the encirclement and complete de-

struction of the Russian forces before they can retreat successfully. Here we see, almost seven years before war was waged against Russia, the anticipation of the German pincer and encirclement movements of 1941.

The same conceptions of the basic fundamentals for a war to be waged against Russia can be found in Oswald Spengler's *Jahre der Entscheidung* (1933), where, in words which cannot yet be classified as prophetic or merely poetical, he said: "The population of this most powerful inland territory of the earth [Russia] is invulnerable from without. Distance is a force politically and militarily which is as yet unconquered. Napoleon himself had to learn this lesson. What advantage is it to the enemy to occupy territory no matter how immense? To make even an attempt impossible the Bolsheviks have shifted the center of gravity of their system farther to the east. All the great industrial areas which are important to power politics have been constructed east of Moscow, for the most part east of the Urals as far as the Altai and in the south down to the Caucasus. The entire region west of Moscow—White Russia, the Ukraine, which was once the most vital part of the Tzar's empire—forms to-day a fantastic glacis against 'Europe.' It could be sacrificed without a crash of the whole system. But by the same token, any idea of an offensive from the West has become senseless. It would be a thrust into empty space."

There cannot be the slightest doubt that the German General Staff has always been aware of the alternative either of achieving the complete destruction of the Russian war machine or, despite a string of victories, of eventually losing the war.

V

Haushofer and his disciples have long been keenly interested in the Far East and especially in the imperialistic ambitions of the Japanese. The reason can easily be found in Haushofer's own sentimental attachment to Japan where, as a military aide, he underwent his first practical training as a geopolitician. It is thus only natural that he should return again and again to his first love. Japan is indeed the country on which Haushofer can be most considered an expert. In spite of his attempts to judge the problems of the Far East and the role of Japan objectively, he cannot avoid being definitely influenced by his pro-Japanese sentiments.

One thing is clearly discernible—that the German geopolitical school considers Japan's power and its potential spiritual and material resources of great importance (and they are free from the contemptuous attitude toward the Japanese which is so often found in American public opinion). "The World War [I] was fought on the soil of Europe to the advantage of the Far East," wrote the chairman of Germany's greatest shipping line in October, 1934. The ZfG points out also that to-day every fourth human being belongs to the yellow race, and that in a few decades the proportion will be one out of three. "If then this race should be under the strong leadership of Japan, the strong powers which believed that Versailles would be able to create a new world order should be watchful that their world does not decline to an insignificant sideshow where the domination of the world will be decided in the Far East."

With the passing of time and the development of the Sino-Japanese war, two significant changes in the attitude of the ZfG are traceable. One can be seen in an increasing skepticism as to the possibility of a Japanese victory in China, which, during the first years of the war, was apparently expected by Haushofer. By 1938 even he admitted his doubts when speaking of two gigantic tigers which fight each other tooth and claw in a battle to the death. "Which one," he asked, "will perish?" Haushofer compared Japanese nationalism and Chinese nationalism with one tiger riding upon another.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Calif.

The second and rather important change in the geopolitical attitude toward Japan is illustrated by the fact that before Russia's entry into the role of a German ally, especially as long as the anti-Comintern pact ruled German foreign policy, the Haushofer school stressed Germany's indifference toward the problems of the Far East. "The German attitude toward the problems of the Far East," wrote Haushofer's chief aide on that area, in March, 1935, "must be free from sentimentality. In the light of power politics we have there nothing either to gain or to lose." However, when the German-Russian pact was finally concluded and Haushofer's policy seemed to have won a decisive victory over the fanatical anti-Bolshevists among Hitler's lieutenants, then the way toward greater goals in India and toward the heart of the British Empire was laid open. These tremendous goals could in Haushofer's eyes be achieved by Hitler only if Japan and Russia would reach a common understanding. Without such an understanding, and with the possibility of new bloody clashes between the Russian and Japanese armies, Haushofer felt that the decisive steps toward the defeat of Great Britain could not possibly be undertaken. Therefore he could no longer deny that Germany's destiny was inseparably connected with Japan's, and in his editorials, even more so in what can be read between the lines—he requested and almost begged Japan to come to peaceful terms with Russia. "If it were possible," he exclaimed, in June, 1940, "that the flags of the rising sun and of the hammer and sickle could destroy their mutual distrust, then they would be invincible in their domestic seas."

When these requests went unheeded by Japan as well as by Russia the gigantic plan for the peaceful penetration and domination of Russia was doomed to fail, and the foundations were laid for the war which rages now in Russia and which spelled doom for the decade-old plans of Haushofer and his disciples.

The Western Hemisphere, and especially the United States, does not receive the same attention from Haushofer as do Europe, Asia, and the Indo-Pacific sphere. The explanation may be found in the personal interests and prejudices of Haushofer himself; he and his closest collaborators seem so entirely obsessed with their idea of thinking in continents —an idea which leads them directly from Munich to Russia, India, China, and Japan—that not enough time is left for a comprehensive study of the Western Hemisphere, although Haushofer does not underestimate the importance of the role the United States is to play in the great decisions to come. Numerous remarks in his monthly reviews and a great number of careful studies on specific American problems, especially in the Pacific, testify that the neglect of the United States is not due to an underestimation of its significance. The articles dealing with the specific problems of the Western Hemisphere are often amazingly accurate. Widely divergent fields are covered, as for instance Japanese immigration into Brazil, the Negro problem in the United States, the annexation of the islands in the Pacific by the United States, and reports of fleet maneuvers in the Pacific. But it remains an unsystematic and more or less casual treatment of the whole subject.

One reason for the inadequate consideration of the Western Hemisphere may be that Haushofer has evidently allowed one of his chief disciples, Colin Ross, whom he regards as the outstanding expert on questions of the West, to take over almost full responsibility for this region. It would be going too far to try to describe here in detail Ross's ideas on the United States. Much more attracted by National Socialist ideology than Haushofer (an interesting example is the enthusiastic introduction written by Ross in 1936 to an article by Sir Oswald Mosley), Ross in his articles and books on America shows a thorough misunderstanding of the strong and young forces and ideas growing in this country.

Sometimes, however reluctantly, he admits their existence, but his real reaction seems to be better reflected in the words he wrote on a visit to the United States in 1935: "The America of to-day is tired and old, amazingly old. When one comes to this side of the Atlantic from a Europe throbbing with new ideas and burning with beliefs for the future, he no longer finds himself in the 'new world' which was so evident before and even after the war." [The First World War.]

It would be going too far to state that Haushofer's magazine shares the fatal mistake of official Germany in underestimating America and its potentialities; but by informing its readers insufficiently and by leaving the field of analysis to writers of the type of Colin Ross, Haushofer has helped to let arise again the misconceptions of America which led Germany to doom in the First World War. However the contempt for America of men like Ribbentrop and Goebbels should not be mistaken for public opinion in Germany. The man on the street, who remembers the role the American armies played in 1918, knows better. Respect for America is still deeply rooted in Germany, and America's role in the war of nerves is therefore a decisive factor in German morale.

The failure of the Munich school to give its readers and students a clear and comprehensive picture of America's role in the world is important enough and might be responsible for nourishing in Hitler the dreams of a world domination including the Western Hemisphere. But whoever expects to find in the pages of Haushofer's magazines or books plans for a military invasion or domination of the United States or the Western Hemisphere will be disappointed.

VI

If we attempt to analyze some of the basic reactions aroused by the study of German geopolitics we may begin with this general observation: German geopolitics has, under the undisputed guidance and leadership of Karl Haushofer, developed forms and insights which make this dynamic child of political geography distinctly a German product with which no other geopolitical school can be compared. First there is the amazing fact that in a Germany disunited and torn by internal struggles and economic difficulties which made the youth of the country despair of their future, an officer, returning from a lost war, has succeeded in building up a group of men who enthusiastically worked on the erection of the new building of German geopolitics. It was not hate and nationalism which led these men together like the ones who, round the corner from the University of Munich, were at the same time organizing the National Socialist movement. It was not a party nor a group which tended only toward pan-Germanistic aims. These men were bound together by a fanatical interest in the great problems of the earth, and it did not weaken their scientific skill that in their geopolitical work they did not forget the tragic role which Germany, bleeding from the wounds of the treaty of Versailles, was forced to play in the concert of powers.

We must admit that in not much more than fifteen years they made the Munich school a geopolitical center which has no competition; and that the enthusiasm in the field of geopolitics which Haushofer kindled has had an enormous *educational* result. Hundreds of students, of whom many had learned something of the world's problems on battlefields instead of from books, and dozens of young officers of the Munich garrison formed the ranks of Haushofer's students to become educated and trained in careful, industrious geopolitical work. It cannot be emphasized too strongly how great was the educational achievement of this man at a time when the average youth, disillusioned, turned to political phrases and slogans. If to-day the question about the reasons for German military superiority is being asked so often one should not be satisfied with an answer

in general terms, but should remember that the German war machine could never have been perfected so strikingly without men who had been trained in all fields of the science of war. Among these we might well consider the men who had gone through the training of geopolitics as a highly important group. There is a quotation from Disraeli which Haushofer quotes dozens of times in his editorials, "The best-informed one wins the final victory." This simple truth led Haushofer and his disciples to an unflagging search for new facts. It should be a lesson too to the educational institutions of this country. The lack of a few outstanding centers where the American student and soldier can, like the German youth in Munich, be trained to understand the facts and to think in terms of political geography and geopolitics seems to me a regrettable flaw in the endeavor to organize democracies against the totalitarian onslaught. In view of the vast scientific resources possessed by this country, it will be inexcusable if the American General Staff cannot be supplied with as many enthusiastic experts on geopolitics as Haushofer was able to offer to the German General Staff.

However, to learn technical lessons from the Haushofer school and to accept its methods and scientific tools does not mean that one would accept its underlying *Weltanschauung* of geographic materialism. Indeed, the importance of Haushofer's geopolitics goes far beyond its significance as an educational institution. This particular group of German geopoliticians has laid the groundwork for a new *Weltanschauung* which might prove strong enough to replace Nazi ideology as a mass religion. In this sense, we might see in Haushofer, not Sondern's "man behind Hitler," but rather the "man after Hitler," if only we see in Haushofer the typical personification of a certain ideology and not the individual leader.

These are strong words, and in order to explain them we should extend our analysis beyond the limits of geopolitics. In order to understand the relation of Nazi doctrine and the ideology of geopolitics the attempt must be made to see the natural development of revolutionary movements which, like National Socialism, have arisen on the waves of mass emotion and psychosis.

That the loud-speakers of propaganda have never grown silent during the years of revolution, and that the Nazi leadership could not afford to let them grow silent, has proved a double-edged weapon. All reliable reports from Germany seem to concur in the observation that, as a result of the constant overfeeding of the masses with propaganda, a general resignation has become evident, a resignation which may in the long run become the decisive weapon against Hitlerism. Such a process is not at all unique and typical only of the Nazi revolution. When Hitler's internal victories were at their greatest Oswald Spengler wrote, in July, 1933, these fateful words: "The world revolution, however strong it starts out, ends neither in victory nor defeat, but in *resignation* of the forward-driven masses. Its ideals are not refuted; they become *boring*." Goethe expressed the same thought by this epigram: "Enthusiasm's not a pickled fish, to salt away as long as one may wish." This resignation is silently spreading now in Germany unless all signs fail.

We might turn to Spengler again in our attempt to foresee the next step in this downfall of revolutions. He made a rather seductive analysis of the development of modern armies and the psychology of their soldiers, by pointing out that "before 1914, the decline of authority, the substitution of the party for the state, in a word, the progressive arnarchy, had stopped short of the army." Spengler describes the ethical values of military honor, fidelity, and silent obedience, the spirit of Frederick the Great, Napoleon, and Wellington; that which he calls "the spirit of the eighteenth century, of the knightly way of life." In our day a drafted soldier has different ideas from

what such men had before the First World War. The result is that he has lost the consciousness of being a mere object of the commanding force. Spengler adds, in 1933, the almost prophetic question, whether, in view of such developments, a general mobilization in France against a dangerous enemy could be carried out at all.

The revolutionary change which Spengler saw in the typical features of the armies of to-day led him to the conclusion that "*armies in the future will take the place of parties*," "that armies, not parties, are the future form of power."

It would be beyond the limits of our study to elaborate this thesis, but the transition between such Spenglerian thought and Haushofer's theory is evident. In the first place it is not at all mere coincidence that both men lived and thought as contemporaries in Munich. They both write a similar literary style which is inseparable from the thoughts which they express, a dynamic, heroic style, which becomes in the writings of their satellites often pompous and showy. They are both Bavarians and, in spite of that, typical representatives of Prussianism as a *Weltanschauung*. Or should we rather say that they are representatives of Prussianism *because* they are not Prussians, remembering the fact that some of the most important fighters for Prussianism, like H. S. Chamberlain, Nietzsche, Treitschke, and, last but not least, Richard Wagner, were not Prussians either? It is not a coincidence either that the German geopolitical school of the last decade was built up by a soldier. We have pointed out before that *Wehrgeopolitik*, which is nothing else than war-geopolitics, plays an important part in the general system of German geopolitics. This and the dynamic nature of German geopolitics has laid the groundwork for exactly that army spirit which Spengler pictures as the heir to the party spirit of the revolution. If we see therefore an inevitable cycle which no revolution can escape, leading from the *Weltanschauung* of the revolution and its leaders to its replacement in actual force and ideology by the army, then Haushofer's doctrines gain vital importance to us because of the grave dangers with which they may confront us. In what I have tried to describe above as the typical features of German geopolitics might be seen the spiritual equipment for an army ideology which is on its way to overcome the primitive doctrines of Hitlerism. I do not claim that the geopolitical way of thinking as developed by Haushofer and his disciples represents the only pillar for such an ideology, born in war and resulting from the decadence of revolution; but it contributes perhaps the most important fundamentals.

The German concept of "Lebensraum," the "Drang nach dem Osten" ideas, the power-political thinking in continents—these are not the only and decisive characteristics of geopolitics as a possible German post-Nazi *Weltanschauung*. Most of these questions are to be answered on the battlefields of Russia and the Atlantic, not in the souls of men. If German geopolitics, however, succeeds in becoming an important part of the way of life of the army, at first of its leaders and then of the rank and file, then we should indeed be confronted with a strong spiritual power. Such a possibility exists. A. Whitney Griswold has very accurately pointed out that the "*Volk ohne Raum*" conception has become deeply imbedded in the German people by means of books like Hans Grimm's, books which were sold in the hundreds of thousands. This longing for broader living spaces has become an inseparable part of the German soul. But this is not the work of Hitler. It has become a vital part of his power politics and doctrine; but what was added by him, the "blood and soil" religion of Hitlerism, might sound to a steadily increasing number of Germans like a ruthless deprivation of their old desires for more space.

From the standpoint of the American way of life, and from the standpoint of

the "democracies," would such a *Weltanschauung*, represented by the army, be more acceptable than Hitlerism? It would mean perhaps an end to what the world found most shocking in Hitlerism —the persecution of men because of their faith and the oppression of freedom of thought and worship. It would end perhaps the rule of the jungle and create a new ruling class of "gentlemen" recruited from the army. The old sense of duty and service of Prussianism would perhaps be restored. Ways to adjust problems of overpopulation might perhaps be discovered by international cooperation. Would then such a new spirit be a hope for the world and would it be possible to make the peace with its representatives which cannot be made with Hitler?

We should not be fooled by the indisputable fact that Haushoferism would be at any rate a minor evil compared with Hitlerism. The fact remains that even when we see in German geopolitics more than mere political geography—the groundwork for a military *Weltanschauung*—we recognize elements which allow no compromise with the *Weltanschauung* of a democratic "open society."

Factors such as territory and soil do not alone explain social changes. No one can deny the important part played by the land in "making history." But the decisive factor is man and his social and economic development which forms the course of history. If one neglects the human being and his role or allows him to be overshadowed by the giant earth the *Weltanschauung* which arises from such a conception will never know the word "peace" but will supply again and again reasons and justifications for imperialistic wars.

Indeed, this is the decisive objection to German geopolitics. The human being and the consideration for the value of the individual human life do not exist in this way of thinking. Any consideration of the laws of humanity would in German geopolitical thinking be considered weakness and decadence.

The most important conclusion to which a study of German geopolitics leads is that in many thousands of pages, written with all the skill of geopolitical training, reverence for the dignity of human life never appears—not even between the lines. We cannot emphasize enough the significance of such a statement, which lets us see this second *Weltanschauung* of Munich in all its inhumanity. The good earth has been degraded to the mere subject of power aims in which human life has no value. German geopolitics has thus become mainly war-geopolitics, and its essentials appeal therefore to the way of living of a power-group which will be represented by the army élite when the curtain drops after the final act of the revolution.

The French, closer than we are to the arising dangers from without, have to a certain extent seen how this *Weltanschauung* took shape. Their geopoliticians have for years criticized the way of German geopolitical thinking with the accusation that, to it, space and earth meant everything; the human being, almost nothing. They tried to fight against the fatalistic conception which makes man more or less an object of geographic factors. They warned the Germans that "the frame means nothing; what counts is the heart. That has to be respected." With a tragic note which can be fully appreciated only after France's downfall, they tried to lead the German geopoliticians back to a respect for the human soul by reminding them of the German poet's words: "A people is dead whose Gods are dead."

The *Weltanschauung* of geographic materialism is but a dynamic nihilism which can flourish only in a nation which has buried its Gods and which instead is worshipping Mars. What a few Frenchmen saw, too late, we *must* see in time; else our fate, too, may be as predicted in Milton's dark words:

> Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
> Soon feel, whose God is stronger, thine or mine.

SEEING THE SOUTH

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

We stopped late in the bright afternoon and ate our lunches on the chest-high picnic tables in the quiet yard of the unpainted church. The ants were on the crumbs as soon as we dropped them. I laughed, telling Henry Watkins that Norwood Hasty, who gets two dollars a head from thousands of ladies every spring at his Magnolia Gardens near Charleston and has to spend a good deal of it feeding other visitors who come with letters of introduction, had told me that in the end the ants and the Negroes would survive everything else in the South.

"And the hound dogs," said Henry.

He kicked with carefully misdirected violence at a lazy dog which had been waiting for another piece of ham. The dog retreated a very little way solemnly and unfrightened. Back of the church a colored man plowing the red earth shouted at his mule. We left the last of the ham for the hound and the crumbs for the ants and got into Henry's Ford. We turned into the road just in time to hear the fast train blowing for our crossing. They have new horns on the streamlined trains which not only warn the motorists but please the children much better than the old steam-engine whistles. There is music in them as well as noise, though there is still plenty of that. Henry pulled on the emergency brake and leaned with both hands on the wheel. The streamlined train came down the tracks in the sunshine toward our crossing. We watched it, pleased. It was a spectacle in the South.

Suddenly I realized that, sitting there on the road by a grove of loblolly pines which cast long shade across a weed-grown cemetery with a rotting picket fence round it to keep out the hogs, we might seem a picture of the South for the people in the silver coaches. Details for picture were assembled: red earth, green pine, inert men watching the train go by, the unpainted church and the one man beyond it plowing with his slow mule. He stopped too and watched the train. From its hundred windows people watched us.

It is easy now to look at the South. It is not always so easy to see it. Once I remember saying that we Southerners were a mythological people, created half out of dream and half out of slander, who live in a still legendary land. It remains so despite the ease with which it may be entered. Indeed, sometimes travel in it seems like a movement of strangers in green, sunlit corridors; in Pullman cars which are no more Southern in Alabama than in Connecticut, it is possible to go from Boston or the Bronx to the Deep South or the middle South, coastal or mountain South, without ever leaving the people or the patterns of the North.

Even the bellboys in some big Southern hotels are the same ones who answer the calls in the Green Mountains in the summertime. The same waitresses with Vermont accents bring in the measured opulence of the American-plan meals. Also, very different, there is a resort South where the South of expectation is

so simulated that the result is not Southern at all. The waiters look more like dark figures out of whiskey advertisements than any home-grown houseboys. You can be hurled through the South now in sealed coaches to almost sealed resorts or to resorts so unrestricted that Yankees seeking Lebensraum in the sun leave no room for the natives.

In such a South the native sun occupies much the same position as a violet-ray lamp. The climate is only a less certainly regulated air-conditioning, and the complaint goes straight to the manager and not to God when there are such frosty morns as have always been a part of Dixie. Such a South is peopled—more often packed now—by those Southerners-for-the-week or the month who get the South modified to meet their levels of immunity. The modification creates or retains the pleasant protected sense that below the Smith & Wesson line terror may still exist just beyond the golf course. Everybody knows that Carl Carmer found voodoo dancing within walking distance of the clubhouse in Alabama. Dark laughter is as near as the swamps are to the azaleas. And the hotels from which the tourists hope to hear it make a pleasant South even for Southerners with money enough to enjoy it. It is a change for them more abrupt often than for the visitors for whom it is designed. And on the corridors the South is increasingly a South designed.

It is not everywhere so complete a stage set as at Mr. Rockefeller's Williamsburg in Virginia, where the past in both the brick work and the costumed waiters has been reproduced with the fidelity of a wax works. Even Charleston, which considers itself the capital of the South if not of the world, changes in consciousness of the comers. The days are over in which old Mr. E. H. Crump, who is still the realistic boss of a tough and native Memphis, returned from a visit there with the comment that the trouble with Charleston was that it was too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash. It prepares in energetic shrewdness now. The decorators are exceeded only in number by the antique dealers and the room renters. The azaleas in Charleston and the girls in crinolines during the pilgrimage weeks in Natchez both work for a living. Sometimes I think that even the azaleas are conscious of it. I know the girls are. They understand the combination of prettiness plus plumbing which must be provided to make a South for which Yankees will pay their cash.

Yet this is not the only South, any more than Henry and I, sitting in his Ford in old clothes by pine tree, and hound dog, plowing Negro, and unpainted church made a complete Southern picture. The South is a land of infinite variety and dramatic extremes and a land big enough to hold them. It is over a thousand miles from Washington to New Orleans. Counting the South as only that old Southeast below the Potomac and east of the Mississippi—including Louisiana but not Florida—and from the top of Tennessee to the Gulf, it is a land larger than Germany, larger than France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland together.

Nor are the tourists in the new movement restricted to ladies grimly determined to see every garden, or old people seeking sun for old bones, or golf players or sportsmen or fishermen. Some have been propelled by the authors and the sociologists rather than by the advertisers. Most of them are still concerned with old houses and good food, the antiques and the magnolia trees. They expect, and get, at every price level more entertainment than once they did. Except in those places where old battlegrounds are the chief contemporary industries, both native and stranger are a little more remote in interest and emotions from That War. There is, I think, a growing desire not merely to go South but to see it—and to see it in contemporary as well as in romantic and historical terms.

Sometimes I think that the President of the United States (as a regular one of them) understood the interests of the visitors better than local chambers of

commerce when he set the South aside as the nation's first economic problem and had a little yellow guide book to its stresses and strains published by the government. It may have hurt Southern feelings. Also it aroused tourist interest. Out of comfort people seem to like to see sadness as well as scenery. Almost as many visitors want to see a tenant farmer as long to behold an azalea. And natives begin to understand.

"Stick around," they drawl sometimes in solemn hospitality, "and we'll see if we can't arrange a lynching."

The duty to see problems in the South seems sometimes now as compelling as the old necessity to leave the pastries and apéritifs at Doney's in Florence and go contemplate the Botticellis in the Uffizi Gallery. Mill villages in Gastonia are observed by probably as many travelers as inspect the battlefields of Virginia. "Tobacco Road" and what it means is certainly better understood—or actively misunderstood—by a majority of the increasing flow of travelers than is Bull Street in Savannah or even the Battery in Charleston. Undoubtedly, however, there has been a new stimulation of interest in the Old South. People are more willing to pay to see the insides of old houses in Natchez because Scarlett O'Hara was born in a typewriter in Atlanta. A tractor in the North or West may be an agricultural implement; in the lands along the Mississippi it is a more exciting machine for manufacturing migrants.

II

How can an American see this South and see it whole? It is a question which needs to be faced in realization of the infinite variety of the travelers themselves. My observation is that there are greater differences between people on each side of the Mason and Dixon Line than between the whole groups of people on the two sides of it. Fortunately, the variety of ways to see the South is as great as the differences in those who want to see it. There was a man who, I felt, understood the South as well as anyone in it: when he had a chance to travel in it he made a beeline for the piazza of the White House in Biloxi and sat looking at the Gulf. Undoubtedly some things happened behind him that he did not see. Not many. Also it happens that there is an ancient slave cemetery by the ninth green of the Sea Island Country Club, on the golden island coast of Georgia, which makes it entirely possible for a man to contemplate human bondage and keep up his game at the same time. You can shoot duck in North Carolina almost within shotgun distance of Sir Walter Raleigh's first colony and the mystery left behind by its disappearance. I am not at all certain that there is not a greater opportunity to see the South involved in drinking a julep in the Boston Club in New Orleans than in standing on the brass star in the pavement of the capitol in Montgomery, Alabama, where the Confederacy began.

The ways to see the South are as varied as the land, as the tourist's time and the tourist's money. The longer he travels the more he may be confused by a country confusing even to its natives. The less money he has the closer, probably, he will come to seeing the South. There are decent boarding houses wherever there are hotels—there are indecent ones too. But time and travelers' checks are not my concern. I recommend either the Concentrated Contemplation or the Grand Tour. You can see the whole South either way.

It seems properly Southern that the extremes of the South can be seen within tight circles round any number of comfortable towns. Even at Charleston, where the Ashley and the Cooper Rivers come together to make the Atlantic Ocean, you can see not only azaleas and old houses, but the new damming of the Santee and Cooper Rivers in a public-power project to change the whole poor land on which the millionaires are squatting. At Montgomery, Alabama, you can go in a very little while from the relics of the Confederacy to the new

training of young Negroes at Tuskegee. At Chapel Hill, North Carolina, about a comfortable inn, not only do the professors under Howard Odum find every problem for their planning to help the poor Negro (and white man too); also they work beside professors who are underpaying their help. It is only twelve miles from this seat of Southern liberalism to Durham where the big tobacco business began to grow. There are any number of such places where the scenery is improved by a comfortable inn in the foreground and where, within half an hour's or half a day's drive, are dogwood trees and tenancy, industry and plantation and grim mill village, worn land, red rivers, Negroes, strong poor people, a beaten and beautiful earth. The resorts do not advertise their proximity to Southern difficulties; but they are close at hand just the same.

Take as a beautiful example, Augusta, Georgia. You can stay, if you can afford it, at the Bon Air or the Forest Hills Hotel and share the spring blaze of flowering quince, purple wistaria, iris, crab apple, pink and white dogwood, and the sport of golf in the sandhills. There you are only seventeen miles from any fashionable and horsy friends you may have in Aiken where the population of polo ponies (2,000) is more indicative of the character of the place than the number of the people. At the same time in Augusta you will be in the same town as four cotton mills. (I have always thought it an interesting detail that in the old Georgia of *Gone With the Wind* white girls got eight dollars a month in cotton mills.) Down the Hill in the Terry (the territory) Negroes live on Tin Cup, Garbage Can, and Thank God alleys.

Just nine miles down U. S. Route 25 is "Tobacco Road" itself where Erskine Caldwell found it in all the terms of cotton-worn land, tenancy, rural poverty. Not much longer riding in another direction is the plantation and workshop where Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin which was going to make the South rich: the Negroes, the worn land, tenancy and poverty sometimes seem to have come from the same machine. Tom Watson lived nearby and sometimes he has seemed the most brilliant of all the demagogues, both creative and destructive. Jefferson Davis held his last cabinet meeting in Washington, Georgia, which is less than two hours' drive from Augusta, and there, also, old Bob Toombs made his statement about travelers which of all Southern things has most completely gone with the wind. He opposed the building of a hotel in Washington. They didn't need one.

"If he's a gentleman," he said, "I'll entertain him. If he isn't, we don't want him in town."

No such restrictions are set up any more. The only qualifications for going to Washington, Georgia, or anywhere else are the cash and the time. The whole South is waiting wistfully, when it is not waiting behind the energy of advertising, publicity, and ballyhoo, for all the cars, all the trains, all the planes which come out of the North. The eagerness, indeed, has created a new trade, desperately needed, for the colored boys. In white coats they stand on the curbs grinning beside the tourist homes. Sometimes they stop grinning and fight with their colored competitors, soiling the white coats of both. Hospitality grows to competitive hostility. The azaleas grow, the ladies wear colonial costumes, the chickens are fried, the latch string hangs out with a neon sign on it—all for the dearly loved, eagerly sought Yankee. The war now is not against the Yankees but for them. The South has forgotten the loss of any silver spoons; its concern now is for the paper dollars.

III

The Grand Tour is a Southern circle which can be begun anywhere on its circumference; but most people, I think, will prefer Washington, D. C., as a place to begin. That is where the poor col-

ored people have to follow the porter in the procession to the Jim Crow cars. That is where, beyond the Potomac, Robert E. Lee's house sits now as a temple in the national cemetery above the dirty corridor of the railroad yards, the inadequate airport, and the greater airport already building on a new green park of Potomac shore.

Lee's columned mansion seems almost built as a gate to the South. It sits as symbol, and symbolic too, beyond it now is the increasing suburbia of government employees, whose good works or wild follies extend through Dixie. The cheap villas of bureaucracy go down at least as far as Bull Run. Above them, the renovated mansions of the wealthier statesmen sit on the hillsides. There are filling stations and roadhouses and Mount Vernon in order of prominence on the road. And the history markers of Virginia grow as thick as Coca Cola signs on the roadsides.

As tourist you could spend the rest of your life on this Virginia road. Washington's coach moved on it. Beside it he argued apoplectically over the price of a pig. Lee was part of the neighborhood as man and boy and general. The only guide book to Virginia is a history of the United States. And the road I point out from Washington by Fredericksburg to Richmond, to Williamsburg, to Yorktown, is the history of the United States. Two hundred thousand people come down it each year to see the new colonial capital of Williamsburg which Mr. Rockefeller has built in replica of the past. What he has made is a museum outdoors and indoors too. It is a spectacle. And down the rivers by Norfolk and Newport News in greater spectacle now more money goes into ships and defense. The James River mansions, Westover and Shirley, are not far from the ways for new battleships. Past sits close beside power. And neither is far from little peanut farmers and tobacco growers, Negroes and slums. Smithfield hams are cured only a little way across river and shore from the place where Captain John Smith's gentlemen starved.

The houses and cities and people in that crowded Virginia do not make the South but they make the best opening chapter to it. They place it between first settlement and steel ships, stockade in the wilderness and slums in the cities, the American dream and the sharecropper reality.

From the beginning the road in circle of the South goes on. I would go South from Norfolk by the Great Dismal Swamp canal, the dark green Dismal larger than any swamp in America except the Everglades. Behind the roads and the hacking sawmills, beside the swamp, every strange legend is still possible in it. Go inland in North Carolina by Rocky Mount and Wilson and hope to arrive in season (September to Christmas) to hear tobacco auctioneers crying their weird bargaining in a modern world over tobacco. It sounds less like an economic process than a folk chant over the golden weed which has not made most of its growers rich.

Next, Charleston. You should be there when Magnolia and Cypress and Middleton Gardens are in bloom. But that means being there also when the ladies are arriving by the trainload, the busload, by automobile and plane to fill the hotels and tourist homes. You have to take the ladies with the azaleas or miss one and escape the other. Go down the low-country under the moss in the live oaks to Savannah. I myself think the Battery in Charleston—with the old houses on it from which ladies and gentlemen watched the firing on Fort Sumter—is the loveliest street in the South, but you will find plenty of partisans of dark-green Bull Street in Savannah, which is suffering the fate, not of rich Yankees moving in, but of young natives moving from it to suburbia. But the old street remains and remains a street worth seeing for a sense of strength and dignity out of the past.

Up the road across Georgia, Atlanta is the present; but it is certainly the South.

I cannot think of a thing I want to see there again, except fat, wise Ralph McGill, editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*. Margaret Mitchell now has gone off exhibit behind an unlisted telephone. But Atlanta is the capital of Coca Cola, and Coca Cola is the wine of the South. The druggist who invented it sold two-thirds of his interest in it for $283.29 and the other third the next year for not much more. Since then it has consumed more nickels than the State of Georgia itself was worth at the time. One *must* in seeing the South is the small-town drugstore at Coca Cola time. It is eleven o'clock in the morning in most towns. A good place might be Jonesboro, Georgia, seventeen miles south of Atlanta, which is said to be the site of much of *Gone With the Wind*. Tara is not there; it never was anywhere except in Margaret Mitchell's head; but you can see not only the matrons drinking Coca Cola but also the coffin works and the cotton gin and the beauty parlor, the modern little-town South which emerged from the noble past and in the hands of that past's people.

Birmingham is New South too. There was not even any town there worth calling one when the Old South fought its war. But the steel and iron together were there even then, with a promise which has periodically enriched and bankrupted real estate speculators and at last built a city, ugly as you ride in it but magnificent as seen from the well-to-do South's Red Mountain above it: down there it lies long and smoky. At night the fires of its forges glow through the smoke. It is a new town, a tough town. "Hard times come first and stay longest in Birmingham." But it grows richer. In it white men and Negroes belong to the same unions. Also radicals have sometimes got their heads cracked. And under all its smoke there is a hunger to be a city of culture and the amenities as well as of steel and money. The amenities (as modified by politics) are deep rooted down the road in Montgomery, which was the first capital of the Confederacy and does not mean that Richmond, Virginia, or anybody else shall forget it. It is also the capital of the Black Belt.

I confess I was one of those who used to think that the Black Belt was the place where the Negroes lived. It is and they do. But the Black Belt is black earth, earth which was good enough to warrant the purchase of thousands of Negroes to farm it and which their farming and that of white men beside them have worn and gullied. Big plantations remain, even a few big houses on them, but more white men, even in the Black Belt, are tenants beside Negroes. Cotton picking trained both in the biology of big broods. Children were hands when they were little more than hand high. But to-day, even where the cotton grows like fleece, its markets are shut and shrunk. But the crop of cotton people continues; there were indeed more people on the cotton farms of the South when this war began in Europe than there were when the first World War began. If slavery persisted in the Black Belt long after Lincoln—and white men were sometimes caught in it—it ceases to be profitable. Nothing else takes the place of cotton but the road to California, Chicago, or New York or—and more frequently—to the WPA.

Mobile is the old coast town. It has had a proud past under the five flags of France and Spain, England, the United States, and the Confederacy. Now also it has State docks, huge piles of aluminum ore, a tunnel under Mobile Bay. A Coca Cola bottler has shown in Bellingrath Gardens that it is as possible to grow camellia japonicas out of soft-drink money as out of the money made out of the hard work of slaves long ago in the sun. Mobile is the door to the Gulf where the highway and the railroad and the airlines begin to run on a Southern American shore like the Riviera, only the Gulf Coast lies farther south on a line with Africa. Winter and summer, it is a place for ease, for piazza sitting, long drinks, but also for fishermen

whose little boats crowd the shore in Biloxi and Gulfport, Pass Christian, and Bay St. Louis, and fishermen are almost as many colors as the iridescent fish—from midnight African to the white man who is dark brown or brick red.

IV

I do not think New Orleans is the South. It is New Orleans. And somehow now it seems to me tugged and pulled (as the South everywhere is), between the Vieux Carré and the innumerable chain stores on Canal Street. It is still the first town in the South to visit for food—Arnaud's, Antoine's, Galatoire's—oysters à la Rockefeller (which I prefer to Williamsburg)—pompano. This spring they were talking on both sides of Canal Street as if 1941's Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday is Shrove Tuesday, the last day before Lent) might be the last one for a long time. War has interrupted carnival before. But with the spirit which is the motivating factor behind Mardi Gras, the Cotton Festival in Memphis, the Derby in Kentucky, they were talking about the profits in play in the wages in the pants pockets of people who had been working on defense projects in the Deep South. Comus is king but cash is the reason for his kingdom.

The Teche Country is a land of its own. It seems strange that the same Acadian French people fill the northern rim of Maine and the last coast of Louisiana. Both are lovely lands but most of the Cajuns in Louisiana, as in Maine, are very poor, but gay and good cooks and sometimes bad politicians. They remain a long way under the high capitol Huey Long built in Baton Rouge. Above Cajun and Creole, hill billy and black man, it is beautiful. It rises like a shaft, clean and straight to the sky above the big Mississippi River. It seems to make sense and beauty. And, standing before it, you can understand how Huey Long, though he may have been thug, whipcracker, crook, and demagogue and dictator, was something special still, entitled to his legends—a folk hero who will outlast not only the crushing of the machine of the crooks who were his heirs, but also even those who tore their wickedness down and sent college presidents and contractors together to jail.

Huey Long is no more dead than parts of a grand land where Audubon came to paint his birds. In East Feliciana Parish, up the road from politician's tower, the best of the gentle past remains in Louisiana and in sadness. I remember a great lady in an old house. She was very erect; there was lace at her collar. She was too poor even to have Negroes to serve her. She was a past which had been so rich before worn land and war, cotton and boll weevil had made it so poor. It is a poor land and not always a gentle one. The quarter-a-house belt begins there. It is sad but you can be almost sure, on the road up to Natchez as in Natchez, that you can go into almost any antebellum mansion for a quarter, and after you have seen so many you begin to weary of them even at that price. I would try to miss Natchez in the pilgrimage weeks unless I was a student of the ladies of garden clubs and genealogical societies. The houses stand as erect and beautiful in the year around the crowded weeks. But I hope you meet Mrs. Balfour Miller who lives at Hope Farm ("hybrid English-Spanish architecture"). She started the pilgrimages and discovered there was a profit (and how they needed it!) in the past.

By the big sleepiness of the river Vicksburg is a town strangled by a cemetery. The G.A.R. spent almost enough money erecting monuments in the battleground to pay for the damage they did when they were there before. You can follow every dead soldier and every silent gun from marker to marker to-day and tomorrow and for days. I would swap the whole battleground and all its markers for the view from Fort Hill (Nogales it was when the Spanish built the first fort there). The Yazoo and the Mississippi come together down below and like an

island the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta runs north from their meeting to Memphis—two hundred and fifty miles of the richest farming land on earth. There is where you want to see the cotton fields, the cotton picking, the plantations, and there also you can see the saddest fact to me in the whole South, the poorest men living on the richest land.

I think the Delta is the picture you had in your head when you started South. The Delta and the hills behind it. There are the big plantation owners—and some of them are aristocrats. A few of them live in big houses (more now, I think, live in the towns in houses like those occupied by the Buick dealer and the dentist). There are the Negroes—black thousands of them. And there is the third party in the South whose place was in the hills but who comes now pressing down into the towns, into the tenant houses on the plantations. He is the redneck, the peckerwood, the woolhat, the cracker, the hill billy. Under all names in all parts of the South he is the man called the poor white. The Negro fears him: he is both the captain and the company of the lynching party. The aristocrat like W. A. Percy of Greenville (I wish you could meet him but he is not exactly a tourist exhibit) has a contempt for him and a fear also—a fear that he comes into the Delta to wipe out old generous virtues toward life and the land and Negroes which actually existed, even if sometimes beside arrogant faults. The Negro is the Negro, though that is not simple. Africa in the beginning turned out black people at least as diverse as Europe's Scandinavians and Sicilians. There are Gullah Negroes in South Carolina, Geechees in Georgia. Also there are blue-gummed Negroes, red-boned Negroes, a confusing and colloquial diversity.

Even less certain a figure is the aristocrat in the Delta and elsewhere; he always was. Regardless of their origins, there were gentlemen in the South; there were also men who were merely rich off cotton and slaves as other men after them got rich off Coca Cola and cotton mills. The poor white, pictured as the biologically bad creature, is rare as he has always been rare. But the destructive bitterness of the poor white man has never seemed strange to me in a "white man's South" where even Negroes secretly taunted him with the aristocrat's amused approval.

The poor white man is coming down from sandy land and red hills too. Increasingly he is supplanting the Negro as tenant. In the cities his daughters are taking the jobs of Negro waiters. The Negroes wander aimlessly on Beale Street in Memphis and streets like it everywhere. They have no place on the land except as laborers. They are hungry in the towns by the smelly eating places. Out in Arkansas and Mississippi the Southern Tenant Farmers Union spread sympathy for the lot of the tenant up and down the nation. It seemed terrible to be a tenant. You wouldn't like it, but a tenant now is lucky to have a place; a planter is probably sentimental to keep him. The white man pushes out the Negro, the tractor pushes out the white man. (Eleven million people in the South are members of families with annual cash incomes of $250 or less.) But there is still money, gayly spent in the big Peabody Hotel in Memphis. It is, I think, now the Big House of the South. You can get an air-conditioned room in it when the sun beats down on the Delta, making the cotton grow in the still summer heat back of the wide brown river.

V

I am not sure that the Mississippi River is the dramatic river any more. The big river boats are gone from it; the barges are business. It can still laugh at the levees and frighten cities with flood. But the Tennessee is the river of the South now. The Old Man of all the rivers seems to pour through the South's troubles. But the Tennessee which you can follow back, twisting and swelling behind dams, from Paducah to a young

Yankee Jew at a plain board desk in Knoxville, seems the river of the South's hope.

Nobody can see the South and its possibilities who does not see the Tennessee River and the meaning round it of the Tennessee Valley Authority. It is, as everybody knows, devoted to the use of the river, the planning of the river, the valley, and its resources for power, flood control, national defense, and soil improvement through both its technics and its phosphates. Actually, I think, its principal interest is people; and under David Lilienthal (he does not carry the full command but he has it), it is the single most stirring and hopeful agency in the South. It is still not Eden: the river runs with its development by the signs of stupid land boom at Muscle Shoals, by tough little towns which wanted the government to give them cheap power to go with their cheap wages, by Scottsboro where the boys were tried, by Dayton, Tennessee, where the South's laws against evolution were reduced to dramatic and judicial farce. Not far east of it the worst soil erosion in the South has made a red desert of mountain tops. But along such a river a design for Southern living in terms of Southern possibility does grow. A traveler could not hope to see the signs of the present direction of the South without seeing that plan in its place.

The Great Smoky Mountains National Park, where the highest mountains, the finest remaining forests in the East are already saved for the future, lies properly on the road beyond TVA. The two contemplate both earth and men together, the dark mountain cabins by the steep cornfields, water and wash, man and mountain, a less steep pull, a more lasting America. Mountains can be counted by the dozen in the Smokies which rise closer to the sky than Mount Washington in New Hampshire. Across them the Blue Ridge Parkway will run by Asheville, and north to join the Shenandoah National Park in Virginia.

I would go north through the mountains for beauty, but I would turn south to Greenville, South Carolina, and ride up Route 29 to see the South. They call that route Gold Avenue for the wealth the big cotton mills beside it have made. (And they have made wealth not only for the mill barons but for poor people too who filled the mills from a harder land and wait now for more factories to fill.) The road goes by Gastonia, where there was once a blood letting in the money getting when Communists organized the workers, to Charlotte which is the textile capital of the cotton kingdom and also, statistically, the murder capital of the world. For more Southern industry, go seventy-five miles north to Winston-Salem where more cigarettes (Camels) are made than in any other town in the world.

We are on the home stretch now: north by Roanoke to Lexington. Without knowing it, you ride on the highway over the Natural Bridge of Virginia. It is a serviceable wonder and also a profitable one. It is fenced in by owners who rake in the fees. If you are strong for natural wonders I suppose you must see it, though I found its commercial setting more depressing than inspiring. It is a caged wonder now and looks like it. I brought you this way only because I wanted you to see the South at its most beautiful: the green sloping campus to the red-brick buildings with the tall white porticoes of Washington and Lee University. I wish it were the picture of the South. I wish, indeed, it were the picture of America.

That is the end of the Grand Tour. Go north then quickly by Harper's Ferry, drowsy now as John Brown's dream, go out by Gettysburg full of fine philosophic thoughts about Robert E. Lee and John Brown and the Pennsylvania farmers threshing the grain among the monuments. It is a rich, green land, not far but, as Lee found, very far nevertheless, from the South. But both the North and South are buried there and for Northerners and Southerners it is one way home.

WANTED: ANOTHER WALTER REED

BY CHARLES MORROW WILSON

WE NEED another Walter Reed, or better, several more. We urgently need a multiple reincarnation of William C. Gorgas, who was probably the greatest sanitarian the world has ever known. We are in desperate need of more Carlos Finlays—young men of medicine who can fill the boots of that illustrious "Pasteur of Cuba," who was actually solving the riddle of yellow fever twenty years before Walter Reed and his Yellow Fever Board came into the limelight.

More of the same—*mas de lo mismo*, as our Southern neighbors say. We need them because mosquito-borne diseases are still among the greatest menaces to this hemisphere—as murderous as Axis dictators, and potentially about as disrupting to trade and society.

Malaria remains an active menace to the Americas. According to the U. S. Public Health Service there are to-day not less than 4,000,000 chronic cases of malaria in our own South, inflicting a continuous loss of half a billion dollars a year. Public-health reports throughout Latin America indicate that malaria parasites molest the blood streams of no less than 40,000,000 people in the Americas. We do not know exactly how many Americans die of malaria. British authorities estimate the world total of malaria deaths as 4,000,000 per year. But we do know that malaria is a poisoning stain which continues to work in a huge area reaching from our Mason-Dixon line southward to the Argentine.

We also know that yellow fever—which most of us had supposed was conquered—is a continuing threat. School texts, Broadway drama, and Hollywood to the contrary, Yellowjack is not beaten. After five centuries the mosquito-carried malady which reputedly dealt havoc to the later expeditions of Columbus is still active in inland Brazil, Colombia, and perhaps other regions of continental South America. According to indisputable authority, yellow fever is still on the loose, riding the wings of more than one type of mosquito vector.

For confirmation read the newest report of the Rockefeller Foundation, which outlines the current news of yellow fever. At present more than a million doses of yellow fever vaccine are being supplied by laboratories of the International Health Division of the Foundation to the U. S. Army, the U. S. Public Health Service, and the British Government. At the request of the latter about 250,000 doses of the vaccine have been sent to the Sudan, since the past year has seen a virulent outbreak of Yellowjack in the Nubian Mountain areas of Anglo-Egypt. British authorities report this outbreak as indigenous and say that the guilty carrier is the same Stegomyia, or *Aedes aegypti* mosquito with which Walter Reed, his Yellow Fever Board associates, and their illustrious fact-finding predecessor, Carlos Finlay of Havana, worked in Cuba at the turn of the century.

II

Walter Reed, the precocious Virginian, son of a country preacher, was one

of the most happily non-military of all military Americans. He entered the University of Virginia at sixteen. Within nine months he had passed the examination for a license to practice medicine within the Dominion—the youngest student ever graduated from the medical school at Charlottesville. At seventeen he received another M.D. from the Bellevue Hospital Medical College in New York. Next he became "district physician" for a New York slum, and after that, at twenty-two, one of the five inspectors of the Brooklyn Board of Health. At twenty-four he entered the Army Medical Corps and reported to Camp Apache in the wilds of Arizona for eighteen years of continuous garrison duty. There he was sole post surgeon and the only available physician in an area of 4,000 square miles. He attended gun wounds, arrow wounds, and the many epidemics and miseries common to prairie-schooner pioneers.

In 1890 Captain Reed was assigned to duty at Baltimore and began studying bacteriology at Johns Hopkins. Three years later, at forty-two, he was made professor of bacteriology at the Army Medical School in Washington. During the Spanish War he completed a noteworthy study of the housefly as a typhoid carrier. Then in 1900, at forty-nine, Major Walter Reed was appointed chairman of the Army Yellow Fever Board which made headlines throughout the world.

During the Spanish War Yellowjack had proved a deadly foe. Except for malaria it was the foremost terror of the American tropics. Already men were learning the truth that war against one of the terrors involved war against both. A man—so it was noticed—would be stricken with yellow fever. For two weeks or so nobody about his house would be molested by the disease. Then abruptly almost any non-immune person visiting the sick man's home would contract the disease. Where were the "germs" in the meantime?

Don Carlos Finlay, who doctored the poor sick of Havana principally for the "glory of Jesus Christ," contended that the germs were being harbored and developed within the digestive tract of the Aedes or Culex mosquito, where they remained through a cycle of development which followed previous development in the blood of a human host. There was no medical precedent for such a "fantasy." But Walter Reed, who was already familiar with Finlay's ideas, met Finlay and acquired from his primitive laboratory a supply of the eggs of *Aedes aegypti*.

Consequently the Yellow Fever Board's Quemados and Camp Lazear experiments made history and drama. Dr. Jesse W. Lazear was the first martyr. Privates John R. Kessinger and John J. Moran, two amiable young men from Ohio, were the next heroic volunteers to take Yellowjack for the "cause of humanity." Within a year the Board amassed invincible proof (a) that yellow fever can be carried from one patient to another by the bite of a female *Aedes aegypti* mosquito which has bitten a yellow fever patient during the first three days of the latter's illness and has thereafter lived for at least twelve days before biting a non-immune person; (b) that the then current belief that yellow fever is contracted from "fomites" —by excreta or direct touch of the sufferer—was false; (c) that a dwelling cannot be infected by means of germs or "miasms" which float in the air, but that it can be disinfected against yellow fever when all mosquitoes present are jugged or swatted. The Camp Lazear experiments were conducted with superb showmanship. They were also invaluable examples of research. They benefited by the amazing genius of Carlos Finlay. They took advantage of a controlled population in a world focus of Yellowjack.

As health commissioner of Havana, William Gorgas followed up the Lazear experiments by directing an aggressive and thorough clean-up and screen-up of Havana, thus ending a yellow fever

epidemic which had lingered for more than half a century.

But Gorgas's greatest work, the sanitation direction of the Panama Canal Project, was still more remarkable. In 1904 Panama was a wilderness pesthole. Gorgas waged war not only against Yellowjack but against malaria and all incidental maladies, tropical and otherwise. Within five years his Canal Zone work had demonstrated for the first time the economics of mosquito-borne diseases. More important, it had demonstrated that successful field sanitation requires diplomacy, gentle persuasion, sound business, and mass education as well as accurate medical science. For private homes must be entered, cherished personal habits must be changed, boundary and property lines must be violated. The hungry must be fed, the sick attended, red tape must be slashed.

During the pitiful French fiasco at building a Panama Canal the average sick rate per thousand laborers was 333. That figure held from 1881 through 1889, when the de Lesseps venture collapsed. During the ten years in which the United States actually built the Canal the average working population of the "big ditch" was 39,000. After Gorgas had launched his great sanitation campaign our average sick rate was only 23 workers per thousand. The loss of lives incident to our completion of the Canal was 6,630. Had the former mortality rate been maintained, it would probably have reached at least 80,000.

When Gorgas retired from Canal Zone duty the health statistics for the Isthmus —by nature one of the least habitable of all American jungles—were very much like those of New York City, a city which leads the world in concentration of medical facilities. Gorgas estimated that the sanitation effort which he supervised saved the Canal Commission at least $80,000,000, or one-fifth of the entire cost of the Canal. It almost obliterated yellow fever and reduced malaria occurrences by 90 per cent.

III

But the victory was not complete or final.

During 1936 an outbreak of the malady was reported in certain areas of Brazil, Colombia, and Venezuela which apparently do not harbor the *Aedes aegypti* mosquito. Since 1934 there has been reason to believe that other species of mosquitoes now carry yellow fever. During 1940 Rockefeller medical workers presented some astonishing and alarming information. Their recent field and laboratory studies definitely reveal that more than one species of mosquito now carries yellow fever and that many jungle animals have the virus circulating in their blood.

According to Dr. Raymond Fosdick, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, the new studies of yellow fever suggest the following conclusions:

"Yellow fever is primarily a disease of jungle animals. The classical form involving transmission from man to man by the *Aedes aegypti* mosquito is more of a secondary cycle, depending largely upon conditions of population concentration and mosquito-breeding created by man himself.

"Transmission of jungle yellow fever appears to be by jungle mosquitoes from animal to animal.

". . . The virus continues to circulate in the blood of susceptible animals for three or four days and does not subsequently reappear. Mosquitoes, however, once infected, tend to harbor the virus for the remainder of their lives, which may be several months under favorable conditions."

Dr. Fosdick points out that the most immediately effective way to control yellow fever is to vaccinate all people who live in or visit infected jungle areas. Obviously that is a formidable undertaking. Most jungle people are still unacquainted with the principles of vaccination. There are appalling problems in isolation—thousands of square miles of South America without highways,

railroads, or any other land communications. Much of all Latin-American jungle land is lacking in qualified doctors. Vast areas are without police or administration centers.

But thanks largely to the work of the Rockefeller Foundation there is now a workable vaccine for yellow fever—"Virus 17-D." By the end of 1938 the Brazilian Government had vaccinated more than a million of its citizens against yellow fever, and by the end of 1941 this total may reach two million. Colombia is following suit. Venezuela and other Western Hemisphere nations have been studying the problem of public vaccination. The task is difficult. In warm countries, or warm weather, mosquitoes can travel wherever men can, and Yellowjack moves faster than preventive medicine.

However effective, vaccine alone cannot halt Yellowjack. Quarantine and ceaseless medical vigilance are essential, all the more so because the *Aedes aegypti* mosquito is reported prevalent in some areas of this hemisphere where there is as yet no record of yellow fever. Virulent epidemics of Yellowjack could occur to-day or to-morrow. Accordingly, our Army Medical Corps is beginning yellow fever vaccination of troops on tropical duty and may extend the precaution to Army posts throughout the U. S. South.

They call the 1941-style Yellowjack "Jungle yellow fever." Clinically it is substantially the same Yellowjack which blocked Spain's road to a successful American empire and punished North America with a two-century succession of fifty-nine epidemics, some of which closed great seaports, blacked out proud fleets, and cost millions in trade and hundreds of thousands of lives. During previous onslaughts yellow fever was preponderantly a city and seaport disease. Apparently the new Jungle yellow fever, like malaria, is preponderantly a rural disease. This adds difficulties and complexities to the control work. But it does not alter the truth that Yellowjack is on the wing, within eight or ten hours by plane from our shores, or that the most crucial war of this hemisphere is still a mosquito war.

The terrifying epidemics of yellow fever which used to decimate populations and tie up the trade of our great port cities were presumably carried by slow-moving ships. The quarantine board of British Jamaica set up what some authorities believe to be the first competent airplane quarantine against Yellowjack. Jamaican authorities require that all commercial planes landing in their ports be thoroughly sprayed with insecticide before leaving a port of possible infestation and again within half an hour of arrival in Jamaica. All landing passengers from reported yellow fever areas are placed under medical observation for a period of six days, the so-called "infective period." If no active symptoms appear within that time the arriving passengers are termed safe entrants.

In terms of hemisphere welfare this item is important. The presence of yellow fever is reliably reported within many South-American and African areas which are upon or readily accessible to inter-American air routes. Aviation quarantine, despite the able work already done upon it, is one of the still troublesome problems which our much-needed new generation of Reeds, Gorgases, and Finlays must solve, and emphasizes the imperative need of an inter-American front for effectively combating mosquito-borne diseases—a need which was pointed out by Gorgas forty years ago.

IV

Gorgas also contended that war against yellow fever cannot and must not be separated from war against malaria, which is still the most ruinous scourge of fifteen American republics.

Malaria is likewise a blood-parasite disease which is carried from sick men to well men by a female mosquito; and malaria remains a foremost curse of Mexico, Central America, many of the

Caribbean islands, the countries of North Coast South America, parts of the Andean republics, Brazil, the Argentine, and Plata Basin.

One of the best brief expositions of the disease was written by Dr. Adolph Boehm for the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of Leipzig:

"When an Anopheles mosquito stings a human being suffering from malaria it takes into its system certain parasites existing in that person's blood. In the mosquito's stomach the parasites perform the act of pairing. The pregnant female parasite penetrates through the inner coating of the mosquito's stomach and on the outer coating deposits a lot of tiny cells, which produce billions of threadlike germs.

"The cells burst, the germs become free and find their way to the mosquito's salivary glands. When the mosquito stings a human being it infects the person's blood with the germs. They work into the red corpuscles, feed on the substance contained therein, and grow rapidly until they fill up almost the entire number of discs forming the corpuscle. During the period of incubation the person stung is not afflicted with fever, the first attack occurring only when the growing parasite splits up into a large number of germs.

"Seen through a microscope the parasite at this time somewhat resembles a daisy. After the splitting up is actually effected the germs rush into the human's flowing blood, and with this event the attack of fever is connected. The merged germs now penetrate into corpuscles still intact. Here the process of growth and partition already described is repeated."

The three requirements for spread of malaria are all too easily met: (a) people who have sexual forms of the parasite in their peripheral circulation; (b) efficient Anopheline hosts; (c) a sustained average temperature above 60 degrees F. But occasional freezing or sub-freezing temperatures do not necessarily destroy either the parasites or the hibernating mosquitoes.

Thus the range of the disease and the Anopheles mosquito is enormous—from limits of 60 degrees north to 40 degrees south latitudes. However in this hemisphere its northern limit is usually south of latitude 40. In fact, if you live north of latitude 36 you have probably never seen an Anopheles mosquito. It is your good fortune to regard mosquitoes merely as a rural or suburban pest. But almost anywhere in the world south of you, on five continents and thousands of inhabitated islands (with the probable exception of Tahiti, Hawaii, Samoa, and the Fijis), you may see or swat the malaria carrier.

The Anopheles usually has spotted wings. Most mosquitoes have a hunchback appearance when at rest. The Anopheles rests with its body extended in a straight line, or at an angle of at least 45 degrees. The Anopheles lays its oval-shaped eggs near the surface of the water. The larva, unlike ordinary "wiggletails," lies parallel to and close to the surface of the water. The piercing mechanism of the male Anopheles is not sturdy enough to puncture the skin. The female is the disease-carrier. During its egg-producing period it can and does puncture human skins or the hides of animals in order to suck blood.

The Anopheles does most of its biting toward twilight. It is a rather sluggish insect which usually spends the day roosting in dense shade or on dark-colored walls. It usually avoids windy locations and rarely strays more than 9,000 feet from its breeding place, unless it is blown farther by storms or hurricanes or carried by some conveyance of man.

At this point it should be suggested that there is no need of your abandoning plans for a South-American or Caribbean cruise from fear of disease-carrying mosquitoes. You may find as many about your own home as you will in the tropics. Furthermore, neither the Anopheles nor the present yellow fever mosquito is nearly so likely to be found on shipboard or on the sea-front as in interior lowlands. Also temporary

immunity from malaria can sometimes be effected by taking modified doses of quinine, though the size and frequency of the doses and the type of quinine to be used are best prescribed by your doctor.

Complete extermination of mosquitoes is impossible. Nature has assigned the mosquito an enormous number of enemies—storm, floods, drought, and freezing—and many predators such as frogs, lizards, snakes, fish, and birds. Yet throughout most of the verdant surfaces of the earth mosquitoes fly and bite. Human carriers, also essential to the spread of malaria or yellow fever, seem to be about as omnipresent as mosquitoes.

Yellow fever, which ordinarily kills about one-fourth of its victims, develops its own immunity. That is not the case with malaria which can, and usually does, besiege the same person time and time again. Perhaps 65 per cent of all cases are recurrent. There are three or four specific forms of malaria. Particularly within the American tropics the most ruinous form is Blackwater fever, a malady which ravages liver and bladder cells and causes startling discoloration of urine.

The etiology of Blackwater is somewhat controversial. But the malady occurs virtually everywhere that malaria of malignant or advanced types is prevalent—throughout most of the quarter-billion square miles of South and Central America which are plagued with malaria, and within our own Southern States, particularly Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas, Georgia, Florida, and South Carolina.

Blackwater's occurrence and rate of spread seem directly responsive to bad housing, poor clothing, malnutrition or poor diet, and abrupt migrations of people, all of which are increasingly common to Latin America, now so very hard hit by losses of European trade. Blackwater usually deals death to about one-fourth of all its sufferers. Debility injuries are much higher. The latter, alas, are common to all types of malaria. Direct mortality resulting from "chills and fever," or the elementary types of malaria, average less than one per cent in temperate climates and between two and ten per cent in the tropics. But it is impossible to compute the ultimate fatalities; for most malaria deaths result from "complications," since a malaria-weakened system is open to easy attack by many maladies, contagious and otherwise. But the International Health Board has estimated that not less than one-third of all illness in Latin America is now directly attributable to malaria.

To-day the menace of malaria is one of the most uncompromising enemies of inter-American solvency and progress. Repeatedly during the past quarter-century, accredited blood-testing projects in widely divergent areas of the American tropics and subtropics have proved that from one-third to two-thirds of all native people carry malaria zygotes in their blood streams.

The treatment of human carriers brings up hard problems in medicine and even harder problems in economics, law, and common education. It readily violates constitutional law and indigenous tradition. Several Latin-American governments, such as Brazil, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Panama, and El Salvador, have launched admirable campaigns to reduce the numbers of human carriers of malaria within their boundaries. But disease and mosquitoes easily defy national boundaries. The benefits of field sanitation in one country can be marred or almost completely obliterated by absence of such effort in an adjoining country. Thus American boundary lines remain active champions of death and ruin by mosquito-borne diseases.

V

To-day malaria holds still another trump card. World supplies of quinine, the greatest of therapeutics, are short and threatened with complete exhaustion. There is no real substitute for quinine; and no synthetic product to

substitute for it. The quinine molecule, one of the most complex ever viewed by chemists, has flabbergasted the best industrial scientists of Germany, France, Britain, and the United States. Hundreds of efforts to fabricate a synthetic quinine have failed.

Modern medicine has learned that quinine does not cure all forms of malaria; that against the crescent or advanced forms of the parasite, quinine is of limited benefit. Unless active parasites are present in the blood, quinine is of little or no benefit to Blackwater fever. It has no very important place in the medication of yellow fever. Nobody knows just how or why quinine kills malaria parasites. Actually these parasites will thrive in a solution of quinine and water. Obviously, quinine itself does not kill the pernicious cell-bursters, though it apparently provokes the human system to open war on the parasites.

Nevertheless quinine remains the number-one curative agent for malarial infections. It is most effective while eruption of the blood cells is still impending. But quinine can also cure or eventually overcome malaria in most of its styles up to and sometimes including the sexual stages of the parasite. It is an invaluable preventive. Newly developed quinine complement drugs, such as atabrine and plasmochin, are effective against the far advanced forms of malaria. Even so, they are most commonly administered with quinine. Thus throughout the world quinine remains the staple defense against malaria; the standard prophylaxis and the standard curative; the best gauge of man's survival and progress within the tropics.

The actual pharmacology of quinine began about three centuries ago after the Count of Chinchon sailed from Spain to become Viceroy of Peru. At Lima the Count's wife was stricken by malaria. A local citizen recommended a potion which local Indians brewed from a native bark. The Countess drank the bitter dram and recovered. Word of the cure went back to malaria-ridden Spain. Jesuit missionaries began to collect the bark and to spread its story throughout their Fraternity. By 1750 the virtues of "Peruvian" or "Jesuit" bark were well known to the medical world, even though the facts about malaria were not.

The bark comes from the *Chinchona calisaya* which is native to the north-Andean foothills. It is another invaluable American crop which has been snatched away from the Americas. For a century and a quarter the Andes held an easy monopoly upon production of the bark. But the Indians stripped off the prize, killed the native trees, and failed to replace them; and a century ago the more productive varieties of the wild tree were becoming extinct.

In 1859 the British Government commissioned Sir Clements Markham to lead an expedition into the Andes wilds, collect chinchona seed, and consider the possibilities of growing the tree in India. British experimental plantings in India, Ceylon, and other Empire tropics did not succeed, but by 1880 Dutch botanists, vastly superior to the British, had successfully adapted the tree to plantations of Java and Sumatra. To-day these rich but troubled islands hold a rigid monopoly upon the production of quinine, much to the disadvantage of the Americas and mankind.

As the Axis War threatened the Eastern tropics, approximately 125 Dutch-dominated plantations of Java and Sumatra continue to produce 98 per cent of the world's annual supply of about 20 million pounds of chinchona bark. Enlightened practical botany, superb plantation management, and multitudes of native coolie laborers, plus abundant crown subsidy, have combined to establish what used to be an American crop in these islands 13,000 miles away from its homeland.

The Netherlands have the quinine supply, and until the past year, except for a few futile antitrust suits in our courts, we have done nothing about it.

Virtually all our current quinine supply still comes from the Dutch tropics; barely one per cent from this hemisphere. For a third of a century the eleven members of the Kina Bureau of Amsterdam have ruled not only the production of quinine, but its manufacture, distribution, and world price. Repeatedly between 1920 and 1935 the Health Committee of the League of Nations informed the Netherlands that at least 90 per cent of all malaria sufferers could not afford quinine at Kina Bureau prices. Repeatedly the Kina Bureau answered that Her Majesty's tropical planters would not produce chinchona unless they were assured "reasonable" profits, and that only the Dutch cartel has been able to provide a world pharmacy with a dependable quinine supply—admittedly for those who can pay "good" prices.

League of Nations statisticians countered with the assertion that the annual operating profits of chinchona plantations had averaged about 36 per cent between 1920 and 1935, and that profits between 1900 and 1920 had been even greater. The net profits of the Sedep Chinchona Plantation, the largest in Java, with an annual harvest of about 400,000 pounds of bark, were reported as from 40 to 60 per cent; while those of still richer plantations, in which Dutch royalty reputedly has investments, were said to have been as high as 600 per cent.

To-day Hitler holds Amsterdam and the Kina Bureau. To date the frantic determination of Britain, the world's largest consumer of quinine, has kept East-Indian chinchona in harvest and shipment. But quinine prices are skyrocketing to new highs of $1.50 per refined ounce. (Nine-tenths of all malaria sufferers probably couldn't afford it even at 40 to 60 cents an ounce.) The amounts available to the Americas are pitifully limited. Commercial supplies in most Latin-American countries are virtually or completely exhausted. Our Government has cornered about 700,000 ounces, possibly a year's supply, as a war reserve.

The Department of Agriculture admits "there is every evidence" . . . that quinine is "now out of reach of the poorer classes of this hemisphere. . . ." Unfortunately malaria is not. It continues to sow havoc among the poorer classes, reducing their life span, their solvency, and their working efficiency, increasing infant mortality, planting wretchedness and distress throughout three-quarters of this hemisphere. Repeated flare-ups of Blackwater fever are reported in eleven American republics between Mexico and Paraguay.

At last our Government is considering the possibilities of re-developing here the desperately needed chinchona crop. In Puerto Rico our Department of Agriculture is establishing a chinchona experiment station. In Guatemala and Bolivia small acreages of chinchona trees are actually in bearing. It is reported that a small supply of quinine can be acquired in Colombia. These efforts are only a small beginning.

Our new generation of Reeds, Gorgases, and Finlays must include plant breeders, horticulturists, farmers, merchants, and statesmen who can establish a solvent chinchona industry within this hemisphere and make it strong enough to yield and distribute a plentiful supply of quinine at prices which the masses of Americans and the less wealthy governments of this hemisphere can afford to pay. As a student of chinchona, I believe it possible to produce quinine profitably at ten cents an ounce. Such production could not pay 60 or 600 per cent dividends, but it could help restore health to millions of Americans.

VI

Gradually our hemisphere defense against mosquito-borne diseases has begun to assume a tactical pattern. At present the Rockefeller Foundation is its greatest research arm. From a standpoint of United States enterprise, the Cuba-to-Colombia chain of fourteen base hospitals and field sanitation head-

quarters built and maintained by the United Fruit Company of Boston is its greatest administrative arm.

To-day we very much need a wholesale revival of the spirit and enterprise of Camp Lazear. We need vastly more detailed and comprehensive observation of mosquito vectors. We need more capable classifications of non-immunes among human subjects. We need better knowledge of the relative ethnologies of mosquito-borne diseases; more understanding of the parasitic lives which create them; better knowledge of constructive prophylaxis. Definitely we need many more Reeds, Lazears, Finlays, and Carrolls for research and experimental study of the backgrounds of these diseases.

For meeting the essential problems in field sanitation, we desperately need more Gorgases. Gorgas and his men "cleaned up" about 1,000 square miles of land, rivers, and swamps. Their successors face comparable toils throughout a quarter-billion square miles of this hemisphere. They face the continuing fact that human migration offers a vast problem in the control of mosquito-borne diseases; and that pills, powders, and vaccines, *per se*, cannot make men healthy or sufficiently resistant to pestilence. It is a safe bet that nine-tenths of all malaria carriers and all other malaria victims throughout Latin America and our own South are too poor to be adequately nourished and clothed. Since they are preponderantly rural, agricultural conditions must be stubbornly improved before these people can have health.

Good agriculture and solvent trade remain the most effective of all mortal prescriptions. To-day and to-morrow, our essential ambassadors in white do not all need to be men of medicine. Some of them will be, and must be, aggressive socially minded business men, traders, salesmen, and statesmen. Abject poverty is still malaria's most coveted bedfellow. Men and women who fight inter-American poverty are also fighting the greatest disease scourge of the Americas. In my own study of the medical literature of malaria I can find no more pertinent comment than Bentley's notation that "with general improvement in agriculture and better utilization of the land malaria tends to disappear," owing "perhaps as much to physical improvement and greater resistance of the people as to the incidental destruction of mosquito breeding places."

Recent news from Latin America clearly indicates that we can anticipate cordial co-operation from the governments to the south. As never before, these governments realize the menace of mosquito-borne diseases to the whole hemisphere. For instance, President Jorge Ubico of Guatemala, who twenty years ago directed one of the most capable malaria clean-up projects ever known to the American tropics, repeatedly reminds his countrymen that malaria and yellow fever, far more than native wars or Spanish *conquistadores* or Caribbean pirates, weakened and destroyed the illustrious Indian civilizations of the American tropics. During recent months the Latin-American press has repeatedly and eloquently urged that defense against malaria is an essential step in any enduring hemisphere defense; that to-morrow's hope for victory against the ruinous Pan-American plague of to-day rests upon stubborn compaigns for mass education in hygiene, agriculture, and marketing; and also upon vast expansion and improvement of public clinics and sanitation facilities throughout Latin America.

This defense requires money and talent in big quantities. Latin America looks to the United States for part of the money and part of the talent. We must provide both.

MISS LANE

BY SUSAN ERTZ

THAT first glimpse of Miss Lane—how well I remember it! My mother had already talked with her and she had been asked to wait in the hall while the other applicants were being interviewed. It seemed to the four of us as we peered over the banisters that there was an endless stream of governesses passing in and out of the room where my mother sat. An advertisement in a San Francisco paper had produced surprising results.

We agreed in whispers that she looked the best of the lot. She had no mustache—a feature which had made happy relations between ourselves and the last governess extremely precarious. She sat very stiff and straight, her feet planted side by side and just showing beneath her long navy-blue serge skirt. She held an umbrella as saints hold their staffs. Her face was narrow and rather lugubrious until she smiled, when it lit up surprisingly. She had a fresh complexion and blue eyes and wore her hair in a large bun.

When the other applicants had left she was summoned in to my mother again, and when my father arrived the three of them talked together. At last we were sent for. We trooped in shyly. My sister and I felt, quite rightly, that it was a momentous occasion. My brothers were far less concerned. A governess meant little in their lives compared to what she would mean in ours.

My mother's eyes were shining. What a curious thing, she said, that we, lately returned from England, should have found on the Pacific Coast an English governess who had been there little longer than we had. And not just any English governess, she added, taking Miss Lane's hand, but one that she felt would be a friend and companion to us all. Her belief that Miss Lane would somehow fit into the unusual pattern of our family life must have been a kind of second sight. The whole little incident is indelibly stamped on my memory, and was often of course talked of in the family circle. But I can perfectly recall Miss Lane's expression at my mother's words. It was that of a humble and devoted dog which receives unexpected praise. She blushed vividly—a fact which we duly noted—and seemed as happy as my mother. She was from Yorkshire and had come to California to see a brother who was working in the shipyards of Vallejo, and who had sent her the money for the journey. Before that she had never been farther from home than the English Lake District and once to London.

There began that day in the ugly wooden house on a San Francisco hill—a San Francisco soon to be changed by earthquake and fire—a friendship that was to last till death.

"Have you told her about Deer Park?" my father asked, pacing about the room.

My mother said she had, as well as she could.

"Well," said my father to Miss Lane smiling, "are you game?"

Miss Lane replied blushing that she hoped she was game.

For my father had embarked upon a great adventure. Riding high upon a recent wave of good fortune, he had become fascinated by the idea of gold mining. As the result of a prospecting trip into the High Sierras he had located what, he was convinced, was something unique in the way of a mine. But there was more to it than that. It was spring; the snow was melting; snow plants were pushing their strange scarlet, waxen heads through the carpet of pine needles; maples and dogwoods were budding; and on his way to the mine he had found a high wooded plateau covered with fine oaks. Here he meant to build a house. The place, he said, was like an English park, and he had promptly taken up a hundred and eighty acres. We were to go there this very summer and see this Garden of Eden which was to bring us not only fortune but health and happiness as well. Never mind how we were to live when we got there, he said, anticipating my mother's doubts; that would be attended to in due course. "It will be a great experience," he said. "A great experience."

Miss Lane packed up her few and modest belongings and joined us. She little knew what her future from that time on was to be. She little guessed the vicissitudes of fortune that she was to share with us.

On looking back I realize that no second sight on my mother's part was really necessary. What Miss Lane was, was there for all to see. In her character she summed up something gentle yet uncompromising, humble yet proud, accommodating, yet stubborn at the core, with a stubbornness that nothing on earth could touch. Her trick of blushing made her the delight of jokers. She was teasable to a quite incredible degree. She was ferocious in defense of all things British, but ferocious only in defense. Even as a sharp-eyed child of five I felt —indeed I knew—that Miss Lane was incorruptible. There would be no getting round her. It was evident in every line of that long, straight, unyielding back. No compromise with right was possible for her. If Truth lives at the bottom of a well, Miss Lane must have been aquatic; for she certainly dwelt with her.

She accepted the hot, noisy mining town where we spent the first night as Margaret Fuller accepted the Universe, and there was no one to say, "Gad! She'd better!" She accepted the start at three in the morning by lantern-light, in the Oroville to Quincy stage, ably driven by Mr. Connolly—the automobile had not yet ventured upon those mountain roads; she accepted the long, tedious climb in the creaking, swaying vehicle, which moved, Jovelike, in a cloud, but a cloud of dust. Her poor face burned scarlet in the heat. She sat crowded in between a Chinese miner and a tobacco-spitting cattleman. The rough eating places, the perpetual ham and eggs and canned tomatoes, the condensed milk, the absence of tea, all these she bore then and in the future with equanimity, knowing that she must rival my mother in courage; my mother who had no confidence in the mine, who felt that the building of a house on an inaccessible mountain top was the wildest folly, but who saw no course open to her, loving my energetic and optimistic father, but acceptance. The two women leaned together like slender columns, bracing each other. Between them they saw to us and the dogs and canaries we brought with us, leaving the larger issues to my father.

At the tiny huddle of half a dozen wooden houses and cabins that served as a post office and a changing place for horses, we were set down with all our belongings. Five miles away, my father told us, was Deer Park, and beyond it, the mine—at the moment of course quite unconscious of being a mine, for it was merely a series of pockets, some eighty feet deep, that the Little North Fork of the Feather River had worn in its quartz bed; pockets, experts had said, where much gold must lie. Already my father had workmen hard at work on a

road, cutting, blasting, digging. Soon, he assured us, it would be possible to haul us and our trunks over it, but meanwhile we must find shelter where we were. Amongst towering sugar and yellow pines, manzanita scrub and granite boulders was a small ranch, and its owners took us in, without enthusiasm. My father and the boys had one room, my mother, my sister and myself another, and Miss Lane occupied a diminutive third.

In the night my mother, horrified by the presence of obnoxious wild life, roused us from our sleep and went to look for Miss Lane. She had left her swarming, impossible bed and was sitting on her small trunk, a candle beside her, hugging her knees and looking, with a puzzled face, at the floor, across which moved an army on the march.

"Are they a kind of ant, then?" Miss Lane inquired.

It had to be borne, and meanwhile my father went to Deer Park on foot. There he and one or two workmen hastily put up a two-room "shake-house" for our accommodation. One room for the women folk, one for the men. Later on, when the road was completed and materials could be hauled over it, work on the big house would be begun. Already my father saw it in his mind's eye, nestling among the oak trees, with its wide porches, deep roof, and stone chimney, and, in front of it perhaps—a touch of fantasy this—fountains playing in the sunlight.

A week later, the shake-house was ready, and by means of hay cart and sledge we were somehow hauled and dragged over the steep unfinished road. More often than not Miss Lane and my mother got out and walked and insisted that we get out too, fearing that we might be overturned. Miss Lane had been warned against rattlesnakes and she walked circumspectly, lifting her skirts nearly to the top of her buttoned boots, now white with dust.

"America's a funny country," she said, with her unexpected smile.

But she was happy. Already she adored my father, with his kindliness, his unquenchable optimism, and confidence. In his high boots and big broad-brimmed hat he looked the complete Westerner. The mine, he was quite certain, would make our fortunes. "Stick to me, girls," he said jovially, "and you'll wear diamonds." My mother, with her delicate health, her love of everything orderly and settled and traditional, must have suffered, but even she was caught up at times by the excitement of this new adventure. As they stumbled along she and Miss Lane talked of England, of driving through green lanes in a pony cart, of old houses and old churches.

The shake-house was as clean and sweet as a newly cut pine bough, and the freshly cut shakes were sticky with sap. In the morning the sun shone through them redly and the smell of them was a delight. A canopy of pine branches, not far away, shaded a dining table made of two boards with benches on either side. A stove had been set up and the camp Chinaman, after cooking the miners' meals, cooked for us. We wanted to eat with the miners but my father thought their language not always suitable for the ears of ladies and children. Miss Lane and my mother washed our clothes in water that was hauled up from a spring a quarter of a mile away, and hung them out to be rough-dried on the limbs of trees.

The canaries' cage was hung from a small oak sapling; the dogs roamed joyously and at will; our trunks, gay with European labels, were piled up against the front of the cabin, and the English and American flags were crossed over the door. It was home.

The sight of the Union Jack gave Miss Lane a special satisfaction.

"Wherever that is," she said, "I know I'm all right."

She set about arranging for our lessons. "You're not to grow up little ignoramuses," she said. A deal table, some soap-boxes—I being small sat on two, one on top of the other—a few books,

pens, ink, and paper were all we had. Sitting there out of doors, high up in the Sierras, we learned very seriously about the sources of the Thames, the Severn, the Humber, and where they flowed into the sea. We learned the county towns of Sussex, Hampshire, Essex, and where and when the Magna Carta was signed. Of American history Miss Lane knew little but she diligently undertook to do her duty by it, reading it up hastily between lessons. We learned the names of all the Presidents and could recite them, and drew and colored maps of the States. Over our heads blue jays flew screeching, and flying squirrels leaped from tree to tree; woodpeckers hammered at dead limbs and chipmunks raced about the great trunks of the pines, sending down little showers of bark.

"Well, Miss Lane," my father would ask, jokingly, "how do you like pioneering in California?"

To this question, no matter who asked it, Miss Lane had always the same answer.

"It's just like pioneering anywhere else," she'd reply. "We English are a pioneering race. We've never stopped. We're pioneering in Australia, in New Zealand, in Rhodesia, in India. I'm sure English men and women are born pioneers."

When stout, jocular George Biddle, the builder, poked fun at England her blue eyes would sometimes fill with tears of vexation. And then the blushes would come, for she knew she was being foolish.

To his jibes she would retort:

"It just shows how little you know, then. An ignoramus, that's what you are."

"You and your little island," he'd say. "We could tuck it away here in a corner of California and lose it, I reckon."

"The best things," she would answer, "often come in the smallest packages. You Americans think size is everything. So do children."

When answers failed her altogether she would fall back on a favorite phrase, uttered with spirit:

"The same to you, then, I'm sure, and many of them."

And she would march away indignantly, her head high, her back ramrod straight.

II

When winter came we would go down to San Francisco, to return again as soon as the snow was off the ground. By August of the second year the house was sufficiently ready to be habitable. Furniture was made out of barrels, out of freshly cut cedar planks, out of split oak or pine saplings. The boys and my father hammered and sawed all day. The house had nine rooms and a bathroom with hot and cold water—when there was water to be had at all. For the spring, on which my father's calculations as to water supply were based, sometimes ran nearly dry. He installed a ram and built a lofty tank house, and my mother would watch the water-gage with an anxious eye.

"No baths to-day," she would say mournfully.

The house was made of split cedar logs. It had the deep roof my father had visualized—now painted moss-green. It had the stone chimney, the wide porches. His dream had come true.

Once when an eight-mule team hauled a load of provisions from Oroville it brought us an upright piano too. My sister, who was very talented, must go on with her music lessons, Miss Lane had said, and there should be an hour's practicing every morning. There was great excitement over the coming of the piano, about which we had been told nothing. After the long, strenuous days out of doors, running, tree-climbing, bathing in the river far below, which meant an hour and a half's stiff climb back, there would come the evening, and Miss Lane would sit down at the piano.

"Play us the Swedish Wedding March," we would beg. (She loved Grieg.) "Play us Anitra's Dance."

Then my father would ask for some singing, and we would gather round the

piano, promising not to shout in Miss Lane's ear, and out would come the *Scottish Students' Song Book*, with "The Wearing of the Green," "Wrap Me Up in My Tarpaulin Jacket," "Jingle Bells," and "Men of Harlech." Outside, the dogs bayed against the lonely dark, wildcats screamed, and sometimes, oh sometimes, we heard the cough of a cougar or mountain lion.

"We are the only two *white* women for many miles," Miss Lane wrote to her father, a vicar. "Our nearest neighbor is an Indian squaw married to a Mexican. She made an Indian basket for Susan with her name woven into it. It is very pretty. Sometimes, quite near the house we find the hollowed-out stones in which the Indians used to grind their corn. I was so sorry to hear of the death of the Reverend Mr. Pelligrew. I always enjoyed his sermons and the way he used to quote from the poets. What has become of the curate, that nice Mr. Bland? Has he married yet? I feel sure he will. I hope Ellie's baby recovered quickly from the croup. He will be quite a big boy before I see him, I expect. I have done water-color drawings of some of the different wild flowers here and I will send them to you. The flowers themselves would rejoice your heart. We were so pleased with your water-color sketch of Lake Derwentwater. It is now framed—the boys made the frame—and it hangs in the living room where it looks very well. I am able to keep up my music here, and I am really very happy. Sometimes I have bilious headaches and bouts of homesickness but they are soon over. We are doing the cooking ourselves at present. The last cook we had, a Chinaman, used to cook with his hat on, wearing his rubber boots and smoking a pipe. That of course wouldn't have mattered, but when we asked him not to put so much sugar in the canned tomatoes he became quite abusive and left. However, as you know, I am always glad to do anything to which I can turn my hand."

Going down the long, rough trail to the mine, my mother would slip off her skirt if we were alone, and walk in serge bloomers which she had contrived herself. And very charming she must have looked. But not so Miss Lane. Blushing for my mother's temerity, she would walk stiffly erect, holding up her skirt between thumb and forefinger precisely as if she were crossing Piccadilly on a wet day. Perhaps it was due to the presence of my father; perhaps it was just that she could make no concessions.

She loved Browning, Kipling, Shakespeare (of course), Milton, Shelley, and Keats. She admired George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward. She liked Mark Twain, though she wouldn't admit that he was very funny, and Bret Harte. She deeply and passionately admired Lincoln. I'm not sure she wasn't in love with Lincoln, in a sense. We found we could always make her blush by teasing her about him. Lincoln and General Gordon were her "beaux ideals," though Lincoln came a goodish way first.

Up there on the mountain top she read aloud to us George Macdonald's *At the Back of the North Wind*, Kingsley's *Water Babies*, and once when a forest fire was raging not far away, I remember she re-read *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*.

Whenever I want to re-create a sense of complete happiness and serenity, I think of Miss Lane reading aloud in that living room in Deer Park. When the dishes had been washed and put away—for the times when some adventurous cook was visiting us were few and brief—the lamps would be lighted, and while my mother sewed and my father wrote letters or did his accounts, Miss Lane would read to us. Far away on some distant ridge, we could hear when she paused the lonely barking of a miner's dog.

I never saw Miss Lane frightened though I have often enough seen her ruffled and indignant. She could be flamingly indignant and flamingly embarrassed. She was sharply aware of uncomfortable situations but rarely of dangerous ones. So shy was she that

merely to exist was a kind of anguish, and it was when she was indignant that she most nearly forgot to be shy.

When the mine proved to have been only a dream and a hope, when after two more years of tunneling and blasting, the river was diverted through a cliff and the great pockets were found to be innocent of gold, Miss Lane supported and comforted my mother. "Perhaps we'll go back to England now," she said.

And so it was, but not yet. Other summers saw us again at Deer Park with our dogs and cats and birds, living in overalls and leggings (against the rattlesnakes) in what was for us a veritable heaven. But my father rarely joined us now. He was making new plans, building up new hopes. At last it became all too plain that Deer Park would have to be abandoned, at least temporarily. Fortune, my father was certain, would smile on him again, and we need only say a brief farewell to the mountains we loved. When we went back to England every spoon and fork, every piece of furniture remained in its place. Only the birds and animals were no longer there. And years later, long after a forest fire had reduced it all to ashes, Miss Lane would say:

"Do you remember the little schoolhouse that your father built for us with the four desks in it? And do you remember the new cow that broke loose and ran straight in through the open door, the silly thing, all among the desks and chairs? And do you remember the day your mother killed the big rattlesnake down by the spring by throwing wood at it till its back was broken? And do you remember the fireworks we used to set off at night every Fourth of July? And the deer lick, and how we'd sit up in that platform in the big oak tree waiting for the deer to come stepping into the moonlight?"

III

Our changes of fortune found her unchanged.

"I'll do anything," she said, "if only I needn't go away to strange people. I'll cook and scrub. I don't mind what I do."

But wherever we went, whatever our circumstances, and whatever her self-imposed duties, she resolved that my sister and I should not grow up "ignoramuses." Never did blushes and embarrassment mask a more determined soul. She fought against easy compromises, choosing always for herself, and not failing to point out to others, the stony path of duty.

When we began to grow beyond her she ceased to act as governess and became simply friend. I suppose there was a time of parting, a time when the old relationship ended, but I cannot now remember it. A sort of fog covers that period as if it were rejected by the memory as being too unhappy. She is woven so firmly into my life that it is hard to recall any point at which she ceased to be there. She never married. There was a rumor which we children did not believe, that she might have done so had she wished. Like many spinsters, she changed very little as the years passed. I was the most rebellious of the four; Miss Lane and I, especially in my early childhood, were most frequently at war, but I loved her the most. She stands now in my memory for something unchangingly and traditionally British; for an inner self-respect that far exceeds the power to express it; for a deep, instinctive and stubborn integrity. A humbler woman never lived nor a prouder. How her eyes would blaze were she alive today; how the flags of pride would mount into her long face; how passionately she would refuse any thought of compromise; how gladly she would die rather than compromise!

When she was a frail old woman, when she was near death, her memories were all of Deer Park. She outlived both my father and my mother, and when they went something of her went with them. One of the last things I ever heard her speak of was a night when we

were still living in the shake-house and my father had gone down to San Francisco. The miners and workmen, Italians, Mexicans, Indians, Chinese, and a few native-born Americans were then camped near by. My father had given my mother a revolver in case of danger. After we had been sent to bed she and Miss Lane built a bonfire in front of the cabin and sat by it, looking into the blackness beyond. Suddenly they heard the men singing hymns.

"Your mother said, 'I think we can go to bed now,'" Miss Lane reminded me. "We weren't nervous after that. It was such a comforting sound up there on the mountain top at night. I wish people would sing hymns oftener than they do." She sighed. "I don't believe all that is ended. Deer Park, I mean. Things like that don't end. How fine your father used to look with his big hat on, and his trousers tucked into his boots. And I can see you, perched up on the soap-boxes, learning the Presidents, as if it were yesterday. How brown you all used to get—like coffee berries. And how the canaries used to sing—as if they were determined to show the wild birds that they could teach them a thing or two. Sometimes I feel I'd give *anything* if I could just . . . if we could all just . . ."

Ah, Miss Lane, if we only could!

TUNE FOR CARROUSELS

BY FRANCES FROST

WHO rides the painted carrousels
In lands beneath the yoke?
What children love the singing wheel
Since their tight hearts broke?

Who sits the rooster and the roc,
The pony and the bear,
Who bravely clings and breathless laughs,
Since death rode down the air?

Who gallops to a squeaky tune
Wonderful and gay
Now that the infant Prince of Peace
Has turned His face away?

In charred and bitter villages,
In blackened countrysides,
Who loves the painted carrousels?
Who clambers up? Who rides?

LIBRARY

DO THE GALLUP POLLS MEASURE OPINION?

BY LINDSAY ROGERS

"WHEN the shadow of war fell upon Europe in 1939," writes Dr. George B. Gallup, "a reliable instrument was ready to test American reactions. No longer was it necessary as in 1914 to guess about public opinion or to look to editors and pressure groups in an attempt to discover what the people as a whole were thinking. As a matter of fact, sentiment had been measured and recorded for many months past on the question of America's role in case war did break out. . . . Thus before the war and during the opening weeks of the war, a detailed record of opinion was on hand. The mood of the people, the precise strength of isolationist sentiment on one hand, and interventionist sentiment on the other, were charted." These claims, I suggest, would be hardly less accurate if Dr. Gallup had used a number of negatives.

As a matter of sober fact, the American Institute of Public Opinion has *not tested* reactions; it has *not measured* sentiment and it has *not charted* the mood of the people. About all that the polls have done is to tell us the numbers of persons who say "yes" or "no" or who confess ignorance or indifference when they are asked specific questions. This is a very different thing from measuring public opinion which, Lord Bryce maintained, is "the real ruler of America." It is, he continues, "a judgment and sentiment of the whole nation which is imperfectly expressed through its representative legislatures, is not to be measured by an analysis of votes cast at elections, is not easily gathered from the most diligent study of the press, but is nevertheless a *real force*, *impalpable* as the wind, yet a force which all are trying to *discover* and nearly all to obey." The italics are those that Dr. Gallup used when he quoted this definition with approval. James Russell Lowell once compared public opinion to "the pressure of the atmosphere: you can't see it —but, all the same, it is sixteen pounds to the square inch." It is this "force, impalpable as the wind," this pressure "which cannot be seen" which Dr. Gallup tells us he can measure from the replies which persons give when they are asked questions which they have not anticipated by questioners whom they have never seen before. Surely skimmed milk is masquerading as cream.

In saying this, I do not necessarily disagree with the editors of *Harper's Magazine*, who, in April, 1941, published the results of some of the Gallup polls. The heading was "American Opinion About the War"; but all that the editors suggested in their prose—whether the caution was intentional or not I do not know—was that these "cross section polls on a variety of political, economic, social, and other questions have been one of the most significant features of American journalism since 1935." That is true. The polls have been a new kind of reporting which has given the reading public data which it did not previously possess. My principal quarrel is with

the exaggerated claims that are made as to what the data mean—claims which are not being challenged and which, if not challenged, might be accepted as valid.

One of Dr. Gallup's admirers (an academic one!) goes so far as to suggest that "the polls may reflect the wishes [*sic*] of the electorate more faithfully than the elections themselves." This is because "variables enter in to keep some people away from the voting booth. The weather, transportation difficulties, party activity, intimidation of various kinds may distort the final vote but not affect poll results." This admirer stops short of proposing that elections be dispensed with. He says that "no other method remains to test the accuracy of the polls." Of course the Gallup polls should not be criticized because of silly claims of enthusiasts. But in what Dr. Gallup himself writes he does not play them down. Quite the contrary.

For example, he maintains that he has developed "a new science of public opinion measurement" which will enable the whole nation to be a "continuous town meeting." His polls can "implement" public opinion. He asks: "Will the polls of the future become so accurate that legislators will automatically follow their dictates?" and he seeks to put all possible skeptics at a disadvantage: "Criticism that opposes any effort like the modern polls to make the public more articulate, that inveighs against the perils of a 'direct democracy,' leads directly to anti-democratic government." In the word of warning that I am attempting to voice, I do not oppose the public's becoming more articulate. But Dr. Gallup does not make it more articulate. He only estimates how it would say "yes" or "no" or "don't know."

Unless the polls are looked upon solely as a reporting device and unless it is realized that they do not measure public opinion their influence may be pernicious. Statesmen and editors and the man in the street may think that from the polls they are getting clear information of what public opinion desires or opposes when, as a matter of fact, what they are being told conforms to the Frenchman's definition of statistics: "A method which enables you to speak precisely about matters of which you are ignorant." In short, reporting the number of "yeses" and "noes" and "undecided" and "no opinion" in the same proportions as the whole voting population would reply if the question were addressed to it, does not "measure" public opinion. Nor can an accumulation of such percentages on the same question, when re-asked at periodic intervals, "measure" changes in "opinion." It only reports what the new percentages were when the question was re-asked.

II

Ever since they began to function, the pollers have sought to quiet doubts concerning the accuracy of their reporting. My doubts have long since been quieted. I take it as established that the samples of the electorate which the American Institute of Public Opinion uses to get answers to its questions are carefully chosen and truly representative and that the results are substantially the same as they would be if the sample were much larger or if the whole electorate were interrogated. I concede that the margin of possible error in their percentages is small, even insignificant.

Nor am I worried by what apparently has bothered General Hugh Johnson: that he (and I) do not know anyone who has ever been polled by Dr. Gallup's interviewers. I might remark parenthetically that if many of us were polled frequently the American Institute of Public Opinion might have to throw up the sponge. Pollers could not continue to function if they had to conduct national referenda: the voters would rebel. Sampling enables the pollers to continue operations.

Another criticism is that questions may be "loaded." They can be, but the danger that they will be seems to me

remote. Any public opinion poll which is a commercial enterprise (and others too) will use every effort to frame its questions so that they are not tendentious. Let a polling organization once be suspected of deliberately loading a question and it will probably have to go out of business. Hence Dr. Gallup experiments with different wordings in order to determine the one that is most neutral. In a recent University of Chicago broadcast Mr. William Benton, who had wide experience as an advertising man before he became one of the University's vice presidents, said that he would like to see a Gallup poll on this question: "Do you favor convoys at the risk of 50,000 filled coffins, 100,000 filled coffins, 2,000,000 filled coffins, 5,000,000 filled coffins?" Dr. Gallup properly replied that if he were speaking for the "interventionists" he would turn the question round and ask whether, if we didn't go into this war, the person questioned would be willing to risk the same successive numbers of filled coffins "if the war were brought to this country." These are extreme examples of loaded questions. We can assume, as I have said, that in the phrasing of the questions every effort will be made to achieve neutrality. With experimentation in advance of asking those in the sample to answer the question, the danger of unconscious loading ought not to be great.

A much more important problem, however, is the difficulty of asking neutral questions so phrased that intelligent answers can be given by simple affirmatives or negatives. For the surveys which it publishes, *Fortune* breaks the issue up, and asks a voter to check the judgment which most nearly conforms to his opinion. Ordinarily the Gallup Polls analyze the answers in negatives or affirmatives. The assumption underlying this search for opinion by interviewers who ask questions is that the answers express "opinions." It is doubtful whether they always do this, even when the person interrogated is informed on the subject of the question, and then Dr. Gallup cannot tell us on what grounds he says "yes" or "no." Many times he is uninformed. Insufficient attention to his ignorance may result in percentages which are misleading on two grounds. Some of the "yeses" and "noes" come from persons who do not understand the question, and the percentage (sometimes large) of those who say they are uninformed, while mentioned for the record, has frequently been ignored in the "measurement" of opinion.

The replies to the Institute's questions occasionally seem inconsistent—even to cancel each other. Thus when only twelve per cent were in favor of a declaration of war by the United States, fifty-nine per cent were convinced that the United States would go into the war. Apparently the attitude of many was much like that of the man who said: "I am going to get drunk to-night and how I hate it." To keep the stream of questions going, week after week, a number of "iffy" ones have to be asked, such as "If the United States is attacked would you personally volunteer to fight?" The answers to such questions are naturally often impromptu and unconsidered. "If the allies need more money for running the war, would you be in favor of buying the British, Dutch, and French possessions in the area of the Panama Canal?" A large majority favored purchase, and apparently it occurred to few of them that the question was based on a doubtful premise. Strategical considerations may make it necessary for us to control the islands. Apart from strategical considerations, we shouldn't want them. They would cost us too much in relief—in caring for the native populations. Hence, taking them in lieu of giving the Allies money would mean spending much more money than we should have to spend if we gave the Allies the money. Yet a large majority of the voting population gave an impromptu "yes" to that question when it was asked them without warning. Again, in June, 1937, 66 per cent of the voting population favored a disarmament conference,

but only 56 per cent thought that "the time is ripe to bring together the leading nations of the world for this purpose"; and as many as 59 per cent were against President Roosevelt's calling a conference. In October, 1938, 60 per cent thought that the Munich agreement had made the possibility of war greater, but 59 per cent thought that England had done "the best thing in giving in to Germany."

Ignorance of the Wagner Labor Relations Act or indifference to it has always been considerable. In May, 1938, 56 per cent of the electorate either did not know what the Act was or did not care whether it was revised; and in January, 1940, despite reams of arguments pro and con, 58 per cent were still ignorant or indifferent. In late April, 1940, 45 per cent of those with an opinion disclosed to Dr. Gallup their belief that if Italy entered the war she would do so on the side of England and France. Fifty-five per cent of those who had an opinion thought Italy would be on the side of Germany. Thirty-three per cent had no opinion. These are astonishing percentages.

There are, as I have said, many questions on which the intelligent replier will be reluctant to be ticketed as holding an affirmative view or a negative view, and he will not want to say that he is undecided. He will wish to reply "yes, if" or "no, unless." The vocabulary of the electorate in replying to Dr. Gallup is severely limited to "yeses" and "noes." Yet political action can be intelligent only if, after a proposal is discussed and the arguments for it and against it are weighed and alternative suggestions are canvassed and debated and perhaps voted on, the proposal can be reframed and then submitted to acceptance or rejection.

Thus it seems to me that many of the questions relating to our relationship to the war are hard to answer categorically. Should we convoy? Some would hesitate to say "yes" because of the possibility that there may be a more efficient method of getting materials to England. "Should we declare war and send our Army and Navy abroad to fight Germany?" Some who answer this in the negative would be anxious to use our Navy without declaring war. Some would declare war and use the Navy if they thought that a huge expeditionary force would not be sent at once. "Should a vote of the people be required before Congress can send men to fight overseas?" That question has been submitted several times and "the size of the majority" in favor of such a referendum "has varied from time to time, running as low as 51 per cent when the war broke out to as high as 60 per cent at the beginning of 1940." In June, 1941, 56 per cent said "yes." What did those who voted on this question think "overseas" meant? American troops were overseas in China, in the Philippines, and in the bases that we leased from Great Britain. Did some say "no referendum" because of this and did others want a referendum because they thought overseas applied only to Europe? "Do you favor a strike ban in defense industries?" How can one answer this question without knowing the kind of ban that is proposed?

Hence one is justified in taking the percentages *cum grano salis*. If the grains of salt were drops of water, they might make a small ocean when the skeptic notices that the way in which Dr. Gallup announces the replies to his questions may persuade readers to conclude, first, that the percentages of "yeses" and "noes" disclose the electorate's support of and opposition to a proposal, and, second, that there are only two blocks of opinion in the country—one favorable and one unfavorable. Dr. Gallup has usually announced percentages as, say, 60 per cent for and 40 per cent against, and then told you later in his article how many persons out of each one hundred were undecided or had no opinion. Sometimes the newspapers fail to report the number of undecided. Rarely is the number considered important.

Thus, in June, 1941, Dr. Gallup announced that "among those with definite views on the subject, opinion is almost evenly divided on the question of America entering a new League after the war." Forty-nine per cent would like to see the United States join a new league; 51 per cent would not. That question would seem a difficult one to answer, for who of us has any definite idea of what kind of a League there may be? If I had been in the sample I should have said, "It's a silly question; ask me another." Of the pollers who were not so supercilious as I should have been, 23 per cent included those who "frankly admitted they did not know what the League did" and those who were "genuinely undecided about the best course for the United States." But if the percentages are presented in a different way, the picture is slightly different. For Dr. Gallup's sample really showed that if his question (and I have said it is a hard one to answer in the dark) had been submitted to the voting population, 38 per cent would have been in favor of the League, 39 per cent would have been opposed and 23 per cent would have had no opinion. This should leave an impression quite different from the one left when the announcement says that opinion is almost evenly divided—that 49 per cent are pro-League and 51 per cent anti-League.

Perhaps the Gallup poll which reached a high in misinterpretation was on the continuance of the Dies Committee. I know a Congressman who, personally opposed to the committee, voted for its appropriation when told the results of the poll. Why should he, caring little about the Committee, not go along if three-quarters of the country approved? But what were the facts?

In December, 1938, 39 per cent of the sample (and thus presumably of the electorate) said that they had never heard of the Dies Committee. The remaining 61 per cent who knew of it were then asked whether the investigation should be continued. Twenty-two per cent expressed no opinion. Of those who did have an opinion, 74 per cent favored continuing the Committee and 26 per cent wanted it abandoned. In other words, of every 100 voters, 64—that is, the 39 plus 22 per cent of 61 and 26 per cent of the remaining 48 with opinions—either opposed the continuance of the Committee, had never heard of it, or were non-committal. Or, to put it another way, only 36 voters out of a hundred liked the Committee. Yet the country drew the inference that 74 per cent was favorable to the Committee. "Dies Investigation Favored in Survey" said the *Times* headline. "Institute of Public Opinion Finds 74 per cent in Favor of Continuing Inquiry."

In respect of the Dies Committee, among those who had an opinion there could hardly be more than two views—for and against. That was far from the case with President Roosevelt's proposals to reform the Supreme Court of the United States. Yet the Gallup polls and Dr. Gallup's discussion of them gave the country the impression that there were only two blocks of opinion—one favoring and the other opposing Mr. Roosevelt's plan. In his book which he calls *The Pulse of Democracy*, Dr. Gallup maintains that the Institute "applied its yardstick to public opinion" and found out "quickly and accurately what people thought of the Court plan." Sixteen months before President Roosevelt sent his plan to Congress (November, 1935), the Institute asked whether the power to declare legislation unconstitutional should be curbed. Sixty per cent thought "no," but in his book Dr. Gallup does not say how many had no opinion. In 1936, one month after the election, the percentage was substantially the same, but then nineteen out of every hundred voters had no opinion. As soon as the President announced his plan the Institute began to get answers to the question: "Should Congress pass the President's Supreme Court plan?" Dr. Gallup says: "The first poll returns encouraged the New Dealers. They

showed the country about evenly divided. The actual results were 47 per cent in favor of the President's plan, 53 per cent opposed." But he does not say in his book how many voters had no opinion. Later, in June, 1937, 59 per cent did not want Congress to pass the plan and 41 per cent wanted it passed, but 21 per cent were undecided. "By the time the fight had ended," said Dr. Gallup, "approximately 60 per cent of the voters were opposed to the plan—the same proportion that had championed the Court's power before the controversy started." In this particular controversy, however, the 20 per cent who were undecided were of considerable significance and it would seem that Dr. Gallup had made many of his voters say "yes" or "no" when they did not want to say either but something else.

That this happened clearly appears from an analysis that Mr. Elmo B. Roper, Jr. (who prepares the *Fortune* surveys) made of neutral opinion during the Court fight. In April, 1936, *Fortune* had published the results of a survey in which this question had been asked: "Do you think the Supreme Court has recently stood in the way of the people's will or do you think it has protected the people against rash legislation?" Twenty-two per cent thought that it had stood in the way of the people's will; 39 per cent thought that it had protected the people against rash legislation; and 39 per cent either replied "neither" or said that they had no opinion. In April, 1937—after the President's proposals—a *Fortune* survey found that 28 per cent favored the enactment of the President's proposal into law and 36 per cent were against the proposal. Of the former group, some, Mr. Roper said, "are inherently anti-Court; many more of them are completely pro-Roosevelt." Of those who were against the President's scheme, some made "a fetish of worshipping the Constitution" and some were "against Roosevelt in anything he attempts." Twenty-two per cent did not know what they thought. According to Mr. Roper, some said that "it was too deep a subject for them to worry about; they did not have sufficient trust in Roosevelt to give him a free hand, or enough confidence in the Supreme Court to rise to its defense." Of this 22 per cent, some would be found later in one camp or another but not caring very much what happened. Fourteen per cent remained and this group, Mr. Roper suggested, "is in many respects the most interesting of all. For these members are firmly convinced that something should be done about the Supreme Court and just as firmly convinced that the President's proposal is not a good one." Some of these preferred "a Constitutional amendment or a two-thirds vote of the Court required to invalidate acts of Congress, or something else." This 14 per cent was asked an additional question: "If your plan couldn't be made a law and you had to vote for or against the Roosevelt plan, which way would you vote?" Mr. Roper reported that most of them replied: "Against—but it would be a shame not to do something about the Court." This, to me, is star reporting. It does not "measure" or "chart" or "implement."

The star reporter (Mr. Roper) did not philosophize much on the meaning of these percentages but he did say that the most significant fact that the survey revealed was the number of those "adopting a middle of the road position or holding no opinion at all." And he added, still reporting: "With respect to an issue so hotly debated as the Supreme Court, in the presence of such violent expressions from the two extremist groups, and with 'everyone' supposedly enlisted on one side or the other, it is of capital importance to know that in April of this year [1937] 36 per cent of the respondents were neither For It nor Against It." At a time when the newspapers were shrieking and the radio was blaring, when Congress was debating and the mails were flooded with pamphlets, 36 per cent of the electorate refused to take sides.

It would probably be unreasonable to suggest that Dr. Gallup's organization should play up the fact that a large percentage of the electorate is not taking sides, or enlarge on the electorate's ignorance of or indifference to important issues. Its sales talk assumes that the electorate is debating an issue; that the press and the radio enable it to be a gigantic town meeting, and that a sampling process will show how it is dividing. Nevertheless the data that Dr. Gallup turns up suggest that there are a good many issues on which the bulk of the electorate can have no opinion.

I do not refer to matters on which few outside the government can have adequate information. How many of us, for example, can have informed opinions on the Far Eastern situation? We do not know what exchanges have taken place between Great Britain and the United States, between the United States and Japan, between the United States and Russia. We have no inkling of what the representatives of the Dutch government have been saying in respect of the East Indies and their powers of defense. How many of us could give "yeses" or "noes" to questions on such a problem?

But there are other matters which do not require any secrecy and on which the reports of the pollers are chiefly interesting in respect of those who say "don't know." Two years ago one-quarter of the adult voters of the United States thought that they paid no taxes. Fifty-two per cent of a sample admitted that they did not know what a reciprocal trade treaty was. Thirty-one per cent attempted to reply but did so incorrectly and nine per cent gave replies which to the interviewer seemed to indicate doubt as to whether the person questioned did know the nature of Mr. Hull's enthusiasm. Thus only eight per cent of the electorate had any real knowledge of the treaties. Seventy per cent of the electorate did not know what a tax on undistributed corporate profits was. That is a mouth-filling phrase, and few voters would be reluctant to confess their ignorance. But in respect of other issues—the lease and lend act, convoying, for example—there must be many who are questioned who are uncomprehending but unwilling to admit it. What are their answers worth? If interviewers endeavored to make it certain that the question was understood before a reply was accepted there would be the danger of influencing the reply. That, naturally, must be guarded against.

III

Polls of public opinion rest on the assumption that it is possible to ascertain public opinion by tabulating the replies that the persons comprising the sample make to strangers who interview them. The assumption is a large one and the pollers have never bothered to support it by reasoned arguments. Critics have not bothered with the assumption either, but have directed most of their fire to the interviewers—are they efficient and neutral? This does not seem to me to matter much.

Manifestly the interviewer must not have decided views of his own on political or social questions, or must at any rate conceal them. Manifestly also, the social status and education of the interviewer may be influential when those questioned have a different kind of status and education. But such difficulties are not insuperable. It is a curious fact, however, that the pollers have never interested themselves in the kind of opinion that is disclosed in interviews with strangers. This is a point that has interested Mr. Tom Harrisson, the leading spirit of the British organization, "Mass Observation," which endeavors to find out what ordinary folk are thinking and talking about. It makes no pretension of practicing a new science. It draws on private diaries and its interviewers record at some textual length many opinions and judgments of the persons who are talked to. "Mass Observation" deals with opinions rather

than Opinion. It is informative rather than statistical. It does not measure. It is content to report.

Public-opinion pollers are dependent on the answers persons give to strange interviewers, but, as Mr. Harrisson points out, what people may say to strangers, to acquaintances, to friends, to their wives, to themselves, or in their sleep can vary a great deal. "In the mind is the private thought," says Mr. Harrisson; "on the tongue public statements. Logically a person's 'real opinion' is the opinion he holds privately. He will not necessarily voice publicly as public opinion certain parts of his *private opinion* which is a complex of feelings often conflicting. Which and how much of these he will voice publicly depends partly on his status, mood, character, and company, but partly also on external events and above all on how far it is reasonable, 'the done thing,' to voice such opinions at that time and in that place."

Most ordinary people, in Mr. Harrisson's opinion, show a tendency to follow what they believe to be the majority. Hence many who say that they are opposed to something being done are no longer in opposition after it has been done with the support of what they think is the majority. [This is a very different thing from the band-wagon vote which, Dr. Gallup says, and I think truly, his election forecasts do not increase.] There is always a continuous process of private opinion suddenly becoming the opinion which a person is willing to express publicly.

Down to the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain, for example, "public opinion was for him; private opinion against." The British Institute of Public Opinion had made polls which showed that Chamberlain's "popularity" increased after the outbreak of the war; it went up from 60 per cent to nearly 70 per cent. "But in the privacy of the darkened cinema," says Mr. Harrisson, "our own monthly surveys ["Mass Observation"] of audience responses showed that applause for Mr. Chamberlain when he appeared on newsreels fell steadily from September onward." In other words, private opinion was gathering against Mr. Chamberlain and, as soon as he was driven from office, opinion, as "measured" by the pollers, was more favorable to Mr. Churchill than it had been to Mr. Chamberlain a few weeks before. If the polls had been taken as an accurate index of opinion Mr. Chamberlain would have stayed in office.

Before the British government adopted conscription the British Institute of Public Opinion showed that only 39 per cent of the voters favored it, that 53 per cent opposed it, and that 8 per cent were doubtful. A week after conscription was introduced, 58 per cent favored it, 38 per cent opposed it, and 4 per cent were doubtful. If the polls had influenced statesmen conscription would have been delayed. In the first case, the polls were meaningless: private opinion was about to substitute itself for public opinion. In the second case, the polls were askew because a majority opinion against conscription turned at once into a minority as a result of a desire to go along, to bow to an accomplished fact, and not to oppose what had been accepted as socially desirable. What the psychologists call an "impression of universality" will influence wavering opinions. From Dr. Gallup's percentages it is impossible to discover how many of the electorate are wavering and how many will stay put. In the case of Mr. Chamberlain, criticism in Parliament and a changed attitude of the British press accelerated the transformation of private opinion into public opinion. The press which had been supporting the Prime Minister naturally maintained that opinion was behind him. When the newspapers began to oppose Mr. Chamberlain they had to argue that opinion was no longer behind him and then, as I have said, the private opinion which had been simmering became public opinion.

These, I suggest, are important considerations that one should keep in mind when one examines Dr. Gallup's

percentages. There is also a difficulty which the pollers have confessed—the time lag between the posing of the question and the publicizing of the replies. Something may happen during that period, even though it is only a few days, to throw the percentages awry. I refer not only to spectacular matters—a sinking of a merchant ship, a fireside talk by the President, a diatribe by Hitler, a Zinoviev letter—but also to changes that may come as a result of greater opportunities for consideration. Pollers—particularly the American Institute of Public Opinion—present their questions while they are hot. "Within a few hours" after the President sent his Court plan to Congress, Dr. Gallup boasts, his interviewers were at work. Many of those interviewed had to give curbstone answers which might well have been different from the answers which they would have given after a week's discussion. Moreover, first percentages will be subject to change because of the persons who are in each group. Elections count heads instead of breaking them and in the polling booth all heads count alike. But some heads count more than others do in the period preceding an election. If on one side there are the bulk of those who have opportunities of influencing opinion and who are outstanding in their communities, they are reasonably certain to increase the size of their group. All of us—even those of us who pride ourselves on independence of judgment—are influenced when we read that a particular course of action is urged by a galaxy of persons of intellectual eminence, unquestioned probity, and free from any selfish interests in the action which they desire or the inaction which they oppose.

Finally—on this point of percentages—Dr. Gallup is unable to tell us how strongly a policy is favored and how bitterly it is opposed. Yet, until we have some idea of intensity of feeling we know nothing whatever about public opinion. Suppose that 60 per cent of the voting population wanted Congress to bar strikes in defense industries; 30 per cent opposed action, and 10 per cent were undecided. [I am now assuming that there are inconsiderable differences of opinion on the kind of legislation that is desired.] This would mean little unless we knew how many of the majority, not caring greatly, thought that on the whole there should be legislation and how many desired it ardently. More importantly, how bitterly would those who did not want defense strikes made illegal oppose any attempt to outlaw them? Public opinion polls cannot answer these questions. They cannot disclose how eager sections of the public are for legislation or executive decision and how resentful other sections would be if the legislation were passed and the decision made.

But before a democracy acts it must know something more than whether a plurality or a majority desires action. Decisions that are reached have to be accepted, and without a broad basis of consent democracy does not work. Hence when they are wise majorities do not rush ahead to have their way until they have inquired into the basis of consent. Majorities must recognize that minorities have rights which ought not to be extinguished and they must remember that history can be written as the record of the follies of the majority. On the other hand, constitutional governments not infrequently take action which is demanded by conscious, informed, and vigorous minorities. They have their way because the majority which is not in favor of the action is confused or indifferent or not bitterly opposed. Until a poll tells us about the eagerness of those who wish that something be done, and about the indifference or bitterness of those who don't want it done, it will not "chart" opinion or "register" sentiment.

IV

But the record of the polls is not entirely negative. There are a number of

things that they can do and do well.

First of all, the polls have been able to predict the outcome of elections. I am not sure that this is worth doing, and in doing it the pollers are not measuring public opinion; for, in the United States, really important issues do not figure in election campaigns. Our attitude toward the war, the amendment of the Wagner Labor Relations Act, conscription—there was no decision on these matters when Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie contended for the Presidency. At the polls the voters simply chose between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Willkie. Public opinion as of that day was not measured on any single issue. Hence in forecasting the result of the election the polls did not measure public opinion.

Nevertheless, the polls can furnish data which election statistics do not disclose. They can divide the electorate up by age, sex, color, religion, economic status. They can give some indication of whether Mr. Willkie's support came in larger measure from the upper income groups than did Mr. Roosevelt's. We should know the answer to that question in advance but the pollers can give us percentages. In 1928 a public opinion poll would have told us whether the bitter opposition to Governor Alfred E. Smith was more because of his religion than because of his desire to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment.

A poll can anticipate the vote in a referendum. Thus in 1937 the American Institute of Public Opinion prophesied that 72 per cent of the voters would be against a sales tax on which the Maine electorate was to pass. Sixty-seven per cent were opposed. A public opinion poll can debunk the claims of a pressure group as to the amount of strength behind it. Thus when the Townsend plan was talked about a good deal and Congressmen were alarmed by what they thought might be the wishes of their constituents, a poll showed that the alleged support was grossly exaggerated. A Gallup poll predicted that in 1938 California would vote against "ham and eggs every Thursday."

Polls can also explode the myth that there is a public taboo. A majority of a sample expressed itself in favor of government bureaus to give information on and treat venereal diseases. A large majority had no objection to Wassermann tests before the issuance of marriage licenses. Through the use of a sample the pollers can demonstrate that three out of four persons do not use the same tooth paste; that, say, only two out of five use it. They can discover, as did the British Ministry of Food in 1940 when it interrogated samples of housewives, that they would prefer to have milk a little cheaper and go and get it themselves rather than to pay a small extra sum and have it delivered. Questioning of samples in several different industrial districts made the Ministry conclude that approximately 69 per cent of the consumers preferred to reduce the cash and undertake the carry. This is crude information, but it is worth having, and it can (and should be) a guide to action.

Even in these cases, however, the pollers were reporters rather than measurers. Their reports could be definite and positive. Unhappily (for them) or perhaps happily (for you and me) their reports of opinion on entering the war, on convoying, on outlawing strikes must record its confusion, its uncertainty, even its incomprehension. Why should the pollers not be content to be reporters? Why should they pretend to be measurers? Why should Dr. Gallup maintain that he is a pioneer in "The New Science of Public Opinion Measurement"? As Carroll Mason Sparrow, a physicist who knows more of measurement than any social scientist can know, once remarked: "In so far as the Gallup Poll is science it is not new; in so far as it is new it is not science; it does not measure, and what it fails to measure is not public opinion."

LET FIORELLO DO IT

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

ALMOST anything can be done, apparently, if you have a system.

He is Mayor of the City of New York and a candidate for a third term in the office surpassed in complexity only by the Presidency itself. He is Director of the Office of Civilian Defense, a job which is big enough in itself to strain the capacity of any man. He is also Chairman of the Permanent Joint Canadian-United States Defense Board. Just incidentally, he is President of the United States Conference of Mayors—a militant organization of municipal chief executives.

These are the four rings of the LaGuardia circus and he is the star, extremely competent performer in each.

At the end of a torrid August day at New York's summer City Hall on Long Island Fiorello H. LaGuardia was being Mayor. His shoulders sagged with fatigue for just an instant. Then he straightened up and yelled—he finds yelling quicker than push buttons—for his appointment secretary, Betty Cohen. He grinned the puckish grin which sends his swarthy eyebrows up into his forehead.

"Send in the Sun Goddess of Southern California," he ordered.

A pretty motion-picture starlet swept in with a swarm of press agents and photographers. "Why, you *are* a Sun Goddess," said the Mayor warmly. Then he posed with her, told her again how pretty she was, shook hands with her mother, said good-by, and went back to his desk. Ten seconds later he was telling the reporters assigned to City Hall that a serious shortage of chlorine, vital for water purification, threatened, but that the steel situation might be better next year. Public works essential to New York would probably be carried through.

All that day, beginning at nine o'clock, LaGuardia had been plowing through a terrific mass of city and federal business —for it is utterly impossible for him to keep his jobs entirely separated. I asked him why it had been necessary to give time to greeting a motion-picture actress in an obvious publicity stunt. He tossed a letter toward me.

"She had an introduction from Mayor Bowron of Los Angeles," he said. "I had to let her in. Besides, I don't mind."

Nor did he. The Mayor was never disturbed when something happened even if it was trivial. What set his explosive temper popping was when something didn't happen: when an assistant failed to perform some task, when requested information was not immediately available. Then he would be harsh or sarcastic to the edge of cruelty, would thrust his heavy tortoise-rimmed glasses to a perch on the top of his head and glare at the miscreant who had offended.

Drawing on an ample supply of expletives, the Mayor would make the air sizzle with his fury.

LaGuardia's system for getting things done becomes clear to anybody who observes him at work. I had flown to Washington with him the previous week

and had stayed with him during a ten-hour stretch, uninterrupted even for lunch, at the Office of Civilian Defense. I did the same thing at the summer City Hall. During the crowded Washington day an aide brought in proofs of a defense poster. LaGuardia looked at it.

"Move that flag over to the left and use bigger type on the top line," he ordered. "*And don't bring it back to me!*"

Later that day he was interviewing a young woman whom he wanted for an important post on his Washington staff. She was willing to take it, she said, but was puzzled about her exact duties.

"All right," LaGuardia said. He again called a secretary and drafted a lengthy memorandum on what he wanted her to do in the civilian defense program. "*And don't bring it back to me!*"

On the day I was in Washington his executive assistant protested that authority from the President was required for an order which LaGuardia intended to issue. The Director of Civilian Defense promptly produced a memorandum he had submitted to the White House the day before. At the bottom of it was scrawled "O.K.—F.D.R." The executive assistant looked faintly shocked. Such action might arouse resentment. Such matters should go through channels.

"Hell, I haven't time," retorted LaGuardia. "I do that constantly."

To sum it up, LaGuardia's method is to dispose of the task at hand immediately, to make very certain that a problem he has already settled is not brought back to his desk, and to cut all possible red tape with the sharp scissors of his audacious mind. He keeps his day flexible and can alter his schedule to meet any contingency. In New York, as in Washington, he has no set time to answer his mail. True, he devotes the first half hour in the morning to the early accumulation. At the City Hall three secretaries await his arrival. He goes through the mail rapidly, making a notation here or dictating a few brief sentences there.

His celerity stems of course from his detailed knowledge of New York's city government which he began to accumulate in 1919 as President of the now happily defunct Board of Aldermen. To the three girls who sit opposite him he tosses communications and reports with terse instructions: "Valentine," "Walsh," "Moses," "Board of Estimate," meaning that they are to be referred to his police or fire commissioner, to the head of the city's park system or to the city's principal governing board. The Mayor is quick on his mental feet. He is bothered not at all by interruptions. When his first appointment is due he abandons his mail, but he returns to it constantly during the day, even while waiting for one caller to be replaced by another. There are no empty chinks in his working day. He makes reality out of a phrase which has grown meaningless to most executives—a "solid day's work."

But it is an extremely varied day. If variety is the spice of life, LaGuardia's is in some danger of being over-seasoned. He rushes from his office to open a new bridge or to operate a steam shovel as construction starts on another of his cherished, low-rent housing projects. He dashes from the simple apartment where he still lives on upper, non-fashionable Fifth Avenue to take command at a fire or to direct the police at a disaster. He is photographed during these picturesque activities of course, for he has no touch of the retiring violet. He knows, as few politicians do, the sweet uses of publicity. Yet constantly as he prances about contact with his offices is maintained. His car is equipped with a radio telephone whereby, through police headquarters, he can talk with anybody in City Hall, in Washington, or anywhere else. Even were there mice on his staffs there would be no chance for them to play, for the cat is never absent. So they never go out to lunch. They work at night until they are sure that the boss is safely bedded down.

From Tuesday morning, when he boards an early plane, until Thursday night he is Director of the Office of Ci-

vilian Defense—unless there is a Friday Cabinet meeting, in which case he stays over for it. On Monday, and normally on Friday, he is Mayor of New York. And he is very much Mayor during his week-ends although he tries to stay at home. He is incessantly called to the telephone. He rarely takes fewer than five hundred letters and other documents with him. Between times he attends to his Canadian defense job and to his conference of mayors. Between times too he does all manner of other things.

With the fall of Paris he decided that New York should be the fashion center of the world, and to dramatize this he designed the dress worn by the pretty girl who launched a new fireboat. He cannot conceive why all the movie millions should go to Hollywood—and this fall production on at least two major films will start on Long Island. Last summer he threw his vast energy behind the federal plan for the distribution of food stamps. A radio program was arranged but none of the scripts suited His Honor, so he wrote one of his own and then acted in it. His most widely applauded extracurricular activity is mounting the podium to conduct bands and orchestras. As I sat with him at the City Hall a message came asking whether he would conduct at least one number at an approaching patriotic rally.

"No, I won't," he said, but it was clear that he did not mean it. "I promised my wife I wouldn't do it again. It makes me nervous. It takes more out of me than ten speeches."

This variety may be a partial explanation of why he can work so hard and get so much done. But there are other tricks in his bag. When the reform elements in New York elected him Mayor in 1933 Fiorello realized that the path ahead was hard and steep. The city was virtually bankrupt. If its financial structure collapsed many other municipalities, far less affluent than New York, would go under too. It would mean hundreds of millions lost in municipal securities and possible national chaos. He knew that no reform mayor in the history of New York had ever been reelected. He had to work fast. He could pay no attention to obligations of the campaign which had just ended.

"An elected public official must be ungrateful," he said as he took office. "You simply can't be grateful to the people who elected you, callous as that may seem. You can't be Mayor and a good fellow."

Six months later he had effected a saving of $31,000,000 in the budget. The city was able to borrow money at one and one-eighth per cent instead of four per cent. City bonds had jumped from 82 to 100. And what, he was asked, did His Honor now think was the supreme qualification for being Mayor of New York?

"The ability to say No," he answered.

All that day at the summer City Hall I heard him say No. A delegation of labor leaders wanted him to promise that he would reconsider his policy that city employees, unlike those in private industry, had no right to strike. The representatives of machinists and mechanics came in to ask that their basic pay be raised from $9 to $12 a day. The police sent a committee to suggest that pension payments be liberalized. A group of firemen asked that promotions be made at once and additional officers authorized for the department.

To all of these requests the Mayor said No or, at best, that he would look into the merits and see whether funds could be obtained. His trick lay in the way he rejected the demands. "This is hard to do." "This is unpleasant to say." "You boys wouldn't have me stultify myself, would you?" "Show me where I can get the money." The delegations went away feeling that he would do the best he could. It seemed almost as though they had a protective feeling toward this little Mayor who was working so hard and under such obvious difficulties.

Mayor LaGuardia has still another trick or two. His sense of fun rarely

leaves him. He finds relaxation in telling jokes or in pretending to disagree violently with the pet theory of a caller. Thus he takes particular delight in telling some social worker or nutrition expert that his theories about balanced diet are nonsense.

"The important thing is to give people more money," he holds forth. "I'd trust Mrs. Ginsberg and Mrs. O'Reilly to buy the right food for their children any day just as long as they have the money."

Nor does he, on occasion, fail to be amused at himself. He was waiting in his Washington office for an editor who was scheduled to appear at 2:30 in the afternoon. The hour passed. LaGuardia's temper began to rise and he yelled for one of the girls.

"You've got the day wrong, Mr. Mayor," she said sweetly. "You made that for to-morrow."

LaGuardia grinned again. "If the boys outside had made that mistake I'd give them hell," he said.

II

The day in Washington was not greatly different from City Hall. LaGuardia bustled in from the plane at 10 o'clock, shed his coat, and started shouting for his assistants. The tempo never slackened. Brigadier-General Lorenzo D. Glasser, his military aide, came in to discuss emergency fire equipment. Admiral Clark Woodward, his naval aide, was next. So it went all day, with lunch consisting of coffee and sandwiches. Edward R. Stettinius of the Office of Production Management remained for half an hour.

"I don't know whether he ranks me or I rank him and we don't worry about things like that," said LaGuardia when he left.

From time to time the Mayor would bolt out of the room to take a telephone call. He refuses to have a 'phone on his desk, in the conviction that fewer calls will be put through if people know how inconvenient it is for him to answer.

"Will you write an 800-word article for a woman's magazine?" asked his publicity director.

"Yes," said LaGuardia and called a stenographer. It was of course a speech rather than an article which he dictated. As he composed it he wandered round the room, gesticulating and waving his arms. At 6:30 o'clock he attacked a last batch of mail.

"Come on, let's go! Let's get a drink!" he said and seemed as fresh as in the morning.

And yet there are times, if rare, when he is unutterably weary. "This job has aged me," Mayor LaGuardia said at the end of his first term and when it seemed probable that he would actually continue a reform administration into a second four years. "Every year a man puts into this job takes five years off his life." LaGuardia has moments, also rare, of profound discouragement. Not long ago he said gloomily that a century hence he would be remembered, if at all, "only as a fat and unattractive little Mayor."

So to-day he is momentarily dismayed as he contemplates another fatiguing campaign for the mayoralty, his fourth, because he ran in 1929 and was defeated. All the old charges will be trotted out: that he has been too radical, that he has no party loyalty, that he has run for office on every ticket save the Communist, that he has been extravagant, that he is dictatorial.

"I haven't the same enthusiasm I had before," he told me at the end of that day at the summer City Hall. "I figure that this world is going to be in turmoil for fifty or a hundred years. There's work for me to do. If I'm not cleaning the streets of New York I'll be doing something else."

"But would you tolerate the return of Tammany Hall?" somebody asked.

"I don't know. I believe in the democratic process. If that's what the people want . . ."

But he loathes Tammany Hall of

course for its greed, stupidity, and the hypocritical pretense that it works for the good of the common man while actually it steals from him by waste, inefficiency, downright theft, and higher taxes. The Mayor's gloomy observations were made when election day was still more than two months away. His stubby little figure will be in the ring, as always, when the campaign grows warm. He will be putting on the best political show in contemporary America, even including that of President Roosevelt. He will be speaking in English, Yiddish, German, Italian, or Croatian. The political philosophy on which he will seek another term is as valid as it is unique, in any language: "To the victor belongs the responsibility for good government," he has insisted.

Mayor LaGuardia's gloomy observations on the strain of his job are not borne out by his appearance. His hair has a little gray in it, but has not thinned at all. His figure hasn't thinned either, but he is no more rotund, at least, than he was a decade ago. It would be a gross exaggeration to say that sitting by invitation in the President's Cabinet, as he now does by virtue of his civilian defense job, has brought any awesome dignity to LaGuardia. But it is true that the years in City Hall have smoothed him down. He yells and curses in private still, but the public outbursts are less frequent. He was solemnly upheld by formal court ruling on the occasion of his last serious one, some five years ago. "You bum!" he screamed at a chronic objector interfering with a Board of Estimate meeting, and then ordered the police to "throw him out if he opens his mouth again." The banished citizen sued for fifty thousand balm for his feelings, but the courts said that he had no case.

III

The biography of Fiorello LaGuardia has been written so often that it needs repetition only to correct certain misconceptions concerning him and to explain a few important characteristics in the man. He is of Italian descent, but is a native American. He was not brought up in the slums of New York or any other slums. It is correct, however, that he was born in New York City, on December 11, 1882. He was the son of Achille LaGuardia who had emigrated from Foggia, Italy, and who was a talented cornetist. His mother was Irene Coen Luzzatti, in whose veins flowed some Jewish blood—a fact of great significance to Hitler and his hirelings after LaGuardia, in 1934, began violent attacks on the Nazi regime.

"I never thought I had enough Jewish blood to boast about it," was the Mayor's shrewd comment when his mother's ancestry was first made public.

LaGuardia was brought up on the western prairies of Arizona, where his father served in the United States Army as a bandmaster; his point of view is far more national than had his environment been an Eastern metropolis. The second biographical point of significance is that Bandmaster LaGuardia, ordered to Tampa, Fla., in the Spanish-American war, died of tainted meat. From this tragedy, in part, grew the son's bitter hatred of graft and all other corruption.

Later, as a consular officer at Trieste and Fiume, and as an interpreter at Ellis Island, Fiorello's sympathy for the underdog grew as he watched the treatment of emigrants, often refused admission because of physical disabilities after having paid all their savings for passage. He got the ship companies to provide physical examination before taking the emigrants' money.

While at Ellis Island he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and ultimately won election to Congress. There he quickly earned a reputation for political irregularity, for hard and intelligent work, and for a liberal to left wing outlook on social questions.

A second tragedy in LaGuardia's life is also significant. He was married in 1919 to Thea Almerigotti. Next year a daughter was born. When a year old

the baby died of spinal meningitis and the mother, heartbroken, followed less than a year later. It was almost ten years before LaGuardia found happiness again. In 1929 he was married to Marie Fisher, who had been his secretary and who was a lady of such talent that Congressman LaGuardia had to engage three other girls to do her work. No children came of the union though, and in due course the LaGuardias adopted two: Jean, who is now about twelve, and Eric, who is eleven.

LaGuardia is deeply fond of children. On the plane the morning we flew to Washington was a small boy of six or seven who had been the house guest of Mayor and Mrs. LaGuardia at their summer home at Northport, L. I. LaGuardia sat in the front seat with the little boy and fussed constantly to see that his safety belt was fastened, that he could look out of the window, that he had a toy to play with. When we arrived the boy's father drove us to the Office of Civilian Defense. During the trip he turned to me. "Don't lend the Mayor any of your children," he warned. "We sent our boy up there for a week and he stayed six. Well, we're better off than last year anyway. Last year it was Labor Day before we got him back."

Nobody except the voters wanted LaGuardia for Mayor of New York in the summer of 1933. This writer chanced to have lunch with him that July. We talked politics of course and I asked who in his judgment would be elected Mayor in the fall.

"I will," he said. "You see," he continued as I looked incredulous, "I know the situation in Tammany. They're cutting each other's throats down there. They're going to lose this year. But nobody else realizes that. So the Republican Party will offer the nomination to everybody else and they'll all turn it down. Then they'll give it to me and I'll take it."

His reward for this perspicacity was election, after a bitter contest, and in the eight years since then LaGuardia has changed the face of New York. A New Yorker who had not seen his city since 1933 would hardly know the town. Bridges and highways have been built. Inefficient old street-car lines have been torn up and busses substituted. The dingy elevated railways are coming down. Schools, housing projects, swimming pools, playgrounds, and hospitals have been constructed. But even more important than these material changes have been the moral ones. LaGuardia disregarded politics. He surrounded himself with commissioners and other aides who are men of vigor, scrupulous honesty, and great talent. Typical of these are Robert Moses, who is in charge of the ever-expanding park program, and Comptroller Joseph McGoldrick, who was a professor at Columbia University.

The new order is reflected in the atmosphere at City Hall. A quiet courtesy prevails in sharp contrast to the days of Tammany when "Yeah? Waddaya-want?" was likely to be the greeting hurled at callers. To-day you are swiftly referred to the proper official. Telephone calls are answered with a pleasant, "City Hall—Good afternoon," and if the extension sought is busy the girl is likely to offer to call you back. To the new City Hall have come, from all over America, students of municipal government, for LaGuardia has built a laboratory where new methods are tried out. The students are welcomed. They are put to work as volunteers.

The eight years have not been perfect of course. Mayor LaGuardia has lost his temper too frequently. His relations with the newspaper men who cover City Hall have often been discordant. He has been intolerant of criticism on some occasions. He lost the services of one extremely talented aide, Alfred Rheinstein, chairman of the New York City Housing Authority, because Rheinstein dared to criticize the methods of the federal housing authorities. The Mayor, with an eye on additional housing loans, disavowed the criticism of his commissioner, who resigned in disgust.

Most of the Mayor's appointments have been excellent but there too he has slipped once in a while. Three or four years ago he selected an extremely incompetent lawyer for a minor judicial post. The man's unfitness was soon demonstrated and LaGuardia was asked how he could have done it.

He shrugged his shoulders. "When I make a mistake I make a beaut," he said.

LaGuardia will inevitably face criticism during the approaching mayoralty contest because he is taking so much time from his job in New York. His answer will be that the city is well organized now, that his commissioners are efficient and know their jobs. It is doubtful that he will continue as Director of the Office of Civilian Defense when its organization has been perfected. But that happy time, if it ever comes, is months away.

The suggestion will be made if he is reëlected, as it has often been made in the past, that he should run for the vice-presidency if not the presidency itself. LaGuardia would probably be willing enough, but he has few illusions. When his availability was suggested three years ago he dismissed the possibility.

"I couldn't get even a gallery seat to a convention of either of the parties, much less a nomination," he said.

His political judgment, as always, was almost certainly correct.

WINTER SUNSET

BY JOHN SCHAFFNER

NOW the red sun goes down into the mountains,
Leaving us without light in our troubled lands.
There are flames in the sky but they have no warmth for us
Who stand here alone in the night with empty hands.

We stand here waiting for the new to-morrow
And a new sun to make of this a greener earth.
Then little streams will thaw, there will be planting.
Now in the winter we should prepare for birth.

Now in the winter we will grow strong and rocklike,
And if the sun is late in its coming back
We will be marble, we will be granite, standing.
In a new ice age we'll not be the ones to crack.

Now that the sun has gone down behind the mountains
We stand alone against the empty sky
Like a few brief monuments to the first who dared
Face out the night after watching the last god die.

COMEDY ON THE PLAINS

A STORY

BY PAUL HORGAN

Old Mr. Binney said he was sitting on the front porch of the hotel, looking at the mud puddle between the two cottonwood trees across the street, when the troop of cavalry from Fort Stanton rode round the corner of Jaffa-Prager's store under the command of Lieutenant Pyne. He said this was in 1882. Said there were those three lieutenants at Fort Stanton in the Sierra Capitan, Pyne, Paddock, and Pershing, and he said they used to call them the Three Green P's. Pyne was the youngest and the greenest. Evidently the first thing West Point did with a graduate was send him to New Mexico to learn things suddenly.

Pyne rode up to the hotel porch and said good-afternoon to Clyde Binney, who answered him from his tipped chair, with a kindly feeling toward the young officer, who was older than he was himself, at that. Pyne was a long-legged boy on that mare which was red's a fox, and his face was burned to match. His hair was a brush of scorched yellow when he took off his flop-brimmed campaign hat. Summer was in, right. Binney liked his looks because Pyne was feeling foolish about something and not trying to hide it by being grand, the way some of those young officers usually did, feeling of their new mustaches.

"Are you Clyde Binney?"

"Uh-*huh!*"

"I thought so. My name's Pyne. I've got this troop of cavalry here."

"I see you have."

"That was a silly thing for me to say. But I wonder if you can help me."

"Very likely."

"Have you seen any Indians going by here?"

"Not since last week."

"No Mescaleros?"

"Not a single one. . . . You lose some?"

"No, but I got to find some quick or I'm set to be court-martialed."

"You don't say."

"Man at Picacho told me you'd be a mighty helpful citizen if I could *get* you to help."

Mr. Binney told Pyne that wasn't very difficult, just ask him.

"All right, here's what."

Pyne said he had been ordered to take this troop on a reconnaissance march from Fort Stanton, through Picacho, up Picacho Hill, and over the plains to Bosque Grande, keeping careful log of his movements, and observing any extraordinary conditions on the range. They were new troops and needed seasoning, and he was out to season them.

"Being an old-timer of course," said Binney.

"No, not really of course," answered Pyne with sober humility that made Binney feel a little ashamed.

Anyway, when Pyne got to Picacho Mr. Casey had stopped him on the road to tell about a band of Mescalero Apaches who had come through on a horse raid, driven off eight head, and headed down

the plain toward Roswell. There were about forty or forty-five of them. Some of them were drunk. All of them promised to be back for the rest when the horses were in from grazing on the long-grassed hills. Sixty years ago, Mr. Binney said, the hills were covered with grass as long as your waist. There weren't any goats then and few cows.

So Lieutenant Pyne got ambitious and decided to chase the Indians, bring them back, and report to his commanding officer Major Daly at Fort Stanton that he had apprehended and returned to their reservation a band of renegade and dangerous Indians. But he added that Mr. Binney could see how he must succeed in this purely personal undertaking or face court-martial for presuming to disobey orders. The Major was that type, he said.

So it seemed to be time for Binney to get over his nonsense and see what could be done. He was twenty-two then, and had grown up on the West Texas plains where his father was a cowboy. He'd slept in a house fewer times than otherwise. It just so happened therefore that he knew with his bones in a sort of inner memory the things that young Mr. Pyne, who was his elder by two years, was going to have to learn because the Army said so.

"If you could help me scout after those Mescaleros—" proposed Pyne.

"I believe I could. Get on down from your mare and we'll make some plans."

The troop dismounted at Pyne's command. They were fresh-looking soldiers, most of them clean-shaven, and their creased blue flannel shirts and dusty breeches with the broad yellow stripes down the side seams were well cut and thick filled. They had heavy sabers strapped to their saddles and short carbines reversed in leather scabbards. They had a foreign look to Binney, in the sun-filled single street of the town of Roswell in 1882; but you take a boy and rub enough dirt of one kind and another into him, right off the face of the earth, and 'tisn't long before you've got a man, a soldier. Mr. Binney said he could smile all he liked over the Three Green P's, but all of them came to something, one of them in particular, though 'twas some time later.

Sixty years ago Roswell was a *sight*, Mr. Binney was fond of remembering, with an old wit's scandalous complacency. Nine houses and that puddle between the two cottonwood trees after every time it rained. There were two wells in the place, a blacksmith shop—the first thing you heard riding toward Roswell from any of the plains directions was old Donohoe's anvil, a stinging music that came to represent home in a very short while. There was Captain Lea's adobe house and the store seventy-five feet south of it. The road to Lincoln and Fort Stanton straggled west from Captain Lea's front yard. Eastward lay the Pecos River, you could see the pink-and-blue bluffs from the edge of the porch of this hotel if you leaned out and looked. It was an Indian neighborhood, all right. The high sierras to the west were full of them. They went on seasonal sprees like the small violent rivers which flooded a few weeks every year, tearing out rock and root and, when they finally spilled from the mountain valleys, cutting the plains like a cake knife. On the highest hills of the valley during such Indian tempers the Mexican ranchers posted sentinels who watched the Indians come and gave warning to the *rancherias* in the path of rumpus.

Roswell had two little rivers then, much regular water. Willows grew by springs, and cattle trails got the habit of intersecting there. Mr. Binney remarked that it took sixty years to do it; but they made something out of the town with nine houses, a mud puddle, and an Indian scare now and then. He added that Mr. Pyne and his kind helped too of course. No need to belittle.

The point was that everybody in that little green spot between high mountains far to the west, and plains to the north and south, and the Pecos River below the Llano Estacado to the east, a wilderness of

space—everybody had to help everybody else in those days.

He said for Lieutenant Pyne to take his brand new billy-boys out aways and camp on Spring River and be ready to get going at two o'clock in the morning, not the whole troop, just the Lieutenant and two good men, and Clyde Binney would join them. They would need good horses because the pursuit might take a little time. There was only one way for the Apaches to go and that was east, over the Pecos and up Comanche Draw; because once they got on the Staked Plains they could spread out and, so far's Mr. Casey's horses were concerned, never be heard of again.

"We've got to catch them," repeated Mr. Pyne, and his Eastern brogue was just sort of *pitiful* to Mr. Binney, it sounded so honest when the man was in trouble.

"I'll meet you at two o'clock," said Binney. "You go on and camp now."

He watched the troop swing up and ride off at a slow trot. The light was falling golden and shallow on the little street and the deep puddle. It came in shafts through the cottonwoods whose leaves looked wet and tremulous in the sundown flood. There was a youthful music from the leather, the sabers, the hooves, the whistling of the troopers riding at ease toward the willowy banks of North Spring River.

Mr. Binney said he wasn't so old but what he could recall the fine sight they made, but he couldn't say, for he didn't rightly know it, but it was true, that the sight of soldiers in a troop turned his heart over.

He said he was a wild-looking sort of a cuss then himself. His hair'd been black and his face as dark as a piñon, but he had light-blue eyes. He always was skinny, but sufficient, sufficient.

At one o'clock in the morning the stars were bright in their myriads. It was a July night, ever so fresh with gentle volumes of cool air off the south plains. Not a wind enough to make the cottonwoods talk softly. The stars made tiny pins of sparkle on the varnished green mirrors of cottonwood leaves. Mr. Binney said the first thing he did was go to the round corral opposite Captain Lea's house—about where the Court House is now, he said—and fetch his horse, Dandy, leading him with a halter to the hotel where he'd stored his saddle and bridle. He was readied up in no time and turned to walk Dandy through the sleeping village toward North Spring River where the cavalry were encamped. He heard their horses first, munching the grass by the picket line and stomping lazily now and then. He could see by the starlight. He saw the sentry waiting to challenge him at the left of the path that led to the river. He dismounted a few yards off so's not to wake up anybody. The soldiers were sleeping on the field, every which way. It was so warm most of them hadn't even unrolled their packs. It looked in the starlight as much like a field after a battle as before one—those flung limbs and bellies bare to the sky. Mr. Binney thought there was a good chance of danger coming up. He had a word with the sentry and dropped Dandy's reins and stepped cagily through the sleepers looking for Pyne, who was by the river's very edge.

Pyne was sleeping deeply, which pleased Mr. Binney, since it meant the young man wasn't unduly nervous about it all. But he woke up quickly, saying, "Yes, of course," and got up and buttoned his shirt and his breeches, taking a deep breath, and remarking what a fine night it was. He went to call the two men he'd picked for the trip, and sent them to saddle three horses. They all moved quietly, but they never could have kept the camp down. One by one, the men awoke. There was excitement up among them. They all wanted to go. They stretched and yawned and rubbed their fronts and were wide awake, and got the cook to make a huge pot of coffee. Firelight came up near the willows, and kindling cracked as if eager, and that's how they all felt.

"You don't think we should take along more men?" Pyne asked.

"Four's enough if we catch them at all," Mr. Binney replied. "A troop'd mean a battle. We're going to have to manage it some other way. . . . Hell, you never *saw* an Indian, did you?"

Pyne said no, not *that* way anyway.

The soldiers had heard about a scout who was coming to he'p the Lieutenant, and it wasn't anybody but that long ol' kid from the hotel porch that afternoon. But listen how he talked to the Lieutenant, they marvelled, and decided that *every*thing was about right if *any* of it was. The whole troop drank coffee and talked about what would happen if the Lieutenant and the others never came back, wait till Major Daly heard about this; and the fire died down, the stars reigned again, some of the men talked through chattering teeth, not from cold but from excitement and vague desire, and the Lieutenant and the two soldiers and the cowboy rode off into the willow shadows to the east on the near bank of North Spring River.

Mr. Binney said it was about sunrise when they came to Comanche Draw. The Pecos bluff was facing them with cool blue shadow and the sun was coming up behind it. The sunlight was white. It was going to be a scorcher. Ahead of them the river ran a shallow and narrow stream of red water in a wide bed of pale-red mud, dried in the shape of old floods.

Here's where they crossed, somewhereabouts, Mr. Binney said, and told Pyne with one soldier to look for tracks to the right, while he and the other boy went to the left. They rode down the bank aways and back, and found nothing, and met Pyne coming this way too. Pyne said they saw nothing like an Indian crossing.

"Did you look there where the salt cedars are thick to the edge, and the water rakes by this bank, there, see where I mean?"

"Yes."

"Did you ford and look at the other side?"

"No."

"Let's go."

They went to the place, and Mr. Binney led them through the brake of plumy cedar.

He said it was clear's your face, and showed the cavalry how the branches in the interior of the thicket were opened back, and how the bank where the water was deepest showed hardly any tracks, just a few freshly broken miniature cliffs of mud at the edge; and how after they forded the red water the dried islands of mud on the other side were clear of hoof pocks; but if they would notice, the river course came back to this *other* side now in a shallow curve, and here sure enough were little broken places leading out of the water itself up the bushy rise beyond. The Indians had simply forded the river, not *across* but *with* the stream, till it touched the far bank; and then up and gone.

Mr. Binney said Pyne was a noble young gentleman for one who was caught out a fool. He just turned to the two soldiers and said he'd whup the you-know-what out of them if they ever so much's breathed this story to the troop. But *he* knew they'd tell, and *they* knew he wouldn't whup. It was just a way of everybody having the same joke without embarrassment.

So they went on up the bluffs, through Comanche Draw. When they reached the top of the rise they were up the first of the three wide steps that led to the Staked Plains seventy miles eastward. The next step was twelve miles off; it was called Mesa del Diablo. Between here and there were many sloping rises and falls; but from a distance all looked flat. The four horsemen paused to stare at the early morning land. It was a fried and freckled sight. They looked back toward the village of Roswell and rested their eyes with the little courses of green trees that followed the streams back there. Mr. Binney said they didn't see anything at all when they set out again to the east for over an hour. The sun seemed to be getting on up faster than

usual, though of course that was not really so. But he meant that it heated up in a hurry. By eight o'clock they were sweating. They kept their eyes squinted under their hat brims.

Now the distance they could see was so great that in an odd way it made it hard to recognize what they looked at. A bush standing alone seemed for a long time to be an adobe hut, though they knew there weren't any dwellings out here. Then suddenly, when the distance was made back to man's scale, you might say, they saw that it was only a big bush boxed by shadow. So for a long time (as that day went in the *seemings* of time) they watched a funny sort of spot far ahead that seemed to be a ray of light hitting the horizon, as if from among little clouds. But overhead there were no clouds. The sky was sun-whitened blue, and it felt and looked like one of those concave-mirror reflectors behind the chimney of a kerosene lamp; for it seemed to double the sun and make it brighter and hotter.

Mr. Binney suddenly asked the Lieutenant what it was they were all staring at as they jogged on.

"I think it is a mirage," replied Mr. Pyne, with what sounded like plains craft.

"It is a little tail of dust, that's what it is. On a still morning like this it'll hang there for a long time nor seem to move. We've found them. Now we'll keep them in sight."

"Gallop around and catch them from the side?" inquired Pyne.

Mr. Binney said if they did that their horses wouldn't be any good for work when needed. He said they would take up a slow, cantering gait and just maintain it. Hold it easy. They'd know fast enough when to come on in when the Indians sighted them. It would show. If the Indians disappeared off the face of the earth it meant they would be down in one of the sink-holes a mile or so this side of the Mesa del Diablo. The pursuit could catch up with them there.

"How do you *know?*" asked Mr. Pyne, with irritation caused by the heat of the day.

"The cattle trail from the east on which I grew up from a boy is all to hell and gone over this prairie, Mr. Pyne. That's how I know. And I know more than that. I know that if a drunken Indian gets sober he don't know, like we do, that a hangover comes from what he drank. He thinks it is something talking to him inside and scolding him. He'll try to kill it by killing someone else if he ain't touched just right; but if he *is*, then all you got to take care of is the son-of-a-gun's *honor*."

"*Honor?*"

"Shoot! Indian's got *lots* of it. . . . You better canter, Mr. Pyne."

For Pyne's red mare, Mr. Binney remembered, wouldn't keep the steady rocking gait the other three held; instead, it was trotting angrily, perversely, trying to break the pace every few steps, and giving the young officer a local job to take care of when he was supposed to be trained on the horizon. Pyne's new pants rippled and gathered up his leg. His gaiters rubbed and before the morning was over his skin was raw. Mr. Binney saw faint stains of blood seeping through the tailored cloth. The poor kid, he would think, but there was nothing to do or say about it; and Pyne never lost his dignity as ranking officer of the expedition. Mr. Binney said he must've been hellish uncomfortable.

By mid-morning the heat was like something felt through glass. July was mostly this way, china-blue sky, white sun, brittle grass, and sandy dust. Anywhere they turned there wasn't a scrap of shade even to *look* at, much less to get under. As he said, changes in the heat-wavery distance just suddenly seemed to *be* even as you watched. Suddenly the dust beam was gone. The Indians had vanished.

"They've seen us."

"Now let's get at them," said Pyne.

Instead, Mr. Binney reined up. They all stopped. He said he believed the

Indians were in the basins. Fifty feet from them, if you didn't look properly, you'd miss them. It was very clever of them to disappear so. The thing for us to do, Mr. Binney said, was go on riding right along as if nothing in the world was up but a pleasure jaunt, and not "see" a thing, not even a prairie dog, let alone forty-three Indians and eight extra horses, but just ride by, never having heard of any sink-holes around here; and then when they were rightly opposite the first hole, wheel smartly, dismount, and cover the hole with their carbines. They could then do business. Of course there was a chance that he was wrong about all this, and the Indians might not be there or anywhere else; but it was what they'd have to try to find out.

Nothing was any different when they got there at last. Perfectly silent. Hot. Sunlight pouring down. Mr. Binney said they made the maneuver according to the ticket and were lying four besiders with their heads down and their eyes up. They stayed there like that for a full hour.

Nothing. The sun went over an hour's worth. That was all. Mr. Pyne finally looked at Mr. Binney with meaning.

Binney said he was almost convinced, as Pyne was, that they were wooing an empty hope. But he held on, knowing that Indians used time the way animals did; there was no hurry when something had to be done; and when it was time to do *nothing*, why, all day wasn't too long.

So he held on, and sure enough, after a while he saw a little bush growing up over the edge of the sink-hole. He silently pointed to it, and Mr. Pyne's mingled reassurance and dismay were something to see, according to Mr. Binney years afterward. The bush grew feathers, and had the rare property of being able to disappear below the miniature horizon.

Now the silence grew alive and even seemed to be charged with a sort of comic speculation. It was clear then that both Indians and soldiers knew about each other. It was peculiar what a difference that made in how everything felt.

They knew what they were after, and Mr. Binney told Mr. Pyne he was going forward alone, on the chance that a friendly parley might be managed. If it didn't work then the soldiers would know what to do well enough.

He said he went right out then, walking at a crouch, but not especially trying to inch along on his belly. Right then, he declared, was when his hat didn't seem to want to stay on, and he heard the arrow whistle that took it off. He said he didn't know who was the more scared, himself or the Indian just over the lip of the sink-hole on whom he flung himself in a dive, spread, he said, like a flying squirrel. He said he ended up like a got-durned statue, with his foot actually on the Indian's breast, and his Colt's revolver covering the others in the basin. His heart was going rubadub-dub, and he didn't dare turn. But Pyne and the two soldiers appeared behind him, to judge by their voices, and at that, Mr. Binney let his foot off the Indian and began to back up until he was with the others, and their guns had charge.

"That's them all right, isn't it," said Pyne with excitement.

The Indians were all in the basin. They were just simply *pitiful*, Mr. Binney remembered, like a whole flock of moth-eaten old hawks, not doing anything. Nobody said anything, they just looked at each other, the stolen horses were there in the middle, and the Indians' own horses were scattered through the crowd. One of them was up in front near Mr. Binney. It had a rifle in a leather scabbard finished with beads and fringe. After a long time in silence, during which nothing was really settled, just two kinds of people facing each other, Mr. Binney went carefully down to the Indian horse and made motions to indicate that he was going to begin disarming the whole party, under cover of the guns of the United States Cavalry standing on the rim of the sink-hole.

Everybody watched him, the Indians in breathless quiet. He grasped the wooden stock of the rifle with a symbolical flourish, and gave it a yank.

Mr. Binney said the stock came away in his hand, and that's all there was to it. No barrel. Just a old butt, nothing else. The beaded and fringed scabbard was a hollow mockery, he said.

You never know what will save the day, he said. As it turned out he did the very thing, and began to laugh at how he'd been fooled. He threw the old rifle butt into the air and laughed fit to be tied, and the Indians began to laugh too. They rocked on their squats like hawks on a fence post, and clawed one another, and pointed, and flapped their elbows hilariously like plucked wings. Laughing till he cried, Mr. Binney went through the crowd and got all their guns. They only had five. But he took their arrows too, about a dozen, from the care of two young men. Under the cover of high comedy on the plains, he disarmed the horde, and because they were laughing merrily, their honor did not seem in any way touched. If the whole *thing* was a joke, nobody minded surrendering.

But getting them to give up, and come on and climb out of the sink-hole was the hardest part of the whole struggle. He said it took the best part of the afternoon. They had all the horses tied one to another on lariat leads, and the guns emptied and strapped to the soldiers' saddles. The laughing couldn't go on forever. Lieutenant Pyne was relieved as a boy at making this capture. Mr. Binney said it was all he could do to keep Pyne from going down and nudging the Indians up top with the nozzle of his revolver, which would've made real trouble.

But one by one the Indians came on up. They all had little devices to keep their dignity. One of them would come up laughing as if he had just thought of going back to town. Another would come a-daintyin', said Mr. Binney, as if thinking about something else. And another's solemn's a judge, frowning while he came along.

The next one would be picking at his hair, as if "Would these things *never* get all picked out," and so on, and so on. The Indian coming up had to be finished and done, and standing among the guarded captives before the *next* one down there, whichever he was, would consider moving. No two ever started at once. They must have had some signal. Without exception, they all enacted the fiction of leaving under their own perfectly free will. So much honor took until sundown, nearly, before they were all up and the expedition was ready to move back to make the reputation of one of the Three Green P's.

Mr. Binney said they marched as long as they had daylight and then they camped, keeping two on guard all night in alternate details. At dawn they started again, and now nobody would look at anybody else, among the Mescaleros. A soldier led the way, another one and Mr. Binney flanked the party, and at the rear, a conqueror, safely returning to what might otherwise have been court-martial, was Lieutenant Pyne. They walked their horses for better control of the Indian band. They got in late that afternoon, and from there on, with the whole cavalry troop to mount guard, the rest of it was easy.

The next morning the troop started west toward the mountains. But before they went, Lieutenant Pyne came by the Hotel to see Clyde Binney, who was now of no further use to the expedition. Mr. Pyne had a flat japanned tin box fitted with a padlock in his saddle bag. He said to Mr. Binney that he was very grateful indeed for what he had done, and Mr. Binney knew what it had meant to him personally in his professional career. Said this was troop money in this black japanned box with the gold lines painted on it, and he was pleased now to hand Mr. Binney fifty dollars, the pay for scout services to the United States Government being twenty-five dollars a day.

Mr. Binney said that was one thing he had not known before. He shook hands with Mr. Pyne, and said if he'd knowed it it would've been hard just to *say* how long it'd've taken at that rate to catch up with those sobered and sorry Indians.

LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

Editor, 1931–1941

LEE FOSTER HARTMAN, editor of *Harper's Magazine* since 1931, died early in the morning of September 23, 1941, at the age of sixty-one.

Born at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on October 2, 1879, Mr. Hartman was graduated in 1901 from Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut (which bestowed on him in 1936 the honorary degree of Master of Arts); and after brief connections with the New York *Journal* and the *Associated Sunday Magazines*, joined the editorial staff of Harper & Brothers in 1904, thus beginning an uninterrupted term of service with the Harper firm which lasted nearly thirty-eight years. His editorial association with *Harper's Magazine* itself began in 1908; in 1918 he became associate editor, and in 1931, on the retirement of Thomas Bucklin Wells, he succeeded to the editorship. This position he held until his death. He was also a director of Harper & Brothers and since 1935 had been a vice-president of the corporation.

He was the fifth editor of *Harper's Magazine* during its ninety-one years, following Henry J. Raymond (1850–56), Alfred H. Guernsey (1856–63), Henry Mills Alden (1863–1919), and Thomas Bucklin Wells (1919–31).

Devoted to the principle that *Harper's Magazine* was not only a periodical but an American institution, that it must maintain unerringly the distinguished standard and the inner integrity which had won it its great repute, Mr. Hartman not only carried it successfully through the difficult years of depression, but enhanced its position in the publishing world. Friendly, compassionate, and—in the finest sense of the word—civilized, he brought to his task a sure taste and a steady wisdom. The Magazine as it has been built up during the past ten years is his monument.

THE FAILURE OF PROPAGANDA

AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

BY D. A. SAUNDERS

THE Senate Military Affairs Committee nodded approvingly as it listened to Brigadier General John F. Williams, chief of the National Guard Bureau in Washington. General Williams was telling the Senators that "the National Guard is ready and willing to stay in service" as requested by President Roosevelt. A fine group of sturdy young Americans; glad of the opportunity to serve their country, no doubt.

But when the olive-drab convoys of the 44th Division roared through Fredericksburg, Maryland, notes were dropped from the speeding trucks which read: "One year's enough. Send this to your newspaper. Who the hell is General Williams to say the National Guard wouldn't mind staying another year? No one I know was asked. Why not take a vote among the National Guard?" A corporal in the same division said, "If we are required to stay in longer than a year we'll be getting a dirty double-cross. Why didn't they tell us we would be in longer than a year at the beginning? I quit my job in October to volunteer for a year's service and get it over with so that I might get married. Now they want me to stay longer."

Was this episode representative of the spirit of our Army as a whole, or was it a special case? Here is the answer of a young draftee in Georgia, himself wholly convinced of the need for militant action by the democracies, whose civilian work consisted of measuring and influencing morale and public opinion: "This Army of ours? Slightly brass-hatty, as are all armies. Officers grand men but not adequately trained, being of the reserve with only a three months' refresher at Camp Benning before coming here. Soldiers now getting acclimated, beef a lot (some seriously), still don't know why they're here, uninterested in what is happening, have profound disrespect for every utterance of Roosevelt's. I can only repeat what I repeated before I ever went in: that without political training the Army will fall far short of the fighting force it could be."

This state of affairs reflects ominously upon American civilian morale, which our new civilian Army shares. The bulk of our people believe in total defense—but defense seems to consist of bills passed in Washington and sacrifices to be made by somebody else. All the polls show that we believe in all-out aid to Britain—but *how hard* do we believe in it? We accept the draft and want the training to be rapid and efficient, but it is obvious that the great majority of draftees accept their task with reluctant resignation. A draft-board member, after spending an afternoon interviewing registrants, summed up their attitude: "A few are sullen, a few are evasive and obviously trying to manufacture acceptable excuses for deferment, a few are eager (usually because they are jobless and desperate), but the majority face it just about as

they'd face a trip to the operating table: as something that's got to be done with whatever cheerfulness they can muster, because it has been decreed by a mysterious and implacable fate. And who can blame them, when as they walk from the Armory to the railroad station on induction day, in a straggling double line, the crowds on the sidewalks give them only a half-embarrassed glance and perhaps, now and then, a word or two of friendly raillery, almost as if they were off to a convict camp? And when their friends at home regard them with such a lack-luster eye that they don't want to go home in uniform, feeling that they will be more acceptable in civilian clothes?"

The newsreels show an uninterrupted round of guns, planes, ships, and tanks, always accompanied by commentators dripping with enthusiasm, yet the applause is seldom more than perfunctory. Only when isolationist speakers get sharp minority applause does the majority occasionally rouse itself from its lethargy long enough to express pointed disagreement. Our minds say that this is a crisis requiring brave action, but our hearts aren't in it.

The evidence given here could be multiplied a hundredfold; and it means that our propaganda has failed. It has failed to accomplish the primary aim of any nation's propaganda, which is to provide a clear understanding both of the struggles of the nation and of the aims in view, and a fervent desire to help achieve those aims. The failure has thus far been so complete that we have little hope of accomplishing our propaganda's secondary and less important aim—that of winning the support of neutrals and of sowing doubt and indecision among the enemy.

This failure of our own propaganda in the present World War would already have been catastrophic but for the fact that *everyone's* propaganda appears to have failed. That is one of the most striking facts about the war to date. The peoples of Europe who are up to their necks in war to-day seem united in a common apathy, a common passive acceptance of the struggle which means life or death to them. Of a sense of duty there is plenty, but duty is a passive attitude. In 1914 in the few brief days after the outbreak of war but before Britain had entered, French and German waiters savagely fought one another in the streets of London; does such a spirit exist to-day? History fails to reveal one major European statesman who wanted war in 1914. Yet they led their countries into war because of the pressure of powerful ultra-nationalist political groups who would have replaced them in a moment had they hesitated. Every commentator remarks upon the universal superpatriotism then; where is it now?

Too few persons have realized the serious shortcomings of both British and German morale to-day. Travelers invariably praise the stolid determination, the capacity to take it, of the people of cities like London. But the praise is proof of the weakness; for although men may dutifully do all that is humanly possible, to-day calls for superhuman deeds. For eight months Britons joked about the "sitzkrieg," and only when the war burst upon them did they find the desperate courage of self-preservation. When Londoners don their brightest ties and newest hats the morning after the worst raid of the war is it a symbol of strength or a pitiful attempt to pretend that there is really no war after all? Similarly revealing was André Maurois' rueful remark about France: "What the government, the general staff, and the people lacked most of all was imagination."

A similar apathy has been frequently noted among the German civilian populace. Richard Boyer, who revisited the Reich in June, 1940, at the victorious conclusion of the French campaign, reported in amazement the "dread listlessness" he found everywhere. Munich, despite its decorations, was "unmistakably sad, quiet, and dreary." The broadcasts of the Munich Opera Festival,

which coincided with the Norwegian campaign, were discontinued because, it is said, of protests at the practice of interrupting the opera to give special victory bulletins. William L. Shirer in his book *Berlin Diary* describes the lack of resiliency or enthusiasm in the average German's dutiful, see-it-through attitude toward the war. And late this summer Stephen Laird, Berlin correspondent of *Time*, reported the same thing: "Nothing seems to move the German people to spontaneous enthusiasm for the war. The newspapers carry screaming headlines of smashing German victories here or there and the German people take it with a 'so what?' attitude. British planes come over to raid and the German people go into air-raid shelters until the show is over. They show neither signs of terror nor anger—just a great indifference."

Many people even seem to have forgotten that the first duty of a nation's propaganda is to its own people. Propaganda is usually discussed only as a way to weaken the enemy and win neutral support. We are warned of the danger of Nazi propaganda in Britain and America, but it would be far more dangerous if Nazi propaganda were truly effective in Germany. Both British and German propaganda successes in this war have been primarily abroad rather than at home. Britain has gained valuable moral and material support from neutrals, while Germany has proved frighteningly adept at division, bribery, and corruption inside nations marked for military conquest. But among the civilian populace at home, when reckoned in terms of achieving the last possible measure of enthusiastic, selfless, almost fanatic support, both have failed.

II

The reason for this failure can be deduced from the simple remark of a draftee on leave from a Southern camp: "Well, I suppose that the worst thing that could happen now would be that the war would stop. I'd certainly hate to go back to the situation I was in in New York, with no prospect of anything happening that would break things up and give a fellow a chance of a better deal."

This draftee, and other countless millions of ordinary human beings, are groping for the one thing that can unlock their potential energies—the vision of a Brave New World. These millions will flame with enthusiasm only at the prospect of a world to be built, of things to be achieved, not merely retained. Twice in the past one hundred and fifty years—in the French and Russian Revolutions—plain humanity has seen visions of a new day, and twice has accomplished historical miracles. Both revolutions were born without resources in an implacably hostile world. Swift disintegration and defeat was all that cool, analytical heads could (and did) predict for both. Yet the raw peasant levies of France and the ragged Bolshevik bands, operating from bases in complete economic and political confusion, stood off every military, social, and propaganda resource which that hostile world was able to marshal against them. Their survival was due to the greatest secret weapon: the all-out support of countless humble people in pursuit of a dream, which is the chief ingredient of a miracle.

Both sides in this World War are fighting a "defensive" war in the propaganda sense. Hitler proclaims that Germany was being "strangled," "encircled," by the British Empire; Britain warns that Nazism threatens liberty, the sacred rights of the individual, "our way of life." Both these are *conservative* appeals, which seek to *prevent* something from happening. Neither clutches at the real driving idea—a vision of the Shape of Things to Come.

Britain and Germany, it is true, have each uncovered one concept with some of the trappings of a vision of to-morrow. Germany's contribution has been the "New Order," which suffered from two fatal defects: the intentionally nebulous

and mystical manner in which it is presented; and the germ of death in all Nazism, its applicability only to the German "master-race." Britain's vision has not only been unofficial, but has been denounced officially where it has been mentioned at all. It is the shy rumor that somehow, somewhere, a socialist Britain would grow out of the war. (This idea, instead of welling up from below, seems to have fallen like gentle rain from heartsick Tories who, estimating their taxes and the social movements unleashed by the war, decided that Toryism was a gone goose in England and concluded with characteristic directness that anything that killed it must be socialism.)

Immediately some of the best stalwarts of Britain (like Geoffrey Crowther and Sir Walter Citrine) and the United States (like Wendell Willkie) rushed forth to assure us that this socialism talk was all nonsense, that while a corner might be cut here and a bit trimmed yonder, Business as Usual would go on after victory. It may be objected that Americans would not approve of British socialism. Perhaps not. But socialism seems to be one of the few propaganda concepts able to generate mass energy without the deadly by-product of suspicion of a vested interest. And we Americans might well applaud a British aim which we are not prepared to adopt ourselves—just as we should applaud the freeing of India without at once sitting down to relinquish Puerto Rico.

"The need for national unity in the crisis" is the reason usually given for not advancing an outline of things to come, in the fear that someone's toes will be trod upon. Undoubtedly they would be, but in the case of Britain the release of the untold energies of a substantial majority of the people is worth every prize bunion in the Empire. The only alternative is a nation united in dutiful apathy.

There are two main reasons why neither Britain nor Germany has seen fit to unleash the tremendous power inherent in the idea of a new and better world, and the first involves the question of what Britain and Germany *are* fighting for. The answer should be obvious—all kinds of Britons and all kinds of Germans are fighting for all kinds of reasons. Herr Flick of the German Steel Trust is fighting in the hope that the German Empire resulting from victory will allow him to convert the Nazi promissory notes stuffing his safes into profits and practical advantages; Lord Leverhulme is fighting to maintain his great soap trust. Lord Halifax and Ernest Bevin both pay tribute to freedom and democracy, but the words don't mean the same things to both. Thousands of John Smiths and Hans Schmidts are fighting in the fear that while things are tough and will get tougher, defeat would mean disaster to their homes and children; and other thousands of Bill Joneses and Klaus Schroeders are probably fighting because state and social pressures make it the easiest thing to do under the circumstances. But none seems caught in the grip of a great ideal.

The second reason for the hesitancy to utilize a vision of the future can be found in the leaders of both nations who, like all leaders from time immemorial, are jealous of their positions. (Britain's Conservatives are no more an exception to this rule than Germany's Nazis.) The effective use of a vision of a better world involves a potential threat to them, because millions will take them in dead earnest. Thus a mortgage is placed against the future, and the breaking of such promises can undermine their whole social position. Hence the usual rule-of-thumb procedure seems to be to try all the traditional methods first, with as little risk as possible, before even considering the more "dangerous" ones.

Why doesn't someone sit down and lay out a plan for Utopia? *Because this cannot be an artificial scheme in any sense; it must be a reality.* Hard and fast promises have to be made, not "semi-officially" or in "influential quarters," but with every ounce of earnestness and authority that

can be mustered. They must be carried to the people as often as appeals to buy war bonds or to save scrap metal. They must be specific and detailed, and, in the twentieth century, they must be supernational, offering as much promise to the rest of the world as to the nation which issues them. And they must be flexible, to allow future revision at the behest of other peoples, enemy, neutral, or ally.

The final and most vital question is that of good faith. The Second World War began hardly two decades after the end of the First World War, and instinctively we judge to-day's events by comparing them with 1914–1918. The first war had President Wilson's Fourteen Points, whose effect upon the peoples of both the Allies and the Central Powers—both in arousing their hopes and then, after it was betrayed, in disillusioning them—cannot be overestimated. The failure to follow Wilson's Fourteen Points makes it essential that the plan not only be more specific and detailed, but also that *preliminary steps toward its realization be taken now wherever they are even remotely possible.*

(The fatal flaws in the Federal Union plan are a lack of official sponsorship, a general vagueness as to details, and a disconcerting tendency to step lightly over controversial points involving entrenched interests. There must be a willingness to strike out boldly in touchy spots.)

Specifically, does the British war aim involve complete independence for India and any other part of the Empire that wants it, or does it not? Does it or does it not involve curbing the power of Britain's aristocracy of title and wealth? Does it or does it not involve drastic revision of Britain's system of production and distribution wherever socially desirable? What, concretely, does it mean in terms of housing and wages and education and social security? Does it mean that Britain will surrender any measure of sovereignty necessary to achieve a stable international order? Will it allow for full and equal participation by the German and Italian and French and Polish and Czech and all the other peoples whether in or out of the war? And finally, will it sacrifice whatever is necessary to secure the one characteristic of all Utopias in history—peace?

The points just listed are only a few, without even mentioning their organization into an interrelated whole. Yet straightforward and unconditionally affirmative answers to even those few queries could provide fuel for the most powerful propaganda engine ever built. There is no question of the exhilaration which they would produce alike among subject, ally, and friend; the only question is the extent to which the Axis powers on the defensive would be able to delay the moral disintegration of their subject peoples both at home and abroad.

III

The welfare of America being rightly the first concern of all Americans, we must wake up to the fact that our own propaganda is treading the same weary road, repeating in detail every British mistake. Our own propaganda too has considered the war wholly in "defensive" terms. Every step toward war has been made with the contention that this is the only possible way to keep out. America's entire relation to the war has been discussed in terms of the most calculating self-interest; the chief arguments seem to have been whether Germany will be a military threat to America if she wins or whether the Nazis will be able to cut in on our South American trade.

The very phrases that have been used —"the preservation of our way of life," "the dignity of the individual," "the threat to our democracy"—are *conservative* phrases, referring to things we already have rather than things we mean to achieve. President Roosevelt reiterates that we do not appreciate the full gravity of the situation; we cannot as long as our propaganda is based upon Hitler's threat to our business interests—interests that are remote indeed from the average man.

When Secretary Hull describes Axis maneuvers as "encirclement" of the United States has he forgotten that Hitler has tried this propaganda method and found it wanting? Former Ambassador Bullitt warns us that we may soon become the last stronghold of freedom on earth; can't somebody find two or three trifling freedoms we do not have now that we could fight for?

These aims are conservative aims, and when advanced (as they frequently are) by conservative men they do not have the millionth chance of serving as a real source of inspiration. The many private agencies striving to "awake America" reveal the same inadequacies. Appeals for the defense of democracy (note that word "defense") are made in terms of things as they are. Labor is warned that it will *lose* the privileges it has if the Axis dominates the world; minorities are urged to sacrifice because Hitler *threatens* their freedom; and all of us are continually pounded with the *danger* which the Axis represents to our civil rights. The incalculable value of these priceless possessions is granted. But would not all of us be far more inspired at the prospect of achieving something still better?

Some of the most ambitious of the private "awake America" campaigns have run into similar difficulties. The *March of Time's* full-length film "The Ramparts We Watch" was seen by millions of people, and from a commercial standpoint was no doubt a success. Its main purpose, however, was to shock Americans into a sense of added responsibility in the current crisis, and there it could not hope to succeed. Why? Because it tried to create that sense of responsibility by describing the last war as a just and high-minded struggle. The First World War may have been all of that, but twenty years of disillusionment plus considerable evidence to the contrary have left a residue of doubt that cannot be dissolved so simply. Napoleon is said to have been able to "call the hill and the wood and the plain to him and make them do his bidding," and the astute propagandist would have approached the question of the First World War in the same spirit. He would have recognized the general deep suspicion prevailing in America about the last war, and would have reasoned correctly that the common man's worry about the present struggle is based on the fear that he is "being taken in just like last time." Therefore the skillful propagandist would have *granted* (rightly or wrongly) the mundane character of the last war—and set out with every resource and argument at his command to prove how this war *differs* from the last one, not how it is the same. In order to show the issues at stake in this struggle it isn't necessary to prove that every previous war in history was a pure-hearted crusade.

In another important respect "The Ramparts We Watch" partook of the generally defensive mentality which has hamstrung democratic propaganda. After several alterations the film was given wide distribution with the final scenes taken from one of the German blitzkrieg pictures. Whether or not it is wise to call attention to the vast resources of an enemy, such an ending merely emphasizes again the things that one is fighting against, not the things that one is fighting for.

Of all the arts propaganda, the art of persuading others, is the most closely and inextricably tied to the social scene in which it is born. It is the failure to understand the things which propaganda cannot do, plus a sense of awe at its mysterious triumphs, which has given rise to the current public suspicion of and concern over propaganda. To illustrate propaganda's earth-bound nature, one writer observed that anyone who could write a great epic poem about Ex-Lax would certainly make a fortune. For such a poem, portraying the collective pain of mankind alleviated by the beneficent miracle of Ex-Lax, the manufacturers of Ex-Lax would presumably be willing to pay almost any sum. Ready money would be found for radio and

movie rights, and lucrative contracts would await the lucky writer's future output. But that great epic poem will never be written because it cannot be. The words could not be forced from the pen of the greatest writer who ever lived, by any threat of punishment or prospect of reward, because words are social creatures like people, and cannot be commanded beyond their social limits.

Democratic propaganda can be effective only if it fits with the current situation—the current perilous situation—in which democracy finds itself. To be effective it must dovetail not only with the military, political, and social realities of to-day, but also with probable developments of to-morrow.

The first reality of to-day is the war, and the first reality of the war is the current military advantage enjoyed by the Axis. This advantage is due both to years of painstaking preparation for war and to other important factors. One is the central geographical position of the Axis on the European continent, with attendant interior lines of communication. Another is the placement of German airdromes, which makes both Britain and Russia more vulnerable from the air than Germany. Yet another is the nearness of Axis raw materials to their points of utilization. The sum of these and others not mentioned, when translated in terms of trained men and equipment, has given the Axis the military momentum for its many victories.

The Axis leaders are trying desperately to convert this momentum into an early victory—or, in propaganda terms, a "conservative" victory won with a minimum of psychological and social commitments to their people. Indeed that is the only kind of victory they can even hope to win. For it is ludicrously impossible for them to play the part of liberators. How can they, when the Axis countries either are at war with or have occupied every nation in Europe except Sweden, Spain, and Portugal, and those three are more or less willing Axis vassals?

The nations fighting the Axis, on the other hand, are in exactly the opposite position. They may or may not be able to win a conservative victory. But they *can* win if they unlock the incalculable energies of their peoples with a vision that will be more heartening than a great triumph, more dangerous to the enemy than a military disaster. That vision is one weapon which Germany will not use, because she cannot.

For the plain people of America this visionary plan must assure the end of the precarious life. Obviously this includes social security, as well as unlimited opportunities for education and employment for everyone. But it must mean something more. It must mean also the chance to play a conscious part in rebuilding America and the entire world, which alone will produce the enthusiasm, the devotion, the same inspiring sense of participation in lofty enterprise that made the Abolitionist movement irresistible.

Once upon a time we could afford to look upon these things as schemes to be argued pro and con, luxuries that would be nice to have if they didn't involve stepping on so many toes. To-day we dare not. We need the mighty energy which the promise of a new to-morrow would call forth, because it alone will allow us to accomplish things which seem impossible, sustain us through any adversity, and provide the certainty of success.

IV

It is seldom the privilege of an author to have his thesis tested personally by the two greatest democratic statesmen. Yet the dramatic high-seas meeting of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill, culminating in the announcement of the widely heralded eight points "on which they base their hopes for a better future for the world," amounted to just that. The conference may have brought about valuable strategic understandings, but as a source of inspiration it was a dismal failure.

Neither America nor Britain [the program began] desired any "aggrandizement, territorial or otherwise"; but will their aggrandizements of yesterday be relinquished? The same question is raised by points 2 and 3, involving "no territorial changes that do not accord with the freely expressed wishes of the people concerned," and the "right of all peoples to choose the form of government under which they will live." These principles, to carry force, must apply *specifically* to *all* areas of the earth—and that means Puerto Rico and the British crown colonies too.

The 4th and 5th points are the most disheartening of all. One of them promises to "endeavor, with due respect for their existing obligations, to further the enjoyment by all States . . . of access, on equal terms, to the trade and to the raw materials of the world." Will this "access" be allowed only on the terms of the nation who owns and exploits these colonial resources? All other economic reforms, in the next point, are sought only through "the fullest collaboration between all nations in the economic field."

One of the chief differences between to-day and a generation ago is that the people realize far more clearly what modern industry can accomplish; and they certainly aren't going to get excited by the mere pious hope for "collaboration."

The final three points relate how wonderful is peace, how it includes freedom of the seas, and how nations who threaten it should be disarmed. In the words of J. Alfred Prufrock, "That is not it at all, that is not what I meant at all."

There is little need to compare the "V-8" program of Roosevelt and Churchill with Wilson's 14 Points, save to note their striking similarity. Eight of Wilson's 14 Points dealt with specific territorial changes; but the other six so closely resemble the Roosevelt-Churchill declaration that entire passages are interchangeable. The Wilson credo had its hour of splendid triumph followed by bitter disillusionment, and the "once bitten, twice shy" peoples of Europe and the Americas will need more than a mere restatement to unlock their hopes and their energies.

The larger judgment of the eight-point program of the President and the Prime Minister is being handed down already. Now that the excitement of the meeting itself has died down, where are they discussed? Who argues about them? Where are they an important issue?

True, the V-8 program has done no harm—unless it discourages others from trying to shape democracy's vision. Perhaps it is too much to expect statesmen, constantly making decisions on the basis of what is practical, to strike out boldly toward what is required. Perhaps what we need cannot come from the statesmen at all; it may come from below, to be seized and welded into a weapon by our leaders. The only test will be the new strength and excitement which it will produce among the people everywhere. After all, it is only appropriate that the salvation of plain humanity come from plain humanity itself.

REVOLT ON THE DELTA

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SHARECROPPERS' UNION

BY OREN STEPHENS

"HISTORY," declared Dr. Sherwood Eddy, "is not up to date without saying there is slavery in Arkansas."

The author, international YMCA executive, and founder of one of the youngest of a long series of communal colonies optimistically conceived to lift the oppressed, revised history in this manner while talking with reporters in Memphis in the spring of 1936. He had just returned from a tour of the plantation region of eastern Arkansas, where he had studied the results of the second Emancipation Proclamation, a general strike of agricultural laborers. Dr. Eddy had not been received with traditional "Southern hospitality." In fact he had been arrested by a deputy sheriff—a rather crude fellow, he thought—and had been subjected to three hours of grueling cross-examination before being released with an ungentle hint that the "climate" was healthier across the river in Memphis. It was because Dr. Eddy had taken the hint that he was able to tell the reporters he had found a "reign of terror" in the cotton counties of the Mississippi's upper delta.

Like many another journalistic liberal or humanitarian, he had discovered the Southern sharecropper, the Twentieth-Century counterpart of the slave Lincoln thought he was freeing when he signed the Emancipation Proclamation. So, like the others, he had journeyed into the plantation region to lend his aid to the "disinherited" in their bitter struggle to throw off the economic yoke of the "cruel, heartless landlord," the Southern Bourbon.

This struggle of the sharecroppers for economic liberation was well under way when Dr. Eddy arrived. Through the two-year-old Southern Tenant Farmers' Union they had launched in the rural South a rebellion the novelty of which was the utilization of the form, ideas, and strategy of trade or industrial unionism. Already the word "sharecropper" was appearing regularly in lurid newspaper headlines in cities where neither the editors nor the readers had a very clear understanding of what a sharecropper was. About all they knew was that he had become a new guinea pig for the sociological experimenter, a new epitome of capitalistic exploitation and oppression, even to the extent that Rockwell Kent designed an "End Peonage in Arkansas" stamp to assist the Workers Defense League in its efforts to aid the sharecropper, and the American Civil Liberties Union posted a thousand-dollar reward for information leading to arrest and conviction of anyone who abridged his civil liberties.

Publicity and outside aid were fruitful from the cropper's point of view. On the plantations organizers were as plentiful as mosquitoes, and far more annoying to bewildered Arkansans who preferred to call the rebellion "the trouble."

"Union!" pleaded the organizers. "You've got to have union. The vested

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY Burlingame, Calif.

interests are exploiting you. Rise and defend yourselves. Take what is yours. Take it by force if necessary. The land is yours. The crops are yours. You produce the cotton. But who gets it? Not you. You're suckers. You're slaves."

It was the old, old story, yet new to the croppers.

"We's not slaves," said the Negroes hesitantly, thoughtfully. "We was freed by the 'Mancipation Proclamation, by Mistah Lincoln. We's freed men."

"We're not slaves," protested the Whites. "The niggahs was slaves before the war. But not us. We're white."

But more and more of them continued to attend the "schools." Clandestine sessions were held in country churches, rural schools, in barns, thickets, cropper huts. Organize! The word was spreading rapidly. Organize? The Whites were not so certain, but there was nothing the Negroes liked better, for they were enthusiastic joiners even when there was no reason, no motive, no desirable objective. And there were reason and motive and desirable objective here. Here was a new doctrine—and it must be good, they reasoned, because it is expounded for the most part by men who, when they are not inciting proletarian revolt, occupy pulpits and preach the gospel of Christianity. The few Whites—po' white trash, the planters said—attended because of desperation which overcame their antipathy toward "mixin' with the niggahs." They had mouths to feed that couldn't be fed. Hungry children drove them into the organization. And want also helped to recruit the Negroes, but they attended primarily because they liked to shout "Amen" and "Yeah, man," and "Praise de Lawd" when the organizers exhorted.

They liked their militant new voice. Was it not going to depose tottering old King Cotton and his stooges, the landlords? Was it not going to—the slogan said it was—pave the trail of tears? Was it not going to clean out the crooked courts and abolish the plantation commissary with its exorbitant interest rates? Yes, the organizers promised, it was going to do all of these things, and even more. Maybe, they hinted, it would take the land from the rich and give it to the poor. Forty acres and a mule! Could such a promise be fulfilled after all the years of frustration since Appomattox? If they didn't take the land they would at least persuade a friendly government to provide farms for those who farmed but didn't own.

Landlords began to take notice. Some were afraid, some derisive, others merely angry.

"This thing has got to be stopped before it gets out of hand," the angry ones said. "Where's the sheriff? Sheriff, throw these damn Eastern agitators in jail. Or better still, run them out of the county. The Reds!" Sheriffs did their best. The jails were full, and more than one organizer or sympathizer fled in terror, usually under armed guard, to Harahan bridge which spans the Mississippi at Memphis.

Then came the call for a strike. It was cotton-chopping time when the young cotton plants must be thinned and when the weeds and grass will quickly choke them to death unless attacked with fury. Strike posters sprouted in a profusion rivalling that of the weeds and grass. Seventy-five cents a day is not enough, the notices argued, for working in the fields from sunup to sundown. Walk out of the fields and stay in your cabins until the landlords double the price.

"Impossible," retorted those planters who deigned to discuss the situation. "We're not trying to take advantage of you. We're paying you all we can. How can we pay good wages when cotton's selling for eleven cents a pound? We're broke too. Our land and our homes are mortgaged. Taxes are eating us up. Most of you croppers owe us for the 'furnish' we gave you last year. High interest? We've got to charge high interest because we pay high interest. It's hard times for all of us. We've got to stick together. Letting the cot-

ton ruin in the fields won't help any."

H. L. Mitchell, executive secretary of the union, announced in Memphis that the strike was a big success. Cotton cultivation, he declared, was at a standstill. A reporter called on Sheriff Howard Curlin of Crittenden County and asked him to verify the claim that the strike had deprived the plantations of urgently needed labor. Sheriff Curlin guffawed. "There is no strike," he said. "How can I tell you how it's going when it hasn't begun?" So the reporter called on Sheriff C. M. Stacy of St. Francis County, and Sheriff Stacy also laughed. The strike, he said, was mostly imaginary. Still other sheriffs—spokesmen for the planters—derided the union's claims.

Ed I. McKinley, veteran commissioner of labor for Arkansas, sent Deputy Commissioner Harry Malcom (who was later to gain wide recognition as the federal conciliator who effected agreements in the West Coast aircraft strikes when the national defense effort was gathering steam) into the area to investigate. Malcom found a few strikers, but concluded that the walkout was far from general. Sympathetic with the croppers (Commissioner McKinley and he had succeeded in settling hundreds of claims sharecroppers had filed, through the union, against planters), he nevertheless expressed the opinion in his official report of the investigation that at least ninety-five per cent of the planters treated their croppers fairly and paid them as much as was economically feasible. Many croppers expressed the same opinion. He reported a conversation with one Negro who had quit at first but had soon gone back to the field. Why, he asked the Negro, had he returned?

"Well, Cap'n," replied the Negro, "I fried dat strike notice dis mornin' and de chillun couldn' eat it, so I 'cides as how I better pick up the hoe agin."

Yet there was a strike which couldn't be ignored, even by the planters. And there was rioting, night-riding, tar-and-feathering, flogging, exhorting, preaching, protesting, whitewashing, arguing. If there was no general strike there was general turmoil, and it was lamentable that there was plenty of justification for the positions of both owners and non-owners, though neither side could see the justice of the other.

II

The "seeds of revolt" were planted in the summer of 1934 on a large plantation near Tyronza, Arkansas. Planters were discussing the merits of the plowing-under program which the New Deal had inaugurated, and one of them was said to have boasted that the program had been very profitable to him because he had kept all of the federal payment instead of sharing it with his croppers as he would have shared the cotton. His boast got back to his croppers who tried without success to obtain a belated settlement.

Two sympathizers heard of their plight and offered aid. They were the "pants presser" of Tyronza, H. L. Mitchell, who was to become executive secretary of the union, and H. Clay East, Tyronza constable and filling-station operator, who was to become the union's first president. Mitchell had been doing pretty well with his cleaning and pressing establishment, but he had not forgotten his own years as a sharecropper. He thought that the time for the cropper to revolt was propitious, and East agreed with him. They called a meeting of the croppers in July. About fifteen Whites and Negroes met in an unused church on the plantation and organized what was soon to be incorporated—under an Arkansas law providing for "benevolent" societies—as the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union. Mitchell reported the new movement in a rather lengthy letter in the *New Republic* and, as he anticipated, aid and encouragement were immediately forthcoming from the East.

Nightly organization meetings were held. And when the union leaders later charged that "the law" was used by their opponents in illegal efforts to prevent

organization they knew from experience that "the law" is sometimes used for the protection of special groups rather than for the people as a whole. For President East had served the union in the same manner.

"When we held meetings," Mitchell recalled, "we carried our protection with us. East would hang a big star on his vest, strap a couple of revolvers around his middle, and we would proceed without interruption." But Constable East's badge and guns did not long suffice. Presently Norman Thomas made his annual tour of the region to lament with the croppers. At Birdsong Mr. Thomas started to address a union meeting. The Reverend Howard Kester, a member of the union's executive council, was introducing Thomas when a band of armed men entered the Negro church where the meeting was being held. Thomas attempted to read the Arkansas Bill of Rights, which includes the traditional civil liberties guarantees, but the band interrupted.

"There ain't goin' to be no speakin' here," a leader said. "We are citizens of this county and we run it to suit ourselves." Then they escorted Thomas and Kester out of the county. Quiet settled over Birdsong, but throughout the nation the incident raised the hue and cry to a crescendo.

The union soon had a stroke of good luck when the Reverend C. H. Smith, an organizer, was arrested on a charge of "agitating labor." (If that seems a rather peculiar charge, consider the one filed against Simon Bass, a union member, after he was arrested while walking down a street in Earle. His crime was "rioting." Since he was released without trial, it did not become necessary for the prosecution to describe a one-man riot.) To his defense in the courts came C. T. Carpenter, a Marked Tree lawyer who held to a somewhat old-fashioned notion that justice means justice, nothing more and nothing less. And the arrest of Smith pushed him into the union camp.

Carpenter was, and is, no radical. Politically he is a Democrat and, in the best sense of a much misused word, he is one of the few Southern "aristocrats." Son of a distinguished Virginian, he migrated to Arkansas as a school teacher, remained as a lawyer. More a scholar than a trial lawyer, however, he was a serious student of the South. From the beginning he insisted that trade unionism could not solve the problem. As attorney for numerous planters—until he volunteered his services to union members—he knew something of their difficulties. Yet he decried the violence which accompanied the organization of the croppers. And when it became evident that extra-legal methods would be used to oppose the union he marched straight unto the cropper camp and picked up their banner. He carried it ably in the courts, and in print in the old *Scribner's* magazine and in a series of articles he wrote for the Scripps-Howard newspapers.

Strangely enough, this "radical" activity did not completely alienate him from the "best people." When "the trouble" was about to get out of hand, Governor J. Marion Futrell appointed a Tenancy Commission to study the situation and recommend a course of action. Carpenter was named a member of this commission, the only member even remotely connected with the croppers. He pleaded their cause with charming eloquence, but he doubtless realized from the beginning that the commission would accomplish nothing. Had not the Governor made the flat statement in the first meeting that "the average sharecropper has the mentality of a twelve-year-old"? He did not mean they had the "education" of a twelve-year-old. What he meant was that they were a lazy, shiftless, ignorant group for which nothing could be done. You couldn't help them because you couldn't convince them of the necessity of helping themselves. That was the general attitude, though the commission did offer the usual long-range proposals for reform. So when the

tumult subsided Carpenter returned to his law offices in Marked Tree to resume his old practice of handling the run-of-the-mill legal business for the plantations and to brood quietly over the plight of the croppers.

While Carpenter was the only well-bred Arkansan to enlist in the revolutionary army, its ranks included other capable men, however misguided subsequent events may have proved them to be. Out of the hills came J. R. Butler, who describes himself aptly as "just a plain Arkansas hillbilly." Butler was a country school teacher, but before that he had been a sharecropper. So well did he speak the language of the croppers that presently he became president of the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union, a post he holds to-day. With him came the three "preachers without pulpits" who were to play important roles in the rebellion—Claude Williams, Ward Rodgers, and Howard Kester. All three had been devoted students of Dr. Alva Wilmot Taylor, professor of social ethics and rural sociology at Vanderbilt University until he was, to use his own words, "kicked off the faculty because I was too much in sympathy with labor to remain there." Into the three men who were to become his missionaries Dr. Taylor instilled a consuming desire to lift the oppressed, and when they found they could not accomplish this from the pulpit, they diverted their talents to unionism with the blessings of Dr. Taylor.

Born in Anamosa, Iowa, in 1871, the son of a homesteader, Dr. Taylor was educated at Culver-Stockton College, Drake University, and the University of Chicago. After teaching a number of years in several colleges he served from 1920 to 1932 as social-welfare secretary for the Disciples of Christ, and was also a member of the social-service committee of the Federal Council of Churches. Always interested in labor, he was a member of the interchurch committee which investigated the 1919 steel strike. A Phi Beta Kappa, he joined the Vanderbilt faculty in 1928. He has written several books and numerous articles for religious, sociological, and labor journals.

This gray-haired, bushy-browed, kindly faced old man is as sincere as they come, but his efforts were futile because he approached an essentially economic problem with the theories of a sociologist. Deeply religious and idealistic, he was blind to the grim realities of a broken-down, one-crop plantation system. He saw the suffering but not the causes, which explains why he had no concrete program to offer. A year of study in Ireland had interested him in the Irish efforts to end the evils of tenancy, and several summers spent conducting study seminars in Mexico had filled him with the zeal of Cardenas, who had launched a land-for-the-landless movement. Something like this, he thought, might be the answer to the South's problem. (Some years later, as director of Cumberland Farms, a Farm Security Administration co-operative homestead in Tennessee, he had an opportunity to test the plan. Here he came face to face with the realities and could not ignore them. When his Utopia-bound ship foundered, he threw up his hands and quit in bitterness and disgust.)

"The will of God will be done," he told the union members in their darkest hour, "but God doesn't seem to be in any great hurry."

His three disciples were not disposed to wait for God to act. Pulpits were exchanged for soap boxes and titles of divinity were dropped. Kester did the writing, while Rodgers and Williams went into the field and contrived to become martyrs.

When the strike was in progress word came to the union headquarters in Memphis that a meeting in Earle, Arkansas, had been broken up by "armed and drunken planters." Members of the union were said to have been severely beaten. In fact it was promptly reported to the press that Frank Weems, a Negro, had been beaten to death.

Williams and Miss Willie Sue Blagden, Memphis social worker, went to Earle to

conduct funeral services, but their mission soon turned into a search for the *corpus delicti*. If Weems was dead the body as well as the soul apparently had journeyed to the Great Beyond. While sympathizers throughout the nation decried the brutal murder, there was no one in Earle who could say definitely that the Negro had died. Many, including union members, were frankly skeptical.

Sheriff Curlin saw no mystery in the affair. He issued a statement that Weems was not dead, that the whole affair was nothing more than a publicity stunt, and promised confidently to produce a very-much-alive Weems shortly. His statement solved the mystery, for soon Secretary Mitchell announced that Weems had been found in Chicago, where he "had sought refuge from the terror," the implication being that he would have been beaten to death if he had remained in Earle.

In the meantime Williams and Miss Blagden had been kidnaped by the same "armed and drunken planters," who had taken them out into the country and lashed them with a metal-studded backband from a set of mule harness. Williams was placed in his car, ordered to drive to his home in Little Rock and never again to set foot in Crittenden County. Miss Blagden was given a railroad ticket to Memphis, where she arrived presently and told her story. She also lifted her skirt and permitted newspaper photographers to record for posterity the large bruises on her thighs.

"The greatest hue and cry arises from the fact that a white woman was forced to endure the indignity of a light whipping," commented the Earle *Enterprise* editorially. "Opinions vary as to the wisdom of this act. It is hard for us to condone the action. However, there is no doubt but what the woman was completely out of her place. Assisting in conducting a Negro's funeral is no place for a white woman in the South. . . ." Noting the editorial, the New York *Post* retorted that "there can be no doubt of the reversion to the slave law, mob violence, and Fascist methods in Arkansas."

This brought a new army of writers, both reporters and "interpreters," into the area. They came even from England. Among them were Jennie Lee, member of the House of Commons, Mrs. Naomi Mitchison, a writer, and a Miss Zita Baker. And there were novelists. Josephine Johnson, for example, was arrested "temporarily" as a result of working and talking with the union members. But if they came for material for novels, the novels have not appeared, that is except for one, not successful, by Charlie May Simon, wife of Arkansas's Pulitzer prize-winning poet, John Gould Fletcher. Fletcher himself was and is a supporter of the union, though he comes from one of the State's most aristocratic families whose fortune has enabled him to devote his life to the arts.

III

Most of those who came into the South to "end peonage" doubtless were sincere. They saw the poverty and knew something was wrong. Just what was wrong was something else. They had been told the trouble was due to the greed and cruelty of the landlord. To find the fallacy of this would have meant study and analysis of many contributing factors, and they had no time for study and analysis. There was too much humanity to be saved. Who could be bothered with history and figures?

When the strike was being planned one of the sympathetic advisers was horrified by Mitchell's suggestion that they ask for $1.50 a day, and then settle for a dollar. "A dollar a day!" he expostulated. "Why it's preposterous. They would be fools to accept less than 25 cents an hour for a ten-hour day, and God knows that's little enough."

Little enough, yes, from the point of view of a worker, but utterly impossible from the point of view of a cotton planter. And if the adviser had listened to a recital of a few figures even he could have understood. In a recent exhaustive

survey of 246 typical plantations the WPA found that an average of 250 man-hours of labor were required in the production of a bale of cotton. At 25 cents an hour, the labor cost alone would have been $62.50. Yet a bale of cotton was bringing on the market at this time an average of about $55, plus about $15 for the seed, for a total of $70, which meant that the planter would have had $7.50 to cover all other expenses.

The 246 typical plantations studied by the WPA reveal the real financial status of the "rich" planters, the "Norman lords," as Senator Alexander Wiley of Wisconsin called them. The average plantation was about a thousand acres in extent, with a capital investment of $31,-378. It was cultivated by fifteen cropper families. The net plantation income in 1934 was only $2,528. Allowing the planter six per cent on his investment, he received in 1934 the magnificent sum of $645.32 for his year's work directing the enterprise. He could have been more "lordly" as a Detroit automobile mechanic. Relatively, his earnings were lower than those of his cropper families, whose net income was $363, since there was no risk involved in their operation and they had contributed nothing except labor.

The WPA made a follow-up study of these same plantations in 1937, which was a "good" crop year. They did better but were still far from being the rich baronial estates pictured by the romantic fancy. The average investment increased to $37,504, the average net income to $3,590. Allowing the planter his six per cent on his investment, he received $1,339.76 for his annual wage, which still left him below the skilled craftsman. At the same time his cropper's net income advanced to $400.

Sharecroppers are always in debt, the familiar indictment reads. So is the landlord. Average long-term debt on the plantations analyzed was $13,018 in 1934, and after the 1937 crop was in this had been reduced only to $11,914. But croppers must pay such high interest rates! True. And so do the planters. The WPA survey found the average to be 36 per cent per annum for the croppers. Charging interest for a year on a six-months loan accounted principally for the high figure. On the other hand the planter—a far better credit risk because he owns property and cannot pack up and vanish in the middle of the night—paid about 12 per cent on government crop loans. This was by far his most favorable rate. On his crop debts to merchants, banks, and fertilizer companies he paid from 16 to 23 per cent.

These were the facts Mitchell had in mind when, after the sound and fury had subsided, he summed up the failure of the union with the succinct observation that "we were paupers trying to bargain with paupers." For if the cropper was the slave of the landlord, the landlord in turn was the slave of King Cotton, who is a despot but not a benevolent one. Or, as serious students of Southern economy expressed it, "the system" was to blame. And when you get into the ramifications of Southern agriculture and how it grew —and declined—you need volumes, not paragraphs, to touch even the high spots. It is an economy all its own. It is much the same as it was a century ago; for the Civil War changed the form but not the substance.

The defense program, with its heavy demands for cotton, is responsible for a boom in the industry right now. As this is written (early in August) cotton is higher than it has been since the Twenties, more than a third higher than it was a year ago. Planter and cropper alike will make much more money this year, but only the most optimistic expect this to be true two, three, or four years hence, or whenever the emergency ends. Realistic cotton men watch the ever-increasing use of synthetic fibers, the almost complete loss of export markets, and they are troubled. The wave of prosperity will soon, they think, begin to ebb.

And whatever may be done to turn the tide, the Southern Tenant Farmers' Union will not be able to take credit for it.

IV

The fire is gone and even the embers are fading. Last February the STFU held its seventh annual convention in Little Rock. They met in the Labor Temple of the Arkansas State Federation of Labor, and Mayor J. V. Satterfield, Jr., sent a city official to deliver an address of welcome. There were about 50 Negroes in attendance and about 10 Whites, including the officials. For two days they discussed their problems and concluded by adopting a few resolutions endorsing the various efforts of the federal farm program which applied to them.

By contrast with the convention held in Little Rock three years earlier, the decline was striking. There had been no welcoming address then, nor had the State Federation of Labor provided a hall. The croppers had rented a hall, and had promptly been thrown out of it when the owner found the Negro and White races were mixed. But they had journeyed into the Negro district—singing, rather unrealistically, the union song, "We Shall Not Be Moved"—and continued their convention in a Negro lodge hall. All the leaders had been there to lay plans for the revolution—Doctor Taylor, Kester, Williams, Rodgers, Mitchell, Butler, and prominent sympathizers whose word carried weight in important places.

Last February, by contrast, only Butler and Mitchell remained, and Mitchell was just returning. Kester sent regrets. He was busy in the Carolinas as executive secretary of the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen. Doctor Taylor did not even send regrets. No one seemed to know just what his attitude was after his experience as manager of Cumberland Farms. Rodgers was listed as missing, and Williams wasn't being mentioned. Two years earlier he had been ousted for being a Communist. That was when he was director of Commonwealth College, a "liberal labor" college near Mena, Arkansas, which the Arkansas legislature had investigated because of lurid tales of free-love orgies and Red teachings, and which was finally killed last fall by a deputy prosecuting attorney and a justice of the peace on a charge of "anarchy." Williams, they said, had been more interested in recruiting Communists from the ranks of the union than in adding to those ranks. Lucien Koch, who had preceded Williams as director of Commonwealth, was in Massachusetts where he is currently engaged as a CIO organizer. He was *persona non grata*, too, for the union had severed its relationship with the CIO and was being courted by the American Federation of Labor—for a reason.

The reason was that the International Ladies Garment Workers Union is conducting an organization drive in the Southern textile industry. Mitchell is an organizer for the ILGW, so he came back into the STFU camp after a year's absence in order to co-ordinate the efforts of the two unions. The very existence of the STFU, the ILGW feels, helps to keep alive the realities of trade unionism in the South—and they feel this strongly enough to contribute financially to keep the cropper organization functioning sufficiently to hold annual conventions and issue occasional statements.

Members of the union like Mitchell. After all it was he who had started the fight. And when he indicated a willingness to take the place of Blaine E. Treadway as secretary, he was promptly elected. Treadway was willing too because now he was free to earn his living as a proofreader on the Memphis *Press-Scimitar*, and for a man as disillusioned as Treadway such a prosaic task is welcome. He had been one of the functionaries at Hillhouse, the co-operative colony established by Dr. Sherwood Eddy—a Utopian project held together by outside contributions rather than by its own farming efforts. Hillhouse, Treadway felt, is doomed. Yes, the Negro members are called Mister and Mistress (Southerners pay them what might be a more significant honor by calling them aunt and uncle after they

pass middle age), but they are ill-clad, ill-fed, and ill-housed just the same. So Treadway was ready to quit.

After his election Mitchell offered the union a new program, new to the union, that is. It called for support of the present governmental efforts to effect long-range reforms which, by improving Southern agriculture generally, will reflect improvement to the sharecropper. He told the members in effect that they might as well quit kidding themselves that trade unionism has a place in their program.

"Despite the breaking off of affiliation with the CIO, the policy of the STFU since 1937 has been toward establishment of the organization as a trade union," he said. "Though a few hundred members regularly pay dues (only a few years ago the organization was claiming 30,000–40,000, even 60,000 members), the Southern Tenant Farmers Union does not constitute a trade union. There is no basis for trade unionism in Southern agriculture with conditions such as prevail. No method can be devised whereby an organization of economically insecure people such as tenant farmers, sharecroppers, and farm laborers on Southern plantations can bargain with and enter into contractual relations with an industry that is disorganized, pauperized, and kept alive only by government subsidy as is cotton and tobacco production to-day."

He offered a program that would have made the STFU just another of many farm organizations. As such, it could have expected to receive continuing support from the ILGW, which in the last two years has contributed about a third of the $5,000 to $6,000 obtained annually to keep the union alive. As such, it might have accomplished some good as spokesman for the tenants and sharecroppers.

Butler stands in the way. A few weeks after the convention the executive council, dominated by him, issued a statement repudiating Secretary Mitchell's statement that there is no place for trade unionism in the fight. The program of the organization, the statement said, will continue as before. Thus once more strife among the leaders presented what has heretofore proved an insurmountable obstacle, and there is no reason to believe the present one will be less so.

But the STFU must be given credit for one important accomplishment. It focussed the spotlight on the plight of the sharecropper in particular and on Southern agriculture in general, thus making it possible for the government to institute the various programs, through the Farm Security Administration, Agricultural Adjustment Administration, Soil Conservation Service, and the Agricultural Extension Service, programs that are to-day the immediate salvation of Dixie. A scholarly presentation of the problem had come from the Chapel Hill group, in a series of notable books. Official recognition came when President Roosevelt, in commenting on the report of his Tenancy Commission, used that very quotable statement that the South is the nation's number one economic problem. But it was the sensationalism of the STFU's actions that made the situation known to the whole population.

That alone is sufficient justification for a full recording, in the region's colorful history, of its brief but turbulent existence.

One Man's Meat

By E. B. WHITE

THERE were eight deaths in the town last year (four males and four females) and eight births (four males and four females), so we are right where we started—which is good enough for most of us. Of the deaths, one was between 90 and 100, three were between 80 and 90, two were between 70 and 80, and two were between 60 and 70. This is a different story from the old days, when every other grave was a child's grave. Nowadays it is mostly the old people who die; the children live to grow up, fight in the wars, marry, work, raise children, and draw a pension.

Eighteen young men have gone into the service from here, which is high for a town of this size.

* * *

I sometimes think that once a year every publication should put out a special issue in which its advertising matter and its editorial matter have been brought into cosmic harmony. There are times when the two seem so incompatible. In the current *Saturday Evening Post*, for example, buried among the full-page displays of enticing articles, is an ominous editorial on the subject of inflation, in which the *Post* earnestly urges the government to take immediate steps to limit and control demand, "by terrific taxation." This is a new note in the *Post*, and I couldn't help flipping over the pages to see how the others felt about it.

"No lid to lift," murmured Philco, seductively, seeming not to have heard. "No more annoying surface noises."

"Tops in anti-knock," cried Ethyl, comparing herself dreamily to a polo pony and me to its rider.

"Can such luxurious sleeping comfort last?" asked Beautyrest languidly, trying to lure me into bed with a blonde.

These are not quieting voices for the desirous spirit, and it seems hardly fair that the same paper which asks the government to tax us terrifically in order to quell the national demand should continue to goad us into buying. What sort of race is this, anyway, one faction taxing the desire out of us, the other tickling our glands with a feather?

* * *

Potatoes have done well this year and we shall get about thirty-eight bushels, enough for two families. To-day I should be digging them, but another fellow is digging them for me and I am staying indoors to earn some money to pay him with. In that way a man gets not much closer to a potato than if he were living in town and harvesting his crop through the A & P.

* * *

When a gentleman came to adjust a compass for me the other day he noticed how good the potatoes looked and asked me what date they were planted. I had to admit that I didn't remember the date, and he seemed surprised and mystified, and wondered what sort of disorderly place he had got into.

* * *

It is November in the magazines, but it is still September outside my window. This time lag between my environment and my publication date is impossible to eliminate. A red leaf falls from the maple in the corner of the yard, and I hesitate to record the event, knowing that snow will fly before the leaf gets to the reader. A few days ago when I was cleaning up some henhouse equipment preparatory to housing my pullets, I received an urgent request from an editor to write "a Christmas prayer." I stuck

with the equipment, on the theory that pullets housed in the fullness of time are better than a prayer born prematurely. Secretly I prayed for dry litter and low mortality and no picking.

As long as war and nature are destined to remain one jump ahead of me my policy will be to forget time and trust that people who read magazines have a long memory. In spite of what editors may think, it is still September here and I am in a brown mood, with not the slightest trace of tinsel.

* * *

There are many days in the autumn when the sky is a solid, heavy gray, and the woods stir uneasily in the raw wind. This is such a time. They call it the fall overcast. Sailing becomes more adventurous—the wind seems to have a great deal more weight to it and puts a bigger strain on rigging and man. The bay is rough and the lobstermen leave earlier and get home later. They have their traps off in deeper water now and are making good catches, but at greater effort. Some of them are bringing in a hundred pounds a day, and are getting twenty-two cents. Partridge shooting will begin soon, and when a man goes off to work in the morning he will take along his shotgun—just in case.

The flies have come indoors and are in an angry and turbulent state. I have a Flit gun beside my typewriter and open fire at them as they come over. The floor at my feet is strewn with raiders I have brought down, still twitching. In another couple of weeks the rats will come up from the shore into the barn and the clan will be gathered together under one roof for the approaching cold.

I read the other day that rats on a farm of average size do a yearly damage of around thirty-five dollars. I believe this, and am surprised that farmers are not more concerned about rat depredations. I shot twelve or thirteen rats last winter and poisoned as many more, and my ex-cat brought in about a dozen. Three dozen rats would be a conservative estimate of the rat colony here, and each rat is a big consumer. Poisoning is by far the most effective procedure although less sporting than trapping or shooting. The rat has only one thing to be said for him: he supplies you with a tangible enemy on whom to vent your hate. I can take out a good deal on rats. If I were to save it all up for the real enemy I might bust. It is a source of relief, after listening to a radio broadcast, to take my .22 and go out to the barn and shoot a rat.

* * *

The hardest thing about the war, for many of us, is to maintain a decent pitch of indignation. I become quite frightened, sometimes, when I realize how accustomed I have become to the phrase "Occupied France"—as though there could be such a place.

* * *

When a glass of wine is poured a wine fly appears promptly—but I never see him at any other time, and wonder where he keeps himself in the meanwhile and what he does for a drink.

* * *

It's seven days since the Fair ended, but in my head I still keep hearing the enormous sound of the waltz that accompanied the swings. And every once in a while I hear too the gigantic summons, that somebody is wanted at the main gate, or will the owner of Maine license 3261 please move his car, it is blocking the highway. (And the hasty search through my pockets to see if my car bears that number.)

Anything can happen at a county agricultural fair. It is the perfect human occasion, the harvest of the fields and of the emotions. To the fair come the man and his cow, the boy and his girl, the wife and her green tomato pickle, each anticipating victory and the excitement of being separated from his money by familiar devices. It is at a fair that man can be drunk forever on liquor, love, or fights; at a fair that your front pocket can be picked by a trotting horse looking

for sugar, and your hind pocket by a thief looking for his fortune.

* * *

I had expected to see more of the Fair than usual this year, because I had some sheep entered, and had to be around to tend them. But I found that I saw less, rather than more, because of being there in a responsible capacity instead of carefree. My sheep won two first premiums, which I think they would have done even if they had not been the only ones in their class.

* * *

In the clerk's office, on the first day, I waited my turn while a small boy reported the entry of a cage of ducks. The clerk asked what breed they were, and held his pencil ready.

"White ones," replied the boy.

"Yes, but what breed?" persisted the man.

"I dunno," said the boy scornfully, "they're white."

The clerk considered this carefully. Then he nodded wisely and wrote down: "Three white ducks."

* * *

A fair is good at any hour of the twenty-four. I love it early of a rainy morning when the Ferris wheel is wearing its tarpaulins and the phrenologist is just brushing her teeth. You climb a wet ladder into the loft of the cattle barn for a forkful of hay and find a fellow asleep heavily, his shoes folded across his breast like a lily.

* * *

Fitting my lambs for the Fair, I used desk scissors, and found that I still chewed my tongue as I snipped—a childish reflex for a childish occasion. When I got through, the lambs looked a little like some pictures I had studied in a sheep bulletin and a little like some wooden lambs that had come with a toy barnyard set in another period of American history.

* * *

The theme song of the Fair this fall was Irving Berlin's song "Any Bonds To-day?" It took the place of the Indian Love Call. Among the juggling acts and the sound of the horses going into the stretch, the question of bonds went almost unnoticed by the throngs, I am sure—the sound of it inescapable, the significance of it virtually lost. No one was thinking about the mechanics of liberty; people were just enjoying the fact of it. I think there has never been a song quite like "Any Bonds To-day?" so innocently combining patriotic fervor with a definite rate of interest. When I first heard the line "Here comes that freedom man," I thought it was a fishbone I had in my throat.

* * *

Fell to thinking about doctors to-day while lying in bed, and about the difference between city doctor and country doctor, the latter being twenty men in one. I began to count up, and found that in a dozen years in New York my wife and I and son and cook and dog had, among us, become involved with the following scientific gentlemen: general man, obstetrician, ear-nose-throat man, oculist, orthodontist, extractionist, heart specialist, irrigationist, dermatologist, roentgenologist, surgeon, anesthetist, pediatrician, veterinarian, dentist, psychiatrist, gynecologist, orthopedist, chiropodist (ingrown toenail man), and bone specialist (for taxicab aftermaths). Here in the country these experts are pretty well lumped in the person of one medico extraordinary, who sees the body whole, who will extract a tooth or a baby as the occasion demands, who likes to find you in good health, who will give you expert advice about either a clogged kidney or a clogged cesspool, who is a power in the community, and who works a twenty-four-hour shift.

Grew more comfortable as I lay thinking about all the doctors I had ever known. They seemed to fall naturally into eight groups.

There is the lightning diagnostician, who knows what ails you before you have told him whether it is your collar bone that hurts or your conscience. You open your lips to form a syllable and he in-

serts a tongue depressant and says "Grippe." It was a lightning diagnostician into whose glib clutches I fell the time I had chickenpox at the ripe age of twenty-seven. The poor fellow actually thought it *was* grippe. It was days before he got over it, and weeks before I did.

Then there is the big city doctor who has the clubby secretary—the hale-girl-well-met of the outer office. She wants a sample of your urine and an autographed copy of your latest book. She is quite a girl. This doctor is of small help to a man, simply because it is impossible to get to him, or away from him, without being made sick by his secretary.

There is, third, the doctor who wants one particular organ out and never mind anything else. Usually it is a tonsil he wants, or an appendix, or sometimes it is merely a gall bladder or a sound tooth. This doctor is a cutter at heart and should not be thwarted. Let him have anything he wants.

There is next the pill rattler. He has pills in all colors and for all purposes, most of them rather dark. His battery of pill bottles is more impressive than a garland of Roman candles. He extracts the pills from the bottle by a quick twisting motion, handling the bottle with the ease and assurance of a snake charmer. He never hurt anybody, this fellow.

Then there is Doctor Number Five—the doctor who drinks with you, one of my favorite types. Naturally of a nervous, irritable temperament, he is driven mad by having to sit all day in an office listening to the imaginary complaints of indestructible old ladies, and so when a man shows up with some robust difficulty, like a fractured pancreas, he winks slyly, opens his bottom drawer, produces a bottle of gin and bitters, and together they sit in long, merry consultation.

Next there is the diet fiend, an enemy of acidity in Man. (A good deal of your acidity can be traced to the gin and bitters you imbibed with the last fellow.) The diet man doesn't care what happens to you as long as you promise to eat only bland food. I think the nearest I ever came to being dangerously sick was an interlude when I ate nothing but custard. Whiskey and rum merely eat out the lining of your stomach, but custard stops your heart.

The seventh man is the doctor who likes only beautiful women patients. The sight of a sick man takes all the gimp out of him. This doctor isn't likely to be of much use to you. He spends most of your hour taking calls on his desk 'phone. He was cut out to be a guard in the Tunnel of Love, and drifted into the wrong profession, the way some people do.

Last there is the family friend. He is well along in years. He drops in rather frequently, when you are feeling at your best, and likes to reminisce about your grandmother, whose bladder he knew intimately for forty years. He plays squash too late in life and finally dies without rendering a bill. But his widow does it for him.

These are the types of doctors.



The Easy Chair



REPORT ON THE SUMMER QUARTER

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

IN JUNE the American public was approaching the war with steadily increasing realism and beginning to develop the resolution and the unity which are the bases of victory. Morale was good and getting better. In the first week of September, however, columnists and editors are announcing that the national morale is low and getting lower. It is certainly no worse than it was at the corresponding stage of every other war the United States has ever entered, but that it is worse than it was in June is undeniable. Equally undeniable is the fact that the greater part of the slump could have been prevented. Some of the forces that have produced it would have operated in any circumstances, but most of the irresolution, confusion, and resentment that have beset the public mind must be attributed to the Administration's mishandling of public information. Morale has fallen off because the public has not been told enough. It has not been kept informed about developments in foreign relations or about the progress of national defense. So it has tended to believe the worst of both. Secrecy has been maintained about matters which no proper consideration requires to be kept secret. Contradictory and frequently absurd restraints have been imposed on the press. Worst of all, officials whose job it is to secure willing co-operation from the public have almost irremediably bungled that job. The government's publicity has been bad and the result is confusion. And the moral is just this: we talk a lot about the democratic processes and it would be a good idea to make more use of them.

As this is written, *Time* has just voiced a small part of the resentment newspapermen feel toward an absurd censorship imposed by the Navy Department. Newspapers in Great Britain were permitted to announce that an officer was leaving England to take command of the British aircraft-carrier *Illustrious*, which for some months had been undergoing repairs in an American navy yard. The fact that the *Illustrious* was in drydock at Norfolk, Virginia, was known to practically everyone on the Atlantic seaboard; more than two months ago it had made its way by grapevine to the city where the Easy Chair is written. If civilians in Boston knew about it there is a reasonable presumption that German agents in Norfolk knew too; but the newspapers, on the principles suggested to them by the Secretary of the Navy, were not allowed to say anything about it. They felt silly when British reporters scored a beat over them at the width of the Atlantic. The public shares that feeling of absurdity—and resents it. How valuable a war sentiment is a feeling of public absurdity?

The thing got beyond absurdity into the grotesque in another city which has a navy yard. For months various British warships have been repairing and refitting there, a fact which could not be acknowledged by the newspapers. For weeks a first-class battleship was in sight

from a main traffic artery. Hostesses entertained its officers, ratings, and crew —so systematically that some were accustomed to telephone the consulate and ask for two senior lieutenants not under five-feet-eleven, please, and preferably light blond or with hereditary titles. The officers made a public mistake in international relations when they hired a hotel and gave a party for their hostesses, thus swamping the consulate with protests that if Betty Smith got asked, then my daughter certainly ought to have been asked too. British uniforms became commonplace on the city streets, in bars, stores, movie houses, and parks. There was one very healthy engagement between land parties of the British and American navies. ("When are you people going to start doing your own fighting?" a British seaman inquired after some beers. "Right now," he was told. The information proved both accurate and large-scale.) Finally, because liberty parties get rhapsodic and some metropolitan police are, after all, Irish, a rest-camp for His Majesty's sailors was established in a village some fifty miles inland, where they could be seen by the hundreds. (Military secret: also some uniformed sailors of another European navy, who probably did not cross the Atlantic by swimming.)

At least a million people were familiar with these facts, but the newspapers could not acknowledge the presence of those ships, could not even say that one of them had been here after it had left and several hundred thousand observers had seen it streaking down the coast. They could publish interviews with a ship's commander which described the ship's part in a certain naval battle. They could publish photographs of German shell fragments from that battle. They could guarantee that the interviews and the photographs were authentic. They—and dinner guests, passers-by, and casuals in any bar—could get reams of information and personal history from the British Navy, and could publicly circulate what they got, but they could not say that the sources of their information were here. The idea seems to have been that some enemy agent who could not identify a British ship when he saw it might read a newspaper. . . . Newspapermen were rebellious and the public felt that it was being subjected to an arbitrary restraint proper only for children. You don't get public support by treating the public as children. Democratic government exists on the assumption that the democracy will be kept informed.

The suppression of such information, however, though symptomatic, is only annoying compared with such things as Mr. Ickes's mismanagement of the gasoline shortage, one of the most spectacular failures in public relations ever made anywhere. We must assume that Mr. Ickes knew the facts when, on taking the job of co-ordinating the petroleum industry with the defense program, he announced that a serious shortage of gasoline threatened the northeastern States. We must also assume that, though by the first week of September no shortage has developed and the statements of responsible officials suggest that there has never been any danger of one, Mr. Ickes believed that the facts justified what he said. In that belief he began to exhort the public to co-operate in saving gasoline. The people of these States are not fools and they are not unpatriotic. For their own sakes they would have been glad to cut down on gasoline in order to assure themselves fuel oil for the coming winter; for the sake of the country they would have been glad to cut down on it in order to facilitate defense. Few would have objected if Mr. Ickes had instituted a rationing system. Most were eager to support the voluntary system which he instituted instead. Public sentiment was altogether on his side, and an important job, which might have had the further benefit of schooling the public in self-discipline, began with the odds heavily in favor of its succeeding. Mr. Ickes's ineptness for public relations, which has the infallibility of genius, asserted itself,

however, and almost at once his campaign collapsed. The collapse was bad. The distrust it created was irreparable.

Mr. Ickes began by trying to revive "Gasless Sunday," an expedient which worked well in 1918. Since 1918, however, American folkways have developed the institution of the Sunday drive. A public official is supposed to know the institutions of his countrymen; if Mr. Ickes was not aware of this one he should have had assistants who could call it to his attention. To interfere with it would beget class-consciousness, which would be bad, and would put an unnecessary strain on the social system which would be far worse. He soon learned, as he should have known beforehand, that millions of people who were willing to walk to work were not willing to give up their favorite relaxation. Gasless Sunday had to be abandoned but the public had acquired a distaste for Mr. Ickes. Mr. Ickes regarded that distaste as unpatriotic and began to abuse the public. An impaired literary man, he likes to act tough and make phrases: he began to threaten with jail sentences anyone who might make jackrabbit starts, use undue speed, or neglect to have his motor tuned. Well, what would you do? A million people muttered "Here's to Ickes," raced the traffic lights, and pressed the accelerator pedal down to the floor. Any advertising man could have told him that if you let an anti-slogan develop you have lost your campaign. Al Smith, Mayor LaGuardia, or the public relations counsel of any predatory business could have told him that you don't win the public's support by calling it names. But Mr. Ickes likes to be bellicose in the newspapers he scorns, and so the national interest be damned. It was damned—fast.

Nobody told the public: you can have x gallons of gas a week, use it any way you like. Nobody told it: you get x gallons, Mr. A who lives in a suburb without railway service gets y gallons, and Dr. C and Farmer D get z gallons, for they need more than you do in their business. Nobody told it: since you are limited to x gallons we'll see to it that your neighbor E doesn't get any more. Nobody told it: if you use y gallons this month, only x gallons will be left for you next month. Nobody, in fact, told it anything—which is the point. Mr. Ickes used a lot of threats but made good on none of them; he talked abusively but published no facts; he called names but omitted to provide information about the shortage. He merely dared the public to flout his authority.

Anyone could have foreseen the result: the public began letting the other fellow save gasoline. Consumption actually rose; it always rises in the northeastern States, and especially in New England, during the vacation season; but Mr. Ickes either did not know or did not care that the economy of New England is geared to the tourist trade. He interpreted the increase as a rudeness of wayward children to their good uncle, and so he threatened to punish them by cutting down deliveries. The effect would have been bad if he had inflicted the punishment, but he didn't and so the effect was even worse. He produced a minor social chaos which could have been avoided and a resentment which promptly spread to other aspects of defense. A good many people cancelled or curtailed their vacations; some who took them suffered unnecessary anxiety; the section lost a lot of money, and that improved nobody's state of mind. Some wholesalers reduced their deliveries to dealers; others waited for orders from Mr. Ickes, which did not come. Some gas stations raised prices half a cent a gallon, others as much as five cents, all of it clear and unjustified profit. And no wonder—what would you do if you ran a small station, could find out nothing about the nature of the emergency, and learned from Mr. Ickes that you might have to close up before the month was out? And the motoring public, on vacation or busy upon its proper occasions, could depend on nothing from town to town or street to street. Of three filling stations

in a row, one might limit you to a dollar's worth of gas, the second advertise a maximum of eight gallons, and the third offer to fill your tank.

On grounds never fully explained to the public and even now not proved to have been real, Mr. Ickes had produced a chaos, his gift to patriotic cooperation in wartime. Chaos was naturally overlaid with anxiety—and so resentment kept on increasing. Newsreels showing the progress of the Portland-Montreal pipe line (a magnificent achievement—but not by Mr. Ickes) were greeted with, "Well, if Canada gets gas why should I save it?" Such a response was ominous for more than the conservation of gasoline, and all that was needed to forestall it was someone saying from the screen, "This pipe line means more gas for New England," which is true. Any of the newspapermen of whom Mr. Ickes is so contemptuous could have told him how to use his opportunity, but he missed it. He went on a vacation in the national parks, where, it may be, he found the wayward children scattering paper on the grass and set up signs threatening them with a term in jail.

That is Mr. Ickes's way. It reveals an inability to deal with the public which cannot be tolerated in a Cabinet officer. Does it reveal something worse? It at least suggests a belief that the public must obey orders without asking questions about them. But you cannot ask people to face, support, and fight a war, which is an adult responsibility, and then treat them like children who have to be deceived for their own good. There is called into question here the active principle of democracy: the widest possible public information as the basis for public action. Mr. Ickes has disregarded it and the result is clear: he has not only failed in what he set out to do; he has, in a terrible emergency, aroused a general distrust of the defense program and increased the difficulties it must surmount.

The fault rests squarely on the Administration. The examples discussed here: the handling of the British ships in American harbors and of the gasoline shortage, are symptomatic of a general failure to provide adequate information to the public. The most important force in your life at the moment is the progress of national defense. How much do you know about it? How does your understanding of it differ from your neighbor's? The questions answer themselves. It was lately possible for a Senator of the United States to issue honestly figures on production which the President was able, at his next press conference, to show were erroneous, and for an isolationist newspaper to lie flagrantly about the application of the Lease-Lend Act. Neither incident would have been possible if proper information had been made public, and until such information is made public for all to use, the public mind must remain clouded, divided, doubtful, hesitant, and therefore apprehensive. Until that apprehension has been displaced by a self-confidence that rests on knowledge we shall not get the morale that we must have if we are to win our war.

During the last war the Creel Committee did a magnificent job of morale-building. The Administration has shied away from creating a similar agency for this war, apparently in the fear that it would be accused of propagandizing. But frank publicity conducted in the public view for a cause you believe in and are committed to is hardly propaganda, and the name of the Creel Committee was the Committee on Public Information.

In Washington at this moment several agencies are furiously busy disseminating in foreign countries information about the American war effort. They appear to be doing a good job and their intent is to build morale abroad. But they will be wasted if our own morale is allowed to founder in the dark.

For information concerning the contributors in this issue, see PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE on the following pages